



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 6 - June 2004

"ROO'S" BOOS - NOTES FROM KELLY

First of all, I'd like to say Thank you to everyone who helped with our "Riley Fest" on May 15th. Even though we were all surprised at the outcome, (cough), I think we pulled things together and had fun. I believe it's fair to say most of us felt let down -- especially those who saw his excellent talk at the 2003 Conference -- but we stuck together and made "light" of the event. I contacted Riley and told him how disappointed I was with his presentation and thought he owed the group an apology. He sent me a letter which I'll read at tonight's meeting.

In the future, there will be a contract drawn up for paid speakers which will have *specific mandates regarding their responsibilities*. Live and learn!

I'd also like to thank everyone who contributed to the silent auction.

To date, we have \$820.00 in our account. (After paying Riley and the room). On behalf of The Spirit Society I sent member Sue Woolford a planter after her husband, Woody passed away. He died on May 15th.

John and I are off to Troy Taylor's annual American Ghost Society conference in Alton, IL on June 18-20th. I will be making a presentation on the Sensitive Side of Ghost Hunting. Wish us luck!

POSITIVE LIGHT

"Ability is what you're capable of doing. Motivation determines what you do. Attitude determines how well you do it." - **Lou Holtz**

"The greatest test of courage on earth is to bear defeat without losing heart." - **Robert G. Ingersoll**

"The only place you find success before work is in the dictionary." - **Vidal Sassoon**

LET'S GIVE 'EM A HAND

6/1/04 — A boat party in an exclusive area of Long Island Sunday night was interrupted - when a *severed human hand mysteriously dropped out of the sky onto the deck of a boat*, police said yesterday.

The bizarre incident occurred in the water just off the Lawrence Village Marina, where a group of boats had gathered to have a party.

One owner was in the cabin when "he heard a noise, goes out to check and finds the hand on the rear deck of the boat," said Nassau Detective Sgt. John Azzata. "At this point, we don't have a clue where it came from. It's a mystery."

From Kieran Crowley, in *The New York Post*

Comment: Reports of strange objects falling from the sky have been documented for centuries. Fish, frogs and indeed unidentified flesh and blood are amongst these oddities. Some theorize it is weather-related (waterspouts/tornados) yet in the paranormal realm the concept of multiple dimensions and UFOs are often offered as explanations for such activity. In this case, perhaps a vulture just dropped his lunch! - JDW For more on HANDS, see the story at right...

GIVE ME A HAND!

The hand, as the instrument of so many human actions, has its own superstitions. In common with the face, much may be learned from the physical characteristics of someone's hand. People often talk of 'artist's hands' and it is generally held that people with long, slender hands are more talented and sensitive than those with less elegant, stubby hands. Moist hands, meanwhile, are a sign of a passionate disposition, while cold hands suggest a warm heart.

The right hand is said to belong to God while the left belongs to the Devil, and it is accordingly the right hand that is raised in swearing oaths. Left-handed people are supposed to be lucky if met in the street, while ambidextrous people are thought to be untrustworthy and cunning.

Itchy palms have their own significance: if it is the right palm that itches, the owner is about to receive some money or some important news; if it is the left palm, he or she is fated to part with money in the near future unless they take the precaution of touching wood. Another tradition claims that an itching palm allows a wish to be made and further counsels, "Rub it on brass, it's sure to come to pass."

If someone has recently enjoyed a run of luck, friends and relations may clamor to rub their hands in the hope that a little of the luck will rub off on them. Shaking hands with the left hand is unlucky, as is shaking hands across a table or over a person, and if two couples cross arms while shaking hands there is going to be a surprise wedding. Should the same two people shake hands twice by mistake, they should shake hands once more to avoid any bad luck befalling them. Engaged women are warned not to allow their left hands to touch their right hands until they are safely wedded, or the marriage will be unhappy.

In the past some mothers refused to wash their baby's hands until the child was a year old (yuck)! for fear of washing the infants luck away. It is also deemed unlucky for two people to wash their hands in the same basin together: they will quarrel unless they also spit into the water. Washing hands in urine, though, will protect a person from witchcraft.

