

Mysterious  
&  
Miraculous

Book II

Angelia Phillips

Gail Sobotkin • Maria Jordan

# Mysterious and Miraculous

## Book Two

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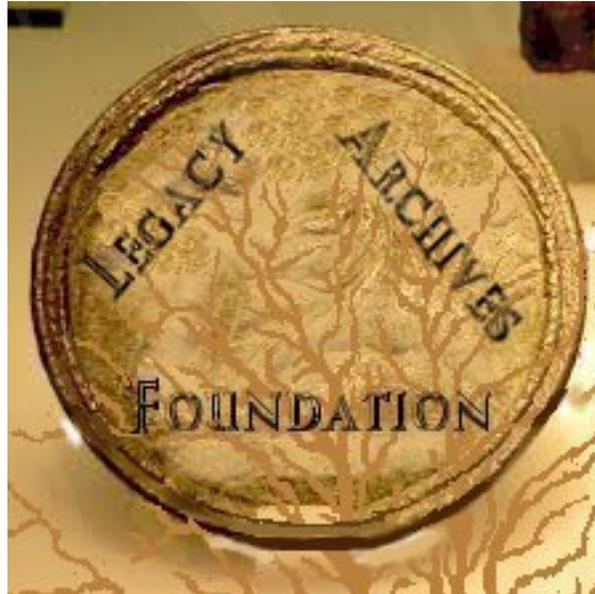
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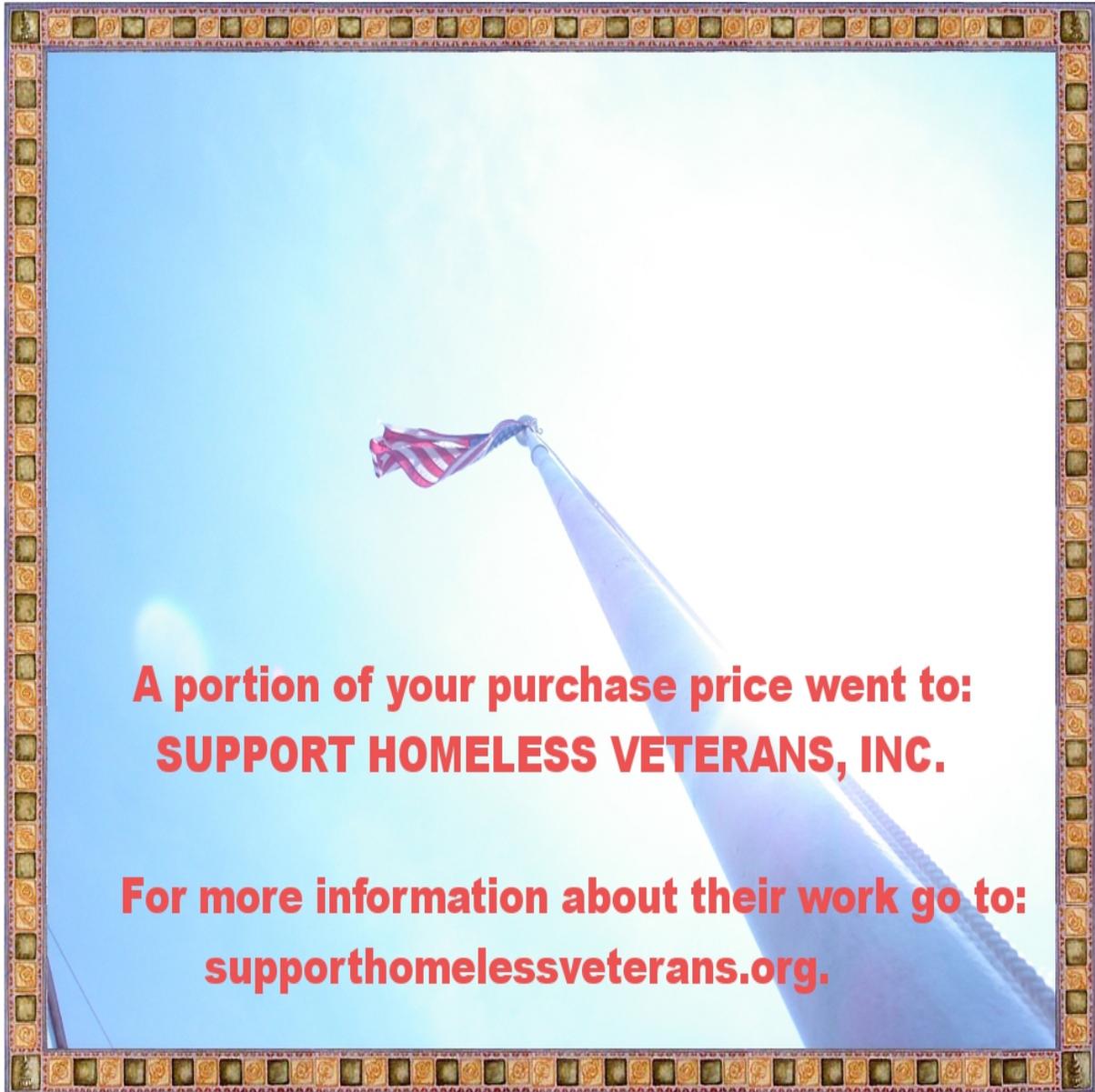


Produced by  
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Michael Friedman

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A portion of your purchase price went to:

SUPPORT HOMELESS VETERANS, INC.

For more information about their work go to:

[supporthomelessveterans.org](http://supporthomelessveterans.org).

## *Dedication A Thankful Nation*

Three years ago I met an old U.S. Marine. As a young man, his war was in Southeast Asia. He gave his youth, his strength and his leg for his country. He dedicated without question his heart and formidable strength to become an instrument of power and destruction for the cause known as Vietnam. Without question, without peace signs, without flower power he faced the enemies of the United States of America in the rice paddies, and clinging to the handles of a machine gun in the door of a Huey.

The raw adrenaline of war rushed through his veins and honed his senses; the melancholy of peace drove him to isolate himself in the desert of the American Southwest. The year of his death is recorded as 2012, but in my opinion he is a Marine that did not survive his last tour of duty circa 1970. In his last days in a correspondence that he shared, he told me he regretted that his name was not on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. He was known to me as 50 Caliber, an online call name. Many knew him as Dusty.

Respects - Michael Friedman



# *Foreword*

## *By Gail Sobotkin*

I believe that true stories, especially those about paranormal and miraculous events, have the power to touch us in unexpected ways. They invite us to expand our beliefs and perceptions about the world we live in, reminding us there are still mysteries that science has yet to explain.

I, along with [Angelia Phillips of Sibling Synergy](#) and [Maria Jordan of \*marcoujor's musings\*](#), had the great privilege of editing this beautiful collection of true stories. Working together has been a labor of love for all of us, and for me, an experience I will cherish forever.

The [Legacy Archives Foundation](#), envisioned by [Angelia Phillips of Sibling Synergy](#) and [Dane Turnbull of The Carolinian's Archives](#), was established in October 2013 and its main mission is to preserve stories like the ones you will find in this book. [Legacy Scribes](#) write and generously donate the stories. Of the profits made from book sales, 70% goes directly to a designated and worthy non-profit, which in this case is [Support Homeless Veterans](#). The remaining 30% is kept aside to cover production costs, such as having physical copies printed when enough sales have been achieved to enable it.

The book cover photo was donated by photographer and author, [Alicia Jaye Phillips, also of Sibling Synergy](#), and is a part of her personal photos with anomalies collection. It is a shot of Muskrat Bridge in rural Posey County, Indiana and the photo will continue to serve as the cover for the Mysterious & Miraculous book series. Each book's title will be in a different color, denoting which number in the series it represents.

It is only possible to donate such a large percentage of profits because our publisher, Michael Friedman of Mockingbird Books, has shared his services without charge. He is a man of great integrity and a veteran who knows the sacrifices so many have made for our country.

I know this book will be treasured by those who have entrusted their stories to the Legacy Archives Foundation, and I expect it will be enjoyed and then treasured by you, the reader. I say this because many of the stories will touch your heart and lift your spirit, even if you don't believe in supernatural events.

For instance, if you're a skeptic, you might believe that ghostly images are figments of the story teller's imagination, but when the appearance of a ghost brings a message that dramatically changes, or even saves, the life of the receiver, you can still be astounded and moved by it.

Now that this book has found its way into your hands, I invite you to settle into a comfy space and keep reading with an open mind and heart. If you do, you'll discover there's power in the stories-- enough to strengthen, restore, or instill a belief in the miraculous world you're about to enter. The people you'll meet along your journey are ordinary people who have been impacted by their paranormal, mysterious or miraculous experiences. Their real life stories will hopefully enthrall you and expand your world view.

If you do enjoy the book, please purchase a gift copy for a friend, relative or veteran, and know that the money you spend is Supporting Homeless Veterans.

[Gail Sobotkin](#)

*Legacy Scribe*

## *Footsteps*

*By Gail Sobotkin*

My training as a nurse was scientific, but one of the things I learned during my long career, was that inexplicable events sometimes occurred to those I cared for, and those events were best explained by love, not science. The story I'm about to tell is true, except I've changed the names of my patient and his wife, for confidentiality reasons.

When I met John, he was an 88-year-old widower pining for his wife, Alice, who had died a few years earlier. Sadly, John now lived alone in their big Victorian house and it was in disrepair. The front porch was starting to rot, the shutters were faded, the paint was peeling, and the upper level of the house was closed off because John was no longer able to climb stairs.

I tried to talk him into accepting a home health-aide but he was proud, independent, and wouldn't hear of it. Fortunately, he did accept some help from kindly neighbors who mowed his lawn, shopped for him, and took his garbage cans in and out.

I saw John three times a week to care for ulcers on his legs. While I dressed his wounds, he would reminisce about Alice. Often, he'd repeat the same stories about the places they'd gone dancing or the vacations they took together, but I never tired of hearing them because he took such great pleasure in the telling.

One day, however, my ears perked up when he leaned over and whispered, "I think Alice was here last night."

My mind, trained to think scientifically, raced through several possible medical reasons why he might believe Alice had visited him—the onset of Alzheimer's, a chemical imbalance, a partial seizure—but aside from making such an odd statement, John seemed perfectly lucid and okay.

Keeping a neutral expression on my face I encouraged him to tell me more by asking, "Oh? What makes you say that?"

"I heard footsteps coming from upstairs. I was so sure it was Alice walking up there that I called out her name, but got no answer. It was horrible, knowing she was there but not being able to reach or talk to her."

"Do you think she's still up there?"

"No. I think she's gone." He looked forlorn, like he wished with all his heart that she was still up there and that he could go up to see her.

I made him promise to tell me if he heard the footsteps again, then I left, feeling unsettled by what he'd told me. I decided that if he was still talking about hearing things when I made my next visit, I'd call his doctor.

But I never saw John again. Instead, I received a phone call from his neighbor telling me that she'd found him dead in his recliner when she went to take out his garbage. She'd notified the police and they called the coroner to take his body away.

Her next words were the reason she'd asked to speak to me directly. "I wanted you to know that I'm sure he didn't suffer. He looked so peaceful when I found him and there was a beautiful smile on his face...as though...his last thoughts were blissfully happy."

I was stunned, not only because John's death was so sudden, but because of what he'd told me about Alice being in the house the night before. Could his sweet, beloved wife have visited him again, this time coming all the way down the stairs so that a vision of her was the last thing he saw before passing to the other side?

I have no scientific proof that happened, but the smile on his face still haunts me in the best of ways, and strengthens my belief that true love is eternal and knows no bounds.



*Gail Sobotkin spent 36 years in the nursing profession, retiring in 2010. With the pen name of Happyboomernurse, Gail's exemplary writing and exquisite photography continues to educate, motivate and inspire audiences far and wide. In Gail's experience: "personal stories inspire others in ways you may not expect or they're read by someone at just the right time to bring much needed hope when they're in the depths of pain and grief." Gail and her husband live in Delaware and enjoy spending time in Hilton Head, SC. More of Gail's writing can be found via [Happyboomernurse](#) on Hubpages*

## *Dreams: My Gateway to Reality*

*By Martie Coetser*

For as far back as I can remember, my dreams have sometimes served as previsions. Not clear enough to predict a specific happening, but clear enough to warn me that something exceptionally bad, or even surprisingly good, is going to happen. Only after the event am I able to identify a resemblance between dream and reality.

I have changed one of my most significant dreams into a short story. This is only an extract of the story – a dramatic account of my dream:

***"The heart-wrenching groans of a man suffering pain forced Carin on her feet. Her heart was pounding in her chest, like a wild animal captured in a cage too small for its size. As if in a daze she walked down the hallway. In the doorway of the living room she shrunk with shock. It was her father who lay stretched out on the couch, his face twisted with pain. A presbyter, Mr. Williams who lived across the street, dressed in an old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, was pouring boiling water on her father's chest, rubbing it in with his bare hands.***

***"What are you doing to my father?" Carin screamed, but the presbyter ignored her. She knew he was Death in person, trying to kill her father. Instinctively she looked for a weapon she could use to scare him away. Her eyes fell on the black marble paperweight on the coffee table. It was a piece of art, the emblem of her father's family. It was heavy. She had no doubts; she could and would kill Mr. Williams with one blow in order to save her father's life.***

***"Don't come closer, Carin!" her father groaned when he saw her move.***

***"But Dad, he is hurting you! Look at your chest – all red and inflamed," she cried.***

***"Stay away!" her father gasped, "On my way to heaven I have to travel through hell. This is a ritual that will keep the flames from burning me."***

***"No-o!" Carin screamed before she brought the paperweight down on Mr. Williams' head.***

This was my dream.

