



# Spirit Society of PA.

A P P A R I T I O N S

A Review and Preview of SSP Activities and Items of Interest • Vol 8, Issue 9 - Sept 2004

## "ROO's" BOOS - NOTES FROM KELLY

Scary stories. We all have them. That is the theme of this month's meeting. I hope some of you will share some of your personal stories with us tonight.

The **Krouch's** have graciously offered their Mechanicsburg home for our annual **Halloween party** this year. The party date is **Saturday, October 23rd** and will begin at **7:00 PM**. We are asking that you bring food for dinner, snacks, dessert and beverages. There will be a sign up sheet available tonight. We will also need a count of who is coming. I'd like to plan/brainstorm for activities for the upcoming year at the party. Let's make 2005 a great year! (Directions will be available for those who need them)

Thanks go out to **Marianne Ross** for the great job she did with our SSP sweatshirts. I think they turned out great. She raised \$53.00 for the group. **Thank you Marianne!**

Member **Melissa Griffith** donated the proceeds from her book to the group the month of August. She donated a total of \$41.00. Thanks Melissa. It was very kind of you.

**Linda May** will be also be having a fundraiser for the group with T-shirts. She will have a catalog available for you to see tonight.

Let's keep our fingers crossed that we can continue meeting here at the New Cumberland Senior Citizens center for 2005. I'll be speaking with the director in the next month.

**Kelly's Magical Garden** will be offering classes for the Fall-Winter season once again. See the handouts at tonight's meeting if you are interested in attending any of the courses.

### POSITIVE LIGHT

"A dream doesn't become a reality through magic; it takes sweat, determination, and hard work." - Colin Powell

"Never let the fear of striking out get in your way." - **Babe Ruth**

"Great things are not done by impulse, but by a series of small things brought together." - **Vincent Van Gogh**

### Ghost Walk at Carlisle Barracks Fri. Oct. 29th - 7pm

*Allen Campbell, author of Ghosts at Carlisle Barracks, will share true stories of encounters with the paranormal as you walk through this historic US Army Post. Hear about the legendary spirits that haunt the grounds, including Lucy Pretty Eagle and the great athlete, Jim Thorpe! After the walk, enjoy a psychic reading at the Letort View Community Center.*

•Meet at the Le Tort View Community Center, 7pm

•FREE Event, open to the public

•Refreshments available at the LVCC

For more Information, Contact Allen Campbell

Work: 245-3354 or the LVCC: 245-4352



**AVONDALE MINE DISASTER SITE INVESTIGATION PICS** (Brutus w/anomaly left; Remnants of mine shaft below) This pic of Brutus, the famed ghost hunting dog so familiar to SSP mem-

bers and regulars at Gettysburg was taken by his "father" Ed Dubil Jr.

The now abandoned Avondale Mine in the Wilkes-Barre area was recently investigated by members of SSP-Northeast, the White Dog Ghostchasers Chapter. In Sept 1869, 110 miners perished here in a fire; it was the worst anthracite mining disaster in PA history. Ed reports that Brutus, who reacts to spirit presence, was in "A state where I've never seen him before!" Considering reactions we've witnessed during his exposure to several very active haunted battlefield locations, that is a profound statement! A great deal of Paranormal mist was captured near the mine entrance on IR video, near where this photo showing a possible anomaly was also taken. Ed said Brutus had been standing near the entrance, when he suddenly bolted and ran away like a "bat out of Hell".

John's comments: I've used several different filters on the image and conclude the "streak" in front is very intense compared to Brutus. This suggests it is closer to the lens. For some reason, Ed's camera (a new high-end Sony) chose a shutter speed that was too slow for this shot. This in itself may suggest some EM interference with the camera- I've seen microprocessors in much less sophisticated cameras easily adapt to these conditions and choose the correct settings even when flash is used. Combined with past experience in seeing Brutus' reactions and the correlating evidence we've gathered at Gettysburg, it's likely this photo is truly anomalous.

