

EPILOGUE- THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP

In the spirit of "leaving no stone unturned", the author found herself consulting an old family friend, Solvig Olsson¹. She is known as a "medium"- who listens and dreams and writes down her "truths," sharing those thoughts freely. She is unassuming and self-effacing. When Solvig expressed an interest in the Babes in the Wood case, the author, despite skepticism, was curious.

The pressures and uncertainties of police work are likely to lead to a willingness to try non-rational methods for solutions. Pressures to solve crimes (and sometimes the public's demands can verge on hysteria) are often immense, and we expect our police to "leave no stone unturned." Such demands frequently result in the police trying unorthodox methods, including the use of alleged psychics... Despite our inability to draw a final conclusion about the validity of psychic sleuths, there is substantial evidence in favor of their utility... they can be useful even if quite invalid.²

The following process was certainly not court worthy but very interesting. If nothing else, it is a way to brainstorm and look at the case with new eyes, and from new angles. Solvig does not claim anything other than a desire and an ability to FEEL and HEAR.

¹ Solvig Olsson was born in Sweden, raised in Vilhelmina. (Lapland, Northern part of Sweden). Solvig is a talented visual artist and works in a variety of mediums including oils, acrylics, Batik, Indian ink, and wool. http://www.gobc.ca/Solvig-Olsson_memberdetail_mID_78.php?cID=287

² Marcello Truzzi, Director of the Center for Scientific Anomalies Research and its "Psychic Sleuths Project" as quoted in Moran, S. (1999) Psychic Detectives- the Investigators and Spies Who Use Paranormal Powers, Surrey, England: Quadrillion Publishing

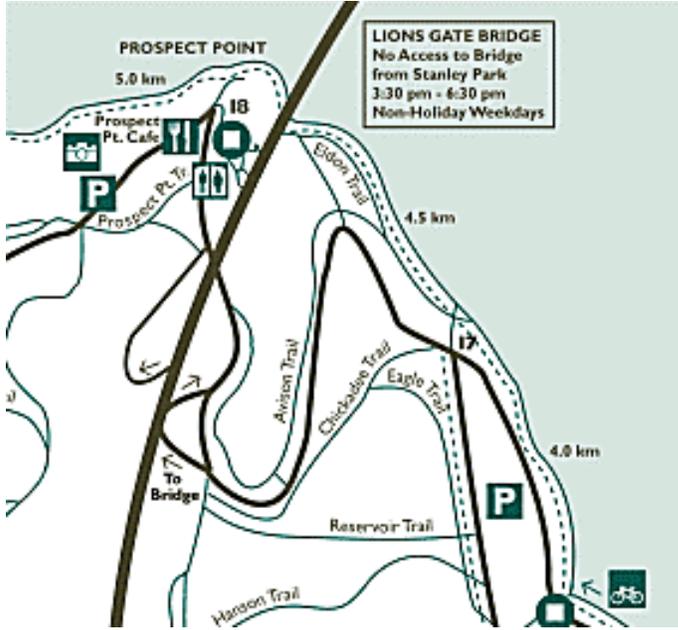
The following is a transcript of the experience. Grammatical errors and Swedish-English dialect are left intact and the author uses first person:

June 11, 2004

I took Solvig to Stanley Park before we talked about the case or any of the specific details. My brother and mother followed behind, my brother recording the process on digital video. Solvig did not know very much except that two children had been killed- a boy and a girl perhaps? Perhaps shot? Not wanting to taint the process with my own words and hopes, I tried to be quiet and distant- yet present and fully listening- allowing my brother to capture the experience on film. I had a microphone clipped to my jacket. Solvig's "channeling" took place on an overcast June afternoon, between 4:43PM to 5:35 PM.

We park at the intersection of Park Drive and Pipeline Road. Solvig has no idea where the site is. She does not know whether we are to walk two steps or two hours to get to it. I let her lead the way though. I try not to fall victim to my own hopeful beliefs! But I can't help it. And looking back on it, I know I gave clues as to what I wanted to hear. But still...

We walk along Chickadee Trail.



Vancouver Board of Parks and Recreation (2003-2006) Vancouver Parks Board and Gardens- Stanley Park Overview Map (detail- PDF file), retrieved January 9, 2005 from <http://www.city.vancouver.bc.ca/parks/parks/stanley/>

We chat casually (only about the greenery), but I try to leave Solvig to her thoughts. She puts her hand in a puddle and rubs the water on her forehead. She picks leaves and smells them, crumples them in her hand and discards them. Or she dips a leaf in a puddle and rubs the back of her left hand gently. Halfway between the start of the trail and where it intersects with Eagle Trail (which turns to the left), Solvig stops and waves her right hand. She stumbles.

This is heavy, she says.

This is heavy.

She sobs.

This is heavy to breathe.

