



Spirit Society of PA.

A P P A R I T I O N S

A Monthly Journal of News & Upcoming Events • Vol 12, Issue 4 - APRIL 2007

"ROO's" BOOS - Notes from Kelly

This month's comments begin with a big **Thank You** to (Officer) Deb Snyder!

She graciously donated April's rent money to the group. It is very much appreciated. Please join me in thanking Deb for this thoughtful gesture!

Spirit Day in May is a little over a month away. Don't forget to gather up items for our White Elephant Sale. Start your spring cleaning now. We had a very successful sale last year, and along with our Silent Auction raised almost a years worth of rent.

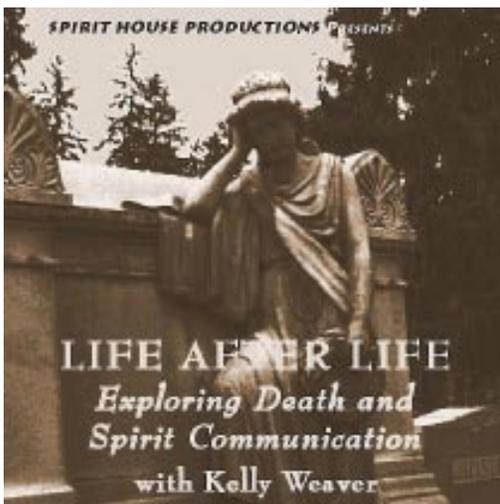
Please remember that we need you to sign up for your choice of food, snacks, beverages or paper products. I need to know what we will need to round our dinner out, so please let us know ASAP.

Laura Shank has taken over the responsibility of our Library. If you have books out that need to be returned, please do so in a timely fashion. If you also have donations for the library, we would be grateful for those as well. See Laura for more details.

John, Craig, Melissa and I (Spirit House Productions) have produced a DVD and 2 meditation CD's that will be for sale at tonight's meeting. We've been working on these products since last July and are pleased to offer them to the group at a discounted rate.

We have "*Meet Your Angels*" and "*Discover Your Past Life*" - meditations that can be used over and over again. For those of you interested in After Death Communication, including interesting superstitions along with historical facts about death, you'll love the DVD, "*Life After Life*" - It ends with a soothing

meditation to help you connect with your loved ones on the other side. We are very proud of our work and hope you enjoy them as well. (Melissa's beautiful cover photo for the ADC CD (Left) was taken at Carlisle's Ashland Cemetery



The Magic of the Hive by Kelly Weaver

There has been a lot of talk lately about the disappearance of Honeybees. Could it have to do with the so-called Global Warming? Are we polluting our planet so much that we are killing them off? Is it something more sinister?

I looked through some of my notes on superstitions and legends and came across some interesting information about these fascinating creatures.

Throughout the ancient world, it was believed that honeybees were a divine gift, bequeathed to humans from days when gods and goddesses walked the earth as mortal beings. That was an age when clean and clear forests and fields of wildflowers sheltered the earth, and nectar was plentiful so that the bees produced vast supplies of honey to eat and for brewing honey wine. Honey and Mead were said to give these gods and goddesses the secret to immortality.

In ancient Greece, the honeycomb was the symbol of Aphrodite, goddess of love and beauty, known to her worshippers as the queen bee. The social structure of the hive was the pattern for her cult. Priestesses who served in her temples were called bees. The high priestess was Aphrodite's earthly representative and the only member of the sect who was allowed to mate. She would choose a male to remain with her for the duration of a year. When the year ended, her lover, who represented the drone of the hive, was killed in a ritual sacrifice to Aphrodite. (who wants to volunteer)

The Greek philosopher, Plato, studied honeybees extensively. He associated them with reincarnation, the female potency of nature and the geometric mysteries of the universe. Plato's student, Aristotle, was tutor to Alexander the Great. On Alexander's death, Aristotle had him embalmed in an earthen jar filled with honey.

To Pythagorus, another Greek philosopher, the honeycomb represented the symmetry of the cosmos. Because each cell of a honeycomb is a perfect hexagon, he believed that the Universe, like the honeycomb, was a manifestation of mathematical ratios.