At half-past seven the next morning I received the news that my father had been admitted to the hospital, diagnosed with **coronary thrombosis**.

Later, when he was able to talk about his experience, my father told us that he woke up in the middle of the night with a burning pain in his chest. He thought he was suffering inflammation of the heart muscle, as this was a previous diagnosis of a doctor at a time when intensive, pre-diagnostic tests were not the order of the day. While lying on the couch in their living room, suffering an intense burning pain, he massaged his chest with an electric massager. When the black marble paperweight on the coffee table, adorned with his family's emblem, fell on the floor, apparently knocked down by the cat, he decided that it was a sign for him to wake my mother to take him to the hospital.

My father survived, although his heart was badly damaged by a blood clot caused by cholesterol. He had to change his lifestyle and diet.

Ten years later, the night before he died, I dreamt my mother, sisters and I were running away from an armed presbyter dressed in an old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat. He shot me in the foot and I was no longer able to run. Terrified with fear I looked at his face and knew he was the persona of Death. I woke up the next morning, anxious, for gunshots in my dreams always predicted the reception of bad news.

At midday I was in a boutique, buying a new dress, thinking that it was somber enough to wear to a funeral. I had no idea that I would indeed wear it four days later to my father's funeral. For some reason I didn't connect my dream with my father's death, yet it makes perfect sense. My mother, sisters and I were running away from Death. My father's death had the power to leave me an emotional cripple for a long time.

Until today I am not sure whether these kind of dreams are telepathy, out-of-body experiences or God's way of preparing me for a shock. However, I do know that some of my dreams are a gateway to my reality.



*Martie Coetser hails from Klerksdorp, South Africa. By day she works as a bookkeeper, but after hours she is devoted to working passionately as a wordsmith. Her creative expression is shown in her accomplishments as a freelance writer, with 83 short stories published in magazines, award winning plays and puppet shows in her repertoire. Martie has also developed a correspondence course for short story writers, having recently translated it from Afrikaans to English due to increased demand.*

*Martie loves her children and grandchildren, regarding them as the most important people in her life. To read more of her fascinating writing, check out her website called [Martie's Foyer](#) . and Hubpages [Martie Coetser](#)*

## *Three by Pamela Oglesby*

### *The Basement Door*

In autumn of 1924, Robert and Olive Sprague were delighted when they found a nice Victorian style house to rent. They'd been feeling cramped in the small apartment they'd been living in, and were happy to find a larger home that gave them plenty of room.

Their daughter, Roberta was my mother, and in 1924, she was almost a year old. The family lived in the small northeastern town of Andover, Ohio.

Their new landlord informed Robert that the last tenants only rented the house for four months because of a need to move out of state due to a job transfer. The landlord also told Robert there shouldn't be any problems as the house was in good shape, and he had recently replaced the basement door. The men shook hands, and Robert happily took the house key.

The movers were ready to unload the truck when Robert arrived at their new home. The attractive two-story home had a basement and a porch across the front. By late afternoon the movers were gone, and the house was beginning to get organized.

This story is one that was passed along to Roberta by her parents when she was a little older.

The following morning when Robert got up he noticed the basement door was open. He knew he had closed it the night before, so he closed it again.

Later that same night Olive was shaking Robert's shoulder saying, "*Robert, wake up!*"

"What's wrong?"

*"I hear a lady crying, and she's been crying for a long time."*

"Olive, you must be dreaming. I don't hear anything."

They both lay quietly, listening for several minutes.

Finally, a worried Olive implored her husband to investigate anyway.

"Robert, *please* go look. I've been awake for a while now, and the crying has been almost non-stop."

"Alright, it's probably nothing, but I'll go have a look."

Robert got up and put his robe on, then went downstairs. There he grabbed a flashlight and headed for the front door. He peeked out the window first, and not seeing anything, opened the

door and stepped out onto the porch. There was no one on the porch or on the lawn. He went back inside the house, closed and locked the front door.

As he headed back toward the stairs he noticed the basement door was open. He remembered closing it, but closed it again and locked it.

The next morning Olive was making breakfast when Robert came down in his pinstriped suit, ready for work. She had found the basement door open again when she arrived downstairs, and had closed it, but decided to wait and tell Robert about it later that evening when he got back from work.

After Robert left, Olive heard Roberta. She'd been a little sleepy-head that morning and Olive had let her sleep in. As she headed for the stairs to get her daughter, she glanced at the basement door, assuring herself it was still closed.

That night before bed Olive asked Robert to lock the basement door, and told him she'd found it open that morning. He was puzzled, but locked it and checked that it was secure before he turned in.

That night Olive awoke again, hearing a lady crying.

She decided to investigate on her own this time, so she quietly slipped out of bed and put her robe on. She went down stairs and immediately noticed the basement door was open. The crying was coming from the *basement*.

She ran back up the stairs and yelled, "Robert, the basement door is open again!"

Robert jumped out of bed, saying to Olive, "Wait here!" Even *he* could hear the crying this time.

He picked up a baseball bat from the closet and quietly slipped down the stairs. As he neared the basement door, suddenly it slammed shut, on its own!

Surprise glued him to the floor for a few moments, but he regained his momentum quickly and hurried to lock the door. After he locked it, he grabbed a kitchen chair and placed it firmly up underneath the door handle.

He was visibly upset as he climbed the stairs to face Olive.

"I don't understand what's going on in this house! I have never lived in a house that was haunted, but I think that is just what we have here! I wondered why the landlord replaced that door," he said.

"I'm scared too, even though nothing has really hurt us," Olive replied. "Why doesn't the door stay locked? We haven't seen anyone, yet we keep hearing that awful, sad crying."

"Let's go back to bed for now," Robert suggested. "We may need to think about moving, and I'm calling the landlord tomorrow."

The next day Robert called the landlord and updated him about the latest happenings in the house. He asked the landlord if this had happened in the past. The landlord said the prior tenants complained about the door not staying closed, which was why he decided to replace it. But he never admitted to receiving complaints from other tenants about hearing a woman crying, or the door being open after it'd been shut and locked.

Robert arrived home from work and told Olive what he'd learned from the landlord.

"I have some information to tell you, too," she said. "I went and introduced myself to the widow next door. She has lived in that house for 35 years. I told her the whole story of what's been happening since we moved in here."

"What did she say?"

"She said there was a woman who lived in this house for several years after her husband left her for another woman. The widow noticed she'd not seen her for quite a while, so one day she came over to check on her, but no one answered the door.

She was worried and decided to notify the police because to her knowledge, the woman who lived here didn't have any local family.

The police came out, got into the house and found the woman. She was dead in her bed of what seemed to be natural causes. She was only fifty-one-years old.

The widow believes the poor woman died of a broken heart. But, she wasn't aware of any strange happenings going on in the house since then."

Robert said, "It's possible the lady who died here is the one who cries at night, but that's an awful thought. And, I still don't know how, or why, the basement door keeps getting unlocked."

Olive replied, "I know that I don't like hearing the crying or the fact that the basement door won't stay closed, even when it's locked. I really like this house, but I think it's time for us to move, even though we've not been here very long."

Robert said, "I have no idea how to handle living in a haunted house. It's sad about the woman but I don't like the things that are happening either. Let's start looking for a new place to live this weekend. I'll let the landlord know tomorrow."

That night the woman's crying was easily heard by both Robert and Olive, and it seemed to last all night long. The next morning, once again, the couple discovered the basement door open, even though they were certain they'd locked it shut before going to bed.

They immediately began searching for another place to live and were happy to move into another house the following week.

## *Levitation*

Oscar Sprague was my great-grandfather. He lived in the town of Andover, in Ashtabula County, Ohio, and was a Yankee soldier during the American Civil War. During the war he was wounded in the leg, and walked with a limp for the rest of his life, but that didn't keep him from his work. His trade was building and carpentry and he continued to work at his craft after the war and built several gorgeous houses throughout the town.

During the early 1900s he was known to be able to levitate things. These levitations were often witnessed by many others. One of them was done at his home and involved his three-year-old niece, Geraldine Holt.

Geraldine sat on a table in the living room, and Oscar levitated it across the entire room while other family members watched. Enough people witnessed this event that it was talked about throughout the small town.

Oscar was convinced that numbers increased his levitation abilities and thought if he had a group of believers, who would hold hands around the outside of his house with him, that it would be possible to levitate the whole house. As far as I know, levitating the house was never actually attempted but he did levitate many other items that were witnessed by many people during those years.

None of his descendants have shown or expressed the ability to perform levitation so it seems the trait was not passed down.

**Built by Oscar Sprague Great Grandfather**



## *Sentinel*

In August 1983 my family's lives went through dramatic changes in regards to our spiritual beliefs. At that time I was working as a Registered Nurse and had 3 sons, ages 8, 14 and 17. I was also married to their father who had been a binge drinker for many years.

At that point, it had been a few years that he'd been using cocaine, and a new level of violence had come with it. During the earlier years of our marriage, he had at times been verbally, emotionally and sometimes mildly physically abusive, but as time passed and the cocaine use started, he became abusive in every way.

My husband controlled me by threats, such as burning my parents' house down if I left and then murdering me. In my desperate search for answers, I had started reading my Bible.

One afternoon I was alone and watching a preacher on TV who was sitting in a coffee shop. As I listened to his message and felt the tug on my spirit, I knew the time was right. I got on my knees and asked the Lord to come into my heart, repeating what the man said.

As I prayed, I actually felt weight physically lifted off my shoulders. It didn't mean the problems were over, but I finally had just a little bit of hope that maybe my life would change.

Some remarkable things happened in the next couple of weeks. My husband would often come home drunk between 2 and 3 in the morning. He would usually walk into the bedroom and flip on the overhead light. He'd start yelling and screaming obscenities at me then whip the covers off my body and drag me out of bed, often by my feet. Sometimes he was more violent than other times.

One night not long after my experience with God, I went to bed alone and exhausted as usual. I didn't wake up until morning. To my surprise, when I woke up, my husband was in the bed next to me. We woke up at the same time and he was happy and excited to relay the following story to me.

He said he'd come to bed without turning on the light, but planned to wake me up. He couldn't though because there was a huge angel standing in the corner of the bedroom watching him.

He said the angel wasn't like a white, flying angel with wings, but a very large male figure who appeared more like a strong and protective guard. The angel would not let him talk to me or touch me the entire night. My husband said he would drift off, then wake up and the angel was still there until I awoke.

My husband was animated in a way I had never seen before, and I know he believed this story to be true, and I actually felt rested for the first time in days! It so affected him that he backed off the abuse for a period of time, but unfortunately there was no permanent change in him.

A couple of weeks later after more abuse, I got a restraining order and filed for a divorce. I had money problems, suffering sons, and I was overwhelmed much of the time. I was driving to work praying another prayer of desperation when I heard a voice so clear that it shook me to my soul. There was no person, light or vision, just these profound words.

The Lord said to me, "Oh, child of God, Never doubt me, for I have always been with you."

I had to pull the car over to the side of the road because I was sobbing. I knew God had spoken to me. I had never had anything like this happen to me before or since. And, I knew with a certainty in my soul that I truly was not alone!

Things started to fall into place for me to get myself and my children into a safe environment. Another remarkable event happened as well. I had two identical prophetic dreams about two days apart.

One man had really tried to help my husband get sober and get him some help. His name was Sam. Sam and his wife, Nancy, were a tremendous support from a spiritual perspective.

The dreams were about four whales.

The whales were too close to the edge of the water and the tide was going out, so they had to swim away or die. This dream was so vivid, but I didn't understand it at all. The second time I had the dream it was very vivid again, and I realized that one whale would not swim away. The other three headed out alone. I believe the other three whales were Sam, Nancy and me.

My husband could not, or would not, change. I was able to move on with my life, as were my sons. We sought ALAnon and ALAteen for the younger ones, plus counseling. Our spiritual lives have been our salvation and healing. We have all had a good life despite the horror, which we all endured and today we know joy.



*Pamela Oglesby is a freelance writer with a strong background in healthcare. Having been a registered nurse for twenty-two years, Pamela shares that, "good health will probably always be a part of my writing. I like to teach others about healthy living and new medical advances." Pamela has long had an avid interest in genealogy and plans to travel to England in an ongoing ancestral search. Pamela has raised three sons and lives with her*

*husband in northern Florida. To read more of Pamela's writing, check out [Pamela99](#) on Hubpages.*

# *Night Walker*

## *By Genna East*

It was the autumn of my 13th year, and the day was full of excitement. My family had just moved to a new home atop the eastern ridge of the Kittatinny Mountains that overlooked the Musconetcong Valley in Northwest New Jersey.

Although my parents had retired earlier than usual due to exhaustion from the move, I was filled with anticipation that kept me awake for hours. Our new house was a large, modern L-shaped ranch. My bedroom was located at the end of a long hallway that extended the length of six rooms.

I was gazing at the full moon through my window when I heard a strange noise. At first, I thought it was my imagination because it sounded like someone was walking down the hall toward the kitchen. The steps also had an odd echo, as if one leg was false. With each alternate step, a wooden stump seemed hit the hardwood floor with a pronounced thud. Step - thump, step - thump, step - thump... The movements weren't hurried; they were slow and almost rhythmic, yet firm and determined.

Feeling restless and naively curious, I decided to investigate. I slipped out of bed, opened my bedroom door and stepped into the hall. I looked to the left where the glow from the kitchen nightlights partially illuminated the end of the hallway. For a brief second, I thought my father might be moving something in the kitchen.

