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(September 2012)

I was sitting across the dining table with two Mormon missionaries. I knew they were talking because their eyes looked at me when it was my turn (to speak). Seemed my own thoughts were the loudest in the room. How did I get here, spilling my secret feelings out to these two women I just barely met, when I am Catholic? It just hurt so badly; I had nowhere to turn. The ladies blond hair was long enough to touch the opened page of the 'Book of Mormon' we were reading; when she asked, "do you feel suicidal?" My head shook NO, but my stupid loud thoughts spoke for me. The word "YES" spurted out as I shamefully looked down to see my hands tremble. It was useless to retract when my tears rolled up so heavily in my eyes; they dropped down on that same opened page. It seemed so easy to give in and let dying take over.

The pain I felt deep inside my chest, was succumbing my every thought. **Guilt** and extreme **rage** because my brother was dead, caused the desire to no longer live. I hated life and wanted to die too. I agreed to what they call a 'Blessing' ceremony these two caring women (my secret saviours) recommended. Our next visit included a high Priest and two other Mormons. As I sat in my chair, the potent smell of oil was placed on top of my head. Three elder gentlemen made a kind of circle around me as I felt a coldness (?) of their hands to mix in with whispers spoke during the service. This custom was created and performed "to help find my way; my path through all distractions". I am not sure if I was just so desperate, or I really felt something tingle for a second or two.

I sat up all night thinking about how I felt, asking myself if anything changed. I was too embarrassed to tell anyone what I did for a couple days and got frustrated. Was I really expecting something to happen, the “tingle” to continue, maybe? That’s crazy, right? But other strange things have happened to excite and scare me before. The greatest of them all took place at my brothers’ death. The thought of that exact moment chiming in my head, is actually one of the few things to put on my ‘Pro’ side of living. So, yes; I guess I was expecting a miracle!

Not everyone that knows me, are aware of these experiences (or paranormal things as some may classify). There are a handful of friends who know, but mostly, I keep to myself. Have you ever shared an account, just to see a sarcastic smirk on their face and know they didn’t believe a word? Right about now, you should be feeling a turn from suicidal reading to the “paranormal”. It’s a good thing I can’t see your face reading this, huh? Call me chicken, I guess, I would just rather NOT speak private experiences face to face. I’m not immune to the typical criticizing. But... I will express them here. I have picked through memories, diaries and all my folded up pieces of notebook paper hidden in drawers to create these accounts. In the middle of writing, dealing with my unbearable anger/depression – I learned! I found answers to not only questions of the typical paranormal; I found other answers too. I cured my depression, subsided my anger and...

Well, I would prefer you to follow along to my claim of being AWAKE, AWARE and Super Conscious. My hope; is picking the right words and descriptions, to place you in the ‘backseat’ of the

scenarios. To understand the Life we live, the life we become and all its consequences.

IRONY?

(App 1980) When I was nine years old, I was living in Universal City, Texas. This is one of my first negative thoughts on being a military brat... always being the new student, gave me a sense of seclusion. I was lucky to meet a girl named Renee, who just seemed to accept and share the feeling of being reserved. We made it through elementary and middle school together before teenage and life distractions intimidated us in other directions. We would ride on our 'Big Wheels' and sneaker roller skates all day long. Proudly, we showed our ability to maneuver the tiny metal wheels and rubber brake around a corner. Continued practice was a must for me, at the very least. Around the corner from my street was a house to avoid at all costs! Being shy and quiet appeared to attract the attention of what is called 'Bullying'. I was in the spotlight of a boy who lived around *that* block. I wish I could say he was the neighbourhood bully, but seemed he only targeted me! Every time he saw me, would provoke the loud shouts of extreme animosity. I was too skinny, wore ugly clothes, had buck teeth or whatever else came to his mind. Not remembering his name doesn't hinder any impression with the memory of events.

There we sat; riding the same bus# 67 home from Coronado Village Elementary school. Knowing I was the first stop didn't give me much time to look out the window. The engine barely started shifting and this angry boy got up to sit behind me. It definitely

caught my attention, because on a normal basis; the school bus was a 'safe zone'. Thump, thumping on my back seat made me spring forward. There was not any name calling or words at all! Just this thumping that went from behind my seat to move up the back of my head. I could hear everyone start to laugh, because his response was to hit me harder and harder every time. Is it funny to see how much I can take? Is it funny to see someone hit another person? Because I don't understand what makes others laugh at something like this. I tried real hard not to cry, "like a girl". Being the scaredy cat I was; prevented me from turning around to face him. I just closed my eyes and let the fury build up inside. I hate him!! Why is it fair that a mean, spiteful boy gets to hit a girl, gets to hit me? My heart began to pound as fast as the angry thoughts that came to my mind. I want to hit him too!