Among the Egyptians, symbols were part of their religion. To them, the honeybee represented immortality and rebirth. (Cont. pg. 2)



(*Magic... cont from pg 1*) Images of honeybees often adorned the walls of their burial places, and pots of honey and honey wine were entombed with the dead to nourish them and speed their spirits to their next incarnation.

In ancient Rome, honey was highly valued and often accepted in place of gold to pay taxes. Surgeons to the soldiers dressed wounds with honey to prevent infection and promote healing. Honey and mead were rationed to soldiers to provide energy, lift sagging spirits, and to medicate. Honey and mead were remedies in themselves, but because of their sweet flavor they were also ways to deliver herbs that would be too bitter to drink on their own.

No wedding celebration in Rome would have taken place without honey and mead. Honey cakes were eaten for their sexual potency at wedding feasts, and newlyweds drank mead for a month after the wedding, a practice that gave rise to the term HONEYMOON.

The medicinal use of honey and other bee products-such as royal jelly, and beeswax have long been an art in China. In the past, victims of small pox would be covered with honey. The practice seemed to stop infection, offer relief from pain, and minimize the hideous scarring most survivors were forced to endure. Along with this, bee venom therapy was also practiced. (I've seen it used for people with MS as well.)

In Celtic countries, honeybees were considered too sacred to be purchased with money, so they were acquired through the barter system. Druids of Britain and Ireland revered honeybees to the extent that their legal authorities established laws to regulate the keeping of bees, the production of honey, and the brewing of mead. In fact, Britain was at one time called Honey Isle because of the enormous quantity of mead that was brewed and consumed there.

In medieval times, honeybees were brought into European rites to incite fear and admiration. They also came to symbolize social order, loyalty and courage. Beekeeping and mead making were elevated to the highest of arts. It was common for each wealthy landowner to employ a resident Bee Master to oversee a private honeybee garden and to consult with a favorite brewer of mead.

Today we know of the importance of bees as pollinators and as a sign of a healthy planet. Healers around the world are employing honey and bee venom therapy to cure all manner of diseases such as arthritis and other inflammatory and degenerative diseases. Natural honey, bee pollen, royal jelly, beeswax and honey-based beverages are all in demand again.

Honeybees have been around for more than 180 million years. In modern times, just as in the past, they are recognized as symbols of regal power-feared and hated by some, and in general, still identified with gods, spirits and the supernatural realm. Any beekeeper will tell you that there is a mystery in the hive and that honeybees possess a magic uniquely their own.

Remembering a friend: Ron Waddell: 1943-2007

Ron, who was a popular speaker during one of our 2005 meetings (*shown here dressed as Surgeon John Boursiquot*



Fontaine, J.E.B. Stuart's Medical Director) and well known in local historical circles, passed on March 20, 2007. He was an historian, re-enactor, preservationist and a highly decorated Army helicopter pilot who had nearly 1000 hours of combat flight hours in Vietnam. Ron had numerous paranormal encounters: as a GBPA member working at and staying in the Daniel Lady farm; as a re-enactor participant in the filming of Gettysburg and several others on the battlefield over the years. He attended SSP meetings when his busy schedule allowed, always willing to share his experiences. Ron was a fascinating individual who will be sadly missed by anyone who had the pleasure of meeting him. - JDW

KELLY'S MAGICAL GARDEN - Offering a variety of Intuitive Services for your Spiritual Quest

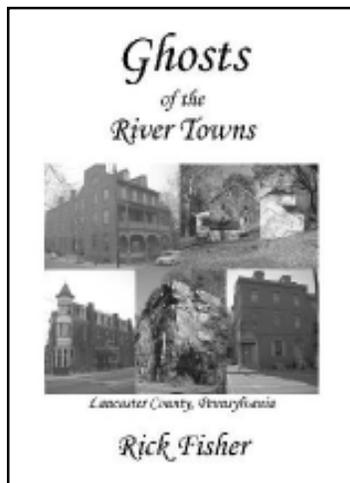
Kelly Weaver offers readings via mail, e-mail and in person. For details, please visit

www.kellysmagicalgarden.com

•Private Readings available by appointment: Personal, Animal, Past Life & ADC (After Death Communication) *Contact Kelly at 717-737-7623 or weaviate@aol.com*



•Study with Kelly! Spring classes are now forming!



