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## *A Thought Provoking*

### *Phenomenon*

In 1986, my father died only a few months after my mother. We had been told that he had developed bowel cancer. However, there were some irregularities surrounding his estate. When I and my oldest sister tried to obtain clarification of certain issues from our other sisters, we were given lies, which, when challenged were followed by silence. This led to an extended legal saga. The Court hearing ultimately took place in 2002 in the Scottish Supreme Court in Edinburgh. After sixteen years we had finally forced these other sisters into the position where they had to give their version of events.

I had foolishly believed that when put under oath, my sisters might tell the truth. In the event, their testimony contained a considerable body of lies. The testimony given by one of my sisters in particular contained fabrications so extravagant that the Judge was visibly flabbergasted on more than one occasion. Nobody in that Court could have been in any doubt that her testimony was liberally laced with perjury.

The Opinion of Lord Nimmo Smith exonerating my sister was finally published at the end of March 2003, accompanied by press releases in a number of the Scottish newspapers, ridiculing me. We were utterly stunned by the outcome, particularly since we had all witnessed the Judge's incredulity during the hearing.

I immediately instigated the Appeal process. By that point I could no longer afford Counsel and was therefore obliged to prepare all the documentation myself. A short time after receiving the Judge's Opinion, while completely embroiled in this process, I was walking along the hallway in our house, when my legs gave way under me. The pain in my back was intense. It was a pain I had never experienced before and there was no obvious physical activity which could have caused my legs to collapse.

I took things as easy as possible for the next few weeks, but eventually attended the local hospital. I was examined and the doctor diagnosed sciatic pain. He prescribed painkillers. I never took the pills. Pain is the body's signal that something is seriously wrong. Painkillers are indispensable in an acute situation. When used for a chronic ailment, painkillers bring with them the risk of further injury resulting from ignoring the root cause. There is also the possibility of drug dependency. I continued as well as I could for a few more weeks until my wife finally persuaded me to visit a Chiropractic.

I had been reluctant to choose this route because of the techniques used by some practitioners which

struck me as being on the verge of violent and perhaps as risky as the injury itself.

It was my good fortune that I arrived at Dr Mary Helen Hensley's practice. My first session began by Mary Helen learning as much as she could about the sequence of events which had brought me to her door. I explained how my wife Barbara had visited a chiropractic many years earlier but that there was nothing that could be done for her condition. I made my doubts and fears regarding chiropractic techniques known to Mary Helen. I was then given a lesson on the spine, its function, and the manner in which misalignment gave rise to pain. When I finally lay on the bench to be straightened out, the treatment took me totally by surprise. Mary Helen worked her way up my spine, thumping, nudging, clicking and bashing. The treatment was almost an anticlimax in its gentleness, but the difference was astounding. The sciatic pain had gone and was replaced by a tingling feeling which was not unpleasant. I felt taller and altogether more comfortable. It was as though a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. As I was leaving, Mary Helen urged me to bring Barbara with me next time. So began a long term repair process.

Initially, Mary Helen required me to attend her clinic twice a week. Barbara came with me as requested and Mary Helen began curing Barbara's "*Incurable*" condition as well as straightening my own spine. After the first session all fear had evaporated. In many ways, going for a "*Bash*" became a social outing, with a lot of banter and laughter between the three of us.

At the end of one session, sometime near the end of August 2003, after we had been attending for a few weeks, Mary Helen asked me if I believed that people could communicate with the dead. Although I am a scientist, I have an unshakeable belief in the supernatural. Consequently I would not exclude the possibility, but I felt that such communication would be both unpredictable and subtle. Mary Helen let things rest at that.

It was probably at the next session that Mary Helen expanded her theme. Mary Helen knew we were in the midst of preparing our Appeal case, but she knew very little of the detail. She told me she had an image of a Yellow folder with some document inside which she understood could be helpful to us. This seemed a bit creepy, but I knew I had a couple of Yellow folders amongst the legal documents and could see no harm in checking through them. Perhaps something would catch my eye. I didn't know exactly what I was looking for, and the shock of finding the document in the Yellow folder gave me quite an adrenaline rush.