*"Dad?"*

The moment I called out his name, I could hear something turn to face me at the end of the hall. Every fiber of my body shocked still. No one...nothing was there. Seconds later, the steps resumed; this time, they were headed in my direction.

Step - thump, step - thump, step - thump... Some unseen and unknown thing was walking straight at me, and for me.

I quickly closed and locked my bedroom door, jumped into bed and buried myself under the bulky covers. I was terrified and held my breath as the steps approached my hiding place. The presence abruptly stopped outside my room. I could hear the sound of the wooden leg scrape, heavily, against the floor as the thing turned to face my doorway. The foot of my bed was about six feet from the closed door, but I could hear the night walker breathing. It was waiting, listening ... for something.

Time seemed to suspend itself in a dark void of panic as I listened to my instincts. Don't move and don't make a sound. I dared not call out for fear this was a test I could somehow fail.

Heavy scuffling sounds on the floor signaled that the thing had turned, once again, to continue its walk. A hollow sigh seemed to echo into the night just before the steps resumed. The sounds became fainter until they eventually disappeared at the far end of the hallway.

I don't know how much longer I lay awake before dawn finally arrived and the house began to stir. When I told my folks of the night's events, they immediately became alarmed and thoroughly checked the house.

The den was located at the end of the hallway, adjacent to the kitchen, where the sounds of the walker had vanished. One of the windows was slightly ajar, but equipped with the side locks that prevented it from opening more than a few inches. The window screen was locked from the inside and undisturbed. The dried leaves on the couch near the window and the odd scuff marks on the floor near my bedroom were officially attributed to the movers and the confusion of the day.

My parents assured me, repeatedly, that I had experienced a nightmare due to the stress of the move. I had nothing to fear. Nevertheless, I noticed my father double-checked all doors and locks whenever we retired for the evening. (I dream, regularly, and have had rare nightmares on occasion. This was not one of those occasions.)

Six months passed, and the night walker never returned. One of our wealthier neighbors who lived further down the mountain owned a massive home dating back to the 18th century. (He had originally built the house my parents purchased for his daughter as a wedding present. When the marriage failed, it was sold as part of the divorce settlement.) This neighbor was a frequent winter traveler. When he returned home the following spring, he invited us to a dinner party. His house had undergone extensive renovations over the years, and our host was eager to provide us with a group tour.

The basement was huge, and had a secret doorway that opened to a small prison of sorts where a few stunted chambers looked as though they were partially carved out of the concrete walls. They were used as temporary holding cells for prisoners during the Revolutionary War. I was filled with a sudden and profound revulsion for those cold, dark corners that emanated misery and despair. I felt the same fear I had experienced on that fateful night several months earlier. I politely declined to participate in the tour any further, and hurried upstairs to rejoin the other guests. I never went back to that house, nor became curious about its history. Some doors are best left closed.

I know little of parapsychology, paranormal phenomena, or the protocol and etiquette to follow when encountering things that "go bump in the night." All the same, I am certain of one unequivocal code as a result of that dreadful evening in the autumn of my 13th year: Unless you know an otherworldly presence is friendly, never engage it. *Ever.*



*Genna East is a human resources business consultant from Boston, Massachusetts. She writes short stories, poetry and articles, and is currently*

*working on her first book. "I'm an omnivorous reader and an eclectic writer," she says. "I fell in love with words by the time I was seven." Genna loves the ocean and is an outdoor enthusiast; nature plays a role in much of her creative writing. As an author on Hubpages, over 450 fans follow her work that displays her many talents as a writer. Check out her work [Genna East](#) on Hubpages.*

# *Knock at the Door*

## *By Michael Friedman*

*This story is written in the third person. I am the bookseller - every word is true.*

Days here have a certain pace to them. In the morning hours garage doors automatically open, cars drive away, sometimes lazily and sometimes in great haste carrying their adopted driver here or there. In many instances it is both here and there. Children carry their backpacks toward the High School. Earpieces with cords cutting them off from the world disappear into pockets that carry their placebo of music directly into their minds.

The elementary and middle schools are blocks in the other direction. The streets and avenues to them bypass this house. It is an old neighborhood, most children have grown and gone.

Once the hustle and bustle of the morning passes, the working people come into the neighborhood. Lawns are mowed, meters are read, and there is an occasional roar of a truck sometimes brown, sometimes not.

By ten a.m. quiet prevails. Seldom does a vehicle pass, unless it is from the city looking for a ticket to give or a code enforcement infraction to site.

By three the mail has been delivered and the sequence reverses itself. The gloomy eyed teens shuffle back to their lairs, headphones blasting their escape plans deep inside them. The cars return and duck into their garages delivering their passengers unseen, safely home. Dinners are made and served, televisions are watched. There is an occasional watering of a lawn, a form of decompression therapy.

At dusk a bike may go by, a phone may be heard ringing a few houses down. From time to time, on the next block over, Elvis is invited to cast a loud spell on monotony.

By eight the diligent and unlucky drive to their homes. The neighborhood is again complete. A few hours pass, the crickets begin their concert accompanied by the hum of the street lights. At midnight the neighborhood is asleep.

Years ago a man sat on his living room floor leaning on a coffee table reading an AB Bookman's Weekly magazine. It was a tool for booksellers, containing dealer list of books wanted and books for sale, primarily for use by prominent booksellers from around the English speaking world to find books for their clients and sell books to each other and collectors.

The witching hour had come and gone and his eyes were blurry from reading list after list looking for titles that matched his mental inventory. The lists were marked-up with asterisk' and question marks.

In those few moments between awake and sleep the lightest of tapping came to his ears. Not intrusive, just enough to move the eyelids back up, then again knock, knock, knock.

There was a lamp on behind him, he rose rubbing his eyes. He reached the door not really awake and opened it.

She stood there looking him directly in the eye, "Can I stay here?"

Her blond hair hung at her shoulders, she wore a tee shirt that hung to her ankles. She was about four years old. He looked past her into the night. The halo of the street lamp cast light about in the loneliness of the night.

"Come in," he said in a whisper. The evening air carried a chill. He stepped back and she stepped inside.

"Can I stay here?" she asked again.

"Honey, where is your house? Can you show me where you live?" he asked. She sat on the sofa.

Her small cherub face that had shown little emotion flashed sadness. Her shoulders sagged just a little.

In a voice normally reserved for his daughters he said, "It will be Ok. Do you know which house is yours?"

Her eyes glistened; she shook her head, yes.

"Show me," he said and took her hand. They walked out the front door. The crickets became quiet, pondering the disturbance. The glow of the street lamp cascaded down, a stage setting for a lone moth's dance.

She led him down the street. When they reached the corner she pointed to a house. "There," where a man was standing in a doorway.

The porch light showed the man in his late twenties wearing light colored trousers and a tee shirt. His arms were crossed.

She released his hand and marched up the walk, passed the man in the doorway. She stopped for a brief moment, turned and looked at the man at the end of the walk, turned again and disappeared into darkness.

The young man did not speak to the little girl, did not hug the little girl, and did not acknowledge the little girl. With crossed arms he stared at the man at the end of the walk.

Neither spoke. 'Odd,' the Bookman thought. They both turned and headed back towards their front doors.

The Bookman's wife woke him in the morning. Books were scattered about him, his legs asleep, neck sore, back stiff and a flat red spot on his forehead where it had rested on the coffee table.

"Who lives in the house two houses down and directly across the street?" he pointed.

"The white house with the big tree?" she responded, "That house has been empty for close to a year."

On the sofa lay a pink barrette.



*Michael Friedman* is a U.S. Army veteran. He's an artist/illustrator, author of multiple books and owner of Mockingbird Books, books, illustration and publishing services. He and his wife reside in California.

*Behind the scenes, our much-appreciated Captain Mike is the key organizer in content editing, design and production of the book projects produced by the [Legacy Archives Foundation](#).*

## *The Voice of God* *By Shauna Bowling*

One of my favorite ways to spend a Saturday, when I lived in South Florida, was to leisurely stroll through the Thunderbird Swap Shop. By night, the Thunderbird was home to 14 outdoor theater screens, providing the community with one of the largest drive-in theaters around. During daylight hours, it was the chosen place to hold a massive garage sale.

To this day, private vendors abound there, selling everything from furniture to old records, jewelry, and clothing, tools – whatever they no longer need or want, to turn for a profit. There's also an indoor area where commercial vendors sell their wares. This air conditioned building is a good place to duck into when you need a break from the heat or want to grab a bite from the food court.

Die-hard flea marketers flock to the Thunderbird on the weekends. There is so much to see; you can spend an entire day traversing up and down the rows of vendors, searching for treasures.

One Saturday my former boyfriend, Ted, and I were meandering through the aisles of sales tables at the Thunderbird when one in particular snagged my attention strong enough to cause me to want to have a better look. Knowing me, it was probably a tray full of silver and turquoise. I stopped and lingered at the table, and Ted continued his stroll. I caught up with him a bit later and together we stopped at another table that had attracted his eye.

While there, Ted struck up a conversation with a man standing next to him. In a place as huge as the Thunderbird, it wasn't unusual to find yourself deep in conversation with a complete stranger. In fact, that was one of the fun things about hanging out at the flea market. But this dialog, although brief, seemed to be between acquaintances. But, even though the men seemed to know each other, the conversation started and ended so quickly, I wasn't even introduced.

I asked Ted who the guy was that he had been talking to, and Ted replied that the man was an old friend he hadn't seen in a while. I thought it quite odd that they didn't speak longer than they did. If I had run into an old friend I would have asked him or her to join us. In fact, I think it



This is where Shauna lived  
at the time of the incident.

would only have been natural to spend the rest of the afternoon as a group wandering up and down the aisles, while catching up on life.

Since Ted's friend acted quite nervous, and boogied away from us as fast as he could, that wasn't to be the case. It was a very odd encounter, to say the least.

I guess I should back up a bit. This true story took place in the late-1970s. I was young, full of life and into the bad boys. Yep, I wasn't satisfied with good guys; I had to have a sense of danger in my life. I thrived on it. I would later find out just how bad Ted was, but that became apparent sometime after the tale I'm relating to you now.



Ted and I lived in a small apartment in Deerfield Beach which is south of Boca Raton and north of Ft. Lauderdale. Somehow, and I don't quite remember how it all went down because it was so long ago, Ted was arrested on criminal charges that supposedly happened before I met him.

He was sent to the Marion Correctional Institution, about a 4-hour drive north of where we lived and where he supposedly committed the crime of which he was accused. He was there for several months before his hearing came up. During those months, he hooked up with an older black man who had turned preacher and they read the Bible together every day. The old man told Ted that he should end all prayers to God with, "if it be Your will". Ted passed this advice on to me.

The night before his hearing, I prayed when I went to bed. I ended my prayer with, "if it be Your will".

A few minutes later I heard a booming voice say, "Charges will be dropped!"

I sat bolt upright up in bed and asked, "What?"

Again I heard, "Charges will be dropped!"

Needless to say, this kind of freaked me out but was amazing all the same.

The next day Ted's mom and I drove up to Marion County for the hearing. There were no witnesses. While the judge was speaking, I remembered the encounter Ted and I had at the flea market. I asked the judge if I could speak. At first he wasn't willing to oblige because I was Ted's girlfriend and he felt I was biased. I responded that I had witnessed a strange encounter that may be of assistance. The judge allowed me to share what I'd been a party to at the flea market and how odd I thought the whole situation was at the time.

After hearing my testimony, the judge determined that Ted had been set up and dropped the charges!

I haven't heard God's voice since that night, once-upon-a-time-ago, in the early-1980s, but to this day I end all my personal prayers with, "if it be *Your* will."



*Shauna L. Bowling* is a freelance writer, based in Central Florida. She began her career as a TV copywriter and assistant producer for the South Florida market in the early 1980s. Upon relocating to Central Florida in 1987 she enjoyed a long-time career in construction accounting while she gave birth to, and raised her son.

She has reclaimed her passion for writing and established her business, *The Write Solution*, in order to offer her services to those in need of freelance writers. In addition, Shauna regularly contributes to HubPages, under the pen name, [Bravewarrior](#), where she writes from the heart.

Viewing life through rose-colored glasses, Shauna aims to enlighten, motivate and inspire her readers with a touch of humor here and there. To get better acquainted with Shauna's work, please visit her website, [Bravewarrior's Feathered Pen](#)

By J

My Grandpa Beto was a man with a lot of vigor, musical talent and a deep love for his family and friends. When he passed from this life to the next, his last rites were read to him in his home, surrounded by his family. My uncles played his guitar and we all sang to him.

Until his last breath he was surrounded by love and music ... his passions.