(Please note that the SSP NE members were on the private land the mine is located on with permission)



**PERHAPS ITS THE LICENSE PLATE** by JDW For years, Kelly and I have had appropriate “talking tags” on our various vehicles. Currently, “**TTS ROO**” appears on her Saturn and “**IMADV8**” (*I am a deviate, although most of you know that*) on my Subaru. My Miata and its tag “**PARANML**” make for great top down summer excursions to Gettysburg and other destinations, and I’ve heard many comments from strangers who found it interesting. On a recent night, this car and its plate suggested more than my interest in the paranormal -- they were part of it!

A beautiful late summer night and an urge to visit a particular cemetery called me on Sept 13. Kelly was teaching a class, so I drove alone to the Chestnut Hill Cemetery south of Mechanicsburg. My main intention was to visit the grave of Mary Reeser, one of the more famous victims of SHC (Spontaneous Human Combustion). This is not a huge cemetery (approx 3000 graves) and I thought I recalled the exact location of her grave from conversations with Larry Arnold. While I never did find her grave that evening, a curious event made the trip worthwhile.

After exploring several different sections on the northern side, dusk was approaching and I knew I must leave soon. Driving to the south side, I parked at the edge of a perimeter road leading uphill. About 15-20 minutes later, I walked over the crest of the hill to return to my car and noticed the driver’s door was strangely *wide open*. I recalled it was *shut* when I had left, as from a position about 50 ft directly ahead, I had looked back to make certain I turned off my parking lights.

Approaching the car, I quickly took some photos, and then began taking EM readings all around. The TriField meter suggested there were fields moving about; within 30 seconds they subsided. I also felt a chill - this lasted only a second. I turned on my recorder I hopes of capturing a response, but a review of the tape found nothing. Perhaps whoever it was had moved off by that time, but I truly felt like someone had been there!

Other than a girl walking 2 dogs at the west end of the cemetery who left shortly after I arrived, no other people were seen. There was no evidence whatsoever that anyone had been in the car. It was parked on a gradual uphill grade; to stay open, the door would only do so when opened as wide as possible. Someone opened this door, and the meter readings, chill and my gut tell me that someone was from the other side!

Was this a random visit? Perhaps, but then 2 people I knew who tragically died young are buried here - a 10 year old elementary school classmate who was hit by a car and a 20 year old that worked for our company who had a head-on collision in his truck. I would think, though, if someone on the other side who was here knew me, they would be more apt to contact me, not my car. What about Mary Reeser - is her spirit wandering the pleasant grounds which hold the little remains they found? Sensing her fame in the Paranormal realm, was it her that was drawn to my “PARANML” plate? Whoever it was, they evidently chose not to hang around once I returned. I’ll have to make another visit shortly -- with the same car, of course -- and see if I can document a repeat performance.



## Musings of a Ghost Adventurer

By Melissa Griffith

As I mentioned in last month’s column, I’m not what I consider ‘sensitive’ to ghosts or spirits. I have visited some venues that are reputed to have strong supernatural occurrences and —nothing. Nothing heard, seen, felt or captured on film.

However, I’m beginning to think it’s simply a case of trying too hard. My basis for this theory is that I have had paranormal experiences, but they were in the most mundane, ordinary, comfortable places that weren’t even known to be haunted! Could it be that I was looking too hard for it? Possibly I was concentrating so hard that I wasn’t truly allowing myself to be ‘open’ to the experience?

My ghostly experiences run the gamut of senses—I’ve seen them, heard them, felt them and smelled them!

The first time I saw a ‘ghost,’ I was seventeen. I was out of school for the summer and was staying with my brother, Scott, who was renting the house we grew up in from my mom and step-father (when my mother re-married, they moved into his house and ‘our’ house sat empty). Now, this was the house I spent 15 years of my life in. It was not scary or creepy and I felt totally comfortable there. Nothing out of the ordinary ever happened in this house.

As it turn out, my brother worked the night shift which meant I would be alone in the house all night. I felt a little isolated sleeping upstairs in my ‘old’ bedroom in that big empty house, so I insisted on sleeping on the couch in the living room.

One night I was laying on the couch trying to get to sleep. I was facing the television set, which was turned off, but since the night light above the sink in the kitchen through the doorway behind me was lit, I could see the reflection of the kitchen on the blank t.v. screen. I could see everything clearly and the picture was as clear as if it were actually on t.v. Suddenly, in the reflection, I saw a human-shaped “fog.” It was definitely not well defined, but the shape was generally that of a person. I could make out ‘arms’ that seemed to be flailing about, as though it were preparing food. The shape floated from the counter to the sink and back again over and over.