The touch of certain hands was formerly reputed to have special healing properties, particularly if the hand belonged to a king or a dead man, and many people paid for the privilege to cure ailments. In some parts of Europe people still carry small hand-shaped amulets in the belief that these ward off evil.

Finally, a grisly superstition of ancient origins claim that a hand that has committed some dire act, such as murder or striking a parent, will by way of punishment protrude from the grave when the guilty party finally comes to be buried-and, in some versions of this belief, a dog will come and urinate on it!

- From the *Dictionary of Superstitions* by David Pickering

DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT

The Saturday before Mother's Day, 2003, I decided to take my mother to dinner at Alfred's Victorian. This was after our haunted dining, so I knew the stories behind the restaurant. I was running late and rushed out of the house without saying protection prayers or smudging (yeah I know what your thinking). I really wasn't thinking about anything but getting to the restaurant. Needless to say I was very stressed. We got to Alfred's and had a wonderful time. I dropped my mother back home and headed home myself. When I got home, Dominique asked me if the dinner went O.K. because she thought I looked angry or stressed. I wasn't feeling that way at all. When I woke up on Mother's Day, I had an overwhelming sense of being depressed and I had to force myself to get out of bed. We were to go to my sisters house later in the day. I remember saying, "I don't want to go to Mazie's.", than thinking, "what's wrong with me?" I'm always ready to go to my sister's. When I came downstairs, I was angry at the present that the kids had gotten me and Dominique said I made angry comments about it. "I didn't want that" Why did you get me that" I remember feeling angry but I don't remember making those comments. I was also very short with everyone and crying on and off all that morning. I remember asking myself "What's wrong with me?" At this time, my oldest daughter came over to the house to give me a gift. She came in and said that my Mother's Day gift was outside in the playhouse. While walking to the play house I was grumbling about having to walk outside to get my present. When I got to the playhouse and it wasn't there, I got really angry and stomped into the house ready to ask where it was.

On my livingroom wall, was a painting of my favorite angel scene, The Guardian Angel crossing the children over the bridge, that my daughter had painted herself. I began to cry and felt only what I can describe as a WHOOSH. I then began to cry a lot, there was a great relief feeling. It felt like what ever was not making me feel myself, left me. The kids said they could see a difference in me right away. I still felt a little down, but kept surrounding myself with white light and was O.K. by that evening.

I think something attached itself to me. That experience scared me a lot. So, I go NOWHERE now until I protect myself - Laura Shank

HELP FROM THE ANGELS ONCE AGAIN By DIANE NELL

Friday May 21st starts as a typical morning. I get ready for work and leave the house in a good mood (even though the sky is grey) because it's a Friday and I have the weekend to look forward to. It is also bringing me one day closer to the end of the school year (yes, I teach). Since it is payday, I decide to go down to the bank at Newberry Commons in Etters and then stop at McD's to get something for breakfast. After leaving the drive-through window I am faced with a decision—the 83 Expressway or the back way on the Old York Road. Angel blessing #1—I choose the Old York Road. Thank you, Angels. I just pass KClinger's Restaurant and start rounding a bend in the road when my car loses its power—all the lights are working—it just starts slowing down and wouldn't increase its speed. Please help me Angels. Angel blessing #2—I make it around the bend to an area where I am able to pull completely off the road. Thank you, Angels.

Oh no! I don't believe this!!! So, I get out my cell phone and my AAA card to call for a tow truck. I notice that the battery is low. Help Angels! After two calls I finally connect with someone who can help me, but they are from the York office, so they don't know the area. Where am I located? The Old York Road. Where on the Old York Road? Just past KClinger's going north. Can you give me a cross

road? Jeez, what do they want of me? OK, how about just past Red Mill Road. OK, it'll be about an hour. Oh great.