A letter from my father to his friend Jim Kearns, written from Stirling hospital on 12th July 1986 shortly before dad's demise was exactly what I needed. Jim Kearns had given me the letter at my request some years after dad's death when I was trying to unravel the events of my father's last few weeks on Earth. I had read it many times but did not feel that it contained anything of particular significance. Jim Kearns' covering letter was interesting too. He had been surprised that my dad's letter had survived a couple of clear-outs he had done. Perhaps the letter had a mission all its own.

The problem I faced at that time was to analyse and dismantle a Judges Opinion which had inverted the actual evidence heard in Court. I had to achieve that objective subject to the proviso that my own testimony had been discarded as unreliable with me portrayed as a fabricator. There was no point in asking people to believe me. My only hope lay in using the evidence which the Judge had declared was reliable, and proceed from there to demonstrate its falsehood.

The Judge had devoted several months to fabricating his fiction, without any particular deadlines, and indeed knowing that his word would be believed without question irrespective of what he wrote. For my part I was obliged to comply with the Court timetable while also experiencing considerable back pain, and having been discredited in the National Press. Furthermore, while the Judge enjoyed the finest salary and highest status, I was having to pay to have any prospect of having my case heard, give fully of my time for no remuneration, and was living under the constant threat of eviction from my home. I think it would be reasonable to observe that the playing field was not terribly level. What I did have on my side was truth. That may not be a commodity of much value in the legal profession, but like a jigsaw, there is only one way in which the truth interlocks all the evidence.

One of the key items of perjury which I had to expose was my sister's fabrication that she had taken my father away from my home on 21st April 1986. The significance of the date was that my father wrote to all three of my sisters on that day, and I had posted the letters on his behalf. A few days later, dad confirmed that my sister's had each received their letter.

The letter to my oldest sister, Marie Therese, became an important document in the court case since it delineated the extent of our father's estate and his intentions for its distribution. I surmised that the other two letters would have contained similar information to the extent that it related to my other sisters. I had thought my other sisters might simply deny ever having received any such letter. One sister tried to create the impression that she had lost hers.

The third sister did indeed make out that my father did not write to her. However, she preferred to go further. According to her account, dad had no need to do write to her because she collected him from our house the very morning on which the one surviving letter was written. Here is the sworn testimony, of my sister Dr C.P. Smith, copied verbatim from the Extracts of Evidence:

Dr C.P. Smith Re-examined:

*"I picked him up from East Kilbride ... West Kilbride, he was ... disturbed. We had a lot of discussion in the car going back ..."*

Counsel: Sorry, West Kilbride, this was when?

Smith: *"This was Jim's house."*

Counsel: When? When?

Smith: *"This was the 21<sup>st</sup> of April. As soon as I got back from my trip..."*

Counsel then re-examined Dr Smith in respect of my father's letter to my sister Marie Therese.

Counsel: Is this a letter apparently written by your father and does it bear the date 7a.m., 21<sup>st</sup> April 1986?

Smith: *"Yes it does."*

Counsel: Written to Marie Therese?

Smith: *"Yes."*

At the end of Counsel's discussion of the letter, Lord Nimmo Smith questioned Dr C.P. Smith.

Court: Just while we're looking at this letter, it's dated Monday 21<sup>st</sup> April at 7 a.m.

Smith: *"Yes."*

Court: At West Kilbride. Was that your brother's address there?

Smith: *"Yes."*

Court: So was it written - if it was written at 7a.m. - Before you went to pick your father up on that day?

Smith: *"I presume it was, yes."*

In order to expose Dr Smith's perjury, I needed strong evidence that my father was not taken from our house on 21st April 1986.

My father's letter to Jim Kearns was perhaps the best evidence one could wish for. Not only did it confirm that dad was present at my son's birthday on 24th April 1986, but it also linked in the photographic evidence showing my father in our house with my son's birthday cake in front of him. The photograph illustrated here is only one of several taken that day on the same film.

Stirling Royal Inf.  
Wd 6  
12.7.86

Dear Jim & psie, I've just got back into bed after  
an hour's post prandial sit in my chair,  
enjoying one of the miracles that God has  
handed over to science. I am now living  
without a stomach which is hanging empty  
inside me having been cleared out of all the  
 rubbish that had accumulated therein and its job  
is being taken over by a plastic tube of about  
20 cm dia. Two weeks ago I was given six months  
to live. I don't know what it is now, but I  
believe God has been called back into the  
reckoning.