I worked up enough nerve to look behind me into the ‘real’ kitchen to see if it was truly there. I turned. Nope. It wasn’t really there. I quickly turned back to the t.v. screen and it was still there, in the t.v. screen going about it’s ghostly meal making! I thought I’d get whip lash from throwing my head back and forth—from the real kitchen to the kitchen reflected in the t.v. screen. Each time, the shape was not seen in the real kitchen, but was clearly visible in the kitchen on the t.v.

The even stranger thing was that I just sensed the ‘ghost’ was my first step-father, Bill. Bill had lived in the house with us for almost a year when was killed by a drunk driver. This form was basically shaped like his body had been in life and he did do a lot of cooking (as he had been a chef in the Navy in his younger days).

I was so freaked out that I made a brave, mad dash for the telephone. I called my brother at work and pleaded with him to come home immediately. He must have sensed the terror in my voice, as he promised he’d be right home. He found me with all the lights in the house on, sitting on the couch shaking.

My next ‘major’ experience was five years ago. I was living in an apartment on the top two floors of a building on Main Street in Mechanicsburg. The bottom floor was home to my landlord’s business, so by the time I arrived home from work, the business was

closed and I had the entire building to myself.

I had lived there for three years with no 'strange' feelings or anything 'other worldly' making itself known. One night I was awakened by a boy's voice in the room calling out for his mother. It was curious, but I wasn't really freaked out by it.

Then, a year later, I was once again laying down preparing for sleep. I hadn't laid there but two minutes and hadn't even began to nod off yet when I felt the pressure of hands on my legs! For a moment, I thought I must half-asleep and I'm dreaming; but the pressure on my legs continued. By this time, believe me, I was wide awake and becoming freaked out. Still I felt something touching me, pushing down on my legs. I looked down and I could actually see the couch cushions lowering from the pressure.

Suddenly my legs became hot (but I attribute this to my being nervous). Despite the strange, foreign feeling of having something invisible 'pushing' on me, I wasn't truly terrified. It was more like curious. This lasted for at least a minute and a half and then it just stopped.

It wasn't until I told my best friend about it that she reminded me of the boy's voice I had heard a year before and wondered if the two incidents were connected. Then it clicked in my head about what the 'pressure' feeling felt like—it reminded me of when my small nephew would climb up on the couch and lay down with me, crawling over my legs as he made his way up to snuggle with me. Was it possible that this ghostly little boy wanted a cuddle?

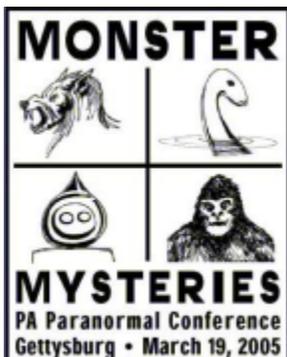
My next encounter was with a smelly ghost. My brother, Terry, and his wife, Christina, had purchased a house in Shiremanstown a few years ago. As Terry and Christina were moving into the house, Christina complained to Terry that she occasionally got strong whiffs of pipe tobacco. Of course, Terry told her she was crazy as he smelled nothing.

They had lived in the house for a few weeks when I went over for a visit. We had ordered pizza and rented two movies. I had forgotten all about the odor Chris had told me about earlier. Everything was normal until in the middle of watching the second movie, suddenly the strong, sweet, unmistakable odor of pipe tobacco was right in my face! It was not gradual, it was not there one second and full-on the next.

I screamed abruptly, "I smell it! I smell it!" Of course, Chris was elated that the phenomenon was not just her imagination. The smell arrived very suddenly and at full force, then it slowly began to fade and then Chris said, "Now it's over here." Then the odor faded away altogether.

Later, Chris had learned from a neighbor that the owners of the house before the previous owners were an elderly couple and the man smoked a pipe! There's more to this story, but that's for another time.

So, I think it's safe to say that ghostly phenomenon can happen anywhere, any time—even in the least likely of places.