She stops. We are overpowered by the sound of aircraft. She stands still on the path and listens, her head tilted to the left.

It's the mother.

That's the mother.

She starts to cry and holds her right hand, clenched, to her mouth. She appears to come back to me.

That's a heavy heart.

She wipes her face, tears running down. She talks lightly, with humor and reflects.

That's not a child. That's the mother.

She points to the left into the forest and listens. Stops. Then she decides to keep walking.

It's a heavy heart. Very, very heavy.

She takes three steps but has to stop again.

Now the sound of a train in the distance distracts me.

It's heavy.

It's heavy.

It's crushed.

It's heavy here.

We walk into the forest to the left of the path, about seven steps.

Heavy.

It's crushed.

Heavy.

It's heavy.

She panics and cries. She is very upset and sobs openly. I worry about her. What has she convinced herself of? Is she hypnotizing herself?

It's heavy.

It hurts. In my head I am reminded of Molly and her tubercular chest. But I say nothing.

It's heavy.

It's... She sobs deeply.

She didn't do it.

She didn't do it.

She didn't do it. She holds her head with both hands.

Oh god.

She sobs and asks me

Did she get killed too?

It hurts.

She seems so desperate. Her hands on her chest,
doubles over and groans.

It's a blow.

She holds her left hand to the left side of her head,
at the temple and cheek. Tilts her head in that direction.
I am reminded of the photo of Molly in the newspaper. Her
head crushed on the left side where it hit the pavement.
Fractured skull.

There's a blow to the head.

Oh, oh... oh.

She stops in place. Holding her head and whimpering.

It hurts.

Silence.



The Vancouver Sun, November 6, 1947

A crow caws above us as she awakes. She is light again and inquisitive.

Did the mother die?__

Shut up, I yell in my head to myself. Don't say anything! Don't influence this.

It's almost like she saw it and she got hit right in here and it hurts.

She points to her chest and head.

But she didn't kill them. No.

Somebody else did and she saw it.

Like that's the feeling, the heavy heart.

The pressure on the broken heart.

But the blow is to her over here. She points to her head.

She's gone.

Just the hurt.

She shrugs her shoulders and smiles. Refreshed.

Continue.

Sorry about that.

We hug and head back to the path. We laugh, talk casually and continue to walk along the trail.

What do you know?

Don't know who they are officially. Just that there are two little boys, I reply. (I said too much)

Are you sure it's boys?

Yes. DNA.

At the junction of Chickadee and Eagle Trail, she holds her head again and starts to stumble.

It's... eh...

It's something to do with the head. Hit on the head.

Hit on the head.

We continue down Eagle Trail.

The shock or puncture.

There is a very heavy... It's something either you go with your knee down, crushed to your chest.

But the hit on the head.

Not a bullet. A hard object.

Against my better judgment, I decide to show her the crime scene marked by the large dead tree to our right. I tell her that I was shown this place by a retired mounted Vancouver Police officer who in turn was shown the crime scene by the officer first on the scene in 1953.

I don't feel anything here.

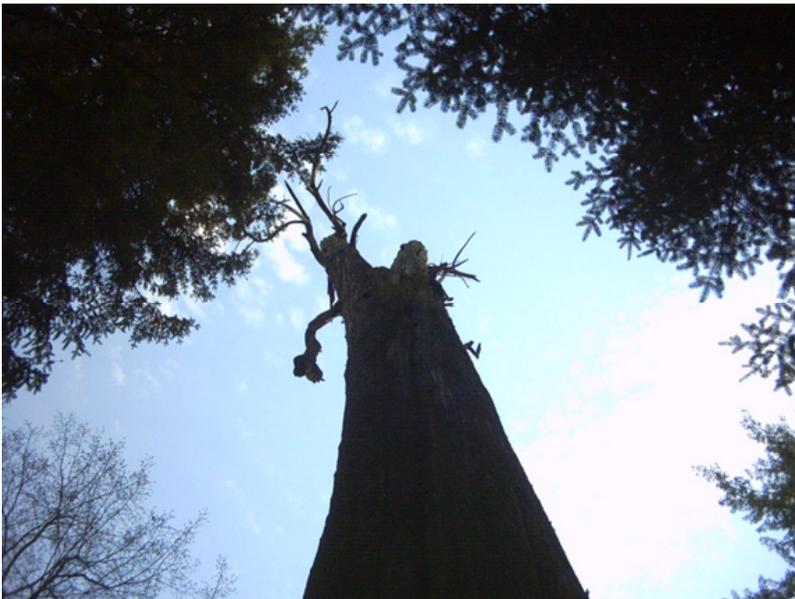
I feel the hurt is down there.

We walk to the base of the tree. This is the spot pointed out to me. It feels very positive.

To me, it's more like they picked this to have a kind of place to remember for this stump.

Like a marker?