Now Available: GHOSTS of the RIVER TOWNS by Rick Fisher

No one knows more ghost stories from Lancaster County's river towns of Columbia, Marietta & surrounding areas than PSP founder Rick Fisher, and his first book is full of fascinating accounts from this historic and haunted region of South Central PA. To order, send check or money order for \$6.00 (includes postage and

handling) to Rick Fisher 109 South Second St. Apt. 2 Columbia, PA 17512 Rick's e-mail is rfisher@paranormalpa.com



PARA-TECH

Opinions & Observations by JDW

Iverson's Pits Update: On a quiet March afternoon I paid another visit to the farm fields north of Gettysburg which after July 1863 became the home of "Iverson's Pits"-- the long trenches which once held brave North Carolinians where they fell in almost perfect lines. The photo below shows a major difference in the area - the missing tree line. (Not present during the battle and removed last year by the NPS.) Concealed behind a low stone wall, (view below is taken from the 88th PA's right flank) regiments of Baxter's 1st Corps Brigade rose up and decimated Iverson's advancing Brigade in a brutally one-sided encounter. Most SSP members know of my fascination with this location (and Kelly's apprehension, given the unwelcome physical contact she has experienced).

During my most recent visit, two new EVPs were recorded. One out in the fields: a faint voice which strangely sounds like and utters the identical phrase, "Somebody help me" one of our members captured in the Rose Woods a few years ago. The other clearly responds to me asking for a name; it was recorded in what was (before removal) the south end of the tree line. (I'll play it at our meeting and ask opinions on the name.) It is interesting that this once wooded area is the same place Kelly has been pushed, tripped and had a flashlight flung out of her hand! Evidently, if *someone* sought solace in the trees which grew



long after the battle, their removal has not disturbed him. "Iverson's Pits", to me, has always been one of the battlefield's most active spots. As research continues, I'll keep you advised.

67 UFO Flap During my presentation at March's SEARCH meeting, a gentlemen shared memories, including approaching a landing site in South Harrisburg with local NICAP investigator George Cook, where a Geiger counter noted elevated radioactivity. (J Allen Hynek was also said to have later inspected the same location) I'm gathering some other recollections from the summer 40 years ago when I had my own sighting that I'll share in a future issue. (1967 was a major year for UFO encounters, including an extensive "flap" here in the midstate.)



Spirit Society of PA.

APPARITIONS

Story & Photo Contributions are Solicited - send to:

John & Kelly Weaver, 43 Essex Rd, Camp Hill, PA 17011

E-mail: weaviate@aol.com

S.S.P. Website: www.spiritsocietyofpa.com



COMING in the MAY Issue of Apparitions: 2007 PA Paranormal Conference Review

Kelly and I look forward to several SSP members joining us for what will be another great event from Rick Fisher at Bube's Brewery this weekend! (April 14) We'll share the latest from Stan Gordon, Rosemary Guiley, Mark Nesbitt, Ed Okonowicz & others next month!

2007 PARANORMAL CONFERENCE NEWS

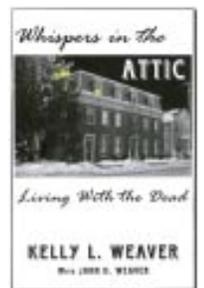
HAUNTED AMERICA CONFERENCE with Troy Taylor and the AGS June 22-23 at the Lincoln Theater in Decatur IL. Speakers include Troy, Derek Bartlett, Vince Wilson, Jeff Belanger & John Weaver. Kelly Weaver will be hosting another seance in the theater Friday night. Details on line at: www.prairieghosts.com/conference.html



GHOST WORLD CONFERENCE July 20-22, 2007: The first Ghost World Conference. Speakers include Vince, L'Aura, Jeff, Charlie Adams, Mark Nesbitt, Troy Taylor & John Zaffis. Details on line at www.ghostworldconference.com



Whispers in the Attic - Living With The Dead by Kelly Weaver Now in its second printing, Kelly's account of her life as a medium and ghosthunter is available locally from Civil War and More in Mechbg., Borders Books in Camp Hill and Mark Nesbitt's Ghosts of Gettysburg HQ. Available online through Amazon.com and Troy Taylor's History & Hauntings Book Co. Kelly's second book is coming in fall 2007.