Its not too early to plan for the 2005 PA Paranormal Conference, March 19 in Gettysburg. Topics covered include Bigfoot, "Chessie", The Flatwoods Monster, Werewolves, The Carbondale Incident & more. Speakers include Stan Gordon, Rosemary Guiley, Mike Frizzell, Eric Altman, Mark Nesbitt & Rick Fisher. For details or to register go to - <http://home.supernet.com/~rfisher/conf.html> (or call Rick Fisher @ (717) 684-3643)

From S.E.A.R.C.H.

Science Evaluating Anomalies Research Center of Harrisburg Contact: Steven Groff, S.E.A.R.C.H. President

## Abduction Researcher/Temple University Professor Dr. David Jacobs to Lecture on "Alien-Hybrid Life"

Dr. David Jacobs, Associate Professor of History at Temple University, will speak at the Central Pennsylvania Food Bank in Harrisburg on Saturday, October 16, from 7:00-9:30PM. His illustrated lecture, "Alien-Hybrid Life," will relate new information regarding his controversial research that humans beings have been abducted by occupants of UFOs.

Dr. Jacobs is a specialist in the social and cultural history of the United States during the 20th Century. He is also a pioneer in the field of UFO research and studies related to the abduction phenomenon. Since 1978 he has taught the only regularly scheduled undergraduate university course on UFOs in the country, and is author of the books *Secret Life* and *The Threat*.

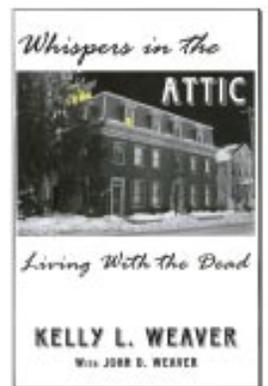
Dr. Jacobs' appearance is sponsored by S.E.A.R.C.H., a Harrisburg-based anomalous issues study group, whose interests cover a broad range of controversial topics, including the paranormal. The lecture is open to the public but seating is limited. Donation is \$12.00 per person or \$20.00 per couple. Refreshments will be served. (*Kelly and I saw Dr. Jacobs a few years ago; his presentation was what one would expect of a researcher of his stature - excellent*)

On Saturday November 20th, Larry Arnold, author of *Ablaze* will present a program on SHC - Spontaneous Human Combustion. This program is also from 7:00-9:30PM at the CP Food Bank; Donation is \$12.00 per person or \$20.00 per couple. Refreshments will be served. (*If you missed Larry's superb presentation at the 2003 PA Paranormal Conference, here's another chance to see the leading researcher on this gruesomely fascinating subject!*)

For reservations or further details, call SEARCH President Steve Groff at 566-2835 or e-mail [sgroff@paonline.com](mailto:sgroff@paonline.com).

## Whispers in the Attic - Living With The Dead

Kelly's long-awaited first book is selling well! Copies are available at SSP meetings, Ghosts of Gettysburg Headquarters, Troy Taylor's History & Hauntings Book Company, The Inner Connection in New Cumberland, Borders in Camp Hill and Cupboard Maker books in Enola. Also available at Amazon.com "...This is a must-read book for anyone who has an interest in psychic phenomena, ghost hunting or with a desire to better understand the mysterious world that we live in." - Troy Taylor, Author/Founder, American Ghost Society



# Spirit Society of PA.

## APPARITIONS

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## Kathleen and the Summer Realm - Chapter Four How To Communicate With The Living Part Two By Jeff Nell

The three ladies sat by the lake taking in the beauty. Well, it was a lake for two of them at least. Irma was sitting by the controls of a large particle accelerator with a look of absolute bliss on her face.

"I still don't quite get it," said Kathleen. "I'm sitting next to my favorite lake, which is located in Colorado. Betty Lou, you said you were at Lake Lugano in Switzerland, and Irma's by some big particle of something? How can we be three different places at the same time yet still be here, together?"

"Because, my dear," Betty Lou answered, "we are all at places that we consider beautiful, serene and calming. It's a different type of reality here in the Summer Realm. You make it what you want it to be. We came here to talk about communicating with those on the earthly plane, or 'still living' as you would describe them. We need to be someplace we feel peaceful. That place is different for all of us."

"But what's so peaceful about a big crumb of a machine?" Kathleen asked with a nod towards Irma.