As the bus approached the front of my house to let us off as usual, I could no longer stomach it. I'm gonna do it, I **WILL** hit him back this time. The bus made a complete stop and it appeared my rage stood me up out of my seat. Instead of following the other kids off the bus, I turned around to face him. Looking at his expression while my right arm lifted my backpack high enough to strike him square in the face! I did not hear any response because the pounding of my own feet dominated all noise. I ran as fast as I could off the bus. Leaping and landing on my front yard, I saw my door. Ignoring my legs to concentrate on my direction, I thought I was fast!! Nope, I could feel myself being pulled backwards as I fell down to hit the grass. He must have run off the bus too... Grrrrr!

I remember him laying (straddling) over me like in the movie 'A Christmas story'. I could see his fingers in the air bunch up to form a fist before it blocked the sun over my face. Maybe, it was not over my face, because I could feel my cheeks and eyes start to burn real hot. He was punching me over and over again. It all stung so bad, I just closed my eyes so I could not see the blows

coming in. I didn't know what to do... so I screamed and cried "like a girl." Next thing I know, I hear my brother, Bobby. "Hey- STOP, what are you doing?", as he ran over to us. Pushing the boy hard enough for me stand up, I made a run for it and headed to my front door again. I just had to... I turned around before walking through the house and saw my six year old brother beating the crap out of this bigger boy!! Even now, I have never felt so ashamed but proud at the same time. This day is the start of my brother's immaculate bond we share and its induction of strength.

As soon as my Mom came home (I had no choice) she heard the whole story. I remember her looking at my face and the anger in hers. She started shaking and mumbling to herself as she paced. Was she mad at me? I stood my ground and stormed off to my room. A couple hours passed and she came up to talk with me. She voiced, "SOMETHING BAD IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO HIM, JUST WAIT, HE WILL GET WHAT HE DESERVES!" I was just so happy with her not being upset with me; her words went in one ear and out the other.

A couple days past and all was forgotten; so to speak. I was outside pedalling and racing my brothers 'Big Wheel' with Renee (it was free for the taking, as long as he was still asleep). Just past the bushes of the Stop sign, I could see a lot of people standing around in the street to form a circle. I yelled for Renee to follow and ran toward the crowd. Just before I got there, the fire truck sirens wailed pasted me. The neighbours began to spread out so I could look in between individuals, and make out what their gawking at. The 'boy' was lying face up in the middle of the street, not moving. No one seemed to be lifting him up; they all just stood around and stared. From all the talk, I could understand he was apparently hit by a car which sped off. I was too nervous and excited to stick around to watch the ambulance pull out their stretcher.

I dashed home to tell my Mom what I saw and what happened. I am not proud, but as the story comes out of my mouth, I am enthusiastic! He was so very cruel to me and it seemed to make me feel good. I could tell I had my Mom's full attention. Her face slumped when I explained it was the same 'boy' who hit me. This supported her to turn around and start pacing in circles; like before. This time, I could make out the mumbling. "Why. Why did I let my anger get the best of me?" It does not take long; she notices I am all ears. She stroked both my shoulders and said, "Linda, never, ever put your anger towards someone. Learn your strength and abilities." What did she mean by that? Gratefully the boy was all right, and back in his home the next day. Want to hear something ironic? Never, did he antagonize or bother looking my way again! Just having a concussion must of knocked something good in him... he he.



Picture of my Mom, myself and Bobby (1980)



There are multiple events that occurred in the same time span of 1982-1984. I was somewhere between the ages of eleven and thirteen years old. This period, not only haunts my memories and dreams forever, but, moulds who I became since then. These happenings took place in the same location, just various episodes.

DEMON

(1982) My Dad was stationed at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland. We lived on actual base housing for a year or so before he got the itch to purchase a home. As usual, we did lots and lots of looking and touring homes; until he found one to match his checklist. "It had enough bedrooms and was in a good location to work near Washington, DC", as my dad states. After my parents buy the house, it is back to moving. Shuffling around every two to four years or so, drained us all. In the process of unpacking, my Mom got acquainted with the neighbours. Mrs Donnelly, who lived right next door, came by to introduce herself. Even though my Mom loves to talk and be around people, their conversation seemed to creep on for hours! Nothing bad was ever spoken, but I got the impression it was an "adult conversation". Later in life, I will learn what was said and so will you.