So, now it's time for the white light. Angels please surround me and Sarah (my car) with God's white light of protection and keep us safe. Now I have to call into work. I tell my principal that I will be going with the car to Forbes Chevrolet. From there I have no idea how I will be getting to work. He tells me to call once I get to the dealership and he will see if someone can come and get me. At that point I hang up and now the battery on my phone is very low. I usually charge it at school on Fridays. Now I will have to be careful that I don't use up the charge. Okay, there's nothing else I can do but wait. No sense in getting worked up about this. Oh well, I might as well sit back and eat my breakfast. Watching the cars in the rear view mirror I notice that many of them take the curve too sharply. Luckily I still have power, so I am able to put my flashers on. Angel blessing #3—they all see me in time and move over. Thank you, Angels.

Angel blessing #4—there are still Good Samaritans around. The first one is a lady. She pulls up behind me and, risking both her car and her life, approaches my driver's side with cell phone in hand. I'm OK and AAA does have a tow truck on the way, thank you. Good Samaritan number two is the older man who lives in the house in front of which I am now parked. I'm OK and AAA does have a tow truck on the way, thank you. Good Samaritan number three is the young man who lives across the road. When he comes down his driveway and sees me, he stops his truck and comes across the road to see if he can do anything. Thank you, but AAA has a tow truck on the way and yes, I'm OK. Thank you, Angels. (Of course the Newberry Police car just flew on past me.)

Now it's starting to rain and an hour has gone by without a tow truck in sight. How much longer? Finally, after sitting there for 1 ¼ hours the tow truck shows up and Angel blessing #5—there's enough room for it to pull up in front of me without being on the road. Thank you, Angels.

So I get in the tow truck and wait while he gets my car hooked up. As he gets into the car I start looking for a seat belt. Where is it? Seat belt? Oh, it's pushed down in the seat. Terrific. And he's taking the expressway in rush hour traffic. Great. Angels please surround me, Sarah and this tow truck with God's white light of protection and get us to Forbes safely. Angel blessing #6—we make it to Forbes without any mishap. Thank you, Angels.

I'm the person who just had her car towed in. Will I be waiting to while they look to see what the trouble is? No, I need to get to work but I have no idea how I'm going to get there. Angel blessing #7—we have one loner left if you want it. Do I? You bet!! Thank you, Angels.

All the paperwork is completed and I'm finally ready to go to work. I call into work and talk to my principal telling him that I have a loner and will be in shortly. Angel blessing #8—I still have power in my cell phone. Thank you, Angels. Where's the car? I'm sure it will be a simple, older car. Wrong! That's the loner? It's a Grand Marquis and it's in perfect condition. WOW! Thank you, Angels.

After locating all the buttons and levers that I will need I'm on my way. Uh-oh, I work at a school with a very tiny parking lot and that will definitely be full. I'll have to parallel park...in this huge car!! Yikes!!! Angels please let there be a good parking space for me. Angel blessing #9—there are 2 end parking spaces waiting for me. Thank you, Angels.

Now, one more thing Angels. Please, whatever is wrong let it be covered by one of my warranties. When Forbes calls me I find out that the sensor in the gas tank wasn't working—I was out of gas when my gauge showed I still had ¼ of a tank left! Angel blessing

#10—you guessed it—it's covered by my warranties!!!

What a day!!! I really put my Angels to work for me today. And they came through every time. I want to share this with you to let you know that you can ask the angels for things all the time. They don't need to be saved for just the major problems in life. Use them—they want to help you. Even for the small stuff. That is their purpose. But remember, they need you to ask before they can help.

The real X-Files Spooky tapes at U of M (From CNews, Canada) By Katie Chalmers, Staff Reporter

Thousands of hours of audio tape of a famous British medium supposedly channelling the voices of dead people — including Winston Churchill and Mahatma Gandhi — has found a permanent resting place at the University of Manitoba. Several trunks and suitcases packed full of audio tapes, books and transcripts of seances were donated by 86-year-old paranormal researcher James Ellis, who is determined to preserve his life's work.