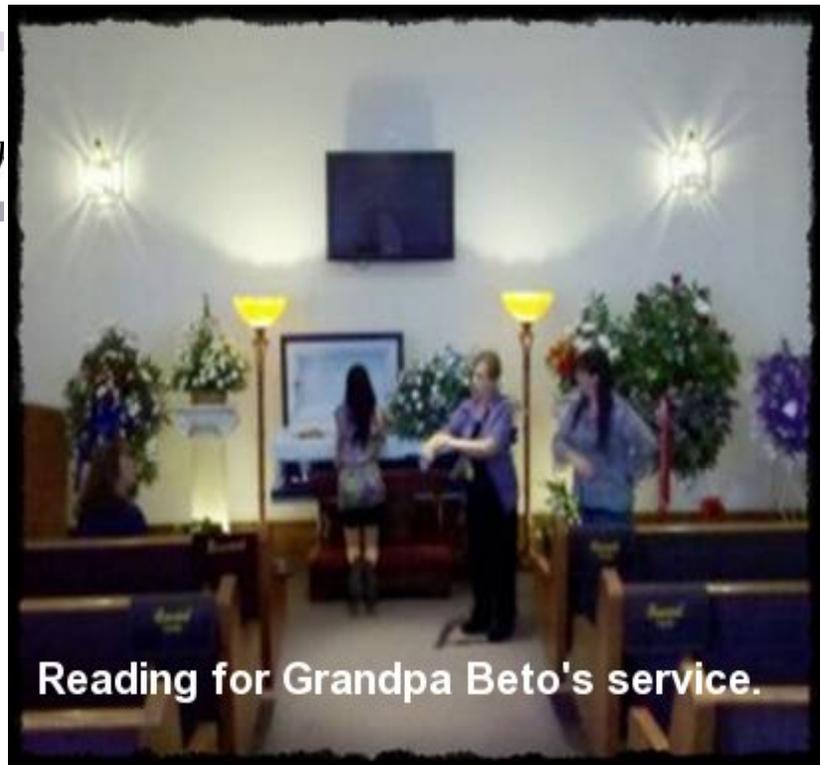
Later, Grandpa's funeral arrangements were finalized and my family was so happy that many other family members and friends, both from nearby and far away, would be arriving to celebrate his life with us.

The Texas funeral home our family had commissioned for Grandpa's service had two chapels. The morning of Grandpa's visitation the funeral director assigned to our family called to ask if we minded switching to the funeral home's smaller chapel. The funeral home was hosting two visitations at the same time, and the other one was for a teacher. They believed the teacher would have larger amount of guests arriving and they might be cramped on space if they used the smaller of the two chapels for that family..

My aunt told the director that if it was for her she would say yes, but for her Dad she had to insist we needed the larger chapel. The funeral director was understanding and assured her everything would go as we had planned.

We arrived early to set up Grandpa's accordion and guitar, his pool stick, some pictures and his favorite domino set. The funeral director escorted us into the chapel and everything was perfect and Grandpa Beto looked very handsome.

While we viewed, the director encouraged us to look up so that we would notice a shadow above Grandpa's casket.



The lighting was causing a shadow that appeared to be Jesus' arms out-stretched for us all. The director was a bit amazed and told us there had been many services and visitations with the lights positioned exactly the same and yet he had never seen this before.

We were all very emotional and found comfort in this. As the evening progressed, the chapel became filled with family and friends. Many people that my Grandpa had played music with over the years came to visit and say their goodbyes. The chapel was so full that when the rosary began, every single pew was filled and there was hardly any standing room left.

This was a beautiful testament to the many lives my Grandpa touched.

When the rosary was over and the band played, the funeral director told us that he had stepped outside just as Grandpa's rosary was beginning. There he saw a beautiful, large rainbow arched over the funeral home and a smaller one next to it; one for each family's visitation.

They were a beautiful sign for our family. We felt the presence of our Lord and knew Grandpa Beto was having a party with angels.

Now, every time I see a rainbow I think of my Grandpa Beto and know that he looks over us with love.



*Message Received*  
*By Kristen Loree Norton*

*(To preserve privacy the name of the family featured in this story has been changed.)*

I noticed a beautiful, full moon and knew that the next morning would be hectic, so allow me to explain. Folks who work in health care and funeral service industries know what I'm referring to when I say that a full moon is known to coincide with a hectic work-load and many of us try to both mentally and physically gear-up as much as possible for it.

During this particular full moon, I was working as an apprentice mortician (funeral director and embalmer) at a large funeral home in Texas. Somehow, the cosmos always seem to play a role in some situations and tell their own tales.

When I arrived the next day for my shift, I discovered our case-load was just as I had anticipated -- very hectic with many deceased and their families to care for. Of these, one of the decedents was a Señor Aguilar, and as it turned out, he was to remain in our facility for a little longer than usual.

Earlier that morning, a funeral director had met with Señor Aguilar's family and in follow-up, relayed to me that there would be a delay in service preparations because more family was coming from Mexico to attend the services. Due to government mandates their arrival would be delayed for about two weeks.

Since Señor Aguilar was in our facility's care center, I saw him every day during the wait for his family to arrive. And, before I go further, I'd like to make you aware of something. I'm in habit of speaking to the deceased in my care. Please don't be alarmed, or even consider it unusual, because I can assure you it isn't. I'm not alone in this. Many others who work with the dead do this as well; certainly not all, but definitely many. We each have our own reasons for engaging with the deceased in this fashion. For some it's a cultural thing, for others, it's a compassion and empathy thing. The reasons behind it vary from person to person.

And so, as was my habit, I was compelled to share the information I'd received with Sr. Aguilar. I told him that he would be with us for a bit longer than usual and why. Immediately after I spoke to him, the lights in our care center flickered. I noticed it, but honestly didn't consider it to mean anything significant or unusual at the time.

The following week we had great news from his family. We'd been given an arrival date and as soon as they were in the city and situated we would be hosting Sr. Aguilar's rosary service.

Later in the care center, while I made adjustments to Sr. Aguilar's tie, I began telling him about his family's arrival and that I'd had the honor of meeting with them personally. I shared how I'd

been introduced to his son and his daughters, and about the photos of him they'd brought in for me to display, and about the wonderful stories of his life they had so kindly shared me with. I let him know his family loved him dearly and had spoken very highly of him.

There was nearly always jazz music in the playing on the portable stereo in our care center. Most all of the employees who spent a good amount of time in there, found it to be relaxing without causing sleepiness and had a wonderful calming and soothing effect that helped keep the stressors of working in such a profession at bay.

While I was speaking with Sr. Aguilar, all by itself, the radio station changed to Tejano music. Suddenly, the lights flickered and then blazed brightly. Señor Aguilar loved Tejano music and there was even a mariachi band scheduled to play at his committal service in the memorial park.

To this day, I know in my heart that Sr. Aguilar was letting me know he was listening.

I wasn't upset or frightened. I'll admit to being startled by it, but only for a moment. Shortly, I simply accepted it as Sr. Aguilar's response to my chatter. The radio stayed on the Tejano station, playing three or four more Tejano songs very clearly before it moved back, again on its own, to the jazz station we listened to regularly. This was not something that had happened before, nor did it happen again in my presence, and I worked at that same facility for several years.

Later, the family and I enjoyed a beautiful service, celebrating Sr. Aguilar's life. All of his family was present and at the committal, when the mariachis played his graveside, there was peace.



*Kristen Loree Norton has been passionate in her support of military veterans and their families for most of her life. Her parents, Sergeant First Class Lloyd Loree, U.S. Army (Retired) and Mrs. Idalia Loree, raised their children in the U.S. and abroad, depending on their duty stations.*

*Kristen is a mortician (funeral director and embalmer), and has spent several years working in the funeral service industry as well as being a passionate political activist within the [Campaign for Liberty](#). Her husband is career veteran, Senior Staff Sergeant Jeremy Norton, U.S. Army, author of the [Baghdad Chronicles](#).*

# *Life Saver*

## *By Linda Rogers*

To tell you about my story I must go back in time a bit. The year was 1994...

A good friend invited me to dinner at her new apartment. As soon as I walked in I felt like I was transported back in time. It had beautiful archways separating each room, old oak wood floors in the living room, and the kitchen cabinets were made of thick wood with distinctive iron handle latches. The place oozed with history and charm and I felt like I was meant to live there.

I told my buddy "If you ever want to move, let me know right away. I love it here."

About a year later, I moved into that same quaint apartment that felt like home. It was located in a western-suburb of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The building had a rich history that dated back many years. This particular complex was built in the 1800's and was used to house the men that built the railroad. It was a split level with four apartments on each floor.

Because there were only eight apartments in the entire building, everybody knew each other. It was a close knit community that somewhat reminded me of my days in the dorms and I made some really close friendships while living there.

The man that lived below me was a very unique character. People often referred to him as "the grown up, sixties hippie." He was in his forties and had long, greyish blonde hair. He usually wore tie-dye t-shirts and straight legged blue jeans.

He and I didn't get along well from the moment we met. I was pretty aware of why I had such a hard time with him. He reminded me of the brother I had a love/hate relationship with. My brother and the man who lived below me, (we'll call him Jerry) both struggled with drug and alcohol abuse. They also shared similar character traits: charming, master manipulators, smooth talkers, and anger problems that could easily and quickly escalate. There were rare occasions where we were able to put our personality conflicts aside and have some fun.

*Jerry's van had an odd quirk - It wouldn't go in reverse.*

Everyone in the apartment building (and surrounding neighborhood) knew about Jerry's interesting 60s-model van. It was full of personality; painted with bright colors and peace signs. It also had an odd quirk that many found strange. His van could not go in reverse and he had to park it sideways in the lot so he could drive it straight out.

*Fast forward to 2003...*

Sadly, Jerry was diagnosed with an aggressive form of lung cancer. He was in the latter stages of the disease, so going through chemotherapy and radiation wasn't a viable option. He chose to live his life to the fullest with the little time he had left.

Because Jerry was originally from Iowa, many of his closest friends weren't able to attend his funeral. I, and a friend that also resided in the apartment, decided to have a celebration for him.

We had Jerry's memorial at a local bar and restaurant that was his regular hang-out. We felt it was important for his friends to have a chance to say goodbye and get closure. We put together picture collages and displayed some of his favorite personal items, like his signature cowboy hat. It was a wonderful affair and celebration of his life.

Something strange began happening after Jerry's death...

A week after his memorial, something very strange started happening. My own van would no longer go in reverse. I had to start parking it just like Jerry had parked his-- sideways, so I could drive straight out. My friends and family thought this might be Jerry's way of saying thanks for the memorial but I felt there was more to it.

I distinctly remember a friend saying to me, "Why do you think there's more to it? It's not like you have lung cancer or something."

I told her I wasn't thinking that. I just had an uneasy feeling that Jerry was trying to tell me something.

As the weeks wore on, the feelings of dread lessened. I was working full-time at a marketing firm, often putting in overtime to pay off credit card debt. During my time off, I kept busy with an exercise routine and spending time with friends and family.

But in February of 2004, just one year after Jerry passed away from lung cancer, I too, was diagnosed with the same disease. I was never a smoker which made it even more shocking!

I think of Jerry often, and thank him for his creative way of telling me something wasn't right. I believe he gave me a sign that he knew I'd understand. Never in my wildest dreams did I think it would turn out to be lung cancer. I believe he wanted me to know I was sick so the lung cancer could be caught in time. Jerry was diagnosed at stage four which made it too late.

But, because of Jerry's warning, I got in for an x-ray at stage three. I am eight years cancer-free this coming St. Patrick's Day!

*Rest in peace my friend, and thank you for the sign.*



*Linda Rogers has a Master's Degree in Counseling Psychology and enjoys writing poetry, fiction, non-fiction, mental health articles and stories*

*about paranormal and supernatural events. She has a strong psychic connection with her identical twin and in her blog, "[Twin-Cess Diaries](#)"*

*brings readers into the fascinating world of what it's like growing up with a twin. Fans can also find her on HubPages under the pen name [Minnetonka Twin](#) Linda resides in Minnetonka, Minnesota with her twin sister, Laura and Laura's teenage children, Jacob and Ellie, along with two rescued labs, Joey and Spooky.*



I remember the strong, heart wrenching emotions as if it happened yesterday. I knew mom was sick, but this was unfathomable! Here I was, only nine-years-old, feeling as if my entire world just ended. The darkness, the fear, the questions were all too real in my young mind. Why, why, why?



Dad had called us all into the living room early one morning. I knew it couldn't be good news. My dad was not the type to just call us five kids into a room for a talk. I could feel my stomach turn and drop as I heard him speak.

"Kids, your mom passed away last night. She was too sick for the doctors to make her better. She is gone."

I remember feeling as if someone literally sucked all the life-energy out of my body. I felt weak and dizzy.

"This must be a dream... "

My bright world suddenly grew dark and full of despair.

I heard my dad say it again, "Mom is gone."

I ran, a scream of agony and anger erupting from me, flying to my room. The whole situation was so surreal I felt like I was in a movie, and the whole scene was showing in slow motion.

"Maybe this is just a terrible bad nightmare and I'll wake up!"

In a shocked reaction, I continued to cry and wail, "No! No! No!"

My four siblings had seen me run from the room and I couldn't figure out how they could just sit there after hearing such horrible news!

I flung myself across my bed. Hot tears flowed in a stream down my face in such a flood that my pillow soon felt like a wet wash cloth. How could God do this? Why me? What did I do wrong?

My room used to be my safe place, but at that moment, I imagined there wasn't a place anywhere on Earth that felt safe.

The days ahead were more of a blur than a reality. The adults in my life felt it best that we go back to school after one day, but nothing was right. I felt disconnected from everything and everyone. I put on a minor front for those who knew me as the joyous and enthusiastic Laura. But truthfully, I was on autopilot, simply going through the motions, doing what I had to do to get through one day and then the next.

One thing that served as therapy for my broken heart that week was art class. All I could think about was my mom, how I'd lost her and how intense the desire was to let her know how much I missed her, needed her and for her to know how much I loved her.

We were making clay objects that week, so I knew what I had to do. I would make mom a clay heart with the inscription, "I love you mom."

At mom's funeral that week, there was not a dry eye in the room when I placed the heart on top of my mom's heart in her casket. Sobs came from every direction. Aunts, uncles, cousins and family friends had tried ever so hard to help us through this horror. I remember being so confused and sobbing uncontrollably as the wake guests walked up one after another to view my mom. One of my aunts, a stern Catholic nun, told me and my twin sister how terrible my mom looked. I was so mad at her for saying that to me.

