

Pam Coronado

Perceiving Murder: Tales from a Psychic Detective

Two detectives stood quietly in the corner watching, notepads in hand as I slowly paced the room. In my mind, I was with the killer. His desire to traumatize his victims became palpable, and I could feel his intense need to control everything down to the precise detail: the environment, the victims, and his outer demeanor. Planning and precision were important to this attacker I was tuning in to, but I also sensed excitement and a wild, barely contained mania in stark contrast to the calm, controlled, exterior he presented. It was disturbing and frightening, and I needed to convey these ideas to detectives.

Physically, I was in a bedroom tracing the sadistic steps of the East Area Rapist¹ through one of his crime scenes in Sacramento, California. The actual crime had occurred many years earlier, yet the disturbing energy I encountered required every bit of professionalism I could muster to remain calm, focused, and do my job. “He’s military,” I told the detective. “His obsessive need for order stems from this background. I also have a visual image of him working on an engine, a truck, or airplane. He’s very chatty, I can hear him instructing his victims.” It was his voice that finally unraveled my waning composure. After hearing it in my head and describing to detectives his high-pitched, menacing voice, they decided to play an actual recording of the East Area Rapist threatening one of his surviving victims to see if it matched my internal recollection. My hair stood on end. My skin crawled, and I declined to work on him any further, fearing for my own safety and sanity. I sensed he was still alive and lurking out there somewhere, quite capable of unspeakable acts.

This past April, 11 years after my initial work on him, the stunning news broke that the elusive Golden State Killer (aka East Area Rapist) had finally been captured after 40 years of eluding arrest. I was overwhelmed with relief. In an ironic display of divine timing, the news broke on my birthday, and my phone starting buzzing at 6:00 a.m. Seeing the photos of 72-year-old Joseph James DeAngelo handcuffed to a wheelchair instantly turned the frightening monster who had taken up residence inside my head back into a human being. He



Joseph James DeAngelo

did have a military background and was working as a truck mechanic at the time of his arrest.²

Working as a psychic detective brings challenges that conventional police work does not. I often have to not only deal with the typical tasks and obstacles of forensic investigation, but also with the problems that come with applying a strikingly different way of perceiving information to an environment that expects and needs precise facts and explanations. There is also the further complication of dealing with the skepticism I sometimes encounter from the people I am working with. That said, in what follows I explain how I ended up engaging in this exotic line of work with all its difficulties and rewards and, I hope, provide some insight into the world of crime solving through the practical application of extrasensory perception.

How it all began

On May 6, 1996, Sherri Dally was kidnapped by her husband’s mistress, driven to a remote location, savagely murdered, and dumped into a ravine.³ On that same night I had a disturbing dream in which I was riding in the back seat of a car and realized my husband and his mistress were about to kill me. The man in my dream was a complete stranger and yet I understood him to be my husband and the woman seated in front of me, his mistress. I’ll never forget his face as he turned to train an intense and threatening glare on me. In my dream I argued with the dark-haired woman in the front seat. Then I saw the flash of a knife and realized I was in grave danger. Glancing out the car window, an angel suddenly appeared flying along above the vehicle and motioning for me to come with her. As soon as I made the decision to flee my current situation, I found myself flying along, in a Peter Pan scenario, with this angel toward a grand palace in the sky; I glanced back at the car and saw both the vehicle and road on which it was traveling. As I turned my attention back to the angel beside me, I felt some hesitancy and a powerful sense of reverence as we approached what I can only assume was heaven.



Sherri Dally

Dreams had always been vivid and interesting to me, but this one felt different. The dream was profound and confusing, and I wrote down every detail I could remember in a journal. At this point in my life, I was married with three children, all under the age of five and too busy to ponder life's mysteries. To this day, I don't know why I dreamed about a stranger's last moments, or why I've had several more upsetting dreams of this nature.

Three days after the dream, I opened the newspaper and was utterly shocked to see the man's face staring back at me. The article mentioned that his wife was missing and that he and his girlfriend were persons of interest in her disappearance. Not knowing how to digest this bizarre turn of events, I sat on the information and said nothing to anyone.

Eventually I swallowed my pride and fear and told the dream to my high school friend who happened to be organizing the search parties every weekend in the hunt for Sherri Dally. Those startling insights into Sherri's last moments and her location proved helpful in the search and changed the entire trajectory of my life.

The Snowball Effect

News of my helpfulness in the Sherri Dally case quickly spread through the rumor mill and a week later I received a call from another family desperate for help. I wanted to help but had only budding talent and no training or control. Fortunately, I found Beverly Jaegers, who took me under her wing and began training me. Bevy, the daughter and sister of cops, had a group of active and retired law enforcement officers who were learning to use their own extrasensory perception for forensics. Bevy and her US PSI Squad⁴ recognized my potential and assisted me in controlling my abilities and working with intense crime content.