Ghosts, Legends, Mysteries and Rogues of Mechanicsburg by Melissa Griffith Melissa is the SSP Activities Director, an investigative team member and a regular contributor to our newsletter with her "Musings of a Ghost Adventurer" Column. Her book can be purchased locally at Civil War and More bookstore on Market Street in Mechanicsburg.

BIOGRAPHIES of the STRANGE and PARANORMAL by Gail Dull

Washington D. C. is only an hour and a half from here, give or take a traffic jam or two or a ride on the Metro. A city steeped in history and by some accounts, ghosts. In the coming months, I will highlight some of the most famous, more obscure and some that are open for tours.

The US Capitol

Some Washingtonians attest that the US Capitol is the most haunting building in the District of Columbia and considering the activities mentioned in my previous articles about the Octagon House and White House, that's saying a LOT!

In 1808, two of the designers of the building got into an argument about how the vaulted ceiling in the Old Supreme Court Chamber was to have been done. One thought he knew best and went into the chamber and ripped down the vaulting...the roof collapsed on him and he was killed...reportedly in his last breath he cursed the building. Another report tells of the ghost of a worker who was accidentally walled up inside the walls during construction where he subsequently died.

In 1848, former President John Quincy Adams was serving as a member of the house and suffered a stroke on the floor of the house as he gave an impassioned speech. It is said the he returns to finish his unfinished speech. An old man will be seen struggling to give a speech or sometimes the voice of an old man can be heard, speaking passionately, when no one is there.

Pierre Charles L'enfant, the planner of the City of Washington, is seen wandering the crypts of the building with rolls of parchment in his hands. He reviews the parchment and shakes his head as if he's disapproving what was done.

Reporters have a reason to "watch their step" in a hallway where a journalist named Charles Kincaid killed William Taulbee. Taulbee, a Kentuckian, is said to be notorious for tripping reporters who use the stairs next to the hallway. It is also said that his blood still stains the floor in the area.

A Civil War General and later Senator, John Logan is said to still attend committee meetings in the Military Affairs Committee room, surrounded by a blue haze. It is said that during the 1930's renovation his stuffed horse was found in a sealed up room.

The statues in Statuary Hall are also known to come alive and dance. The sad part is that of the 97 statues, only 6 are women...I guess their dance cards are always filled. Additionally, the statues of Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee are said to meet for a reconciliatory handshake.

It is also important to mention that the Capitol had been used as a hospital during the Civil War. Another reported specter is of a Union soldier who runs through the Rotunda only to disappear or salute and disappear, depending on your source.



The most famous of the Capitol's ghosts is that of the "Demon Cat". The demon cat is usually spotted in the base-

ment of the Capitol building in an area known as the Crypt (despite the name, there are no bodies in the crypt.) The sightings of the cat tend to appear just before a national tragedy. What's most disturbing about the cat is that it often first appears as a helpless little black kitten that morphs into a large menacing monster cat as the affected person gets closer in an attempt to provide it aid.

Is this the same demon cat of the White House? Is it the same demon black cat that is also reported among the darkened shadows along the National Mall? Could it be that it is just the spectral remains of one of the cats who had formerly been employed to rid the building of mice? No one knows but that's one cat that I'm not going to try to pet!

Coming May 19, 2007: SSP's Annual **SPIRIT DAY in MAY**

1 pm - 8pm, New Cumberland, PA. Sr. Center

Featuring:

- Author JEFF FRAZIER (*PA Fireside Tales Books*)
- PSP Founder RICK FISHER ("Talking Boards")
- Tech Seminar w/Craig Telesha & John Weaver
- Spirit Circle with SSP founder KELLY WEAVER

Plus:

- WHITE ELEPHANT SALE & SILENT AUCTION
- COVERED DISH SUPPER
- Doors open 12:30pm •Donation: \$10
- Please bring a Covered Dish/Food or Beverage to share; sign up sheets available at SSP meetings



From 2006 (Left): During our Tech Seminar, one exercise demonstrated how slow shutter speed on a digital pic taken without flash is behind the many false "partial apparition" appearing on the web! Please bring your cameras & recorders for another lively session of group experimentation!

Musings of a Ghost Adventurer

By Melissa Griffith

Taking a break from her usual column due to a busy schedule selling her house and buying one with fiance Craig (Congrats, guys!) Melissa has shared one of her fictional works with us this month. This is the first of 2 parts...