During six decades, Ellis painstakingly documented spiritualist Leslie Flint who allegedly spoke with the dead — from an ordinary 11-year-old boy to ancient Greek scientist Archimedes, silent screen star Rudolph Valentino and Sherlock Holmes creator Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

"I'm convinced that we all survive death and that when I was sitting with Leslie Flint and talking with the channelled spirits during our sessions, that this was a definite real phenomenon," Ellis said in a statement from his home in London, England. "I am glad that the University of Manitoba has accepted my gift to preserve the results of my hobby."

Flint's spiritual gift was known as an "independent direct voice." Believers say while Flint sat silent, a voice box made of ethereal substance called ectoplasm would form in the air from which the spirit would speak.

"I do not speak in trance. I need no trumpets or other paraphernalia. The voices of the dead speak directly to their friends or relatives and are located in a space a little above my head and slightly to one side of me," Flint said in his autobiography *Voices in the Dark* before his death in 1994 at age 83.

Appropriate accents for icons Churchill and Gandhi could be heard, witnesses claimed. And when channelling a child, a high-pitched, playful tone was recorded.

Under scrutiny, the former grave digger and barman underwent experiments with his mouth taped shut, and wore a throat microphone to detect vibrations of his vocal cords, the U of M stated in a press release.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

While the collection might not appear scholarly it does provide a record of one man's commitment to the controversial concept of life after death, said U of M archivist Shelley Sweeney.

"Whether it's true or not is immaterial because it's such an important sociological phenomenon," she said.

The collection was offered to European facilities but eventually landed at the U of M, partly because it already houses the paranormal T.G. Hamilton Collection. Documents in that collection show tables floating in mid-air and faces emerging out of ectoplasm at the Elmwood home of a prominent Winnipeg doctor.

Archive staff will spend several months indexing, categorizing and transforming audio tapes within Ellis' collection to electronic format.



Ed Dubil shares a pic he took of the thousands of Union graves at the Andersonville Prison site in GA. Nearly 13,000 died here. Ed is making arrangements to visit the Elmira, NY prison site with SSP & PSP mem-

bers later this summer. While Andersonville has long been synonymous with the horrors of Civil War POW camps, Elmira was its Northern counterpart. Approx. 3,000 of the 12,000 Confederate prisoners sent there died in captivity, giving "Hellmira" the highest ratio of deaths (25%) of all major Union prison camps. (Ft Delaware, which we visited last summer, had about 2700 CSA deaths) Disease, which caused more deaths in both armies than battle wounds, was rampant in prison camps and a lack of compassion certainly magnified this: Before resigning to avoid court-martial for his criminal treatment of sick prisoners, the chief surgeon at Elmira was overheard boasting that he "had killed more Rebels than any Union soldier".

A "RILEYFEST" REVIEW

When I awoke, the Saturday of Rileyfest, I was excited to be able to hear Riley again, and experience his uniqueness. I wasn't disappointed.

I was at last year's conference, when Riley couldn't play the Direct Voice tapes of his wife, and promised that he would play them if he were to be invited again this year. I felt very touched, by his sharing of this special gift that he received, with us.

Most of the Spiritual things, he said, hit home with me, because it is what I have been feeling and thinking myself. I have not been involved with a "traditional" church for over 4 years now. Because of my own spiritual journey, I am more spiritual now than when I attended "traditional" church services. My spiritual beliefs are more in tune to who I am now.

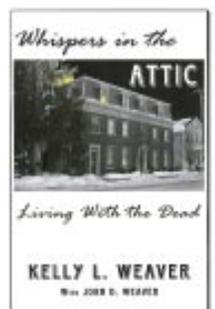
When I spoke up about my feelings, and began to cry, I felt a freedom to be able to express myself like that. I usually get angry with myself for getting emotional in front of a group of people. I felt so comfortable in the group, that for the first time, I can say in my life, it didn't bother me to cry in front of a group. I would like to thank you all for that. That was a gift to me.