"Hey newbie! Beauty's in the eye...yada yada yada....My particle accelerator is just as serene and calming to me as your lake is to you!" groused Irma, with a hint of 'so there' in her voice.

"Okay! Okay! I get it," replied Kathleen.

"Do you?" Irma shot back.

After a lengthy pause Kathleen's answer was simply, "No, but I'm trying." She looked from Irma to Betty Lou and back to Irma. "Sorry Irma," she said quietly, "I really am trying to understand. I'm just baffled that's all." She directed her eyes towards Betty Lou. "Is it always this frustrating?"

"No child, it isn't. Remember, you just went through your first incarnation. You just 'died' for the first time. It does get easier. When you return here after your next incarnation, you'll remember everything from this visit. You need to. The whole purpose is to grow and develop both on the physical plane you call 'living' and the spiritual plane here. The more you grow, the closer you get to the Creator, which is why we're here to begin with.

"So let's start the lesson," Betty Lou continued, "unless there's something else?"

"Just one thing," Kathleen sheepishly said. "You and Irma are both gorgeous looking as 30-somethings, but could you go back to looking old like you did when I first met you? It would make me feel more comfortable. I know it sounds weird, but..."

"NO PROBLEM!" Irma shrieked. "Granny Irma is here to please!"

In an instant both were once again looking like very senior senior citizens. Kathleen, somewhat embarrassed by her request, just smiled and lowered her eyes. Her character flaws were becoming clearer to her, and she wasn't sure if she liked what she was discovering about herself.

"It's all part of the process Kathleen," Betty Lou said trying to comfort the woman, "but it's a good sign. You're beginning to recognize things about yourself. That's progress. That's good!"

"Thank you. Can we, uh, get on with the lesson?"

"Sure. You want to talk to the 'living' and, as wonderful as things are here, it may surprise you to find out that it's not that easy of a task. There are different ways of communicating with those still on the earthly plane and they all require effort on your part, and sometimes, effort of those on the receiving end. Let's start with the easiest. Who would you like to contact?"

"Well, I'd like to let my husband Ben know I'm okay and that I love him and miss him."

"Good place to start!" said Betty Lou. "Now, if you have any ideas that you are going to have a one-on-one conversation from the foot of his bed - get them out of your pretty little head this instant. Doesn't work that way, not for you, not yet. In due time - yes, but right now we start with the basics. Okay so far?"

"I really wanted to..." Kathleen started but Betty Lou cut her off.

"IN DUE TIME! You must have patience! Are you with me?"

"Yes"

"Okay." Betty Lou paused for a moment to look at her sister. "Irma! Put away that calculator and focus on the task at hand here! You can split atoms on your own time; right now we have to teach. Large explosions would be somewhat distracting at this point don't you think?"

Irma mumbled something inaudible under her breath.

Betty Lou continued. "Okay. You need to focus your energy on Ben. Irma and I will help you with that focus. Think of the message you want to send him. Keep it simple. Take deep breaths and clear your mind of everything else. Focus on Ben. That's it. Now think of the message and say it out loud."

"Love you. Miss you. I'm hunky dory A-Okay. Pookie."

Irma snorted. "What the heck is a 'pookie'?" she asked herself.

"Good, good," said Betty Lou, trying to ignore Irma's little disruption. "Now, visualize that message. See it. Spell it out in your head. Imagine it however you need to in a physical sense. On the count of 3, you are going to send it to him. Send it directly at Ben's head. See it attached to an arrow or a rock or whatever you need to see, but it has to get to his head. Throw it, shoot it, whatever. You can't hurt him but you must get it to him. Now, I'm going to start counting. On three you send it. One...two...three! Send it!"

Kathleen's head jerked down, as if she was throwing it out of her forehead. She opened her eyes to see the two women intently watching her. Betty Lou smiled. Irma was expressionless.

"Good job dear. You did it!" Betty Lou said.

"Did what?"

"You sent your Ben a message. Telepathically."

"I did? How do I know I did it? How do I know if he got it? Heck, how does he get it?"