The Path That Must Be

Pamela Daniels awoke with a strange feeling. The room was dark, darker than usual. She could barely make out the familiar surroundings. She could feel the warmth of Brad's body beside her and hear the faint growl of his snoring.

Something was wrong. Something was out of the ordinary. She could sense it.

It was only after her eyes adjusted after a few moments that she noticed the man standing by the window. He was unusually tall and wearing a long, duster-style coat. Oddly, Pamela was not afraid as the man seemed vaguely familiar to her as though she instinctively knew he would not harm her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked him.

"It's time, Pamela." He said softly. "You must come with me." She sat up in bed and let her toes brush across the hard wood floor. Strange, the floor didn't feel cool as it should have.

"Go with you where?" she asked then yawned. "I can't go anywhere. It's the middle of the night."

"You *know* where, Pamela. It's time."

She suddenly came to her full senses, now wide awake.

"Who *are* you?" she asked in a more irritated tone.

No answer.

"If you don't leave, I'm going to wake up my husband." She threatened.

The man walked slowly, deliberately towards her; perhaps trying to intimidate her, she thought. As he did so, he entered into the small ray of light streaming through the slightly ajar bedroom door.

He was dressed in black, had dark hair and pleasing features. All in all, he was quite handsome.

He pulled the chair out from under the desk and sat down. The two were now face to face. Still, Pamela experienced no fear. She instinctively knew she was in no danger and she had forgotten about her earlier threat to wake her husband.

The man stared hard at Pamela and she realized his eyes were black. No pupils, no irises—just completely black. That should have seemed alien to her, but it did not.

"It's time, Pamela." He said without even moving his lips.

"Time for what? How are you talking to me?"

"The same way you are talking to me. Telepathically."

"What do you mean the same way I'm talking to you? I'm talking to you the same way a normal person talks, with my mouth."

The man closed his black eyes and sighed. It seemed as though the short conversation they shared had caused him to become weary.

"Look behind you." He ordered.

Pamela turned her head to see her sleeping husband. Beside him was Pamela, still sleeping. She looked closer. Yes, it was. It was herself still lying in bed under the purple cover.

She held up her arm and inspected it. It was her arm in front of her. It was not translucent or invisible. Yet, she had somehow managed to escape her physical body. How is that possible?

Suddenly, she realized everything. It had come flooding to her consciousness in a heartbeat.

"You've come to take me." She said slowly.

"Yes." He answered.

"You're Death?"

"Yes."

He reached inside his coat and pulled out a large, ancient book. He opened it and studied one of the pages.

"A busy night tonight." He said after a few moments.

"You're much better looking than I'd pictured."

He chuckled. "I get that a lot. This is not my natural form. This is the form I must take as to seem familiar to mortals."

"What do you *really* look like then?" She was curious.

"Something you could never even attempt to comprehend."

"Are you ... *sure* I'm dead?"

Death closed his eyes again and let his shoulders slump.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I need to be sure. You must get that question quite a bit, but mistakes *do* happen."

"Not in *this* book." Death displayed the book in his right hand and touched Pamela's knee with his left. "You must come with me now."

"Can't you check? Just to be sure. I'm only 32 years old. It must be an error."

"Then you're old enough to know that death has no age limit. You think people only die when they're elderly? It doesn't matter if your 84 years old, 84 weeks old or 84 seconds old. Your time is up when your time is up. The book *doesn't* lie, I *don't* make mistakes and *He* certainly doesn't make mistakes."

"*He*? You mean God?"

"Sort of. Yes."

"What do you mean, 'sort of'?"

Death shoved the book back inside his coat.

"We don't have time for this. Everything will be explained to you when we get there."

"I can't go." She said again. "There's some mistake. I have three children and a husband. Even a dog, for Christ's sake. Who's going to take care of them? They *need* me."

"Everything will be explained later. We must go now."

His patience was beginning to wear thin.

"I won't go." She stated adamantly. "I'll wake up Brad and you'll have been just a bad dream! Leave me alone!"

"Go ahead." He said amused, "Wake up Brad."

Pamela looked back at her useless body lying on the bed under the cover. She knew she couldn't wake up Brad unless she was back in her physical shell. (Continued on the next page)

She stared at her sleeping husband and felt a wave of love come over her. She thought of her children, her parents, her life. Although she felt a tremendous feeling of unconditional love, she did not feel sad.