We also all came together as a group in a combined effort, and it makes me *more proud* to say that I am a member of The SSP and to call you all friends. - Laura Shank

Whispers in the Attic - Living With The Dead

Kelly's long-awaited first book is finally here! Copies will be available beginning with the June SSP meeting and at selected bookstores in the mid-state area. Several book signing events have been arranged, including July 3 (7-10pm) at Mark Nesbitt's *Ghosts of Gettysburg* store on Baltimore Street and July at The Inner Connection in New Cumberland. "...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



Kathleen and the Summer Realm Chapter Four - How To Communicate With The Living, Part One by Jeff Nell

“Being dead is such a pain in my ass!” Kathleen screamed out to anyone and anything who would listen, as she rose and threw her six foot, three inch body at the deep blue sky overhead, as if trying to grab it and beat it down. Her eyes seemed ablaze as she paced up and down Irma and Betty Lou’s front porch.

Irma gasped. Betty Lou simply eyed the young woman who paced in front of her and smiled. Newcomers could be so entertaining at times. Particularly those who hadn’t quite accepted the fact that they were no longer part of the earthly, physical plane they called “life”.

“Would you care to elaborate on that for us?” asked Betty Lou.

“You’re damn right I would. One day I’m sitting on my couch watching TV waiting for the microwave ding to ding and the next second I’m watching a really poorly edited movie-of-the-week version of my life on multiple screens, then I’m dragged to an orientation lecture entitled “Welcome To The Summer Realm” wherein I find out I’m dead, I’m not in Hell but someplace much better, theoretically they tell me, then they say I can look whatever age I want to and now, instead of worrying about how to meet my rent payments and taxes, I have to get used to talking without talking but just by thinking, which is a big problem for me because now instead of worrying about what I say I have to worry about what I THINK, my house doesn’t look to me like it does to you, I’m sent off to two old ladies who are gonna teach me how to talk to people I used to know, who have what I consider to be the good fortune to still be alive, but, whoa, hold on...there’s rules rules and more rules here and all I really want is to finish cooking dinner for Ben and have a nice, frosty cold beer!” Kathleen took a long, deep breath and continued, “Is that elaboration enough for you?”

“I think you summed it up quite succinctly dear. Thank you. Now let me introduce myself. My name is Betty Lou and this here is Irma. Us two ‘old ladies’ are here to teach you a few things. I’ll be doing most of the talking because once Irma starts, it hard to get her stopped. Don’t even think it Irma!” Betty Lou shot Irma a quick ‘or else’ look and continued, “But I believe we need to clear up some of your confusion first. Can I ask you a few questions?”

“Sure,” said Kathleen.

“OK. Did you notice that in that little venting episode you just went through, you never broke a sweat? That you took a long breath at the end, even though you didn’t need it?”

Kathleen nodded.

“That’s because you thought it, my dear, you didn’t speak it. You took that breath out of habit. Here, in the Summer Realm, we communicate telepathically not verbally, so...”

“Yeah, I know,” interrupted Kathleen, “I remember that from the earlier lecture.” She finally sat down, somewhat resigned, and took a good look at her two newest teachers. Irma was probably in her 70’s, she thought, and somewhat mousy looking. Betty Lou looked much younger but was physically more imposing – big boned, stern in appearance...

“I DO NOT LOOK LIKE A MOUSE!” Irma’s outburst startled everyone. “AND I’M SEVEN YEARS AND THIRTEEN DAYS YOUNGER THAN BETTY LOU!”

“How did you know what...?” began Kathleen, “Oh crap! I keep forgetting how you communicate here. I’m never going to get this!”

Betty Lou moved and sat down next to her. “Yes you will, my dear.

It just takes time. Tell you what. If it’ll make you feel better, we’ll go back to speaking with our voices for awhile, OK? Will that help?”

“Yeah, thanks,” sighed Kathleen. “It’s just such a big change and...”

“And you’re confused and frightened.” Betty Lou smiled. “We may be using our voices, but we still do the mind thing. Sorry, can’t get away from it here! Ready to continue?”