Their son, Mark, was my best friend and first boyfriend. We connected so quickly and deeply, he is now my husband!! (Our friendship withstood 17 yrs of separation.) Together we shared our first kiss, first cigarette, and first sip of alcohol. It was nice having such a close friend growing up in the suburbs of D.C. Two white kids taking on racial intimidation of the 'Roots' days, suck! Waiting for the school bus every morning meant I risked the chance of getting my ass kicked! I have been literally punched, kicked, stomped on... Why? Because of the color of my skin. I was forced to see this nasty characteristic from both ends at this age. Being in the middle of a battle that had no side for me, is aggravating and exhausting! I never held hatred for a persons color on any stance. I hate racism of ALL kinds!!!

One evening, as I promised my mom, it was time to do some house cleaning. There was stuff left in every corner of rooms from the previous owner. She was the brave one to pull items out of the dingiest of cubbyholes. All I had to do was hold the trash bag and not even look, but there it was! I could see a big letter 'O' typed on some cardboard. Oh, wow; I have heard of the Ouija board game. That was enough convincing for the both of us to stop cleaning and check it out. We went down to the basement of the house and set it up. We did not really expect anything to happen or even understood the concept of the game. Anxiously, we just jumped right in after glancing at the instructions. As we started with the typical "is anyone there...?" It moved! It really moved!! YES, it hovered over that word in the upper left corner. Well, both of us thinking the other pushed it; we continued. 'What is your name', we asked? It moved again, but a lot faster. We had to give effort just to keep up! Not remembering all the answers, one thing does stand out, his birthday of April 13. We found ourselves speaking (communicating?) with him (ghost?) a lot, especially when we realized our hands didn't even have to touch it!! I thought it was silly, but my mom even made him a birthday cake. (That's how I recall the date)

Months into the Ouija board communications, my whole family started experiencing bizarre events occurring around the house. Seeing the typical dark shadows in our peripheral vision only to have them disappear once we turned around, and then there were the noises we swore we heard repeatedly. None of us discussed it with each other. I am still not sure why to this day, were we just scared, or felt foolish maybe? It did not take long for the strange things to escalate. What good was it to have a pool table downstairs if we were too scared to enter the room? The wall by the doorway was nicely decorated with a candelabra setting that

did not last long. Whenever we got near the wall, it seemed to rumble and shake. That's what we thought, but within a couple of days we noticed the rumble was actually the ornaments themselves. I took a deep breath and made a run for it one day, which only led to injury. The quivering decorations actually leapt from the wall and hurled toward me. Have you ever been hit with wrought iron, it hurts!

We settled for watching the television or movies on our VCR that we boasted about having. It seemed a lot safer when my mom chose not to hang anything on the wall at all. But, looking back on it now, I realize how silly it was to think that. Every time we started laughing or really getting into the show we watched; it shut itself off! Just switched one thing for another

We thought and read somewhere; strange things can happen when you perform the Ouija board. Sticking with our instinct, we tried staying away from it. But, nothing got any better. My mom and I eventually decided to ask 'our friend', from the Ouija board. It had been months since we communicated, so maybe he knew what was happening. His explanation was a little overwhelming. Of course, I will paraphrase for the fragmented vocabulary he used and our adding up every letter. Our house occupies many entities, both good and bad. These apparitions come and go as they please, with the ability to extend past the house itself. My mothers' and my impression of the one communicating with us; was a positive formation. It resided in our space we called home, on a more 'permanent' nature to steer clear of the negative.

Either way we felt, the odd events still remained and strengthened in nature. Our 'friend' projected to keep us shielded, but things still went missing and I would see hideous things and know I was being watched. It was a very stressful time for both me and my parents.

This is the point in time and location of my life where I picked up the meaning of FEAR! That takes me to an unpleasant experience that happened. Definitely for not lack of better words, just beyond my comprehension. There is a saying that goes, "once you see something, you can't un-see it." There were a couple times that what I saw, I wish to erase from my memory. Before the age of eleven, being scared of someone or a consequence of my bad actions was the worst emotion I had. I did not know how good I had it...

My bedroom was enormous in size and had its own bathroom; I could brush my teeth without having to venture out into the hall. Plenty of space on both sides of my bed, to give me room for my ball to bounce on its hardwood floors when I was bored. I loved having the biggest bedroom. Staying up late one night, I turned off the light to the restroom and came out to see something move above my bed on the wall. It was just a small movement that went away as I tried to focus. Guess I was hoping it was nothing. Not seeing it anymore, I just finish getting ready to sleep. I made my way to the lamp beside my bed, knowing I was going leave it on. Still feeling spooked, I unfolded my comforter and looked up at the wall. Uh, huh! I saw it; another movement! This time it did not go away!! I looked directly at it, in the middle of the wall. I saw the designs of the wallpaper swirling around each other. I focused to notice the swirl was concentrated just above my bed about 2 feet round. This time I made sure to blink and rub my eyes, but it was still there! Oh Geese, I did not know what it was and I did not want to guess.