“My children are too young to be without a mother.” She tried to reason with him.

He tapped the section of his coat where the book was concealed. “It’s in the book.”

“How old are you?” She asked.

He didn’t look to be more than forty.

“How old am I?” He laughed. “I have no age. I’ve been for ... always.”

“Since the beginning of time?”

“There is no beginning of time. I have been ... *always*.”

“I don’t understand.” She admitted.

“You’re not supposed to. I told you I am something you could not possibly understand. Most people don’t give me this much trouble.”

“I’m not most people. Or isn’t that listed in the book?” She asked smartly.

“This always convinces them.”

He took her hands into his. Suddenly Pamela was experiencing such an intense feeling of love. Something so beautiful, it failed definition. Golden rays of happiness, contentment and pure love. It was beyond euphoric, beyond anything she’d ever known. Then it was gone.

“That’s where I’m taking you.” He said softly.

“No. I can’t. Please.”

This seemed to genuinely shock him.

“It’s the way it must be. You have to.”

“Just a few more months, weeks, days. I have to prepare my family. I can’t leave them. Not like this.”

“You’ll see them again. Some day.”

“No! No, I can’t leave. I *won’t* leave.”

“You must.” He said.

He stood up, using his height as authority. He held out his hand for her.

“Just some time.” She pleaded. “A little time. A few weeks. Please.”

“I cannot.”

“I won’t go with you. Not willingly.”

Pamela now looked a little scared. She thought he might take her by force.

“I’m at a loss.” He said. “Once I show them the light, they never refuse.”

“I’m refusing.”

“Pamela, you don’t understand. If you stay, you’ll be changing the course of many, many lives. You’ll be changing the Paths That Must Be. That, my dear, is a *very* dangerous decision that I cannot allow anyone to make.”

“I’m making it.” She said stubbornly.

Death closed his eyes and rubbed his hands together slowly.

“Perhaps they will change your mind.”

In the middle of the room two balls of white light appeared. They floated around then began to change. They grew larger and taller until they were human-shaped. Then they morphed into an elderly lady and a small boy that Pamela recognized immediately.

The older lady was her Grandmother; the small boy was her brother, Eric, who had drowned in a neighbor’s pool when he was only six years old.

“Eric.” Pam whispered, holding her fingers to her mouth.

“Come with us, Pammmy.” Pleaded the little boy, “I love you. Haven’t you missed me?”

“Come, Pam.” Said her Grandmother. “It’s so beautiful here. We’re made of light and love. *This* is where you belong.”

Another small orb of light entered the room. Pam’s grandmother reached for it, held it in her arms and began to rock it like a baby.

“Grandma, what are you doing?” She asked.

“It’s Elizabeth, dear. She needs you.”

Pam felt an energy jolt through her body. Elizabeth is the name she and Brad had given to their second child, a baby girl who was still born.

Her emotions were getting the better of her, but still she knew she couldn’t leave her family. They were *alive*. They needed her.

Pamela’s grandmother, Eric and Elizabeth began to fade until they were no longer visible.

Death sat back in the chair, reached into his coat and once again studied the book.

“There’s a mistake, right? There must be a mistake.” Pam insisted.

“I told you,” he said looking up from the book, “There are no mistakes. Everything is as it must be. Every moment, every decision—wrong or right—takes the correct path. The Path That Must Be. *Everything* is planned in minute detail. There are no mistakes.”

“I won’t go.” She said again. “Can’t you postpone it? Just give me a few weeks? I promise, the next time, I’ll come along without argument. No resistance, I swear.”

Death cocked his head to one side. Was he actually considering it, she wondered. Suddenly, Pamela had an idea.

(Continued in the May Apparitions...)

<p>Dinner with a Psychic-Medium (Kelly Weaver) at Historic, Haunted, ALFRED’S VICTORIAN in Middletown, PA <i>Enjoy a sumptuous meal in the region’s most romantic restaurant, hearing tales and evidence of “Emma” the famous ghost of the Victorian. Price: \$29.95 all inclusive; \$10 for 10 Min. Readings w/Kelly are available.</i></p> <p>First 2007 dates: April 18 & May 9. <i>Most of these popular events were sell-outs in 2006 - Don’t wait - call Alfred’s for reservations 717 944 5373</i></p>
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