When the time came, I walked up to view my mom. It was something we were told we had to do, but I was dreading it terribly. I didn't want to see my mom this way and the mere thought of it frightened me terribly.

I walked slowly to her casket, hoping I could get out of the line and run, but before I knew it, I was next; it was my turn to say goodbye. I looked at her, lying there with her hands on her chest. She was in a dress I'd seen her wear many times before. The entire scene was overwhelming and soon I felt I could barely breathe.

This was the most morbid, scary thing I had ever seen.

"This is not my mom!" I thought.

She looked pale and frightening. It was like being caught in a nightmare and I felt devastated and traumatized.

Two nights later as I lay in my bed talking to God and obsessing about the death of my mom, I knew sleep was not going to come easy for me. I was terribly depressed as well as feeling anxious and afraid to fall asleep. I laid there looking up at my ceiling, praying and considering things for who knows how many hours.

At some point, I looked over and saw my twin sister was fast asleep. We were sleeping in mom's old bedroom and bed that she pretty much died in. She started the dying process in her bed, but had drawn her last breath at the hospital.

I looked out the bedroom door and down the hallway and noticed someone had turned on a light. I thought it odd since I knew the light had been off just a few minutes before. It was a



soft light and it seemed to be getting closer to the bedroom. It intrigued me and I remember thinking the hall light had never looked like that before.

In moments, the light was in the room with us.

Suddenly, hovering over the end of my bed was a translucent silhouette of my lovely mother in a long white gown. I shook my head, unable to accept what I was seeing.

"How can this be real?"

"Mom, *you're dead* -- how can you be here?"

"I'm fine, dear. It's all going to be okay," she assured me.

To me, she looked like an angel being cuddled by a misty vapor. I could see her face clearly but at the same time, she was transparent and I could see right through her, yet she looked so pretty,

like she did before she got sick.

"Mom, I need you."

"Everything is going to be okay, Laura."

She'd moved, hovering at my bedside, right next to me.

“Mom, you’re so beautiful! Are you okay?”

“Yes, dear, I’m fine. You and the other kids will be too.”

Mom smiled at me, in total love, and floated back down the hallway, leaving the same way she’d come. The light was bright as she left the room, but began to fade as she got farther away until it disappeared with her.

Later, I fell into a deep and restful sleep for the first time since mother’s death. I believe mom knew I needed to see her to believe she was safe with God. To this day, I treasure the gift she gave me.

Love never dies, *it just transforms.*



*Laura Rogers earned her Master’s degree in the Counseling & Psychological Services program at the University of St. Mary’s in Minneapolis, MN.*

*In the 1990’s, Laura worked in the mental health field as a supervisor at a non-profit, short term counseling clinic. She later moved to work at a family center as a parenting group education coordinator. But, Laura found her niche when she began teaching classes on violence and anger, eventually bringing the curriculum and teaching it within her own community. Added to all this, Laura also earned a teaching certification for grades K-12 and taught as a substitute teacher at Catholic elementary schools as well as teaching preschoolers in both typical and special needs classrooms.*

*She is a mother of two teenage children and the survivor of an abusive marriage which she ended in 2002. Subsequently, she has written curriculums for her own training programs on Family Violence and Perpetration. Since then, Laura has been passionate in her mission to educate women, strengthening their self-esteem and helping them to recognize and make use of the options available to them to escape and recover from abusive situations.*

*As well as being a writer and educator, for the past eleven years Laura has served as the Director of Volunteers at a senior living campus in Minneapolis, MN. Her motto is: *Volunteers make the world go round.**

Please visit her website, [“Stoopin’ It” In the Suburbs](#), where she writes all sorts of fascinating content from poetry, family fun and recipes, to supernatural events and what’s going on in her own community. She’s also writes for HubPages under the pen name of [Healing Touch](#).

One last cool something about Laura is that she lives in a home designed like a tree house, giving her the ability to see the tops of the trees from the top floor of her home. She lives there with her two children and her twin sister, Linda Rogers, who is also a Legacy Scribe.

## *Mystery Guest*

### *By Angelia Phillips via Bobby D. Roll*

Back in the mid-1980s, Bobby D. Roll was a student at the Dallas Institute of Funeral Services in Dallas, Texas. That's where we met. We were in class together, studied together and hung out together. Thankfully we made it through the program and were in the same graduating class in the Spring of 1987. We've remained close friends ever since.

During our early years in funeral service, we were living and working in different states. I was in Fort Worth, Texas and Bobby had returned to his home state of Missouri.

Whenever one of us had enough time off to travel, we would make the 12-hour-drive to visit the other. I remember making trips back to Texas from visits to Missouri and arriving back in Fort Worth with barely enough time to shower and dress before reporting for a nine-hour work shift. I can't complain. The visits were always awesome. I'd grown up in the Midwest, but until I became friends with Bobby and his family, my only time in Missouri had been spent in St. Louis. He and his family introduced me to some of Missouri's most beautiful landscapes and small town atmospheres.

In those days, Bobby might be working at one funeral home one year and another the next, in a different town or city. One visit in particular always stood out in my mind as my favorite of all the funeral homes I'd toured with Bobby. It was my favorite for several reasons.

It was located in a small town, which for me is always a big plus. Growing up in the country has given me a big affinity for small towns. If I have to be in town, I prefer a village to a city any day. This funeral home was located in the small town of California, Missouri. Added to that, since I'm an avid lover of history, there was another wonderful aspect about this place that made it unique. Many beautiful homes and buildings that serve as funeral homes were built to perform another function. Many are private residences that were converted. Others were buildings housing various businesses before they became a funeral service facility.

Not the one in California. This one was very special in that it was the very first building built with the intention of functioning as a funeral home west of the Mississippi River.

Something else to love about the place was its design. Its architecture reflected the beautiful pride in craftsmanship that was common during the era it was built. Included in that was a device I had never seen before -- a hemp-rope operated elevator that serviced the building's three floors. I was fascinated with the ease it could be raised and lowered. Just a slight pull on

the big hemp rope that wound through an overhead pulley was all it took to raise and lower it, even when it was loaded down with a heavy casket.

The top floor housed a casket selection room on one end and on the other the private quarters for the on-site mortician. The apartment area had a spacious living room and a moderate sized bedroom and bathroom. The kitchen was tiny but tastefully decorated and if one stood at the kitchen sink, they were treated to a lofty view of the beautiful Ozark Mountains in the background.

Unlike Bobby, I had never spent a night alone in a funeral home. The idea of it was one of the aspects of funeral service that didn't appeal to me. I admit to the thought of it spooking me more than a little. But Bobby was accustomed to it and it never bothered him. My first morning there while we were having coffee in the little kitchen, I asked him if he'd had any odd disturbances or encounters since he'd arrived. Surprisingly, he said he did, and told me about it.

He woke up and was surprised to see a small, young girl wearing a white dress, at the foot of his bed. He thought he might be imagining things so he closed and rubbed his eyes firmly, but when he opened them again, she was still there. Once more he shut and rubbed his eyes, only to open them and still see the little girl.

She was non-threatening and other than having a difficult time believing he was actually seeing her, she had a very peaceful feeling about her. Something about her that caught his attention was that she appeared to be floating above the floor, yet he couldn't see her feet or shoes.

She didn't speak. When he was finally convinced that he was really seeing her, he reached out to touch her. Before his hand reached her, she vanished.

More than twenty years passed when Bobby returned to the same funeral home to manage and operate it as the new owner. It is now known as Roll Funeral Home of California, Missouri.

The small town is dear to him for reasons other than his business affiliation with it. Bobby was raised in Sedalia, Missouri, but his mother, Katherine Heinen Roll, was from California. Bobby had made many a trip between the two cities to visit his grandparents and other relatives in the area since he was a little boy and into adulthood.

He's been there well over a year now, and says the little girl has not reappeared. He has never figured out who she was or even her purpose in appearing to him, but he has never forgotten her.



*Bobby D. Roll is a man who has enjoyed a colorful and expansive career. He began as a paramedic, who became a respiratory therapist, who became an eye recovery technician, who became a soldier (spending eight years in the U.S. Army National Guard), who became a mortician (funeral director and embalmer), who became a physician's assistant.*

*He has a love for many aspects of every field he's worked in. Bobby's intentions were to complete medical school, and he hoped a separate career in the funeral service industry would help him pay for it. He lost his mother to cancer at a young age, and sadly became sick himself, and fought for his life to defeat cancer as well.*

*Thankfully, he won the battle and is a survivor, living cancer free for several years now. He currently owns and operates Roll Funeral Home in California, Missouri and is a licensed mortician in Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas.*

# *Wolf*

## *By Dane Turnbull*

It must have been magnificent -- a wild, serpentine river teeming with fish. Chestnut trees up to 20 feet in diameter, with canopy spreads of over 150 feet. Large animals such as woodland buffalo, elk, and their predators -- the timber wolves, panthers, even the occasional far-ranging jaguar, were extant in the region. The sky and water were covered by uncountable numbers of passenger pigeons and river fowl.

Thus were the forks of the Yadkin River in the central Piedmont of North Carolina around the year 1750. A hardy Daniel Boone must have found the spot on his first long hunt the year before, which must have been why an adolescent Daniel led his parents and kinfolk to this area when coming down the Great Wagon Road after a short residence in Virginia.

The forks were one of the last places in the Yadkin valley to be settled because of its rather hilly and rocky soil. Settlement by pioneer families had only begun two or three years earlier in the valley and the cabins must have been, in some places, many miles apart. It was in all respects a true frontier wilderness.

Life was hard then for what might seem a paradise today. The men-folk built cabins and fences, cleared ground and used mules and oxen to pull up stumps for crop cultivation; they hunted, and more often than not died young from their many labors. The women were toiling just as hard; raising children, tending to household and livestock chores -- anything that was required of them in fact.

Some things in human nature never change. The younger women smoothed their hair with bear's grease, pulled their shifts tight to display shapely figures, and exposed their buxom charms -- no doubt for ease and to catch the eye of any marriageable man. The men themselves often congregated in clearings for shooting competitions, and perhaps sipped what must have been unbelievably good "stonewall" whiskey or fruit brandies.

Boone's cave at 110 acres is the smallest state park in North Carolina. Dedicated in 1909, it still retains some of the feel of that frontier forest. It even has a 160 foot tall Eastern Cottonwood tree, the tallest in the state. The cave I saw is located up the slope a short distance from the river. The space inside is rather small, perhaps the size of a little bedroom, with a cone-shaped tunnel (large at the front, narrowing at the end), eight or nine feet long, off to the left.

According to stories passed down over the years, the Boone family briefly lived in one of the caves while they constructed their cabin. A legend has it that Daniel hid in the river cave from a Cherokee hunting party once -- one brave being so determined to claim his scalp, that he tried

to wait Boone out as young Dan'l was escaping through a small passage to the other side of the hill.

Many fine biographies have been written over the years on Boone but none have been able to state with absolute certainty this was the original homestead of the Boones -- the exception being a deed taken out in 1753 for 640 acres at the forks of the Yadkin by Daniel's father, Squire. But anyone visiting the park, as I did one day in 1990, should know by ambient and intuitive feel, that this was indeed the place.

Having recently moved to a small town nearby, with a weekday off from work, I decided to check the place out after seeing it on a Rally road map. After pulling into the small paved parking lot that late spring or early summer mid-afternoon, it quickly became apparent I was going to have this exciting new discovery to myself, at least for a while that is, and that was definitely okay for exploring around a bit.

The path to the reconstructed cabin -- built around an original pioneer hearthstone, was off to the left a ways, down a path through some woods. It was a bit of a disappointment with the crushed beer cans liberally strewn about and the almost obligatory graffiti, which was scrawled all over the inside walls of the empty dwelling. However, Boone's Cave has fortunately been upgraded and acquired a park ranger since then.

Leaving the cabin, I crossed to the parking lot's other side, taking the path down to the upper cave. On reaching it I had to stoop, for its opening was no more than three feet in height, top to bottom. Looking straight ahead to the back of it -- maybe five feet or so -- there appeared a slightly elevated granite slab about the same length and around three feet wide. It intrigued me that the great frontiersman himself may have once sat or slept upon it.

Peering to the left, down the tunnel -- there suddenly appeared before my eyes, a sight to make me turn and shake my head, -- a second glance -- and there, still before my eyes, not five or six feet away was the perfectly formed apparition of a Wolf! It was staring at me benignly, with what I can only call an intelligence behind its dull red but piercing eyes; indeed, its entire form seemed constructed of some kind of plasma or electrical-like energy, which the sight of sent a shock wave through my mind that a lightning strike behind could scarce have equaled.

At the instant of perceiving what the eyes beheld was real, my entire body exploded in a brain stem adrenal rush, causing a full blown flight or fight response, the likes of which I'd never before or have since experienced. Flight won by a very long mile that day my friend; in fact, it was an Olympic-winning dash back to the car. On reflection, I've sometimes pondered if the entity somehow absorbed some of that panicked emotional energy. Maybe it did, maybe it didn't.

It would be a long time before I could bring myself to return there with a peace offering of fresh venison, which was tossed into the tunnel. On starting down the path to the small cave, I noticed that bulldozers were knocking down trees and clearing land across the river, and intuitively felt that whatever the Wolf had been, it was no longer there -- at least not that day, and it wasn't.



*Dane Turnbull* of [The Carolinian's Archives](#), wrote under the pen name of *Alastar Packer* in [Mysterious & Miraculous Book I](#).