"Slow down, slow down. One at a time. First, how do you know you did it? Easy. Because you had a clear target, a clear message and you were focused. And then you thought it! The rest was automatic, so to speak, because the Creator makes it so. Second, how do you know he got it? Simple. He was the object of your intention. Not anyone else anywhere else. Just him. The object of your intention is your target. Again, it works because the Creator makes it so. Your last question is a little more involved. How does he receive it? Most likely, it will come to him in a dream as he sleeps. He doesn't necessarily get the message verbatim, but he will get the meaning, the intention. He will know that you love him and miss him and that you are okay."

"Wait a sec," Kathleen interrupted, "you said 'most likely'. How else could he get it?"

"The other way of receiving would be to hear your voice directly in his head, in which case the message would be verbatim. But I must tell you, that does not happen very often. And the choice is not yours."

"Whose choice is it then?" Kathleen demanded to know.

"It's a decision made by the person's Guardian Angel. If his Guardian Angel thinks that he needs to know the information being communicated and if he's able to handle that type of communication, then it will be received in that manner. Keep in mind, Kathleen, that it's not always healthy for people, particularly those in the grieving process, to

hear voices in their heads. The receiving person must be ready and able to handle such a communication. If the Guardian Angel doesn't think he can handle it, then the message is received in the dream state. Plain and simple."

Kathleen looked crushed. Nobody spoke. Betty Lou and Irma simply waited. They'd been through this enough times to know the process. After a while, Kathleen began to smile. Betty Lou shook her head. She knew what was coming.

"Well then," Kathleen cheerily exclaimed, "I guess old Ben will be doing a lot of dreaming!"

"Not so fast," Betty Lou said, "it's not like that. You can't just keep sending him or anyone else message after message. You have to understand that he is going through a process of grief and so are you. Plus, some people, not only those who are grieving, just can't deal with the concept of life after death. You can't be inundating him with messages just to satisfy yourself, because you miss him. His Guardian Angel won't let you! His Guardian Angel is there to protect him. Look, the Creator will never put more on anyone's plate than they can handle at one time, right? The Guardian Angel is there as a backup to make sure nobody else does either."

"What happens if I try?" asked Kathleen.

"At some point in time, Ben's Guardian Angel will let Ben's Spirit Guides know that enough is enough and one of the Spirit Guides will pay you a visit, to have a talk..."

"And you don't want to piss off a Spirit Guide!" Irma blurted out emphatically.

"Shush! And watch your mouth!" Betty Lou sighed, "She can be a handful sometimes."

"Anyway," Betty Lou continued, "the Spirit Guide will have a chat with you to basically reinforce what I'm telling you here. It's not nasty or mean, but it is direct. Do we understand each other?"

"I think so," replied Kathleen. "Can't blame a girl for trying though, right?" she said smiling.

Right," Betty Lou answered. "Now, back to our exercise. When you do want to send a message to someone telepathically, as you just did, you won't need Irma and me to help. The ability to focus intensely and quickly without meditation is one of the perks of being here. We were here today, really, just to show you how it was done. In reality, we did nothing. You focused yourself and sent the message all on your own. How about that?"

"I guess that's a pretty good way to start eternity!" Kathleen chirped. "What next?"

"That was the good news," said Betty Lou. "Unfortunately, the other methods of communicating with those on the earthly plane aren't quite as easy. We are not going to try any of these other methods at this point in time because you simply aren't ready. Now don't be upset about that okay?"

"I'm fine with that Betty Lou. I'm beginning to accept the fact that I'm a beginner and that school is starting all over for me. I still don't like it a lot, but I think I can live with it, pardon the expression."

"Great. Let's move on. We're now going to discuss communication via psychics, mediums and ITC..."

"Wait a minute," Kathleen interrupted, "I've heard about psychics and mediums, but what is ITC?"

"ITC stands for Instrumental TransCommunication. It's when we communicate through various instruments used by the 'living'."

"Like what?"

"We can leave messages on fax machines and computers, have dialogues via telephone, record our voices on tape, and leave our images on photos and videos...things like that. It's a very complicated process, older than the pyramids, which you can only participate in after many incarnations. Irma will be explaining in her own, unique way. She was actually very heavily involved with it a while back. Weren't you Irma?"

"Did you say back?" Irma replied, "I know my back could use a break right now, how about you girls? Miller time anybody?"

"Is she serious?" Kathleen asked.