I can say proudly, I did not scream and slowly moved toward the door to sneak by. There I was standing in the hallway, just to see the 'swirl' moving along with me!! If I scream, everyone will wake up and only get mad at me. This made me start to run near the end of the hall and stop to look behind me again. In total

shock, this 'swirl' was still there; beside me in the wall. I stop and FROZE in fear. I was so scared my legs felt like they were 1,000 pounds and words just could not form in my mind. I was blank, watching it protrude outwards to take shape. The wallpaper seemed to be melting. MOVE – RUN – GO... I'm still frozen!! I start to recognize the shape of a mouth, nose, and eye indentions ...OH MY GOD!!! I finally turn around and run into my parent's room. I stayed there all night.



I want to say that, possibly being eleven years old, I just let my imagination get the better of me. The reason I cannot assume that is because I saw this protrusion at other times. Sightings became more frequent, to form itself quicker each time. There were horns and long teeth; I could not sleep in my room for weeks!! Thank goodness my sister didn't mind company. Sheeze, I can't go in my room -EVER!! I do not want to be alone. To this day of forty one years old, I continue to have nightmares this creature is stalking me.

A different apparition

Again, in my room, I can't seem to fall asleep. This time, I do not know where the noise is coming from. Is it in my room, is it in the hall? Hiding my face under the covers does NOT ever make it go away! I lifted my head from the comfort of deep inside my pillow and realize the noise is outside my room. The sound was like counting thunder on a stormy night, it was getting closer and closer. Should I make a run for it and speed to my parents' room again? I decided to leave my slippers and jump as far as I could. When I got to the doorway, my Dad was already standing there. With his head turned left, fixed in a stare down the hall. I stood there for a second, watching him and waiting to see him react. Eventually, I also peered over to the right. It was HIM—my friend from the Ouija board!! I can't explain how I knew; I just understood it to be. He was turning around to us and gesturing for us to follow.

Because this apparition is etched in my memory and my communication with him, I will recite the following exactly as I saw it. 'He' was wearing worn out denim pant overalls with the bottoms rolled up, similar to the book I read; Huckleberry Finn. The left shoulder strap hung over his shoulder to sway as he moved forward. His shirt was short sleeve in a faded green colour. As I approached closer, I noticed his hair was so greasy, and straight that it definitely looked black. My dad followed him, slowly in front of me; neither one of us looking nor speaking to each other. We make our way down the narrow hallway, through to the very dim living room. Even as the light in each area changed, his lit presence did not. We veered right through the entry to the dining room. Keeping at the same slow pace, making another right turn to the door that descends into the basement. Normally this door stayed closed; otherwise it would block the way to the kitchen. On

this night it seemed to be open, for us. We followed along with him, down the stairs, until he disappeared! POOF... right in front of us!! My dad finally, slowly turned his head and glanced at me, with an uncertain, blank expression. In spite of everything, we both had nothing to say. We both robotically, just turned and went back to bed.

It was not until thirty years later did the both of us finally talk. When collaborating with him to write this story in my book on February 4, 2013, he depicted a contrast in one thing. When my Dad was staring and following 'my friend' on that night our visions were not the same. Instead of seeing an actual man in such detail as I described, he was ensuing a "green figure of light". He saw an "electric like" green glow of a head and shoulder silhouette moving away from him. I asked again, "did you see the 'ghost' gesture at you to follow, and if not, why did you?" Silly me; should have known the answer, but his response: "It was the strangest thing I ever saw and wanted to find out where it was going." Why was that? How could two people agree on having such an odd phenomena, but not actually see the same thing?

Light from above

(App. 1994) When you retire from the Air Force, you get to pick your 'Last Move'. For some reason, my Dad admired and always had fond memories of San Antonio, Texas. Deep in his mind, he always knew he would be back. The house in Universal City was rented instead of sold because of this. Our family of six moved back to find out the house was smaller than we remembered. Isn't that always the case when you grow up, ha ha? My Dad is known for finding the best deals. Really. Need tires, need to buy a car...?

He found land on the other side of town that was building new homes. Every weekend they visited their little plot to watch the house being constructed. It was one of the very first ones to be completed, so there was absolutely nothing behind them. The awesome unobstructed view was worth battling the numerous scorpions in and around the house.

One very hot day in the summer, my son and I made our usual visit to their house. Letting him run around with his toys was better than any sugar rush, to tire himself out. That night, we had lots of laughs and the rare occasion of everyone being in a good mood. We had cooking in the kitchen, to some of us taking advantage of the outside hose for the Texas heat.