*He's an avid reader, averaging over 10 novels a week. Often referred to as the History Master, by his fellow scribes, Dane is also an independent photojournalist.*

*A native of North Carolina, Dane's known to have a penchant for Carolinian and Appalachian folklore. His writings on these subjects are popular among his readers who also enjoy the literature he produces on American Revolutionary and Civil War histories, as well as his accounts of the paranormal stories.*

## *Disguised Blessings*

*By Angelia Phillips via Tito Fontanez Ocasio*

Tito Fontanez Ocasio says that in one day, with a surprise visit at his door, he unknowingly turned away vital assistance.

He relayed his story to me stating, "I write this with pain in my heart", meaning emotional pain over a mistake he believes he made and didn't realize just how big of a mistake it was until much later.

One day, a day that continues to stand out largely in Tito's memory, he heard a knock at his door. When he opened it, he found two men waiting for him. They were dressed in suits of the like that Tito had never seen before and has never seen since.

One of them asked him if he would mind a visit. They wanted to talk, get better acquainted and "share the Word of Yahweh" with him.

Tito shook his head and told them no. He was in a foul, negative mood, and told them he didn't have time to be talking with them.

"One of them frowned in a manner that shook me," Tito said.

Time passed and the day arrived when Tito and his family found themselves in a dire situation, that he describes as horrendous and terribly difficult for him and his children to endure.

Many times he remembers the kind men who came to his home, wanting to discuss Yahweh. Not only does he remember the dismay and hurt on one's face, or the odd clothing they wore, he also remembers that they appeared radiant to him. Yet, with his heart and mind being cluttered with negative feelings and thoughts, he'd pushed them away.

Tito believes those men were special beings sent by God. God knew what troubles were coming his way, and Tito is confident that the men were sent to give him Godly counsel and possibly pray with him or lend him needed protection.

"I've had this feeling, since that day, that I turned away angels! Literally!

That's the truth, Angelia! I'm a man of many resources, but this one is a bit different. And, since this has happened, I've been forced to seek Him. And I have. Now, I feel His love and His mercy upon me and my children. He's put good people in our path and I know that His hand is at work in our lives.

My message and intent in sharing this is that Yahweh sends angels -- sometimes we just don't realize it."

Tito is now inclined to pay closer attention to things, situations and people he feels God brings into his life. He's not a man who is inclined to quick to frighten or that is easily given to fantasy. Tito is also Private First Class Tito Fontanez Ocasio, who has proudly served his country for several years in the U.S. Army Reserves National Guard.



*Tito Fontanez Ocasio is a father and grandfather residing in Georgia. He's known for being a loyal friend, and a devout and outspoken patriot of freedom and the Christian faith.*

# *Out of Kilter*

## *By Pamela Oglesby*

*The Legacy Scribe has changed the names  
in this story for privacy protection.*

Mara X. lives in a beautiful century-old home in Sanford, Florida and she has a striking and unusual gift that allows her to receive messages from those who have passed on. Her first memory of a paranormal event happened when she was a child and had her tonsils removed.

For her surgery, her anesthesiologist decided to deliver a larger dose of anesthesia than would customarily be used for a child her age. During the surgery Mara remembers that she felt herself moving swiftly through a long tunnel, but before she reached the end she was told, "You have to go back."

Ultimately, she found the experience frightening because of the fast travel through the tunnel.

During her teen years, Mara recalled a day of having a foreboding feeling. She was certain something was wrong, but had no idea what it might be. She describes this feeling as one of everything being "out of kilter."

As the day passed she felt urgency to place a telephone call to her home. Her mother answered and Mara quickly asked, "What's wrong with Grandmother?"

Her mother asked Mara if she'd spoken to anyone else in the family, and Mara assured her mother that she hadn't. Then her mother gave her the upsetting news that her grandmother had suffered a heart attack earlier that day.

On another occasion that Mara experienced the out of kilter sensation, she knew something was wrong the whole day. That night her Grandmother appeared to her. She wore a long, white dress and at first, she was standing next to an old fashioned hospital bed. Moments later, she seemed to be high up, in a corner of Mara's room, near the ceiling. As time passed, other apparitions would appear in the same place. Oddly, Mara could also see herself, asleep in her bed.

Her grandmother said, "Don't be afraid. Tomorrow you will know why I'm here and what you need to do."

The next morning when Mara woke up, she knew she was supposed to tell her Mother. She went to her mother, giving her the message from her grandmother.

"I understand now why you had to put your sister in a nursing home. It is okay, and you are not to worry any more about putting her there."

Mara's mother had made a deathbed promise to her own mother that she would always take care of her disabled sister and had become overwrought with guilt when she became unable to care for her sister at home.

The message brought peace of mind.

Mara's sister, Sidda, lost her husband after a long battle with cancer. His name was Sam, and he came to visit Mara several times after his passing. He too, appeared up in high, in the same corner of her bedroom.

"Tell Sidda that I am just fine and not to worry. Tell her that I remember telling her I was going to come back to haunt her, so she will know this message is from me."

Before Sam passed away he would tease Sidda about coming back to haunt her as a joke. Prior to Sam's request to deliver his message, Mara didn't know anything about the joke.

One evening after Sam's passing Sidda was spending the night with Mara. The two were lying in a poster-bed, just talking. Over the bed was a ceiling fan with a long chain that was wrapped tightly around one of the bed posts. Suddenly the chain began moving and slowly unwound itself until it was hanging straight down.

The sisters were lying still while they watched it unwind. The fan was not on and there were no open windows in the room, or any movement going on that might have physically caused the chain to move. The ladies didn't know if Sam caused this to happen but still regard it as a paranormal event.

On another occasion Mara's father visited her in the same fashion, communicating to her, "Mama and I are just fine."

Mara has had several experiences like these, and they always involved family members. She said she always experiences one of those out of kilter feelings prior to each visit.

Another unusual aspect of these events is that Mara must always deliver the message she receives as soon as she can. If she tries to accomplish something else before delivering the message, there are always interferences with whatever else she's trying to do until the message is delivered, so she learned to simply comply with their wishes and deliver the message to the recipient as soon as she can. She says it doesn't bother her to be the message-bearer for family members from beyond the grave.

# *Verbatim*

## *By Pamela Oglesby*

*The Legacy Scribe has changed the names  
in this story for privacy protection.*

Shula X., of Jacksonville, Florida has an interesting tale involving her mother, Marta. Shula was raised in a large Catholic family, and when she was 12-years old, her mother had a miscarriage.

Medical care was quite different in 1950, and having a miscarriage at home was not that unusual. When the miscarriage occurred, all the children were in school, except for her three year old daughter, Cami.

During the event, Marta started bleeding profusely. By the time she realized her condition was becoming serious she was too weak to walk. The houses were spaced quite far apart, but she had to send the three year old to the neighbor's house, belonging to Mrs. Quill.

"Go to Mrs. Quill's house and tell her mommy needs help."

Mrs. Quill immediately knew something was wrong when Camilla knocked on the door, so she took her and went back to their home.

When Mrs. Quill arrived, she called an ambulance immediately. When they arrived at the emergency room, she was also able to get in touch with Marta's husband. The older children came a short time later and Shula remembers hearing her mother talking while she was lying on the gurney.

Shula's mother recalled later that while she was on the emergency cot, she heard a nurse say, "I can feel a pulse." She also remembers a doctor saying, "I'm going to do a cut down."

A cut-down is a small incision to get access for an IV to be inserted when an individual is dehydrated and their veins aren't tolerating a venipuncture.

The doctor was able to stop the bleeding and get Marta rehydrated. During the entire incident on the cot, Marta said she was on the ceiling watching everything that was happening.

Shula remembers visiting her mother the next day and crying at the sight of her mother, because she was black and blue with bruising all over. This was partially due to the number of times the hospital staff had attempted to start an IV.

Later, the doctor came in to check on her progress. He began to explain to Marta what had transpired when she first arrived at the hospital but Marta informed him that she already knew everything that had happened because she'd viewed it "from the ceiling".

She accurately recounted everything that had occurred, even the conversations verbatim. The doctor was never convinced she'd had an out-of-body experience but the nurses agreed that there was no other way she could have observed and remembered the event with such accuracy.

Another fascinating account Shula shared happened several years ago, when as a nurse, she was working long hours. Due to her husband snoring and needing to get as much restful sleep as possible, she slept in a separate bedroom.

On three occasions she was visited by a type of ghost, or apparition that startled her from her sleep. It appeared to be a woman with a long chin, not unlike what many witches are portrayed with, but Shula never felt frightened or threatened by her.

The woman never communicated. She only appeared and woke her up, so Shula has no idea why she received these visits.

During this time, Shula had a big, country-style hat with a ruffle that hung on the wall near the bed. One morning Shula found the hat missing from the wall and lying across the room, in front of a mirrored closet door.

Shula hadn't been woken up the night before by any noise in her room and has no explanation as to why, or how, the hat had been moved.

## *Recognition*

*By Angelia Phillips via Maxine Sexton Rogers*

Corinth, Kentucky 1958 - Couge (*pronounced Cooj*) and Lula Mae Sexton were farmers whose residence was the ground-floor of a sizeable farmhouse they rented from a neighboring farming family. The first floor had several rooms, and they lived there with their youngest child, Maxine. The second-story rooms were occupied by the owner's sister and were accessible via a staircase in the entry hall.

Maxine was a pre-teen during the years her family resided in the house and remembers the family and their guests often hearing noises that baffled them. Frequently the front door would open and close and steps could be heard in the main hall, but when the family stepped into the hall to greet whoever had come in, no one was there. They also heard footsteps on the stairs or in the upper quarters when the resident of the second floor wasn't home. When investigated, the rooms would be empty.

Couge would often make teasing comments to his guests that the noises were made by snakes getting into the house to which his children would often say, "Snakes can't open doors, Daddy."

However, a particular incident of this sort stands out in Maxine's memory because it was the only episode of these occurrences that didn't leave any questions regarding the identity of the guest or the purpose of their visit.

One evening Maxine was in the living room, reading by the fire. She heard what sounded like some sort of commotion in her parents' bedroom and it was much later than she expected them to be awake. Thinking something might be wrong, she left the living room and went down the hall to check on them. Their door was ajar and as Maxine stepped in she found her father soundly sleeping, but her mother was awake, sitting up in the bed.

A shaft of light glowed from the ceiling onto the floor where it widened into a sizeable circle.

Maxine saw her mother address the light saying, "What do you want?"

A distinct male voice responded saying, "Please don't be afraid, Mrs. Sexton. I won't hurt you."

Maxine saw her mother's face soften in understanding and recognition before asking again, and in a more personal fashion, "Donald Gene, how can I help you, honey?"

"Please tell my mom I'm okay."

Lula Mae assured him she would and the light quickly vanished.

Donald Gene Bates was well acquainted with the Sextons. His parents owned the home they rented and he had spent a good deal of time visiting the family there being a close friend of their son, Ray. He was a young man and had died several weeks earlier and the grief of his loss was felt deeply by both families.

Lula passed the message to her good friend, Donald's mother, and apparently his need was satisfied. After that night there were no return visits.



*Maxine Sexton Rogers is a retired nurse residing with her husband Lester, in Menifee County, Kentucky. A native Kentuckian, she is a mother and grandmother as well as the youngest of sixteen children. Maxine grew up in a Christian family of blended-heritage Bluegrass-farmers (Native American and European) and scholars, who were (and are still) adept in many things including raising horses, cattle and tobacco as well as their European tradition of processing their own shine.*

*Maxine's father, Couge Sexton, was born in the late 1800s and was a WWI veteran, serving in the U.S. Army. He was 54 years old when Maxine was born.*

## *Room 227*

*By Angelia Phillips via Maxine Sexton Rogers*

Mary Chiles Hospital in Mt. Sterling was a non-profit hospital that was demolished in 2012 after serving Montgomery, Menifee and Bath Counties in Kentucky for nearly a century. Today, only the acute care wing remains and it is under new ownership with a new name.

Many area nurses, like Maxine Sexton Rogers, spent several years of their career on staff at Mary Chiles. For many nurses, and other hospital staff, Room 227 has an interesting and memorable history.

Nurses working the second floor weren't uncomfortable with the unusual goings on in Room 227, but noted that particular things happened in that room that didn't occur in others. Nurses often reported that during rounds, while they were in 227, footsteps of someone entering and crossing the room could be heard, or hearing someone sit down in the room's guest chair, or felt a presence pass by closely, or stand near them while they worked with a patient or charted, yet no one was seen.

The incidents in 227 were never threatening but Maxine remembers one evening in particular where the staff became not so much annoyed as frustrated with a persistent occurrence of a nursing call light being repeatedly turned on from 227, even though there was no patient in the room that night.

The nurses were in a near constant loop of leaving their station to go to the room and turn the call light off. But within a short time, it would be turned on again and they'd have to repeat the process and go again to turn it off so it'd not be an added distraction to everything else they were trying to keep up with for that evening's shift.

The kept being triggered until one charge nurse stepped into the room and shut the call light off once more, but this time she addressed whatever unseen presence was responsible for triggering it and thought she had figured out why it had been happening.

She gently announced, "We know she's dying and we're not leaving her alone. One of us will be staying with her until she passes. There is no need to keep alarming us with the call light."

The charge nurse was referring to a patient who was near death, only a few rooms away and who did pass away later, during their shift. Apparently her relayed information was enough to calm and quiet the familiar presence in Room 227 and the call light remained quiet afterwards for the rest of their shift.