"Quite. Good idea though. Let's have a beer and just chat. You've got to have a million questions; we can certainly entertain one or two of them."

As it happened before, within an instant the three ladies each had a beer in their hands. The three of them were sitting around a café style table, sipping on their perfectly chilled drinks. Well, two of them were sipping. Irma, it seemed, was reliving her sororiority days from a past life. As before, Kathleen was amazed at the quick transformation.

Irma spoke first. "Nothing like a good cold one to clear the head! Eh sis?" She didn't wait for Betty Lou to respond as she continued, "Now hear me and hear me loud and clear Kathleen. I'm no softie like my sister there. When I teach—you listen, you don't interrupt and no tears! Things are the way they are here for a reason...and you are not the reason! Got it?"

Kathleen was taken aback, not sure what, if anything, to say. She nodded her head.

"Good," acknowledged Irma. "Now, since this is break time, any questions?"

Kathleen decided to take a chance. "Yes. During my general orientation, I was told that everyone here would have, well for lack of better words, a pleasant disposition at least. I don't understand, Irma, why you are so crabby and borderline rude. I just don't get it. Can you tell me why?"

Irma leaned across the table and stared at Kathleen. "No." Irma leaned back in her chair and smiled, somewhat smugly Kathleen thought.

"And there's nothing 'borderline' about me," Irma added.

Nobody spoke.

"What she means," Betty Lou said, finally breaking the silence, "is that she can't tell you now. But she will enlighten you at the end of the lesson. Anything else?"

"Yeah. When was Irma involved with ITC?"

"In your time frame, it would have been in the 1990's."

"That doesn't add up."

"How so?" Betty Lou asked.

"When talking about the ITC stuff, you said a person had to go through many incarnations before they could participate, that the process was 'older than the pyramids' and then you said Irma had been involved with it. How is it possible that she was a theoretical physicist on earth, a relatively new science, went through many incarnations prior to that, and took part in a process 'older than the pyramids' using equipment that, for the most part, is less than half a century old? The math doesn't make sense to me. Can you explain that?"

*(To be continued in the October Issue...)*

## BUILT OUT OF UNREQUITED LOVE? By Diane Nell

In Homestead, Florida on a 10-acre tract of land sits a structure known as “Coral Castle”. Built by Edward Leedskalnin, its construction remains a mystery to this day. Coral Castle is built entirely of blocks of coral rock (over 1100 tons—yes that is TONS!) that Ed harvested from land that he owned. And it was all built by a 5 foot, 100 pound man using only chains, handmade saws, many kinds of drills, wedges, hammers, hoists, chisel, and crowbars, most of which were made from wrecking-yard junk parts.

So, who was this diminutive male who managed to move half ton to 35 ton blocks of coral? Ed Leedskalnin was born in Riga, Latvia on August, 10, 1887. When he was 26 years old, he was engaged to Agnes Scuffs. Agnes was 10 years Ed’s junior and Ed called her his “Sweet Sixteen” [ahhhhhh]. However, the day before their planned wedding, Agnes cancelled the ceremony because she had decided that Ed was too old and too poor (old & poor—bad combination for attracting younger women—old & rich is a much better combination). Billy Joel wrote his hit “Sweet Sixteen” about Ed’s lost love.

Ed immigrated to North America before the start of WWI. After living in parts of Canada and the US, Ed eventually moved to Florida for health reasons. He bought some land in Florida City and in 1923 proceeded to start “Rock Gate Park”, Ed’s name for his structure. In 1936 Ed bought 10 acres of ground in Homestead, about 10 miles away, and moved everything he had built, the castle was largely finished, to the new site. This was the only time that Ed used outside help. He rented a tractor to pull the blocks of coral (on a pair of iron girders mounted on a makeshift truck chassis) the 10 miles to Homestead. The driver was NOT allowed to be present during the loading. Ed worked only after the sun had set, sunset to sunrise each day. He was determined not to let anyone see how he accomplished this great feat. He claimed, “I have discovered the secrets of the pyramids. I have found out how the Egyptians and the ancient builders in Peru, Yucatan, and Asia, with only primitive tools, raised and set in place blocks of stone weighing many tons”. At an average of 6 tons, the stones of Coral Castle are twice the weight of the blocks in Egypt’s Great Pyramid at Giza. These lost principles somehow involved the relationship of Earth to certain positions of the heavenly bodies.