“Yes. But first, Irma, I’m sorry if I offended you. I hope you can forgive me?”

Irma seemed to have recovered from Kathleen’s comments. She looked at Kathleen with eyes that were full of compassion and empathy, remembering her own first few days here in the Realm. “Of course. How could I be upset with you for telling the truth as it relates to your perceptions? Now the key word here is perception, and you will learn, if I’m given a chance, that...”

“That that’s enough!” Betty Lou cut her off. “In due time my Sister, in due time. We must try to simplify things for this young lady. Now Kathleen, you have noticed that Irma and I appear much older than you. We do this on purpose. We feel that a newcomer will feel a little more comfortable in the presence of two ‘grandmotherly’ types. Would you like to see us as we normally appear?”

“Absolutely” said Kathleen.

In an instant, Irma and Betty Lou had transformed. They were now much younger and their resemblance to one another was undeniable.

“You really are sisters!” exclaimed Kathleen.

“Yes. And now, we are just three young ladies enjoying each other’s company and two of us are about to take you to some fantastic places. Are you ready?”

“I think so.” said Kathleen. “Where do we begin?”

“OK. Our purpose is to teach you how to communicate with those still existing on the physical plane, the earthly plane if you prefer. Do you remember much from your lesson ‘The Realms Explained’? It would have been your second lesson.” Betty Lou waited for an answer.

Kathleen thought for a moment. “Yes. A guy named Jules presented it. He talked about the Lower Realm, this one the Summer Realm and the ones after this one.”

“Did he talk about why we are here in this realm?” asked Betty Lou.

“Probably not,” interjected Irma, “Jules couldn’t talk about his name if he had to! He ought to be fired!!”

“Quiet Irma, you’re not setting a good example here.” Betty Lou threw a sharp glance at her younger sister before continuing. “Sorry about that. Irma used to have Jules’ job, but was relieved of her duties because, well she’s very smart and she couldn’t break it down simple enough for newcomers. She was one of the few female theoretical physicists when she was on the earthly plane. She’ll be explaining, briefly we hope, some of the phenomenon you will come to know here. To continue: one of the purposes here is to further examine what lessons we may need to learn, what character flaws we may still have. You may remember that you spoke in a less than lady-like manner earlier. And you may have noticed, Irma still has a few kinks in the character armor, which she needs to work on, and will be soon! But I digress. In order to achieve this particular goal, you will have to revisit certain parts of your life. Irma and I are going to teach you how to do that.”

“But what does that have to do with talking to the living? I thought the life review was an ongoing process, not something we do now, so why are we doing it?” asked Kathleen.

Betty Lou paused for a moment then simply stated, "We're cheating."

"And I'VE got kinks that need to be worked out?" Irma wondered.

"OK – busted. I admit I'm not kinkless Irma, but you agree with what I'm doing here. Let me explain it to Kathleen, please, without interruption. During Life Review, it's like watching a film; you got a taste of it when you died and during orientation. What I'm proposing, is that you actually return to the moment to not only see it, but feel it. You won't be able to change anything, but you will be able to remember, more clearly perhaps, the motivating feelings of the situation. It's likethe difference between watching a movie and seeing a live stage play. Understand?"

"Yes. No. I don't know, just keep going." There was a hint of exasperation on Kathleen's face.

"So, you can use this technique to help you in your Life Review and also in communicating with those still living on the earthly plane. Because you can't just sit on your bean bag chair in the comfort of your TV room and talk to the living, you must put some effort into it. And that means getting closer to those whom you want to communicate with. Remember what they taught you about vibrations. You must be able to change the frequency of your vibrations to do many things. Questions?"

"When do I get to play?" Irma asked.

Betty Lou rolled her eyes, "Soon sweetie, soon. Questions?" She nodded to Kathleen.