My mom and I chose to make a quick drive to the local Walgreens that just opened. It was also a good excuse to pick up some ice cream they advertised for the Grand Opening. Having the sun set did not help the temperature drop any at all. We giggled our way to the car and we went over the list of what everyone wanted. It did not take long for us to anticipate the turn onto the main street. This was our favorite route in the neighbourhood. Most of the lots were still vacant so there was not much other traffic. With no one around, we could go beyond the speed limit to enjoy the awesome curves of the road. We felt it took 'special' skill to swerve around the big trees decorated in the medians, generally at night when street lights were not yet installed.

Wooo Hoo, with both our windows down, my Mom steps on the gas of her Mazda 626. We discovered, there is no reason to go that fast without feeling the wind in your face; to give the effect of flying. Within seconds of the first bend, we are thrown off guard. There is a light at the very end of our view. It is illuminating the pavement ahead like a helicopters searching spotlight (but not moving). Recognizing we would ultimately catch up to it, we

agreed to slow down. Darn it! At our slower rate, the light started shifting and travelling in our direction. We look at each other to pull over, stop to open our sun roof and turned off the radio. Our car was the only one on the road for as far as we could see, not a sound stood out; absolutely NOTHING!

This round brightness was heading for us kind of fast, like it noticed us!? The glowing tree in front of us turned dark as the radiance above shined down on the car and road around us. Within seconds the intense beam shot through the roof of our car. I yelled, "GO", at the same time my mom put the car in gear to burn out the pavement under her wheels! The only evidence we were moving at all, was to look through the smoke of the light; made by her burnt rubber from the tires. The streak remained with us no matter how quick we went. It was so lucent that I could see the profound concentration on my mom's face. "Faster, drive, Faster" pours out of my mouth as the wind seemed to muffle my screams. I'm so scared and I don't even know of what!

Oh thank goodness, just below the hill we saw Walgreens. Without any more discussion, she pulled into the parking lot. Both of us jumped out of the car to look up. NOTHING! There is no light, no sound, and no marks on the car. What else could we have considered as evidence of a 'light' chasing us? No one else was phased, as they pulled up, parked their vehicles and walked into the store. NOTHING! Not only did the rest of our family not trust our account, they were disappointed we didn't even get them ice cream. We definitely did not go back out!!

OF A DIFFERENT WORLD?

(1996 April) Even though I had my own place and job; misfortune knocked me down. I admit that some of my choices in life were down-right horrible. Looking back on it now, I am

completely ashamed! Perhaps the thought of a 'Knight in Shining Armour' existed and took over any reasoning. Purely love-sick over a guy combined with my admitted nursing syndrome hid the evil from me. When 'his' bad temper showed up that is exactly how I classified it. I can fix him and mend my own attitude. Maybe if I spoke and acted different he would love me as much as I loved him. So, when he requested I pack anything I could fit into his Jeep Wrangler (I bought), and abandon my lease; I was thrilled to.

On his word, we relocated to the state of Colorado. We bought groceries and gas from the Shell credit card provided by his Dad. I trusted his excuses for not being able to find a job since he was able to sweet talk a local landlord into an apartment. "It was my turn to show some intelligence and get into the workforce." Gullible as I was, I hit the pavement for a job. I went along with every request he had, until... (deep breathe)

His father found my cell phone number and called me. The credit card "C" was using for our groceries was not given to him; but stolen! Our conversation did not last long; but enough for me to hear the anger in his voice (actually it has been the only time I ever spoke with his Father). I had no idea he was lying to me and felt stupid. When "C" finally arrived back home, after being gone three weeks; I questioned him about stealing from his Dad. I did not hear an answer or an excuse. He clinched the car keys in his fist and just stared at me. He stared for such an awkward amount of time I had to ask him again. This time, with no hesitation; he punched me! One of the keys struck my eye and the others ripped my cheek open! I remember falling to the floor and seeing blood on the carpet. I assumed it was mine and wasn't going to wait for another blow; so I stood up and ran into the only bedroom with a lock. I stayed there until I heard the front door slam close.

The next day, when he still did not come back; I drove over to my job at Wal-mart. I begged my co-workers to help me move any

stuff I had. I arranged to stay with a nice girl who posted on the employee bulletin board about a room she was renting. All things worked out and boxes in hand, wouldn't you know it - "C" drives up. I understand no one really wants to get involved with domestic violence, so everyone apologetically left. No matter how strong I thought I felt, was no match.

