



Article in Take 5 Magazine 2006

We were a close, fun family.

The feminist movement destroyed us.



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# Take 5

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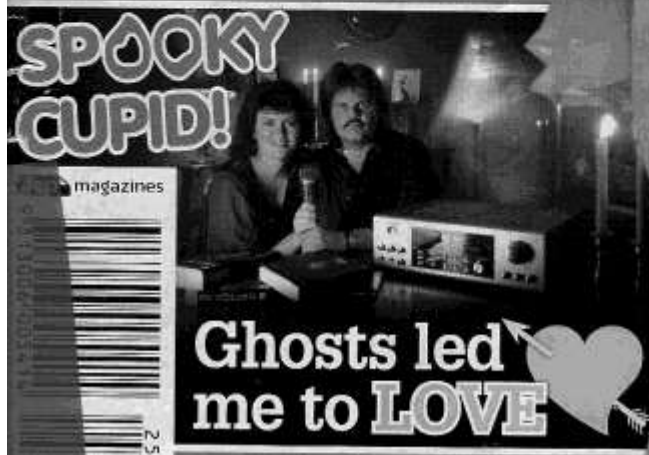


**My EVIL  
stepmother  
POISONED**

**Dad for  
pokie cash**



**My boy  
was a  
HUMAN  
FIREBALL**



**SPOOKY  
CUPID!**

**Ghosts led  
me to LOVE**



**SHOCK  
CONFESSION**

**"My daughter  
should NEVER  
have been born"**



**What would  
you do?**

magazines



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LAST WEEK'S TAKE 5 REQUIRED TO ENTER. SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS



Lia inherited her fascination for the spirit world from her nan – now she's turned her unusual gift into a career ...

**F**rom the shadows of my bedroom, I felt the stranger's eyes boring into me. "What do you want?" I whispered.

Aged nine, I was confused but not frightened by the ghostly silhouette that kept appearing at my bedside, then disappearing.

"It came again," I told my mum, Anne, next morning.

"Yes, there's definitely a presence in this old house," nodded Mum.

My stepdad Jim had also seen something – a woman's ghostly figure in our hallway.

"I think a woman died here years ago. Perhaps you're in her room, Lia," Mum suggested.

"But this isn't a woman," I replied, puzzled.

Later, I discovered a soldier had committed suicide in our house in Watermans Bay, WA.

"That must have been my mystery visitor," I told Mum, who'd grown up with my nan, Joan, holding seances around her ouija board.

Growing up, I inherited Nan's love of the spirit world.

We were very close and I



# I'm an on-air GHOSTBUS

was devastated when she became seriously ill with emphysema. Then, one night, I heard a voice.

"Tell Joan she's not ready yet," Nan's late husband, Digger, told me.

When I passed on his message, Nan smiled faintly. Then, to our amazement, she made a full recovery!

After that, I discovered I was very tuned into the spirit world and could feel the

temperature drop when someone made contact.

At 15, my family moved to Darwin, NT, where I did a hairdressing apprenticeship.

I got married when I was 20 and Gary was born in March 1992, followed by Jacklyn 19 months later.

"She's lively and Gary's so disconnected," I worried.

A specialist confirmed my suspicions – he was autistic.

In 1997, my marriage ended and I returned to Perth with Gary, six, and Jacklyn, five. Being a single mum was tough.

"I can't do this," I sobbed one night in bed.

Suddenly the room filled with bright light and an enormous angel appeared by my side.

"We're always here for you," said the vision, and I felt overwhelmed with love.

"I can do this!" I said, filled with resolve.

Soon after, we'd just settled into our new home in Kingsley, WA, when odd things began happening.

I woke up at 4am, but my alarm clock was flashing 11 minutes past 11.

A few days later, the microwave clock was playing up – flashing at 11 minutes and 11 seconds.

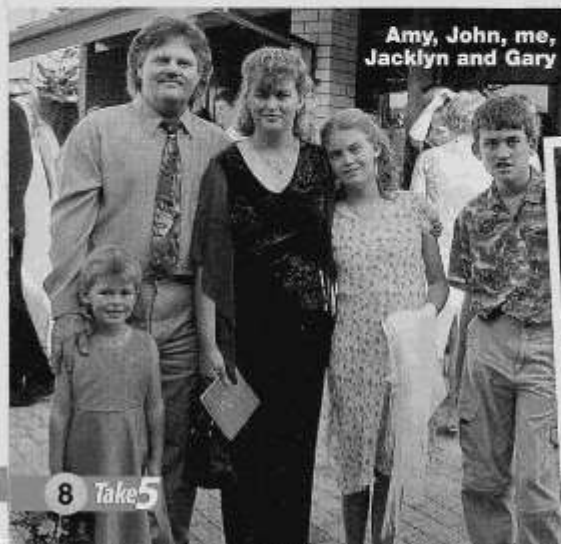
At the servo, the petrol pump clicked around, then stuck ... at 11.11 litres and the change on my receipt was \$11.11!