# *Racer's Drift*

*By Angelia Phillips via Kay L. Bloomfield Dunn*

Kay Dunn was enroute to her home in Wapanucka, returning from a trip to Fort Towson, Oklahoma. She had three of her grandchildren in the vehicle with her. Ten-year-old Jared Davis rode in the front of the vehicle with her. In the back seat were his siblings, eleven-year-old Job and their sister, five-year-old Mallory Davis.

The family was on the last leg of their journey and had made it through the small town of Atoka, and covering the last few miles of beautiful countryside between there and Wapanucka. The highway there is two-laned, well paved, and weaves through some valleys and over some impressive hills.

Cresting one such hill, Kay and Jared looked on with excitement and fright when they realized two cars, side by side, were hurtling up the hill at them, apparently racing each other to the top. Kay had nowhere to maneuver her own vehicle, to get it out of the way due to both sides of the highway dropping off sharply into ditches that were over 20 feet deep.

With mere seconds to impact, Kay gripped the wheel and cried out, "Oh, Jesus!"

Immediately, she and Jared watched with wide-eyes as the car in their lane floated smoothly into the lane next to it, fitting snugly behind the car in front and then continued to fly past.

They saw no turning of the wheel - the car simply floated out of the way at terrific speed.

Excitedly Jared asked, "Mimi, did you see that?"

Kay said, "I sure did."

Jared continued, "But, cars can't move like that! I think an angel must have moved it!"

Kay answered, "I think you're right."

Kay later accounted it as being one of the most terrifying moments of her life in which she feared her grandchildren would all be killed. But, in retrospect she's also thankful for the experience because of the profound impact it had on her grandson, Jared, who is now a grown man.

During one of his high school years, several of his classmates often commented about their disbelief in God. Jared related the growing trend of atheism among his classmates to his grandmother. She asked him during their conversation if he remembered the racing cars near Atoka that they'd nearly collided with a few years before, and asked what he believed was responsible for floating the vehicle out of their lane.

Jared said, "Oh Mimi - I remember and I know an angel did that." Jared assured her that he has not forgotten the impossible sight he witnessed that day and is solid in his belief that it was God who provided the miracle that saved his family's lives.



*Kay L. Bloomfield Dunn* is a retired business owner from Holdenville, Oklahoma. She's a mother of three and a grandmother of several, as well as a great-grandmother of identical twins. She's been a widow for several years and having been a former military wife, has lived in many areas of the continental United States.

*Kay is a Christian of the Pentecostal faith and loves to attend worship services when her health permits.*

## *The Tiger*

*By Denise Handlon via Claire X.*

Claire and I hit it off almost immediately. She was a quiet, focused African American woman in her thirties when we met. I had been working on my thesis, which was the subject of dreams, and one afternoon she asked me if I'd like to hear her story. Of course I did, so I arranged a meeting for us to stay after class one day.

When Claire was just-four-years old she had dragged a chair to the stove and was stirring soup while her mother hung clothes in the backyard. Her mother came running to her aid when she heard Claire's blood curdling screams -- the pot had slipped off the stove, scalding her legs with the hot liquid.

Claire suffered third degree burns and was permanently scarred, predominantly on her left leg, but also on the inner thigh of her right. This not only diminished the attractiveness of the skin, it crushed the spirit and self esteem of Claire as she grew into a teenager and desired being like all the other girls she hung out with.

Because of her damaged self worth, Claire had begun a series of bad relationships feeling she did not deserve someone who treated her well. In one particular relationship she had been feeling at the end of her rope. She was miserably unhappy, yet felt shackled by the scars on her legs. She sent out prayers for help and courage to create a better life for herself.

What followed was a series of dreams that became filled with more clarity with each one. The dreams were all the same, however, she was unable to see into this particular room until the final dream. By the end of the dreams she realized she had the answer to her problem.

When this dream first started, she was peering into a room from the outside environment. As it gradually evolved she realized she was watching a tattoo artist, however, she couldn't see the drawing he was working on. Eventually, she was able to see very clearly because she had moved from the outside into the room, watching the artist by his side. When she awoke from the dream an electric charge surged through her body with excitement. She realized what she had to do, and yes, it was not going to involve the work of a plastic surgeon, but a tattoo artist.

This story of guidance for a lifelong problem still fascinates me today.



*Denise Handlon* is a contributing author for the book, [\*The Disenfranchised, Stories of Life and Grief when an Ex-Spouse Dies\*](#) edited by Peggy Sapphire. Her work has also been published in several magazines.

*Denise is a registered nurse who currently works in a psychiatric hospital setting. For her undergraduate senior thesis, she did scholarly research on the use of dreams in three significant areas of our lives: creativity, problem solving, and general guidance. Dream work has been an important tool in her life and the dream stories she shared in this book show the depth of understanding that she has about metaphysical and precognitive dreams.*

*Be sure to visit Ms. Handlon's personal blog, [Inner Journey](#), where she shares her spiritual quest for a deeper relationship with God and her current Spiritual path, which includes the practice of meditation, mindfulness, retreat, inquiry, and soul development.*

*Ms. Handlon can also be found on Hubpages [Denise Handlon](#) where she writes articles on a variety of topics.*

# *Sleep Work*

## *By Denise Handlon*

Dreams have been part of man's personal history throughout time, with each society establishing their own emphasis on the importance of dreams. I was just four years old when I discovered the world of dreams.

Wandering sleepily into the kitchen one morning, I complained to my parents that they kept me awake that night. My parents were astounded by my claim and asked what I meant.

"The TV... you had the TV on too loud."

Again, my parents exchanged puzzled looks and could not persuade me that they had not stayed awake to watch television all night. When I began to describe the content of the programs that I remembered hearing, it occurred to them that I had been paying attention to my own dreams and confusing it with the sounds of our living room television.

At that young age, I'm not sure if I was supposed to accept this explanation and go about my business of being a four-year-old, playing with my siblings, climbing trees and digging holes, however, my experience was completely different.

I remember being excited that I could go to sleep and watch the television of my own mind. I looked forward to night in a way I had not experienced before-- my curiosity ignited by what my parents told me, and I have been personally fascinated with the world of dreams ever since.

Because dream work has been such an important tool in my life for almost six decades, I have incorporated the study of dreams into my life, at some points more on a personal dream interpretation level, and other times as part of scholarly research for my undergraduate senior thesis.

In the trilogy of dreams that follow, my intention is to show the reader how dreams have been instrumental in the thread of my life; as well as describing some of the more astounding dreams that sometimes left me in awe...other times left me with the question, "How could I have been there?"

### ***The Divine Meeting***

When I was in my early thirties I had a simple, but very unforgettable dream. What seemed like a short dream has had a lifelong impact on me. At the time of my dream, the spiritual structure I was most familiar with was of Christianity, so it is no wonder that the Holy Guide in my dream was based on those beliefs.

Shortly before waking up from my nights sleep, I dreamed I was walking through a house to the back door. I opened the door and it led through a short path to a fenced gate. It was a white picket fence and as I approached I hesitated entering the garden beyond the gate.

Jesus stood in the garden beckoning to me. I opened the gate and went to him, humbled by his presence and in awe of the beauty of the garden. He took my hands as I bowed my head and then gestured outward extending his arms that indicated that this beautiful garden was a place for every soul to enjoy.

The colors in the garden captured my attention. Indescribable, they had a vivacious brilliance like no color scheme could imitate. There were flowers that were unidentifiable. But, it was the overall feeling of magnificence that was most astounding.

To this day, I cannot accurately describe the clarity, brilliance and love that emitted from this garden. I can only tell you that I have no doubt I had been invited into the heavenly garden.

### ***Precognition***

In one of my recent dreams I visited a nursing home and spoke to an aunt I had not been in contact with for over three decades. I was still in contact with my cousin, but the infrequent messages came through Facebook. Still, I was vaguely aware that my aunt's health had been waning.

In the dream I sat with her and held her hand. She was feeble, but the contact was very real. The meeting was quiet and peaceful, but had the sense of reassurance to it. I remember very vividly the love that filled the dream. It was warm, soft and had an underlying strength. That was on a Wednesday night.

On Saturday, I read that my aunt had passed away during the early morning hours. I immediately thought of the dream and goose bumps covered my arms. Yes, I believe I was in that room with her, reassuring her to let go of any fears or doubts she may hold about death.

### ***Hawaiian Guide***

This last dream in the trilogy is an example of Astral Travel, which is the ability to move from one location to another. While the body remains stationary in the sleep state, the soul's spirit, and the image of the human manifestation, launches off to do other work, receive messages or knowledge from another source, or joins with a group of people in another place.

In this dream I stood atop a high mountain gazing out onto a lush, green land. Only the tops of the trees were visible, and further out I could see the sparkling blue water, and distant mountains.

I was aware of someone standing to my left showing me this land.

"Oh," I gasped in awe, "It is just breathtaking."

Not just for the incredible view, did I appreciate this land, but the sense of healing energy, or life force, that pulsed through my body as I stood on this mountaintop.

“What is this place?” I asked, turning to my guide.

The dark skinned elder was perhaps sixty years old. This man wore a simple tunic around his waist, made of grasses, but was otherwise bare-no shirt, no footwear. I could see the muscles of his arms and stocky torso. He carried an ornate walking stick in his right hand, and he had a headband around his forehead that was also decorated. It had perhaps three to five short feathers around it.

My guide replied in a language I did not recognize and it sounded melodious with all of the vowels that spilled out. I asked him to repeat what he said and, although it was the same word, I realized that he had given me an ancient word that translated to Hawaii.

I gazed out into the distance again; out to the mountain, the water and the land my feet touched and recognized the significance of the dream. I was with a spiritual chief from Hawaii before it joined the United States. I had never visited Hawaii, but I'm sure I had seen National Geographic photos through the years. But, it was the overall sensation of actually being in this place with this Holy Man, and metabolizing the spiritual, healing energy of three very significant symbols: mountain, water, and trees.

When I awoke, I felt a peace and energy I had never before experienced. This dream had an emotional impact on me that stayed with me for almost thirty years. Although I still have not visited Hawaii in this life, I am convinced I have traveled there in spirit. I have a special connection now with Hawaii, and a deep respect for the healing powers the land offers.

# *Visitations*

## *By Bill Holland*

I lost my best friend on the bitterly cold night of January 9, 1969. Ice crystals drifted through the frigid air; ice crystals drifted through my broken heart.

My father died of a massive heart attack on that night. One moment we were watching Johnny Carson together; the next moment my anchor was breathing his last breath.

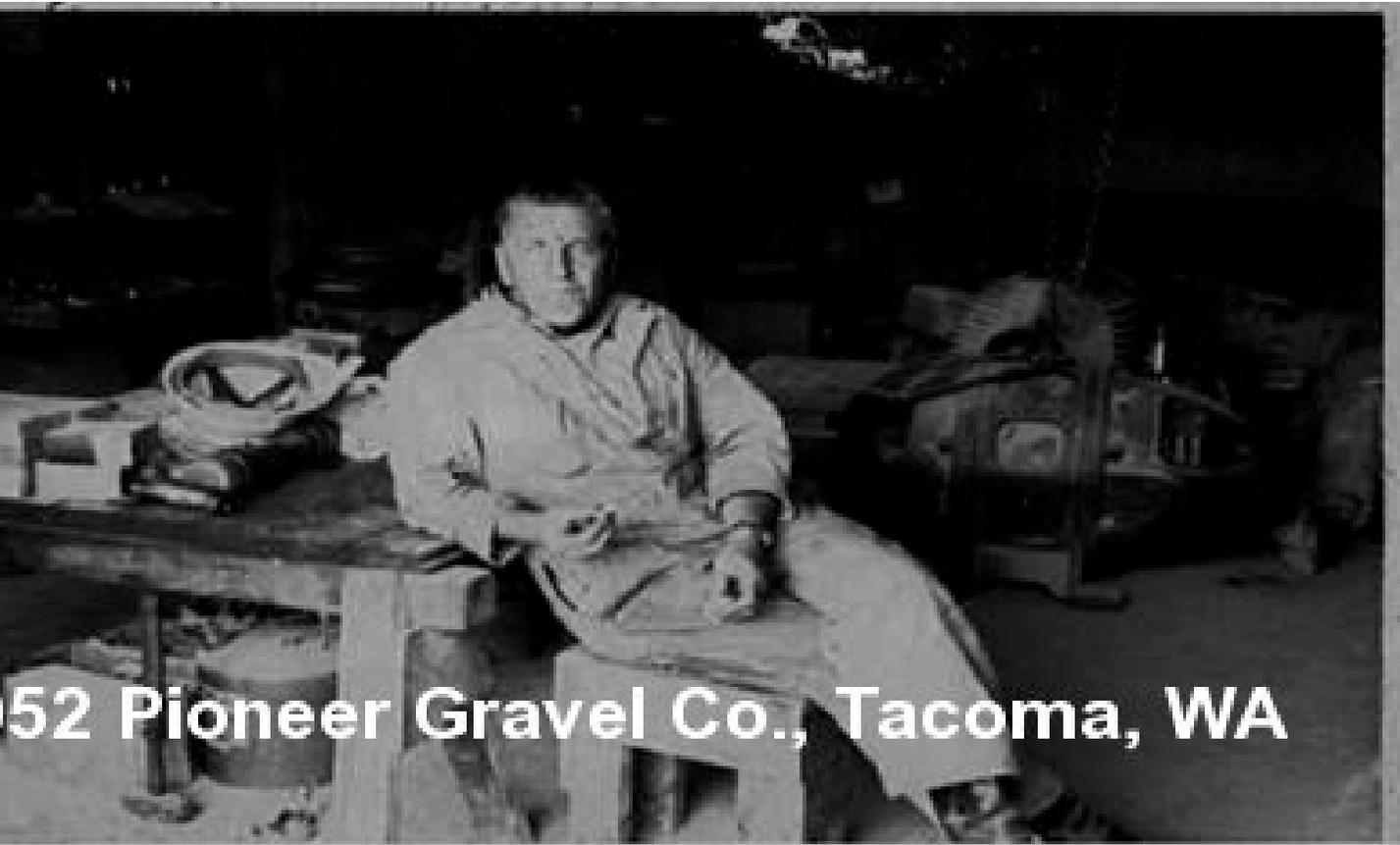
He was 49 years old; I was 20.

