

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BUNNY A NON MILITARY USE OF CONTROLLED REMOTE VIEWING

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“So why can’t you use Controlled Remote Viewing to find Osama Bin Laden?” I had spent 90 minutes giving (in my opinion) a brilliant lecture on CRV to a group of top executives and businessmen at a weekend retreat at Lake George, New York. The point of my lecture is that CRV is a meditative practice useful in validating our intuition and spiritual understandings of life. I described it as a form of dialogue with a “god”, a source of universal knowledge. If god knows everything, then the location of a downed aircraft in Africa of military importance to the United States government is part of that universal knowledge. Since intuition is an important part of decision making for corporate executives, I described CRV to them as a form of training exercise in decision making. There is research to back this up, CEOs of top earning companies have measurably increased psychic abilities as compared to the CEOs of the lowest earning companies.

And yet, at dinner after my talk, all anyone wanted to talk about was “why can’t remote viewing be used to find Osama Bin Laden?”. Once again, I patiently explained the protocol, the teamwork that is needed to implement it, what sort of information we can get from CRV and what information we can’t be expected to get. CRV, I explained, is not some sort of drone remote control video camera; instead it can provide us with highly useful and specialized information that cannot be obtained in any other way. It is a type of spiritual information that often comes to us without judgment or analysis, without labels or a built in sense of meaning.

CRV is for me similar to the beginning of the novel *The Sound and the Fury*, by William Faulkner. The first few pages of the book are a description of a golf game seen through the eyes of a mentally handicapped man who knows nothing of the game. It takes the reader several pages to finally realize that the man is accurately describing a game of golf!

“So what use is it, who cares about CRV if you can’t make money on it, can’t understand what it means, and you can’t use it to find Osama Bin Laden?” were the final words of the day.

I have spent the past year attempting to teach the “concept” of CRV, the protocol, the process. The general public seems to think of remote viewing as simple as clearing the mind and then completely visualizing some far away land as a three dimensional movie in the mind. I have given dozens of demonstrations of CRV. Inevitably people are disappointed that I can “only” describe and draw an unknown (to me) structure thousands of miles away from me.

That very night, after the lecture, my wife and I cracked the Case of the Missing Bunny. I hope that in the telling of this case, I will also be able to share with you a practical application of CRV as well as the dangers of AOL both in CRV and in our everyday lives.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BUNNY

The car was packed. The kids seated in the back seats. The hotel room searched one final time for all the things we forgot. We were ready to drive 8 hours home from Lake George to Delaware. My wife and daughters, Anna (age 8) and Melody (age 3) and I had only come for the weekend, yet the van was completely filled with suitcases, and the car top carrier bulging with the overflow.

Then came from our three year old the words that chill the bones of any parent: "Where's my bunny?" Soon, plaintiff sobs progressed to angry screams "where's my bunny!" Frantically, we unpacked and searched the bags. We offered Melody dozens of seemingly worthy surrogates, her lamb my, her horsey, her turtle, her special Princess doll, her froggy. None would do. "I want my BUNNY!"

Faced with eight hours of shrieks of "I want my BUNNY", my wife and I desperately thought where it could be. We settled on four possibilities. 1) The Mall that we had lunch at 2) A roller skating rink 3) The lecture hall that I had lectured at 4) The hotel's restaurant.

The lecture hall and the Restaurant were already closed for the night. It was getting late, and we decided that if the Bunny was still at the Resort, we would simply stay the night, get the Bunny and leave in the morning. On the other hand, if it was at the Mall or Roller Rink, we would leave as planned and pick up the Bunny on our way out of town.

Unfortunately, phone calls to the Mall and the Roller Rink did not help resolve the problem.

CRV TO THE RESCUE

"No worries", I told my wife. "We will simply assign the bunny a target number and remote view it." "Hmmm" she replied. "But I am too anxious and front loaded to do it ourselves". Let's ask Lance (our research associate to do it).

We called up Lance and told him that we had an urgent target for him to view for us. We asked him if he could do it in the next few minutes as the kids were back in the car and we had repacked.

Twenty minutes later he frantically called us back. "Melvin", he cried. "Have you called the police? I have urgent information for them. I see a van with a man and a woman. There is a child in the back screaming and crying. They are driving down a long dusty dirt road towards a barn. I see horses. It is a large wooden structure."

"Lance, get a grip", I told him. "You are in AOL drive to the extreme!" The target has to do with our daughter Melody". "Melody?" He started sobbing. "I didn't want to tell you this, but I saw the target slip over the edge of a cliff and I heard it SPLAT. You have to patch me through to the police. I can describe to them exactly where she is."

We finally got Lance to calm down. "Lance, Melody is safe and is with us in our hotel room".

He then argued with us, telling us that his impressions and visual images were so real, “I am certain that what I am seeing is real”.

We finally calmed him down again, and asked him to stick to the protocol. Pauline served as his monitor over the phone. “Sensories, Lance, give us sensories”. Pauline gave him the target number again, and forced him to stick to the protocol.

Almost reluctantly, he started giving us the sensories. “open, airy, loud, rumbling, rough, echoing”, mixed with his kidnapping AOL scenario “I knew it, they are taking Melody into a large room”. More sensories came, after appropriate breaks: “deep pitched human voices, amplified sounds, high pitched screeches, curved, curving around, vertical lines.” Pauline moved him around the target, above the target. “grainy, rough, smooth, flat, vast, movement, laughing,” and always coming back to curving lines. His AI was that he was thrilled, having fun. He sketched a large curved arena like structure.

Suddenly my wife and I knew what it was. “The Roller Rink”.

We jumped in the car, and drove down the long dusty dirt road back to the barn like Roller Rink. And over by the benches where we put on our skates, under the bench was her Bunny.

We called Lance back to congratulate him. He felt he was a failure. He said that he had no idea that it was her bunny, and that it was lost as at the Roller Rink. He said that it was one of the worst viewings he had ever done. “I was totally off, I was totally wrong”.

This case illustrates what Russell Targ means when he says that you must be willing to be wrong to successfully remote view. In fact, Lance was totally on the signal line and gave us extremely useful information. We just had to know how to properly interpret it.

Lance wanted to be the hero! He wanted to single handedly solve the crime, and save Melody from the kidnappers. He was absolutely convinced that his AOLs were real, and he actively resisted our efforts to force him to stick to the protocol. He was reluctant to even give us the sensory information as he wondered what use it was to us.

The same phenomenon was documented in the early assessments of remote viewing by the government. For example, a detailed analysis of Pat Price’s efforts to remote view a known military target resulted in an enormous amount of correct information. However, the independent analysis of the viewing concluded that it was impossible to distinguish (at that time) the useful information from the elements that were completely inaccurate. Furthermore, the viewer (Pat Price) perceived the entire viewing as completely real and accurate.

Lance was so convinced his AOLs were real, that as we congratulated him on our way home, he said to us “But Melvin, I heard the target go splat. It was so real. It slid right off the edge of a cliff. No one could have survived that fall! Please don’t drive home tonight!”.

“Lance” my wife and I laughed. “No person could have survived that fall. But a stuffed Bunny could have survived its fall off the bench at the Roller Rink!”