

## Graveyard Walk: Battle of Franklin, Tennessee



On Nov. 30, 1864, over 7,000 soldiers were wounded or killed within 1/2 mile of here, with 3,000 soldiers killed in a 5 hour short battle from 5-9 PM. This battle was one of the worst disasters for the Confederate Army during the American Civil War.

Thom and I travelled to Nashville in the spring of 2016, to visit my brother and our family for their Passover dinner. As a retired military honoree, my husband is interested in visiting battle sights. My interest is on the paranormal revelations and intrigue that I can find when accompanying Thom.

I do not encourage folks to “ghost bust” or call up specters out of curiosity, but when standing on blood-soaked ground it is impossible for me to avoid mediating the energies and remnants of temporal and spatial events.

When we drove into the parking lot I realized that this was gearing up to be one of those days where I would experience the full force of residual frequencies and imprints. The Franklin Battle field was a petrie dish of torn astral weaves, settled into the secluded yet vibrant placement of that misery from the linear past. So, I prayed and prepared myself for asking the question “Who is here?”. Whenever I request those energies to gather together with my own, it is an invitation for experiences to manifest. With protection and reflection, I allow these energies to become available to my 5 physical senses.

“As I stand here I see the earth, red with blood, see a preacher/priest dressed in black pointing to little boy playing with green old-style marbles...little girl in pink dress. So much grief, blood, over 130 yrs ago never cleared.

Earth wants it gone.

Truned on my EVP ghost monitor and saw 8 beings over 5 minutes, spoke:

"Major"

"Tom"

I saw confederate soldier leaning against a brick building then said: "William".





I then touched a huge old pecan tree and prayed, blessed this land in name of Christ, called on the Archangels The Mother, ...then the ghost meter said this:

"I"  
"am "  
"hearing "  
"struggle  
"end".  
"Music"

No ghosts now on meter, quiet. What happened!? I literally felt the presence calling himself William depart, prayerfully into his heavenly home.

I then wandered over to another area, sat on the grass, turned meter back on, saw:

"Dig"  
"Collect"

So, I started scratching in the dirt to collect some and saw:  
"Mistake".

Asked where he wanted me to collect soil, but the meter fell into a decay pattern, which occurs with interference from other beings or energies of place:

"Have"  
"Chapter"  
"Australia"  
"Nervous"  
"Plan".



The blood-soaked ground was surely embedded with not only spent rounds but personal items from that tragic time. The metallics in blood are attractants for spirits. This is why one should be cautious when handling blood-encrusted objects. Death sites where blood was spilled are also attractants for earth-bound, Purgatorial entities.



I was then drawn across the lawn to the site of the old garden. The sign said the battle raging there destroyed it. I gathered a bit of soil.

Gunpowder smell...This battle was late in the war, and the Federalists (Yankees) surely had some repeating rifles by then, maybe the Henry Rifle. That, depending on the caliber could shoot maybe 10 in 60 seconds, as opposed to traditional black powder rifles at 2 a minute for a trained soldier. This made each repeating rifles fire at 5X the power, like 5 extra shooters.

What I smelled was different than the smell I am used to at the range when shooting my .556 M4 rifle or my Chiappa 357 hand gun. I smelled a thicker more smokey- pungent discharge hanging in the air, choking out available oxygen. Weird. The bloody metallic smell was fused into the black powder stuff...just awful.

What was both different and intriguing about this manifestation was the feeling-nature of it. When we first drove into the parking lot, I recall saying to myself "Oh boy, here we go again." But nothing presented itself until we approached the desk inside to buy tickets for the house tour. I had to catch myself because I realized I was staring at the young man behind the counter. I knew absolutely that he had died in this battle one hundred and fifty-three years ago.

During the tour, nothing presented itself. But afterwards while standing in front of the smoke house, I recall saying " OK you guys, who's here? Anybody need help?" Then I saw the preacher/priest and it began.

However, I felt no desperation or immediate need, mainly a pull from the earth herself. After photo 4, I realized She was asking for assistance in clearing this bloody place.

Whenever I feel attachments or the beginning of troubling entities trying to influence me, I call my friends at Dynamic Health Technologies on Helena, Montana, to clear this icky stuff.

Through the sub-space frequency modulations, the Nelson Indigo Biofeedback technology always does the work I require. I simply could not remain "sane and healthy" without them! I related all this to Cindy, who said that Carol would run my energetic program soon. Carol called late that day, but I missed her call, saying to catch up later, which we did.

After leaving the property, I felt relief but hopeful gratitude that I perhaps assisted "William" to cross over. I still feel the intensity of that presence from the Holy Spirit. Beautiful.