With a little training, I was able to assist the family of Gloria de La Cruz. I provided enough information about the killer that Gloria's mother recognized the man I was describing and gave his name to detectives. I felt this was an acquaintance of the victim and heard his name as "Rosengren." Within weeks the LAPD identified Corrie Robinson as the killer through DNA evidence, and he was given a life sentence.⁵ The cases continued to come, and I worked on honing my skills under the mentorship of Bevy Jaegers until she passed in 2001.

The Energy of Crime Scenes

Visiting crime scenes in order to perceive the residual energy left there by intense emotion, fear, anger, or adrenaline is a routine part of my work in psychic criminology. Intense emotions create a loud signal, and physically standing in that energetic space allows me to replay the events, thoughts, and emotions from the past. The first time I experienced this residual energy, I was being tested live on television for a show called *Proof Positive*.⁶ I was to work a case that was already solved so detectives could test my answers against known facts in the case. I traversed back and forth across an alley in the laid-back beach community of Oxnard, California, where an officer had been fatally shot after responding to a domestic dispute call.⁷ His

partner was also involved in the melee. The victim's wife, who was on a ride along that fateful day, watched in horror from the squad car. As I felt my way around the site and tuned in to the different participants, I began to sort out the confusing scene, describing the events and people involved. I could feel where the victim was shot and fell to the ground. Standing in that exact location, I saw in my mind the shooter nearby, as well as the partner standing across the alley, gun drawn, heart racing, and eyes intensely fixed on the shooter. On the far side of the alley where the officer's car was parked with his wife inside, I could feel her anguish and see her run to her fallen husband's side after the shooting.

The detective gave me an accuracy rate of 95% based on my answers to 50 questions he had prepared. The crime was 26 years old when I filmed that show, and the alley had been in normal use for all of those 26 years. The surprising fact that the loud signal of violence was still present for me to perceive, despite years of people walking dogs, children playing, and cars driving through the area, taught me an important lesson about crime scene dynamics and shaped the way I worked cases in the future.

Several years after the *Proof Positive* experience, I was hired for a Discovery Channel show called *Sensing Murder*.⁸ Psychic medium Laurie Campbell and I were selected for the show based on our willingness to be tested on our responses to three solved cases. Laurie and I provided the most accurate, consistent, and complementary answers during that testing. Week after week, for 11 episodes, Laurie and I visited cold case crime scenes in order to provide new clues to stumped detectives. We were always completely blind to the case we would be working on, even to the location we would be traveling to. Discovery Channel took great pains to make sure that our work was authentic and above question. We had no access to newspapers or computers and were kept sequestered from one another during filming. I was later told that some of the skeptical departments even temporarily disabled the websites of the cases we were working on to maintain integrity. Everything seen on camera in *Sensing Murder* was happening in real time.

The *Sensing Murder* case that once again changed my understanding of crime scene energy was called "Sister Robin." At 10:30 a.m. on June 13, 1977, Roberta Ann Elam, who was known as Sister Robin, stopped by the kitchen for a snack at the Mt. St. Joseph convent before heading up the hill for meditation and prayer. A groundskeeper found her nude body a little more than three hours later. She had been strangled and raped in broad daylight in a private spot where nuns frequently sat for prayer and silent contemplation.⁹



Sister Robin

While I visited the top of the hill where she had been assaulted, I felt only a blanket of peace and love. I tried different locations, but for the first time ever, I simply couldn't perceive the trauma that had occurred there. The peacefulness was so perceptible, in fact, I asked one of the nuns if they had been praying on the hill. She was stunned and confirmed that a group of them had gone up there every day for two weeks after the murder and prayed over the area and asked to remove all evil. This profound display of the power of intention changed my long-held belief that trauma energy will hang around forever.

Working with the FBI

Chandra Levy went missing in May 2001.¹⁰ Chandra was an intern at the Federal Bureau of Prisons in Washington, D.C., and it was soon uncovered that she had been engaged in a romantic affair with a married congressman, Gary Condit. My assistance was requested in August 2001, after searchers had failed to locate the missing intern. I was referred to the FBI agent working her case by another federal agent I had worked with in the past. I traveled to D.C. to assist in search efforts. I felt she was in a national park-like setting, half way down an embankment with a creek at the bottom and a dirt road or path above her. Local law enforcement insisted they had searched Rock Creek Park and so we focused our efforts in other parks in the area. Levy's body was eventually discovered by a civilian out walking his dog in Rock Creek Park in May 2002.

I've been able to visit the crime scene twice. My impressions never aligned with the concept of Chandra jogging to the park alone and being attacked by a stranger. Early on in the investigation, I was shown mug shots of Ingmar Guandique, a young man who had attacked two other women in the same park. I knew nothing about Guandique's history or the reason for the interest in him but felt he had no connection with this case. My FBI-agent partner agreed and went on to investigate and develop other persons of interest. Unfortunately, as soon as the agent retired, the prosecution moved in to arrest and convict Ingmar Guandique. My heart sank when the jury voted to convict a man I believed to be innocent. There was no physical evidence, no eyewitness, nothing except the word of a jailhouse snitch. Five years into his sentence, in a stunning turn of events, new evidence came to light that the jailhouse snitch had lied and all charges were dropped against Guandique, who has since been deported.¹¹ I am convinced this case can be solved, and I am still holding out hope.