Yes, a marker.



I feel it back there. This? No. I don't feel this.
She listens.

No. This is after the fact. A memorial. A place to leave.

She picks up a feather I have left at the site and draws it gently across the back of her hand. I always listen to feathers.

I have a feather collection in my car. Who looks after this [site]?

My mom and I. No one else comes here. (My father and I painted a stone marker and placed it here in February 2004.)

This is probably where to have a gravestone.

To remember it in future years, whatever.

Something happened back there.

So you felt the mother.

I felt the mother. The person.

That was the mother hurting very badly.

It was not the children.

I don't think...

She starts to cry.

Let's go back.

I am resisting all temptation to talk about Molly. We walk back and she talks to herself. She stops and looks into the forest again. She talks casually, with wonder.

Something happened in here but I don't know what it is... because it's... it's... still tears. You're holding back tears and you... it's something here.

I ask: Do you feel it's a memory of the event at this place or a person?

No. It's a person. A person. I don't feel the memory, but I feel the hurt of the person.

Like the hurt from the blow.

The hurt from the head.

The hurt from the tears. Holding back tears. The emotion.

That's what I feel.

And the actual, let's say, you got blown apart.

That's the actual hurt you feel.

There, there is just peace. She points at the tree.

No. It's in here somewhere that it happened. Yep.

She pauses and looks.

It's something in here.

She walks into the forest again.

Let's face it. It's not allergies!

This is it. This is it right here.

Her body sways and she appears to get overwhelmed.

It's here.

It's here.

I'm going through the same thing again. It's here.

She starts to sob.

Either that or she's trying to stop something.

It's here.

This is where she buckled.

This is where... she... How do I explain it?

She...

This is... this is where it happened.

This is...

She either saw it.

She couldn't stop it.

This is here.

Here it happened.

She is breathless.

Somebody else did it. She couldn't stop it.

A train-whistle blows in the background.

That's why she was hit.

This is it.

It's not over there. It's here.

She struggles to breathe. Pauses and listens. She wakes out of her trance.

It's almost like I have a feeling like she was trying to stop it to the fullest and that's when she got the blow to the head. Whatever happened to her, I don't know. Whether she died, I don't know. But that was her blow. And the hurt is from her witnessing something that she didn't want to. Over there it's just a marker. If it's hers or her children's, I don't know. If she's somewhere else, I don't know. This is the mother. I don't think... 'cause I don't feel me killing someone. I don't feel me shooting someone, strangling someone, anything. I feel me helplessly wanting to stop someone but I don't have the power to stop it. I just don't have the power... I don't have the willpower to stop it. Actually, the only thing you feel like is just go down to sit down and cry because it's done. It's done. But I don't feel the kids. I feel her. Or if she was knocked unconscious by a blow to the head.

I ask her: Do you see anything when you do that?

I feel it. I live that person that it happens to. The hurt. The same as if I work on you and you broke a bone. I feel exactly as you. The break. To the point where I can tell you exactly how the bone broke. That's the hurt that you feel and it happened here to the mother. Where the kids were killed or done something, I don't know.

I don't know. If it was to get rid of the mother first and then the children. I don't know. But this is where the mother was dealt with. But she was totally powerless to what was going to happen and... a blow to her head, this side. And if it was something to calm her down so that you could continue. I don't know. I don't know... We can go up the same road.

We head back onto the trail and walk towards the junction again. But after just a few steps, she stops and listens. She takes and step. Listening. Feeling. She walks into the forest as a crow caws.

This is back.

This is back.

In the back of the neck.

This is someone backing up.

This is where it hurts in the back of my head.

Someone is taking your scruff.

She holds the back of her neck.

Here you can have a child.

She shakes her head- no, and walks forward.

No, it's back. It's back.

She backs up. Her body sways. She talks softly to herself. Then exclaims:

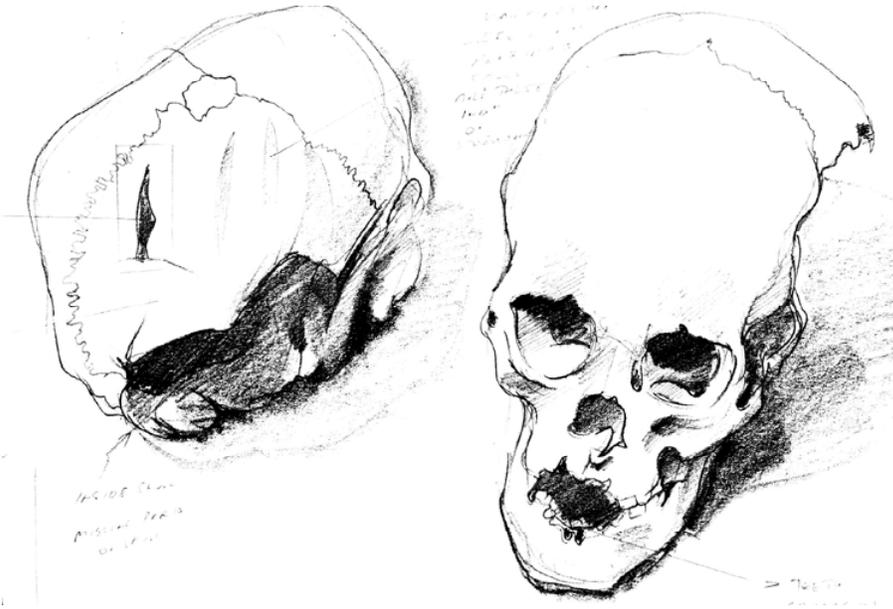
I almost feel like I am going to pee my pants!