(deeper breath...) The front door slammed closed again, but this time, I was in the same room with him. Before I could even mutter a word, he lifted his arm and grabbed a fistful of my hair. After getting a good grip, he lowered his arm and twisted me to the ground. He tried dragging me into the kitchen even though my foot was wedged behind the chair. When we finally made it passed the dining room he forced upright to face the window. He cupped the back of my head to shove my face into his home-made bomb on the sill and threatened to use it. His combined ingredients in some dark water of a baby food jar; had more of a stench up close! When I managed to wiggle away, his fingers were still able to grab a hold of my belt loop and drag me back towards him. In an instant both his hands went on my neck to feel my own heartbeat. I could hear my pulse so loud until it got blurry. I guess I passed out, when I woke up laying on the carpet again. He was gone.

I was able to call my parents using the work phone and let them know I was coming home. That was it for me. No more energy or tolerance for excuses from him or myself! The next few days, I packed all I had in boxes, informed my employer I was leaving and argued with my landlord. I won't write anymore bad physical stuff that happened - for my daughters' sake. (who is reading)

I did not leave without having one more shock - I was pregnant! Well, I guess I did actually leave first, huh? It wasn't long after being home that I felt sick. You know, women... sick as in Morning sickness. Uuuugh!

(1997) I made the decision to be a single mother, yet again. It's nice to know family is **always** there. I was about 7 months pregnant with my daughter and feeling extremely depressed. To comprehend having another child I could not provide for; made me sicker. Reluctantly, I made the choice to go through an adoption. I felt I was doing the responsible thing for not only myself but for my unborn child. The adoption I picked was represented as 'Open'. This is a process where you hand pick the parents from their organization and have visitation throughout their lives. It tries to relieve the stress on both sides. My family understood my decision with the exception of my mom. She did not understand, agree, nor support and continuously tried to change my way of thinking. Being the kind hearted woman she was, her anticipation of having a granddaughter was astounding. My grief was constantly pulling at my emotions. I did not know what to do.

One late morning I was in the front living room watching television. The chime of the front door signalled it opened and closed. I wasn't expecting anybody to come home and was still in my pajamas. I leaned around the divided wall to get a view of the door. My eight year old son was standing in the foyer. I laid down my cereal by the lamp and got up from the couch to walk towards him. Hmm, why is he not in school and hey; how did he get home?! Before I could reach him, he makes it the banister of the stairway and runs up the steps. I yelled for him, "Where are you going, why aren't you in school?" I climbed the steps, holding onto the railing, but just couldn't match his speed to catch up. When I reached the game room at the top of the steps, he already made it down the hall by the bathroom. I yelled, "why aren't you in school, what's wrong and why are you running away from me?"

I was hoping for a chance to slow down while he was not moving. Climbing steps took a lot of energy out of me. He simply

stared at me for a bit and then ran in the bathroom. The door slammed closed and changed my mood from curiosity of him to anger. Forget why he is not answering, why is he making me chase him and not listening to me?!! When did he change clothes from the ones I dressed him in this morning? I also run over to the bathroom and open the door as I call out his name. All I saw; was my own image staring back at me from the huge mirror above both sinks. He is not in there! I didn't run up all those steps for no reason, I was not yelling to myself. Where could he have gone???

Just like the movies, I look at the only place I cannot see... the shower. HOLY SHIT!!!! I stepped back so fast I almost lost my balance and pulled the shower curtain off. It's not a monster or a ghost. It is an actual girl standing in the shower, looking at me!! She is fully dressed to have on jeans and a t-shirt. We both say nothing and I just stare back. Her straight long hair makes the freckles on her face stand out under the make-up. The long eyelashes bounce up and down as she blinks her eyes and lifts both her arms out to me!! Keeping with the lack of dialogue, neither one of us speak a word and watch each other's eyes. I know her, she is my unborn daughter - I just feel it!!

Again, I'm just frozen. This time it is not fear, it's shock. I don't know what to do!!! She still does not say a word, but gives me the kindest and calmest expression, piercing through my eyes. She never moves, but I start to see the shower wall behind her becoming more transparent than her image. Finally, I turn around and run downstairs. Seven months pregnant, I leap down the hall, down the steps, through the hall downstairs, and grab the phone. I'm not done running, I make it outside. Standing in the front yard with the phone in my hands, I frantically look at all the windows.

Thank goodness my mom answers her phone at work, because what else could I do?? Call 911???

She says her spiel "This is

Connie..." I believe that's all she was able to get out before I started rambling. I am not even sure what I said. My heart was pounding louder than the sound of my voice! She tells me to sit on the curb, breathe and relax. She is on her way. Those 30 minutes went by sooo slow. Of course, when she arrives, there is nothing to show her. I follow as she retraces my steps leisurely and talking to herself. Instead of feeling silly, I am confident and she knows it. Her conclusions are that same as my own. I do not have to convince her of the image or truth it was my daughter. That precise moment, I changed "my way of thinking," and did not give my child up for adoption. Never, ever did I or do I regret it!! She is my and will always be my baby girl. I love you eternally.



