

Chapter 9

We Make our Move

In late 2012, after years of work, we began moving into our historic home on U.S. 127. By early 2013 we were living there full time, having turned our longtime home on Bavarian Lane over to the new owners.

We were living in our “new” old house when I experienced my providential dream visitation by Grandpa, and that was not the only unusual experience we and others have had in the house since Diane and I took up residence there.

Once, in the midst of our move, I spent a day scraping several layers of paint from the woodwork of our dining room. I heated the paint with a heat gun, then peeled it

away with a scraper. Throughout the day I had heard footsteps and rustling at the far edge of the dining room, near the door to the living room. At times the noises would move into the living room, then return to the room I was in.

I have become very accustomed to such noises while working in the house, so I simply ignored whatever it was. That evening Diane, accompanied by my sister, Cindy, and brother-in-law, Gene, came out to see me. The odd footsteps and rustling noises continued, now in the living room, and Diane and Gene both stared into the room and then looked at each other with puzzled expressions.

“What is that?” Diane asked me.

“I don’t know,” I replied. “It’s been going on all day.”

Diane and Gene then walked through the door into the living room, then continued into the main hallway and looked up the stairs.

When they returned they said they distinctly heard footsteps ahead of them. As they walked the footsteps traveled into the hall and on up to the top of the staircase, where they stopped.

All in a day’s work at the house, I thought to myself.

Before we moved into the old house I was concerned over what mischief the activity might play on our electronics. Radios, CD players and flashlights in particular often would turn off and on by themselves, and the rechargeable batteries in power tools sometimes would inexplicably lose their power.

Fortunately, since our move the electronic phenomena has not come into play very often. Occasionally a radio will change stations. At times I will find that up to a dozen or so programs will be open on my touch-screen computer, when no human has been around to open them. But I can't with any certainty lay that to the paranormal – perhaps static electricity or some other natural occurrence comes into play.

Shortly after our move I was at work in my office in the back corner of the main floor of the house. Diane had gone into town for groceries, and soon after she left I heard the door from the living room to the hallway open, followed by footsteps coming down the hall.

"Hello!" I called out, figuring that Diane had returned home.

At that point the footsteps stopped. When I got no answer from Diane I got up and stepped into the hall, only to find that no one was there.

By now I was well used to such goings-on, so I sat back down at my computer. As soon as I was in the seat the footsteps resumed. They came into the office, but I could see nothing. As the steps approached and passed between me and a desk lamp a shadow was cast against the wall. I still could see nothing in the room, and I noticed that the shadow seemed to be created by something semi-transparent, not solid. I felt the air cool considerably as the steps passed beside my chair and then continued into the adjoining parlor before ceasing.

I didn't find the experience frightening. Rather, I was fascinated. This was the first time I had seen anything I could call paranormal. I often had heard noises, once

even a voice, and had experienced items moving and disappearing, but never an apparition.

This shadow had a vague human shape, that of a relatively tall individual. The footsteps were very similar to ones I had often heard before – sounding like they were created by someone heavy, wearing leather-soled shoes or boots.

When we first moved into the house I often heard footsteps beside our bed as we slept, but this became less and less frequent. By now these steps in the night are quite rare. Actually, the longer we've lived in the house the less common any paranormal events have become.

They haven't vanished entirely, however. In February of 2015 Diane and I experienced the same happening but from different rooms of the house.

I had gone upstairs to read in bed, about 9:30 p.m. As I read I heard what sounded like footsteps in the dining room, approaching the living room. I didn't think much of it, and soon turned off the light and went to sleep.

The next day Diane told me she had been watching television just after I had gone upstairs when Rusty, our parrot, went wild with excitement in his cage. The cage is in the living room, next to the door leading to the dining room.

She said Rusty started screaming and jumping around in his cage, from top to bottom and side to side – nothing like we've ever seen him do before. When she looked over at Rusty, she said, she saw the cause of the commotion. "It was like an oval blob, a sort of blackish

mist without borders, moving like a fog," she said. "It was right in front of Rusty's cage.

"It was about two and a half feet tall. It was off the ground. It was like the waist-to-neck area. I had the remote in my hand and I tried to pause the TV. When I looked at the remote and then looked back, it was gone, and Rusty had settled down."

After she finished explaining her encounter I told her about the footsteps, and as best we could determine the steps must have led immediately to the mist.

Soon after that encounter Diane was upstairs in our bedroom, getting dressed for work, when a photo of her parents, Corabelle and Merle Eutsler, and a pewter beer stein that belonged to her dad went flying off the top of a dresser on their own accord.

"The picture went against the wall," she said. "It's not far from the wall. It was like somebody pushed it off the dresser."

Her parents' photos were in an 8-by-10 photo frame. "The frame was broken, one side of it, as well as the glass," she said. The stein fell forward off the dresser at the same time, she said. "It was like it was pushed off, too."

She told me both items flew with some force. Unlike the photo frame, the stein was undamaged.

Diane has been very level-headed, really fearless, as we have dealt with the paranormal in our house. But she seemed bothered by that occurrence. I certainly can understand this, being that her parents' photo and stein

were involved. Quite frankly it bothered me as well – more than anything else that has happened in the house – and I’m very glad there have been no repeat performances thus far.

I honestly would be quite happy if we never had another paranormal event in our house. We didn’t wish for or seek out the paranormal, in fact we pooh-poohed the idea at first.

Ironically on Monday, July 20, 2015 – the day after I thought I had finished this book – two men delivered a new clothes washer to the house. As one man was removing the old washer the other man, standing at the foot of our main staircase, caught my attention and meekly asked, “Can I ask you a question?”

When I replied yes, he asked, “Are we alone?” I said we were, and asked if he heard something. He haltingly said no, he saw something – a little girl at the top of the staircase. He said she peeked out from the middle bedroom, stepped out into the hall and gazed down at him, and then walked back into the bedroom. She had curly brown hair and was wearing a plain, old-fashioned white dress. “It was dirty,” he added.

“I’m majorly creeping out right now,” he told me. He looked like he was ready to either run or defecate. I wanted our washer hooked up, so I calmed him down and told him strange things happen here all the time.

Many people have told us we should have paranormal investigators check out the place, but we have opted not to do so. Others have recommended that we use an audio recorder and ask questions in an attempt to capture EVP’s, but we’ve avoided that as well. We aren’t looking

to encourage the phenomena, and we're afraid that bringing in investigators might cause the level of activity to increase.

People also have encouraged me to write a book about our experiences in the house. I have toyed with the idea, but never acted on it. Looking back I wish I would have kept a journal, chronicling the dates and times of each occurrence. It would be a great record to have, and perhaps it would reveal some pattern to the happenings.

I will say I have learned a lot during our ownership of this wonderful old house. It has opened my eyes to, if not another world, then some strange and wonderful natural laws and occurrences of this one.