I have to pee my pants!

Because I am scared and this is where it hurts my neck. My neck.

In the back of my neck.

I think about the images of the children's skulls. Skull fractures in the back of the head by blunt force trauma.



I want to go that way.

She points her thumb backwards over her right shoulder towards the trail.

I have to go back.

It's something I'm scared about. The child must have been here. A child has been here. Because I feel now like I have pee-ed my pants. I haven't, I know. But it feels like I have pee-ed my pants.

But it doesn't matter anymore.

It doesn't matter anymore.

It doesn't matter.

But there is a blow to the back of the head.

It doesn't matter.

Hmm... hmm.

She wakes out of this trance.

I tried going forward but I couldn't. I was forced back. Where was the other child?

She listens again.

This is the little one.

She is in a trance again and walks deeper into the forest. I follow slowly. She stops. Feels leaves. Crunches them in her hand. Rubs them on her face. The wet. The rain. The crunch underneath. The forest floor. Bird songs.

I am hiding somewhere.

You're hiding?

I'm hiding.

From fear?

No. I don't want him to see me. I'm holding my breath.

A loud plane flies overhead, drowning out our conversation.

I'm holding my breath. I don't want him to see me.

She looks back to the trail.

No. I'm hiding. I won't come out. It's almost like somebody you trust.

Somebody... you trust.

You're holding back.

But you are sweet-talked by someone.

There's nothing here... it's gone.

He's hiding.

She looks around, with a questioning face. She sways and listens. Looks around.

I don't know where to go.

She stands in place swaying.

Body is not hurt. Just my ears are hot.

Hmm...

She walks out of the forest to the trail.

He's gone.

It's gone. There's no heaviness. What happened to him? I don't know. Just my ears are burning? The little

one is the one with the blow. Grabbed by the scruff of the neck. So he won't go or something. He was the one that was scared and pee-ed his pants. The little one. The old one here. The ears were burning. What do you when ears are burning? Holding ears so you won't hear? I have no idea about that one. He's just gone.

Could he have fainted?

OK. Do you get hot ears when you faint? No, I couldn't tell you. He's just gone. Hot ears. Just gone. The older child. Hiding, holding his breath. Like you don't want to be discovered. He was sweet-talked like you trust the person. But then the hot ears. After that I don't know. Nothing. The kid is gone.

We talk about hot ears, blood, fever... and realize we are done. She has expressed.

A few days later, Solvig adds some thoughts:

Molly, brother Joseph...

Incest, psychotic, jealousy, love, idolatry.

Mother (Molly?) going to leave for a "better life" where someone can take care of the children.

Tells the children's uncle (the person she is with) that they are leaving. Revenge?

Were the kids too sick to attend school? Would they ever have been registered?

Mother's layout: under the fur coat: head to toe to make them fit. Classical way when there is no room. "Sista natten's sömn." [Final night's sleep]³

Her coat, her last gift.

³ How may we love but in doubt and fear,
How may we anchor our fond hearts here;
How should e-en joy but a trembler be,
Beautiful dust! When we look on thee?

Poem: **The Child's Last Sleep** by Felicia Hemans (1793-1835)

The author was honored to witness someone open to her emotions so fully. To witness someone who dares to feel, to question and to listen. Ramsland (2006) does remind us though, to remain skeptical.

Thus far, a psychic's reliability for law enforcement has not been established. Anecdotal information is sometimes impressive and even surprising, but nothing can be concluded about using psychics as resources in solving a crime.⁴

Indeed, The Babes in the Wood deserve a critical eye on all that has been presented here. What has been presented is circumstance, inference, historical context, deteriorated evidence, a variety of primary and secondary sources, ideas, opinion and analysis. The community is encouraged to do their own research and to draw their own conclusions.

⁴ Ramsland, K. (2006) Psychic Detectives – Do Police Really Use Psychics? (Chapter 11)
Retrieved September 8, 2006 from
http://www.crimelibrary.com/criminal_mind/forensics/psychics/11.html