"Yeah. How can I get involved in an event that has already taken place? I can understand watching it like a film because maybe the Creator has all these HandiCam camcorders hidden all over the place, but to actually be there and feel the emotions? Come on. I broke up with this guy named Tom when I was 24 and I did it in a really lousy way and some really negative stuff happened that didn't have to. If I can't go back and change that, how can I go back and re-experience the emotions. I don't get how that's possible." Kathleen sat back, waiting for the explanation.

"This is where my lovely sister comes in. Irma?"

"What? It's my turn? So soon? Oh, whatever will I do? I hope I can rise to the occasion because I don't think I've enough time to prepare. Why, I think..."

"I think we get the point Sis," said Betty Lou, interrupting her sister's sarcastic rampage, "try to stay on topic, please."

"She takes the fun out of everything" Irma said to Kathleen. "Spoil sport! Been doing this since she was a baby. I remember Mom and Dad telling a story about her diapers..."

"IRMA!"

"Okay. Here it is Kathleen. I won't beat around the bush anymore since the bush is obviously ready for a beating!" Irma glared, albeit lovingly, at her sister and continued, "It's quite simple really. Every moment in time always has been, always is, and always will be. In order for you to experience it you simply must find it. It can't be altered, just experienced. Got it?"

The blank look on Kathleen's face was all Irma needed to see.

"Okay, one more time, very slowly. Every event in your life, every moment of time in your existence has always happened, is happening right now as we speak, and always will happen. It's our location, relative to the event, that determines if it's past, present or future. We simply have to find the location of the present."

Kathleen looked long and hard at the two sisters before she spoke. "I'm dead. I'm confused. My mind is racing. On the bright side, I haven't said anything unlady-like for quite some time now. I really, really would like that beer though."

"Back in a sec" said Betty Lou. Sure enough, she was back in a second, with a frosty mug of golden ale for Kathleen.

"You're kidding!" Kathleen said in amazement. "Jules said...but I didn't believe...wow! I don't think I'll ever understand this"

"Enjoy it now, because the next time around it won't be so pleasurable" Irma muttered under her breath.

"Yes you will Kathleen. You will understand it!"

"How can you be so sure Betty Lou?" Kathleen asked.

Irma and Betty Lou exchanged knowing glances...an unspoken agreement was reached.

Betty Lou began. "Because Kathleen. Besides teaching this course, Irma and I are also Spirit Guides. Hopefully, you remember Lesson Three about 'Reincarnation and Your Spirit Guides'. Remember that?"

"Yes" Kathleen replied.

"Well, Irma and I are two of your spirit guides. And, as such, we know what's waiting is store for you the next time around and we've seen it played out. You know, it has always happened, is happening right now, and always will happen. Well, we can't tell you too much, but you do return as a guy named Jeff and you end up chasing ghosts and writing articles on different subjects. One of the articles you write is about your experience here."

"Wait a minute," Kathleen interrupted, "I was told that when I reincarnate, I won't remember anything about being here."

"Quite true" responded Betty Lou, "but we're your Spirit Guides, and part of your journey will be to carry the message. You won't know it's us working, you'll think it's just some whacky idea, but Irma and I will be the inspiration. Ready for a break?"

"Break? What about the lesson? What message am I to carry?"

"We'll get to it" said Betty Lou, "Irma, lay it out for her."

"Gladly," replied Irma. "You see Kathleen, the article you write about the Summer Realm is titled 'Kathleen and the Summer Realm; Chapter Four – How to Communicate With The Living; Part One. It's written in two parts because you spent the entire first part talking about our first meeting and you're recovering from pneumonia and the meds are kicking in and you can't write anymore that particular evening so you need to break it down into two parts, so now you have to write Part II to talk about actual communication techniques. And don't worry about the message. It will come. Quite naturally."

"Hold on a sec," Kathleen said, "Chapter Four? Have I already written three chapters about myself in the Summer Realm? How many chapters are there? Is the article an excerpt from a book? Am I writing a book?"

Irma and Betty Lou smiled at her.

"We haven't decided that yet."



Spirit Society of PA.

A P P A R I T I O N S

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The significance of “anniversary” dates and paranormal activity.