Chandra Levy

Michelle Souliere

Standard Procedure

I am often asked how I go about using my skills to help solve crimes. Here are some of the principles and practices I find most important. When visiting a crime scene isn't possible I use photos to tune in to the victim. Organizing impressions into who, what, why, when, and where keeps me on track and my work relevant. This is how I break down these five crucial interrogatories.

Who: sketching and describing perpetrators and their possible relationships to victims.

What: involves describing the events that occurred, before, during, and after the crime.

Why: involves describing the motive.

When: involves creating a timeline.

Where: involves describing the current location of a missing person or crime scene.

Describing vehicles, license plates, and assessing mug shots are also common requests. Sometimes detectives will ask me to provide information on questions they already know the answers to. Providing such verifiable facts gives the detective more confidence in my responses to unknowns and bolsters their willingness to follow up on my leads.

Law enforcement needs leads that are actionable, and I do my utmost to provide them. Describing the place of employment of a perpetrator is more useful, say, than offering that the suspect has a sweet tooth and eats kid cereal for dinner. I remain mindful of what is useful insight and what isn't, and by asking myself the who, what, why, when, and where questions and receiving impressions in the form of images, sounds, conceptual ideas, and feelings is how I keep the insight train rolling along.

Controlled remote viewing is another tool I find useful in crime cases, especially high-profile cases in which I need to remain blind to avoid becoming hopelessly frontloaded. Frontloaded means I am aware of too many facts about a case, which my logical mind can grab onto and distort, project, or override my intuition. In crime investigations where remote viewers are used, there is always someone who fills the role of project manager. This is the person who directs and manages how the viewer interacts with the team and exercises her skills. The problem a project manager must overcome is how to get the viewer/psychic to describe what is needed without becoming too consciously knowledgeable of the case to be solved. A project manager who knows how to properly set up a target in such a case is incredibly valuable. Take the Chandra Levy case in Washington D.C., a clever project manager would be able to set the blind target of "Describe the killer's place of employment at the time of the murder," without the viewer consciously knowing what they are being asked. This allows for a clean session.

Best Practices

When a family member of a victim approaches me for assistance, I ask them to have their detective reach out to me

directly if the detective is interested in my assistance. This policy assures that a detective who reaches out actually is receptive to what I have to say and we can work together in an effective partnership. Since that first case, I have adopted the policy of not volunteering unsolicited tips and only accepting cases in which an immediate family member or law enforcement seeks my involvement. Many of my cases come from referrals of detectives or departments I have worked with in the past.

Requests come at different times in an investigation, most often when all of the hard leads have been exhausted. There have been a few instances, though, when I was contacted immediately in emergency scenarios such as a kidnapping, an autistic child wandering, an elderly dementia patient lost, or a hiker missing in the wilderness. Fortunately, these high-pressure situations are fairly rare.

Confidentiality is approached differently by every department, but generally they prefer to keep my involvement quiet. The practice of working with psychics is so prevalent that I have yet to encounter a department that has not worked with one in some capacity. I have been asked to sign non-disclosure agreements, and every department has conducted a background check before sharing sensitive case details or escorting me to a crime scene. As part of the investigative team, I am expected to handle privileged information responsibly and exercise my best judgment at all times. Confidentiality is relaxed on cold cases no longer being investigated and those that have gone to trial.

The Work of One Reflects on All

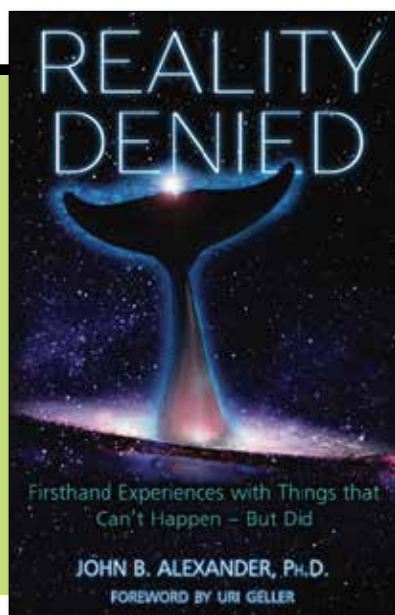
I currently teach students from all over the world using solved cases to test and instruct. Students learn to perform the specific tasks required and the ethics involved in a tricky field.¹² My hope is that the more highly trained and ethical psychic detectives are out there doing great work, the better it will be for the entire field and society at large.

PAM CORONADO is former president of the International Remote Viewing Association and currently serves as Vice President of IRVA. Pam has been working in the field of psychic criminology since 1996 when a dream provided her with the location of a missing woman. She has worked with more than 50 departments across the United States as well as international agencies and the FBI. Pam's work has been featured on the Discovery Channel, Bio, A&E, OWN, and Sci Fi.



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