Shock protects us, preventing grief from completely stealing our will to continue, and so it was with me. I returned to college a week later and resumed life, striving for normalcy and falling far short of it. Speaking when spoken to; offering painful smiles as others enjoyed life around me; going through the motions, maintaining, existing; I embraced grief as I would a long, lost friend, though in truth I had never met grief before. How naturally it happened; how wonderful it felt.

So wonderful, in fact, that I continued sinking into the morass months after my father rattled his last breath. My grades dropped, my relationships strained, it was as though time had continued for billions while I was just an observer.

Winter left, and spring, and finally one summer night I went for a solitary walk around town as had become my custom, in search for answers that simply did not exist. Finally, exhausted, I silently entered the family home and crept down the hall to my bedroom so as not to awaken my mother. There, standing in the corner of my room, was my father.

I stared. He smiled. I cried. He smiled. I stood, frozen in place, not trusting, not believing and yet infused with a happiness that had not existed for six months. Finally he spoke. "Bill, don't you think it's about time you rejoin the living?"



And then he was gone. And I followed his advice.

Fast forward thirty-nine years to a lonely hotel room in Anchorage, Alaska. Three days before, I had been fired from my teaching position for drinking while on a school outing; I was beginning *day four* of a non-stop drinking binge; drink, pass out; drink, pass out. I had barely consumed any food and I was growing weaker. At some point I realized that death was a viable option, and with each drink it was more appealing.

And there he was again! I awoke from the most recent lapse in consciousness and my father was sitting in a chair by the window...smiling.

I remember mumbling "Hey dad, I love you."

And I remember him saying, "Bill, you have far too much to live for. There are great things ahead for you. Pick up the phone, call for help, and love life like you once did."

And he was gone!

Seven years have passed since his last visitation, and I suspect there will be no more. His words are in my soul and as relevant today as they were during the darkest days of my life when he felt it necessary to stop by for a short chat. I have too much to live for. Great things are ahead of me. The teacher delivered the message and the student learned from it. Today I realize that life, indeed, is for the living. We can, and should, mourn the dead, for the pain

is real, and recovery from that pain takes time, effort and willingness, but ultimately we must embrace the love we once shared and celebrate the time we had with our departed.

Do I believe in the supernatural? Perhaps these sightings of my late father were simply a manifestation of hopes and desires, or perhaps they were a desperate need on my part, and from that desperation came a hallucination that quieted the loneliness and pain that I felt. I prefer to believe that they were real. I prefer to believe that our loved ones never really leave us, that they are always just out of reach, on the periphery of our lives, watching, guiding and inspiring us as we live out our days. There are mysteries in life that can never be quantifiably explained, and oddly I find great comfort in that. It is not for me to completely understand all of life, nor is it for me to understand all of death.

It is only for me to live and to celebrate with every breath that I take.

There have been many bitterly cold nights during the last seven years. With each one I am reminded of that night, long ago, when I held my father in my arms and said goodbye to him. Those memories today bring only joy and that, my friends, is as it should be.



***Bill Holland** is a consummate freelance writer and published author, having been a teacher and a business owner. Known by over 1500 loyal followers as billybuc, one of his favorite expressions is PIPO (Positive In, Positive Out). You can find Bill's work on his writing blog: ["Artistry With Words"](#); his Reflections about life blog: ["A Moment With Bill"](#) and [HubPages](#) where his goal is to "help writers spread their wings and fly". Bill lives with his wife Bev in Olympia, Washington.*

## *Scribe and Contributor Index*



**Gail Sobotkin** spent 36 years in the Nursing profession, retiring in 2010. With the pen name of Happyboomernurse, Gail's exemplary writing and exquisite photography continues to educate, motivate and inspire audiences far and wide. In Gail's experience, "personal stories inspire others in ways you may not expect or they're read by someone at just the right time to bring much needed hope when they're in the depths of pain and grief." Gail and her husband live in Delaware and enjoy spending time in Hilton Head, SC. More of Gail's writing can be found on [Hubpages](#).



**Martie Coetser** hails from Klerksdorp, South Africa. By day she works as a bookkeeper, but after hours she is devoted to working passionately as a wordsmith. Her creative expression is shown in her accomplishments as a freelance writer, with 83 short stories published in magazines, award winning plays and puppet shows in her repertoire. Martie has also developed a correspondence course for short story writers, having recently translated it from Afrikaans to English due to increased demand.

Martie loves her children and grandchildren, regarding them as the most important people in her life. To read more of her fascinating writing, check out her website, [Martie's Foyer](#).



**Pamela Oglesby** is a freelance writer with a strong background in healthcare. Having been a Registered Nurse for 22 years, Pamela says, "Good health will probably always be a part of my writing. I like to teach others about healthy living and new medical advances." Pamela has long had an avid interest in genealogy and plans to travel to England in an ongoing ancestral search. Pamela has raised three sons and lives with her husband in northern Florida.

To read more of Pamela's writing, check out her work under the pen name of Pamela99 on [Hubpages](#).



**Genna East** is a human resources business consultant from Boston, Massachusetts. She writes short stories, poetry and articles, and is currently working on her first book.

*"I'm an omnivorous reader and an eclectic writer," she says. "I fell in love with words by the time I was seven."*

*Genna loves the ocean and is an outdoor enthusiast. Nature plays a significant role in much of her creative writing. As an author on [Hubpages](#), over 450 fans follow her work, displaying her many talents as a writer.*



**Michael Friedman** is a U.S. Army veteran. He's an artist/illustrator, author of multiple books and owner of Mockingbird Books, books, illustration and publishing services. He and his wife reside in California.

*Behind the scenes, our much-appreciated Captain Mike is the key organizer in content editing, design and production of the book projects produced by the [Legacy Archives Foundation](#).*



**Shauna L. Bowling** is a freelance writer, based in Central Florida. She began her career as a TV copywriter and assistant producer for the South Florida market in the early 1980s. Upon relocating to Central Florida in 1987 she enjoyed a long-time career in construction accounting while she gave birth to, and raised her son.

*She has reclaimed her passion for writing and established her business, The Write Solution, in order to offer her services to those in need of freelance writers.*

*Viewing life through rose-colored glasses, Shauna aims to enlighten, motivate and inspire her readers with a touch of humor here and there. To get better acquainted with Shauna's work, please visit her website, [Bravewarrior's Feathered Pen](#).*



**Kristen Loree Norton** has been passionate in her support of military veterans and their families for most of her life. Her parents, Sergeant First Class Lloyd Loree, U.S. Army (Retired) and Mrs. Idalia Loree, raised their children in the U.S. and abroad, depending on their duty stations.

*Kristen is a mortician (funeral director and embalmer), and has spent several years working in the funeral service industry as well as being a passionate political activist within the Campaign for Liberty. Her husband is career veteran, Senior Staff Sergeant Jeremy Norton, U.S. Army, author of the [Baghdad Chronicles](#).*



**Linda Rogers** has a Master's Degree in Counseling Psychology and enjoys writing poetry, fiction, non-fiction, mental health articles and stories about paranormal and supernatural events. She has a strong psychic connection with her identical twin and in her blog, [Twin-Cess Diaries](#), brings readers into the fascinating world of what it's like growing up with a twin. Fans can also find her on HubPages under the pen name Minnetonka Twin. Linda resides in Minnetonka, Minnesota with her twin-sister, Laura, Laura's teenage children, Jacob and Ellie, and two rescued labs, Joey and Spooky.



**Laura Rogers** earned her Master's degree in the Counseling & Psychological Services program at the University of St. Mary's in Minneapolis, MN.

*In the 1990's, Laura worked in the mental health field as a supervisor at a non-profit, short term counseling clinic. She later moved to work at a family center as a parenting group education coordinator. But, Laura found her niche when she began teaching classes on violence and anger, eventually bringing the curriculum and teaching it within her own community. Added to all this, Laura also earned a teaching certification for grades K-12 and taught as a substitute teacher at Catholic elementary schools as well as teaching preschoolers in both typical and special needs classrooms.*

*She is a mother of two teenage children and the survivor of an abusive marriage which she ended in 2002. Subsequently, she has written curriculums for her own training programs on Family Violence and Perpetration. Since then, Laura has been passionate in her mission to educate women, strengthening their self-esteem and helping them to recognize and make use of the options available to them to escape and recover from abusive situations.*

As well as being a writer and educator, for the past eleven years Laura has served as the Director of Volunteers at a senior living campus in Minneapolis, MN. Her motto is: Volunteers make the world go round.

Please visit her website, [“Stoopin’ It” In the Suburbs](#), where she writes all sorts of fascinating content from poetry, family fun and recipes, to supernatural events and what’s going on in her own community. She’s also writes for HubPages under the pen name of Healing Touch.

One last cool something about Laura is that she lives in a home designed like a tree house, giving her the ability to see the tops of the trees from the top floor of her home. She lives there with her two children and her twin-sister, Linda Rogers, who is also a [Legacy Scribe](#).



**Bobby D. Roll** is a man who has enjoyed a colorful and expansive career. He began as a paramedic, who became a respiratory therapist, who became an eye recovery technician, who became a soldier (spending eight years in the U.S. Army National Guard), who became a mortician (funeral director and embalmer), who became a physician’s assistant.

He has a love for many aspects of every field he’s worked in. Bobby’s intentions were to complete medical school, and he hoped a separate career in the funeral service industry would help him pay for it. He lost his mother to cancer at a young age, and sadly found himself ill with cancer as well.

Thankfully, he won and is a survivor, living cancer free for several years now. He currently owns and operates [Roll Funeral Home](#) in California, Missouri and is a licensed mortician in Missouri, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas.



**Dane Turnbull** of [The Carolinian's Archives](#), wrote under the pen name of Alastar Packer in *Mysterious & Miraculous Book I*.

He’s an avid reader, averaging over 10 novels a week. Often referred to as the History Master, by his fellow scribes, Dane is also an independent photojournalist.

A native of North Carolina, Dane’s known to have a penchant for Carolinian and Appalachian folklore. His writings on these subjects are popular among his readers who also enjoy the literature he produces on American Revolutionary and Civil War histories, as well as his accounts of the paranormal stories.



**Tito Fontanez Ocasio** is a father and grandfather residing in Georgia. He's known for being a loyal friend, and a devout and outspoken patriot of freedom and the Christian faith.



**Maxine Sexton Rogers** is a retired nurse residing with her husband Lester, in Menifee County, Kentucky. A native Kentuckian, she is a mother and grandmother as well as the youngest of sixteen children. Maxine grew up in a Christian family of blended-heritage Bluegrass-farmers (Native American and European) and scholars, who were (and are still) adept in many things including raising horses, cattle and tobacco as well as their European tradition of processing their own shine.

Maxine's father, Couge Sexton, was born in the late 1800s and was a WWI veteran, serving in the U.S. Army. He was 54 years old when Maxine was born.



**Kay L. Bloomfield Dunn** is a retired business owner from Holdenville, Oklahoma. She's a mother of three and a grandmother of several, as well as a great-grandmother of identical twins. She's been a widow for several years and having been a former military wife, has lived in many areas of the continental United States.

Kay is a Christian of the Pentecostal faith and loves to attend worship services when her health permits.



**Denise Handlon** is a contributing author for the book, [The Disenfranchise: Stories of Life and Grief when an Ex-Spouse Dies](#). Her work has also been published in several magazines.

Denise is a Registered Nurse who currently works in a psychiatric hospital setting. For her undergraduate senior thesis, she did scholarly research on the use of dreams in three significant areas of our lives: creativity, problem solving, and general guidance. Dream work has been an important tool in her life and the dream stories she shared in this book show the depth of understanding that she has about metaphysical and precognitive dreams.

Be sure to visit Ms. Handlon's personal blog, [Inner Journey](#), where she shares her spiritual quest for a deeper relationship with God and her current Spiritual path, which includes the practice of meditation, mindfulness, retreat, inquiry, and soul development.

Ms. Handlon can also be found on [Hubpages](#) where she writes articles on a variety of topics.



**Maria Jordan** of [marcoujor's musings](#) is a nurse, journalist, poet, freelance editor, collegiate nursing instructor and author of several books.

She's a mommy to rescued doggies and a dedicated friend to those blessed with calling her that. She and her husband, Chef Geoff, make their home in southeastern Pennsylvania.



**Angelia Phillips** frequently writes under the pen name of femmeflashpoint, and has enjoyed a variety of professional backgrounds including the funeral service industry and later medicine. However, at a young age she was torn between being a writer, a musician, or a cowgirl. And so, rather than settling for one, she's spent a bit of time being all of them, and continues to add new interests to the list when a new fascinating propels her to learn a new skill or develop a new hobby.

In 2012 she and her sister, author, Alicia Jaye Phillips, merged their literature and photography interests to form the company, [Sibling Synergy](#), an online company devoted to multi-genre literature and photography. *Mysterious & Miraculous Book II* is the third book within produced between the two of them.

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