

“My God! Follow that car!” I shouted, pointing emphatically beyond the gravel parking lot to the road ahead.

My friend Debbi shook her head. “Uh, excuse me. You’re the only one who can see it,” she said with a bemused smile as she turned the car onto the deserted road.

It was October, 1989.

I’d been asked by Debbi, who worked with a local search and rescue team, to assist with the search for a little boy who had been abducted. Debbi and I had been friends since grade school. Our history together had familiarized her with my special way of *seeing* the unseeable. Having never worked on a missing person case before, I was reluctant but willing to give it a try.

The little boy, four-year-old Lee Iseli, disappeared from a southeast Portland playground after walking to the store with his older brother. As Debbi presented me with the facts of the case, I *saw* the boy in a blue house. I felt certain he was still alive. At this point I remained hopeful because it felt like whoever had him loved him. On the third day of my involvement, I awoke with a heavy heart and phoned Debbi. I knew Lee was dead. A day later the news reported that his body had been found near a parking lot at Vancouver Lake in Vancouver, Washington. Shortly after she heard the news, Debbi called and asked if I’d accompany her to the crime scene. The FBI hadn’t yet concluded its investigation and she had obtained permission to bring me to the “dump site,” as the search and rescue team referred to it, before the park was reopened to the public.

“The FBI? You’ve got to be kidding. They don’t work with psychics,” I protested, feeling more than just a little intimidated.

“Who cares?” was her glib response. “They said you could come. Let’s go.” She was eager for the opportunity. I was not.

Later, as we pulled into the lake’s parking lot, continuing past the yellow crime-scene tape, I *saw* close to the tree line a parked car which appeared to me to be made of Plexiglas. I suspected Debbi couldn’t see it, but I pointed anyway and excitedly asked if she saw it too.

“No,” she confirmed.

I told her I needed to walk over to the *car* alone and asked her not to be concerned about what she might see me doing. Getting out of her car, we were approached by two men wearing hats and jackets emblazoned with FBI insignia. We introduced ourselves; they seemed more amused than impressed. I excused myself and approached this mysterious vehicle.

I looked down and noticed I seemed to be wearing steel toe work boots. I heard the word “Freightliner.” I lifted a large garbage bag from the trunk which I knew held the little boy’s body. Turning, I carried the bag down a short path into the woods. After walking a few feet, I stopped and lay the body bag down among the dried leaves and pine needles. I brandished a scalpel-type knife and...

Horrified, I jumped back and the *seeing* stopped.

Turning to Debbi and the agents, who had quietly followed me, I described what I’d *seen*. The agents exchanged glances, but offered no comment.

I had been told previously by Search and Rescue that authorities were looking for a camper pickup. The car I had seen was unmistakably a hatchback, a Vega or Pinto, with wood-paneled sides. I insisted that was the vehicle they needed to search for. The agents thanked me and told me it had been “interesting.” It was Debbi’s and my turn to exchange glances.

I only shrugged. “Let’s go.”

We returned to Debbi’s vehicle and as we buckled our seat belts, I *saw* the car again pulling out of the parking lot in front of us.

“Follow that car!” I shouted, pointing emphatically beyond the gravel parking lot to the road ahead.

We tailed the *car* for several miles, twisting and turning through downtown Vancouver. As we merged onto the highway leading to Camas, the *car* began to fade.



“Oh no,” I groaned. “We lost it.”

She pulled over to the side of the road and turned to face me. “What do you think? Does the guy live in Camas?”

“No.” I sank back in my seat and closed my eyes. I *saw* him abducting another child.

“I believe that he’s going to abduct another child soon. Most likely within the next 10 days. I think he’ll strike in Camas!”

We sat quietly, staring at the cars zipping by on the highway next to us.

“A Vega or Pinto,” Debbi mused.

I nodded. “He’ll get caught this time. He’ll make a mistake and get messy. They will catch him in Camas.” I had no idea where these words were coming from.

“Great,” Debbi said unenthusiastically. “We need to go back to the lake and give this information to the FBI.”

“Are you kidding?” I asked incredulously. “They don’t care about what a psychic sees.”

“It doesn’t matter,” she said, turning the car around. “We’re going back!”

That afternoon after she dropped me off at home, I excitedly shared with my husband T.J. what I’d seen. He was watching TV. As I finished my strange tale, he looked at me and said, “Great, so what’s for dinner?”

One morning, two weeks later, as I made coffee and my husband left for work, life provided me with what I’ve come to refer to as a cosmic nudge toward my true destiny. T.J.’s morning ritual consisted of the drive down our long gravel driveway, opening the gate, stopping to grab the daily paper from the paper box and continuing on to work. This particular morning, however, I heard him turn around and head back up the driveway. Thinking he must have forgotten something, I greeted him at the door. He clutched the newspaper in his hand. He wasn’t smiling. As he brushed past me, I followed him into the kitchen.

Turning to me, he threw the paper down on the countertop and spoke, carefully enunciating each word. “I want to know how the hell you do this!”

He slammed his fist down on the front page.

The bold headline across the top of the *Oregonian* blared “Police Arrest Suspect in Iseli, Neer Killings” above a color photo of a yellow Pinto hatchback with wood-paneled sides!

My mouth fell open. “Oh my God,” I whispered as I picked up the paper. Westley Allan Dodd had been apprehended within blocks of a theater in Camas, Washington after attempting to abduct a young boy. The boy’s screams had alerted nearby adults who then pursued Dodd. They were able to apprehend him because his car wouldn’t start.

The media swarmed the blue house where Dodd lived and had held Lee Iseli captive before killing him. Dodd had taken photos of Lee and kept a journal. In it he referred to his love for the boy. Scalpels were found. Dodd had at one time worked at a place called Fruitlander – not “Freightliner.” It was all here: the blue house, the feeling of love, the scalpel, the employer. Everything I had *seen*.

I looked up at my husband, who was staring at me expectantly.

“Well, how did you do that?”

I said softly, “I just saw it.”

We stared at each other, tensions mounting. Inside I quaked, trembling with excitement, knowing my *seeing* had been true.

“I don’t like it,” he said. Simultaneously, an old, deep fear was screaming at me as time collapsed. “And I don’t want it in my life!” he continued, shouting now. “It’s not normal!”

Chapter 1 from You Know Your Way Home, a true story about a woman with 5 husbands, secretly chasing killers and missing people, until she collides with a brash mystery man, an abrupt therapist in a padded room and a revered Lakota medicine man.

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