What were some of the items that Ed included in his castle?

- An entrance gate made from a single coral block weighing 9 tons (approximately 80 in. wide, 92 in. tall & 21 in. thick) which pivots through an iron rod resting on an automobile gear. This door is so well-balanced that it can be opened by the light touch of a single finger.
- Oversized chairs, each weighing a half-ton, that are exceptionally restful & balanced into perfect rockers that will continue to rock for quite some time after being lightly touched by the finger.
- A 25 ft. tall, 20 ton lens less telescopic structure aligned with the North Star.
- A massive sundial calibrated within 2 minutes to noon of the Winter & Summer Solstices.
- In the wall (that stands 8 ft. tall & consists of large blocks weighing several tons each & contains no cement) surrounding the complex is the site’s heaviest single block. It weighs 35 tons!
- A 40 ft. obelisk (taller than the great monolith at Stonehenge) weighing 57,000 lbs. and set in a 6 ft. deep hole.
- A 2.5 ton banquet table surrounded by ½ ton rocking chairs.
- An underground structure (a subterranean refrigerator) that is reached by a 1 piece spiral stone staircase.

- Large stone crescents perched atop 20 ft. high walls.
- A 5,000 lb. heart-shaped table. According to Ripley’s it is the largest valentine in the world. Another table is shaped like the state of Florida!

Much of the site is calibrated to celestial alignments with many representations of the heavenly bodies. Some speculate that Ed built on this site because of grids of energy. They believe that these grids, which have since shifted, are what Ed used to enable him to move and stack these massive hunks of coral.

So, why did Ed build this castle? His official story was that it was built as a tribute to Agnes Scuffs and the life that they may have had together. His unofficial story was that the castle was built as a temple to the Egyptian gods. Either way Ed accomplished something that no one else has been able to duplicate. Recently, the huge gate became stuck in the open position and a crew of 6 workers struggled for almost 2 days to remove and reseat it using a mechanized winch and crane!!

Ed was a quiet man who worked all night, read most of the day, and rested for a few hours in the afternoon. He ate a diet of sardines, crackers, eggs, milk, and a few green vegetables and some fruits from his small garden (geeze, no wonder he only weighed 100 pounds!). He had neither plumbing nor electricity. He made money for his needs by giving tours of the castle for 25 cents. In 1951, Ed put a sign on the door of the castle saying, “Going to the Hospital”. He took a bus to Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami where he died in his sleep at the age of 64, taking to his grave his tremendous knowledge.

To view some of Ed’s creations, you can visit [www.coralcastle.com](http://www.coralcastle.com).



On Sept 5, during one of our presentations at the Jennie Wade House, some interesting activity took place in the “parlor”. As groups return from their walk to begin the house portion of the tour, we explain what we have learned through our own investigations, relating Kelly’s psychic impressions and sharing some EVP & Video clips captured here and on the battlefield. This was the 3rd time we had done this, and as before, I pass the time waiting by taking readings around the parlor and kitchen. I sat my Trifield meter on the mantle next to the clock, and it started spiking immediately. For about a minute, fields were actively moving around it. Being such a handy place to sit the meter, I have frequently done it here, but without any activity noted. On this night, it was going crazy! (Photos revealed nothing, but Kelly further confirmed that she felt some energies in the room) After our 3rd tour of the evening, one of the guides showed us several photos people had taken in the house. Expectedly, there were the usual dust orbs, lens flares and other natural “anomalies”, but there were also some good ones, including a couple of truly different vortices coming from this clock! He was not surprised when told of the meter and noted that much strange activity centers on that single old clock on the parlor mantle!

As Kelly was speaking to the 3rd tour, she suddenly announced she felt a presence -- and a chill. Two girls from NY seated to her left also felt it, as did some others (this was in the northwest corner of the room). It then came by me, as intense as any I had ever felt. I tried to isolate it with the thermal scanner, but it was gone within perhaps 15 seconds from when Kelly first announced it. The AC duct is at the opposite corner of the room and was not a factor. This was something truly paranormal and the tour guests got quite a thrill that night!