And when I collected the kids from school the next day, my dashboard clock had stopped at 11:11!

Something supernatural was going on, so I looked for answers on the internet.

What is the significance of the number 11? I emailed a chat room at a website called Spirit Web. It seems to be following me around!

The next morning, I had a reply from a man



Amy, John, me, Jacklyn and Gary



My nan, Joan





Me and John  
at our spooky  
radio station

# TER!

called John Ramses from Portland, Oregon, USA.

*The number 11 symbolises change, John wrote. You're at a crossroads in your life with choices to make. Some people seeing this number are told to make a wish as it might come true!*

I wrote back to thank John and, over the coming days, the emails flowed.

John, 37, was a cowboy, an author and an expert on ancient Egyptian culture and mysterious phenomena.

I told him of my ghostly visits as a child and John shared his encounters with

UFOs. We began to talk on the phone and John told me about a strange dream in which he saw a little girl with long blonde hair and piercing blue eyes. He said a Native Indian clairvoyant had confirmed that a little daughter was calling him.

"Marry me," John asked over the phone weeks later. "Yes!" I laughed, holding back tears of joy.

John arrived in Perth in September 1999, complete with cowboy boots and hat.

Our meeting confirmed what we already knew – we were soul mates.

I was already pregnant when we married two months later on the beach on November 11 at 11 minutes past 11 – under an 11 per cent moon with Gary, eight, and Jacklyn, seven, by our sides.

The baby daughter of John's dreams was born on June 26, 2000.

"I've come thousands of miles to meet you," John said, cuddling little Amy.

Life with John was full of fun. With his high energy levels and mine, our relationship was an electrifying combination. When emotions ran high, we shattered light bulbs and appliances would stop.

Then in June 2003, I was heartbroken when my best friend, Leonie, died in front of me of an asthma attack.

"Send me a sign and let me know you're there, Leonie," I pleaded. "Make it a yellow balloon!" I added, as the image popped into my head.

Three days later, I was on night shift at the customer call centre where I worked when one of the girls came bounding in – holding a giant yellow balloon.

"I found it in the

lobby," she said. "I don't know how it got through the security door, but it was floating into the lift as though it was on a mission."

Leonie had heard me!

Two years later, in September 2005, John built me a website.

"It's called Haunted Australia," he grinned.

To my amazement, stories and requests for help poured in from around the world as people shared tales about spooky encounters.

I could clear unwanted spirits, so I began offering

## Send me a sign and let me know you're there

a ghostbusting service.

In January 2006, the Art Gallery of Western Australia asked me to get rid of its resident ghost, Harry. The gallery was built on the site of an old convict jail and one worker had reported being physically restrained by a ghostly presence. Security guards had also been hearing odd footsteps at night.

Armed with my electronic voice recorder, a device which picks up ghostly background talk on frequencies humans can't normally hear, my clairvoyant friend, Audra, and I went along to the gallery one night.



Amy, the  
little girl  
in John's  
dreams



My best  
friend,  
Leonie, sent  
me a yellow  
balloon from  
the afterlife

"He's called George, not Harry," Audra said, making contact with the spirit of an old prison guard. "He's returned to help the restless spirits of hanged prisoners cross over. He's not harmful and he'll leave as soon as he's helped them across."

A week later, Haunted Australia was on another mission – at Fremantle Arts Centre.

"It used to be a female lunatic asylum, then a women's hospital," said Audra. "One spirit is telling me she was dumped here by her husband who was having an affair. She says she went mad after being separated from her child."

By lighting candles and repeating blessings, we cleansed the centre and helped the woman cross over.

Then, in April, John and I were listening over the internet to an American paranormal radio show.

"We could do something better than this," John said.

So we set up an internet radio station, Ghost Radio.

Today, we host our own talkback shows and Ghost Radio is quickly gathering a cult following.

I've found my calling as an on-air ghostbuster! Nan, 80, and my mum are proud I'm carrying on the family tradition and are two of our most avid listeners!

Lia Ramses, 35, Kingsley, WA. Visit [www.ghostradio.com.au](http://www.ghostradio.com.au) to tune into Lia's station.

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STORY  
OF THE  
WEEK!