**Sunday, May 22, 2016**

[Conclusion to Case # 10 Micheal Hensley a new ally.](http://missing411rvp.blogspot.com/2016/05/conclusion-to-cse-10-micheal-hensley.html)

In my last [post](http://missing411rvp.blogspot.com/2016/05/follow-up-to-case-10-michael-hensley.html) I was preparing for the psychic investigation into the disappearance of Michael Hensley to determine if I could close case #10 and find a sense of finality. I can now say I have found closure a long with new spiritual ally. While I cannot say I found peace, I did have my warrior spirit renewed as well as the blade of my convictions honed to a ferociously sharp edge.

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| Michael Hensley |

Nearing midnight I began prayers to call down my spirits and open my Palo temple. Offering candle light, water, with ample amounts of tobacco smoke and chamba (the fiery magical drink of Palo Mayombe).  
  
Using my palo de muerto, or stick of the dead, I called the spirit of Michael Hensley through my Mpaka (an animal horn filled with secret ingredients and capped with a round mirror) and asked that my  Nfumbe (a spirit of the dead all priests and priests of Palo Mayombe make a lifelong pact with) be present to help speak with the spirit of Michael Hensley.  
  
Tapping the ground while saying Michael's name, a tangible presence entered my temple. I could hear the young voice of a boy timidly ask, "where am I", to which I introduced myself, and my temple to him. In my physical vision I could catch a fleeting glimpse of Michael in front of me. He was cautious of his surroundings but my spirits reassured him that he was safe here.  
  
I cleansed my N'kobo (shells for divination which act as the mouths for the dead), and readied myself for confirming the answers I would attempt to use my mediumship to discover.  
  
I asked Michael if he died of natural causes. He replied "no", and the N'kobo resulted in showing that he did not die of natural causes such as prolonged exposure to the elements and that he was probably murdered. I asked if he was killed by a human, and not an animal. Micheal answered that he was murdered by a person. My N'kobo confirmed this.  
  
I asked Michael if he was killed by the family friend, too which he answered no. The N'kobo confirmed his answer. I asked him if he was killed be someone he knew. Michael once more said that he did not know the man who killed him. The N'kobo confirmed this as well.  
  
My Nfumbe showed me Michael pacing around the campsite where his father and the family friend had told him to wait while they scouted for a place to start hunting turkey. They where gone for longer than they expected, and another man entered the campsite. This man had been lurking in the forest, watching and listening. He waited until Michael seemed sacred that his father and the family friend had not yet returned.  
  
He told Michael that his father and the family friend had been in an accident and he needed to come with him immediately. Michael left with him. The man it was revealed to me is a serial killer and Michael was not his first nor last victim. Michael was molested and murdered by this man. I will not provide further details concerning this event.

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| Inside my Temple working with the spirit of Michael Hensley |

This serial killer was active in the Zuni Mountain range until recently. The N'kobo confirmed that he is presently incapacitated and unable to harm anyone. My Nfumbe showed me that he is an old man now, suffered an injury and likely never fully recover. I will target this man in the near future sending my Nfumbe, with a legion of hungry dead to pay him a visit...  
  
I prayed for Michael Hensley's elevation and healing in the name of Nzambi (the creator God of the world and highest intelligence). Taking my abalone shell dedicated to Umba Kalunga (the mother of all life, M'pungo of the ocean and keeper of the Kalunga or Great Sea of Dead) offered Michael a white candle, along with water and tobacco smoke so he may have light, peace and purity. I prayed he find his way back to his ancestors to feel love and comfort.  
  
I was about to close down my temple when Michael said this to me, "I want to help other little boys and girls. I can help you to help boys and girls like me and return them to their families".  The N'kobo confirmed that this is indeed what Michael wanted. I told Michael that he could stay in my M'paka, that Zarabanda would teach him to fight and that I would call on him every time a little boy or girl needed help. He agreed and the N'kobo confirmed this also.  
  
I tapped my palo de muerto on my Mpaka and blue orb of light floated down off the palo de muerto and entered into the mirror of the Mpaka.  I cannot say I have ever seen that before. I offered prayers, gave libations and offered more tobacco smoke before closing my temple.  
  
Tonight has left me with a very clear sense of direction and greatly strengthened will to fight to my dying breathe in order to turn the world back to a righteous state.  This crocodile will proudly have evil stuck between his teeth till the end of his days.  
  
-Papa Crocodile