ACTUALLY PETRIFIED!

My youngest brother, Brian and his wife, "D"; were living the dream. It was not long after the marriage that they found the perfect they saved up for. Both of them worked on their hands and knees to finish the 'handyman' part of the sale. As we are known for, there was plenty of gatherings and BBQ's for everyone to see the progress. An enormous backyard around the pond to sitting in the extra room made from the garage, made enough space for their new dog.

With construction nearing its end, it was time for the adjustment of a hum drum typical work day. Busy morning with getting herself ready for her own job and preparing her daughter for school was her intention. Brian almost on his own way out the door was gathering his keys for a full twelve hour shift. Not much time for goodbyes, "D" walks in the living room to lock the door behind him. She is stopped half way there to reach a sense of abnormality (?). Something different in the smell of the air, the pressure surrounding her seemed heavy. She didn't know if it was that very same weight to trip her up. That was the only reasoning to clarify her feet literally stumbling over something and falling flat on her face! For a brief terrifying moment, she laid there screaming to get up. The same pressure was actually holding her down!!! She could not move! My brother did not know what to think and just ran over and picked her up.

'D's screaming did not stop, she was terrified! She darted for the front door and went outside. Insisting she never wanted to go back in, she explained to Brian about other occurrences. The annoying knock on the front door every time she was engrossed in tasks were becoming more frequent. When they start to actually talk about what has been taking place to each other, both become startled. Their individual events were tangible, but so sporadic to not encounter it at the same time. Never had they come across an instance to actually come in contact with them. Both agreed; not to go back in the house!

Again, as we are known for; Brian dialled my Moms work number. She heard the desperation in his voice and knew he needed her. My mom had a way with making us feel better, but also had a 'knack' for making the negative disappear. You know, kind of started with the 'ole boogey man in the closet to swoosh away. Every single time any of us had an unusual experience we always went to my mother for help or opinion on the matter.

They finally got relief from their fear when they saw her car approach at the top of the street. She stepped out of the car clutching a container of her usual Holy Water collected from her church. The whole event was recounted to add 'D's point of view as one of the things my mom asked. The other was, for them both to stay outside and wait for her to come out. Sorry to say, no one knows what exactly happened while she was inside the house. They paced back and forth trying to catch a glimpse in a window, but were not so lucky. Ten minutes go by, then twenty minutes. It's time to make the dreaded phone call to managers' explaining they anticipated being late for work.

She appeared in the front door thirty five minutes later with the empty canister of Holy Water. "You can go in now", was the only words she spoke on the subject. They witnessed her lips quiver along with the notion of being tired. My mom never elaborated anymore on this event; ever! 'D' and Brian did not have any more phenomena's in that house. I wouldn't quite say this is the closing to the story though. Encounters with peculiar activities still followed them both, just not in that house.

THE CRYING MAN

(April, 2007- very short account) My family attended the Sunday service, closely after my Mom's passing. The thought of being inside a Church was a nice reminder of her. When we needed help with any arrangements, Holy Cross stood up to the plate. All I had to do was mention her name and nothing else was required. No money exchange, no time on our part to create the wonderful ceremonies for everyone to attend.

The service took its normal procedure to include the hymns and signage of the cross when necessary. The parishioners stood up when instructed by row and preceded their way to the Eucharist.

The line of people receiving the blessed wafer like cracker in their hand meant the near end to an hour long service. With this structured process, my brother, Bobby pointed to someone who stuck out of order. A very elderly man struggling to keep his balance on a cane stood alone. The people passed him on their merry way up to the altar and back down to the pew. His hands shook to grasp a tissue tucked away in his pocket. As if no one even saw this gentleman, my brother took the initiative and walked over to him. Bobby offered to walk him forward with the best reassurance he could extend. In between his weeping came a mumble to clarify how deeply sorry he was. The faintest shade of blue eyes portrayed such sadness. Tears built up around the edges to drop as he made his way past our pew. This very nice dressed man will stand out in my family's memory and get this paragraph because he was not visible to everyone. Some people, including our own nephew, did not see an old man. Bobby just simply got up and proceeded in line to the Eucharist by himself. Why did only some see this man and why was he so sad?