Here's the dinner. My appetite is all to fat,  
They liquidize everything for me, including water,  
and spoil it. Fish which I love, I just can't touch  
otherwise everything and everybody here is  
beyond praise. All that is left in me now are  
the stitches. The other things are forgotten, like a  
bad dream. I saw a photo of myself taken four  
weeks after Margaret's death on my youngest grandson's  
first birthday. I look like an old man. When I  
mentioned it to the priest from  
Auchterades he said "The day before you

The letter describes an operation on my father's stomach. We were informed via Dr Smith and her husband that dad was suffering from Bowel Cancer. This is one item of evidence which suggests that dad had been poisoned, although he was ultimately "Finished off" with morphine

This is the reference to the photograph below. Dad could not have been taken away from our house on 21st April yet still be there on 24th. This disproved a foundational component of Dr Smith's carefully fabricated perjury.



My father beside his grandson Jim on 24th April 1986. The picture was one of several taken in the kitchen of our home in West Kilbride, Ayrshire. The candles depict the numeral ONE. Happy birthday Jim.

My father's letter went further, and implicitly refuted the claim that he had died of bowel cancer, supporting the case that he had been murdered.

I was delighted to show the letter and photograph to Mary Helen when we went for our next bash. Mary Helen was as bowled over as I had been. She went on to give us a full explanation of how her vision of the Yellow folder had come about.

Mary Helen told us that since I had first attended her clinic, she had been aware of a presence from time to time sitting in a corner, as if waiting. Mary Helen's daughter had also apparently become aware of this presence and said its name was Peter. My father's name was Thomas Peter, but he was always known as Peter. Mary Helen had not known my father's name. As I understand it, the letter and the photograph linked in with the presence. I presume "*Peter*" went on his way, no doubt satisfied that he had achieved his objective. Mary Helen only made one subsequent reference to my father, a comment which puzzled me for many years thereafter.

Supernatural forces would generally fall under the classification of magic. I think it was Arthur C Clarke who stated that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic. His statement is absolutely correct, but note that it does not exclude the possibility of the existence of magic. However, I have never, and never would, take part in any activity intended to detect or invoke communication with supernatural forces. The reasons are quite simple.

First is the converse of Arthur C Clarke's observation. I could be hoodwinked by a technology which is beyond my ability to comprehend. Secondly is the problem of the nature of supernatural forces. If their existence is accepted, the question then becomes one of whether they represent a force which is neutral or distributed between what we consider to be benevolent and that which is generally regarded as malevolent.

This latter is a rather more subtle problem. Consider the following. Crimes of abuse are all too commonly perpetrated by individuals who obtain some position of trust. They do not approach their victims openly as an aggressor. Instead, they present themselves as friends until they can trap their victim in some place where their screams will not be heard or heeded.

Exactly the same problem exists when considering supernatural forces, but the stakes are much higher. A supernatural force or "*Spirit*" which seeks to manipulate or otherwise gain control of a person, will present itself in a manner indistinguishable from one which would seek to assist that person. If it is impossible to distinguish between magic and some sufficiently ad-

vanced technology, there is no prospect at all of distinguishing between good and evil spirits. The true nature of the spirits will only become known when the person is in a place where their screams can no longer be heeded.

So what happened in this case? My view is that the initially preferred explanation lies in the realm of the paranormal as distinct from the supernatural. Mary Helen has exceptionally highly developed skills of perception and empathises with her patients. She is strongly motivated to understand the basis of the patient's problems and proceed from there to cure their ills. At the time when "*Peter*" appeared, I was operating at an extremely high level of stress. I had been doing so for several months. Mary Helen did not know what my father looked like, but I retain many images of him in my mind's eye. She did not know his name, but of course I did. She did not know that I had any Yellow folders with documents in them. That information was also in my possession. Furthermore, I was aware of the specific letter itself although I had not consciously grasped its full significance.

It is said that issues become tissue. So it might be argued that in order for me to be able to continue conducting my life at the consciousness level, my subconscious had been diverting information pertaining to my father's death and the Court case away from my brain into some alternative storage. That storage might have been visible as a contortion of my spine.