What role does an anniversary play in regards to activity at a known haunted site? Does the yearly passing of the date on which a life or lives were lost bring forth recreations of the events?

I would say that at least in certain cases, the answer is a definitive yes, and there is no better example than “acre for acre, the most haunted place in America”, Gettysburg. We are approaching the dates of July 1, 2 & 3, which will forever be remembered as the days when this peaceful Adams county town and surrounding farmlands were transformed into a vision of Hell itself. And each year in the first days of July, as tourists flock to see the battlefield and re-enactments nearby, reports of the unexplained increase. Personally, Kelly and I alone have had enough experiences during the anniversary dates to conclude there is something to this theory. Other long time visitors such as Ed Dubil will concur. Once again, we will be there on those days, and like the eerie harmonica rendition of the “Bonnie Blue Flag” coming from nowhere across the Emmitsburg Road, or the long lines of mist (which caused my EM meter to spike) rolling toward the Angle as Pickett’s Virginians did in 1863, there may be yet another profound experience in store.

I wonder what one might have experienced along the beaches of Normandy this past weekend as the 60th Anniversary of that epic battle was celebrated? In watching the ceremonies where the old warriors paid what for many would be their last visit, I thought of the grainy images filmed of the veterans of Gettysburg captured on their returns 50, and even 75 years afterward. I would never intrude on the dignity of these gallant men as they once again walked the beaches where so many of their comrades perished, but I would think that just as at Gettysburg, voices reaching out from the other side could be recorded. I think, though, these veterans would need no technology to once again connect with those spirits.

Of lesser magnitude, though worth exploring is another anniversary date - July 26 is when Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and 10 of his students were massacred in 1764. The single voice I captured at the site near Greencastle last fall, a name, perhaps Andrew Wydogen (several of the victims names were lost to history) may have companions who wish to connect on that fateful date. (I would like to take a small group to that site on Mon. 7/26; contact me if interested.)

Is it possible that more than history-altering battles or frontier massacres bring about increases in paranormal activity? What about a singular accident, murder or suicide? What about a prisoner, who’s life sentence continues on the “other side”, forever locked inside the walls which once held him? It was during July of last year when Al Brindza captured the spectacular apparition at the Moundville WV penitentiary, which many of you saw at last month’s event. I have suggested he may want to return on that exact date, as perhaps it may be the anniversary of a murder or suicide that made such an impact, it is played again annually. Most of us feel this image is something residual, a terrible moment forever burned in time. Might that moment be replayed when the earth again reaches the position it was in when it originally occurred? Any opinions? - JDW



35mm Photo Taken by Jackie Ames at Carlisle Barracks - John’s Comments to Jackie: Although we cannot conclude it is definitely paranormal, it is really interesting. At first thought, one might think it is a “stray” branch or other solid object that was too close and over-exposed, but what intrigues me is the mist that appears around the “head” of the anomaly - that is what makes it so unusual and more likely to be a true anomaly.

The “reddish” line you refer appears to be a branch that is just closer than the others in the photo. Again, without correlating evidence we cannot say for certain this photo shows something paranormal, but given it was taken at a location with a vast record of activity, chances are good it is. It is certainly more credible than most “orb” shots.

(I asked Jackie to describe the “night view” button on her Canon 35mm which she mentioned was used for the shot. She said it was a simple switch; I assume this automatically adjusts a combination of features - aperture, shutter speed and flash duration. Kelly and I have 4 35mm cameras between us but I think the newest is 13-14 years old, and while some have automatic features, none are for night photos. Just curious - does anyone else in the group use a 35mm camera with a similar feature?)

If you missed MARK NESBITT during our May event and are going to Jubilee day on June 17, you can meet the author of *GHOSTS OF GETTYSBURG I thru VI* from 2-4:30 pm at *Civil War & More* on South Market St., just off the square. *Civil War & More* has an outstanding selection of historical books, prints and other items right in the center of the Northernmost town captured by CSA troops during the Gettysburg Campaign. Please visit www.civilwarandmore.com for location & other info.