MISCHIEVOUS SPIRIT

(app. 2008) My youngest brother, Brian was moving on after a nasty divorce. He fell into a relationship that might be considered 'rebound', but as his character is; loved her with all his heart! Sometimes you need to look around you and notice the signs that might steer you in the right direction. My little footnote of encountering her must be said one way or another. I have learned to forgive and see the goodness in people, but sometimes, their faults must be displayed at face value. The reasoning one comes up with in their mind is astonishing. Living and raising your children on deceit and child support, gives us women a bad name! Here is his story:

FREAKED OUT

In this point of my life, I thought things were starting to enlighten and look brighter. But with every good day there are usually bad ones that follow. At this time I was with somebody who thought I was special to me. As usual, there's always a 'but' in every relationship. Months and months were passing and we had many fallouts. I had a particular night where the famous quote comes to mind 'when the shit hits the fan'. One evening we both just got so furious with each other and it got very ugly. Maybe ugly might be an understatement but none the less, I had to call the city police to assist me in this night's brutal physical attack on me. She assaulted the officer who approached trying to speak with me. She was arrested and I was advised to not be in the house once she was released. Now, I have never been in a relationship like this where I was completely speechless and scared at the same time. So, as the officer had instructed, I left and tried to absorb everything that had just happened.

I drove to my work and parked in the company lot to the back of the building to just have my time and calm down. I sat in my car with the windows rolled down and never even turned the radio on. About 20 minutes go by and I keep hearing some movement in the employee break area outside. I step out and assume it was either a co-worker or an animal. Now keep in mind it's almost 3:00am, so it could not have been an associate. So it had to be an animal. I called out but there was no answer and I just wanted to try and fall asleep in my car. I sat back down in the car and tried to go over what had just happened with my girlfriend and I. I was emotionally hurt but most of all thinking, "how am I going to go back to this life style". Maybe it wasn't that bad. As I contemplated my concentration seemed to continue with the noises out there.

I finally look over to my right passenger side and see something just staring at me! Let me remind you that I had all my windows down and can see this "something" clear as day. It was a dark smoky grey facial figure that's propped upon my door next to my mirror. To be a little more specific, it was transparent not solid. I can make out the eyes, nose and mouth socket. A rounded head but can't make out any others such as hair, facial features or even expressions. It was just dark grey smoke with very little face formation. I examined it for maybe a period of ten seconds and bolted out of there! Speeding onto the highway entrance and kept looking in my rear view mirror but saw nothing.

To say the least, I was really FREAKED out and scared as Hell!! I drove around and eventually pulled into my best friend's driveway. After much needed time to myself, I look back at that figure and just think "it" didn't do anything." It never caused harm of any nature. It almost felt as though I was being observed or watched. As though it picked up on my pain and absorbed it with me, as if it was just there for me. Now this is just me speaking out loud, but as many religions state about the after-life, a "heaven" or "spiritual world." I'm almost in agreement with myself, but I think I may have seen **my own guardian angel**, Catholics believe all of us have our own guardian angels that help and protect us. So, perhaps mine actually let me see him/her and it was not too much as comforting me; but allowing itself to feel my hurt and aches. As though to live what I had just experienced and to know that it hurts as well with me. Another

idea is perhaps it was my mom who had passed and is still there with me. And is feeling everything I am feeling. She may have tried to show herself to me, **but I can only see so much.** Either of the two ideas is completely fine by me. Knowing my mom is with me and all of us and giving me the “sign” of... I’m not alone in any of my life’s demise or my Guardian angel showing me the same love and devotion. I just hope I’m not making them work overtime!

HELLO, ANYONE THERE?

My brother, Brian met George in kindergarten that has been lifelong friendship. I can recall them riding their tricycles down the hill into the driveway to see who was fastest! George has also been there as an extended family member to share in our joy and sorrow as his own. He tells this phenomenon with such compassion and true conviction; I wished you could hear his voice.

(2009) Brian and George were enjoying their afternoon working on the dreaded car repairs. Collectively they could fix it in half the time, the San Antonio heat is absolutely nothing to mess with. When you have your friends hanging out to help, can make the demands seem more enjoyable. Hands all greased up and knee high in brake fluid, all you could hear was laughter and the tightening of the wrench. I can’t promise those bags of chips and glasses didn’t have grime all along the sides. Almost finished and ready to clean up, George’s cell phone rings. “What, I can’t understand you, what’s wrong?” Not making out all the words didn’t prevent him from knowing something was wrong. He dialled the number back to reach his Dads cell, with no response. Again and again, the unanswered ring confirmed his already alarmed position, that his Dad needed help! Both George and Brian wipe the muck from their fingers and know it is time to leave.

Every single one of his attempts to reach his dad on the cell phone and calling the landline were not good. His patience was running thin when his thoughts kept telling him to rush. George sped through as many cross sections as best he could to weave his