While this interpretation may seem far fetched, it is more plausible than the concept of supernatural intervention. Consequently my preferred understanding is that the act of straightening my spine released a significant energy pulse. The intensity of concentration which I was devoting to the problem, coupled with the exaggerated physiological stress I was enduring, may have opened some form of communication channel between myself as transmitter and Mary Helen as a highly tuned and gifted receiver. Having decoded and stored the images from me, Mary Helen might easily retransmit them to her daughter. The closeness of some mothers to their children is legendary.

Many people have experienced the situation where they have been unable to solve a problem and finally fall asleep exhausted, only to wake up with the answer crystal clear before them. I had all the information I needed, but I was focussing on 21st April and had completely forgotten that my son's birthday was on the 24th April. I had also failed to connect my father's letter to my son's birthday. Any date, on or after the 21st April was sufficient to confirm perjury by my sister. The photograph of my father would have been enough. My father's letter to his friend was an independent, and in fact, perfect witness.

Was the information helpful? On the face of it the incident made no difference. The Court was determined that the Appeal would not be heard, much less would they allow it to proceed to the House of Lords. The three Judges who comprised the Appeal Court knew the extent of their colleague's fabrication. They undoubtedly knew his motivation for protecting the criminals. Under no circumstances would they permit their colleague's actions to be called into question. The Police in Scotland refused to bring criminal charges for perjury against my sister. They refused to investigate the circumstances of dad's death. When other irregularities emerged, including a forgery of my father's handwriting, the evidence conveniently disappeared before it could be given a proper forensic examination. I often wonder how close I came to uncovering something much more serious than the circumstances of my father's own death, but I was always on a hiding to nothing. When any institution deliberately abuses an individual, it will use every power at its disposal to ensure that the abuse is never exposed. Given that the Judge was prepared to fabricate his conclusions in our case, it is reasonable to assume that he has done so in other cases too. A willingness to oppose injustice is one characteristic of human decency. We define ourselves by our actions. So, of course, I would have no option but to do the same again in a similar situation.

Whatever the explanation of "Peter", be it paranormal, supernatural, or just dumb luck, Mary Helen's intervention helped me solve an incredibly difficult problem. However, if "Peter" was supernatural we are left with the problem of explaining why he went to the bother of appearing at all. On the face of it, "Peter's" efforts achieved virtually nothing for me and certainly did not help to bring my sisters to justice. In fact, the ultimate outcome to us was the loss of our home and very much more besides. If "Peter" had wanted to be helpful, perhaps he could have pointed to his draft Will and the vast difference between it and the one he was given to sign only a few hours before the most serious surgical intervention of his life. "Peter" might have drawn our attention to the letter ostensibly from him dated 22nd June 1986. Letting us know that it wasn't from him at all but was a forgery might have transformed the entire saga. The least "Peter" could have done was appear 16 years earlier and tell us not to waste our time against impossible odds.

On the other hand, perhaps my father was accusing my sisters from beyond the grave. That might indeed be the case. Yet once again we are faced with the fact that if "Peter" could appear in my vicinity, he could do much better if he would just get on with haunting my sisters instead of wasting my time.

It might be that the story is not yet over. Perhaps "Peter" does spend quite a lot of his time haunting my sisters, and really isn't getting anywhere with them. That would not surprise me!

If there is no final reckoning, but merely a recycling of the spirit according to the New Age model, or alternatively no spirit, in line with the Atheist model, then it makes not one bit of difference what we do as humans on this Earth. There is neither good nor evil "Value" intrinsic in anything we do, only social context interpretation. Whether or not I solve a problem about another person's perjury cannot then have the slightest significance in the supernatural scheme of things. In fact there would be no motivation for spirits ever to bother appearing at all, since from an eternal perspective a human life is over in the blink of an eye.

Consequently, if "Peter's" presence *is* supernatural, then we can deduce that what he set out to achieve through Mary Helen and myself was worth doing *when viewed from the context of the spirit world*. This amounts to overwhelming evidence that both the New Age model and the Atheist model are fundamentally flawed. If a spirit considers it worthwhile trying to change things in the human world, then it must have a spiritual reason. However, there would be no reason if we were merely due for recycling or ended in nothingness. This leaves us with no safe alternative to regarding life as a "Once through" process which *will have a final reckoning against absolute benchmarks, and have distinct consequences for us at the supernatural level*.

Note that this conclusion holds irrespective of whether the spirit under consideration is benevolent or malevolent.

On one view "Peter" can be regarded as malevolent. This scenario is equally likely since one of my sisters conducted her life on the basis of "Readings". That was the extent of her involvement in the Occult to which she admitted openly. Perhaps her dealings in the Occult extended into much darker practices. The discovery of the letter to Jim Kearns raised our hopes, and encouraged us to keep trying in a no win situation. It was as though "Peter" was demonstrating to us that he could give us all the supporting evidence anyone could wish for but we would still lose. He was emphasising the degree to which the criminals held the upper hand. "Peter" was "Twisting the knife" so to speak.

This was echoed in the eviction action against us when the solicitor who had brought everything down on us bragged openly and at some length about the manner in which *my own solicitor* had conspired with him to evict me. We had been set up from the outset, but the Court still took our home away and charged

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us for the privilege. “*Peter’s*” intention may actually have been to persuade us to become like the criminals by punishing us for trying to be ordinary decent folk. There is a saying that “*No good deed will go unpunished*”.

This difficulty in interpreting the significance of apparently spiritual events, reinforces the view that specifically seeking to communicate with the supernatural is exposing oneself to incalculable risks. Trust me - I’m a Demon - Would I lie to you?

Whatever “*Peter*” achieved through us must nevertheless be judged in terms of its *ultimate* effect in the living world. Now, if “*Peter*” was benevolent, the best possible outcome is for my sisters and the corrupt legal professionals, including the Judges, to be brought to justice *while they are still alive*. That gives them time to put their lives in order and make reparations before their own final reckoning. However, having prepared the groundwork through Mary Helen and myself, a path forward has to become available before such an outcome has any prospect of being realised. It is difficult to see any mechanism which will bring that about.

The following extract is from “*In Memoriam*” which I wrote some years ago:-

*I promised you I'd try to find the truth of your last days  
Scarce conscious of the evil in our line  
The money left its slimy trail like slug across the years  
Of murky deeds as yet hard to define*

*Still as you lie beneath the sod, your secrets might yet yield  
To microscope or other science tool  
If police should ever chance to dig for facts as yet unknown  
There's flickering hope that justice might prevail*

Nevertheless, accepting “*Peter*” as supernatural, has utterly compelling ramifications for our perceptions of life, death, eternity, punishment, reward, and ultimate accountability. It also puts us firmly in the driving seat in terms of the manner in which we conduct our lives.

When Mary Helen entered our lives, she brought changes which have transformed us in ways which have been subtle, unexpected, strange, and profound. We always look forward to being bashed, but as I stand in the small cubicle, watching Mary Helen straighten Barbara’s spine, I sometimes wonder how many spirits there are crammed in around us jostling for a bit of standing room.

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# Genealogy

I come from a wonderful family  
My sister murdered my dad  
It wasn't a crime of passion though  
It might be my sister is mad

My mother would always remind us  
That genius is close to insane  
She said "*Patsy might be a genius*"  
So perhaps it's all in the name

Patricia is next to Patricide  
A couple of letters away  
Did she not change her name to cover her tracks?  
She'll be changing it still to this day

She's known as Dioca by some folk  
The "*Goddess of Money*" it's said  
Unbridled ambition and unfettered greed  
The wiring's wrong in her head

But she's really got nowt to complain of  
With murder away she has got  
The Advocates, Police, and Crown Office  
Are all in one system of rot

While Parliament makes many good laws  
To some Judges they don't mean a thing  
And lawyers are nothing but puppets  
Worked by "*Master Policy*" string

Their intelligence I wouldn't question  
Their experience far from dispute  
But integrity - that's one thing missing  
From these Lords in their halls of repute

Disguising such sordid behaviour  
Behind pomp, beneath wigs, and in gowns  
Shreds decent folks' lives into tatters  
Insulting both Statute and Crown

And the Legal Services Ombudsman  
Is merely the froth in a flask  
Full of liquid fermenting corruption  
Her reports, the foul stench, seek to mask

Should you feel that the Legal Profession  
Is worthy of any respect  
Well the evidence and the statistics  
Suggest you be more circumspect

You can't trust *some* Judges, no more trust the Police  
And lawyers might just double cross  
If you want an improved legal system  
Perhaps you should try pitch and toss

No don't kid yourselves you'll get justice  
In Scotland that's wide of the mark  
For those in the right club its all sewn up  
The rest of us ... Daren't double park.

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