



The ghosts of Ohio[®] Newsletter

www.ghostsofohio.org

Volume 19 Issue 1

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, THE MORE THEY STAY THE SAME



James

On October 5th, 2021, I walked to the podium at the New Lebanon Branch Library, marking the first time in 17 months that I'd been spinning ghostly tales in front of a live audience. To be honest, I was a bit apprehensive, wondering if, in these uncertain times, people still wanted to hear about ghosts, cryptids, and UFOs. Part of me worried that I would be playing to a bunch of empty seats.

Looking back, I don't know what I was so worried about.

You guys came out in droves, both virtually and in person! And if the venue's guidelines required you to wear a mask, you donned one and showed up. For all of that, allow me to take a moment to say, "thank you".

Aside from touching my heart, you made me realize something: That no matter what kind of weirdness is going on in the world, we still all need the paranormal. It's as if with all the craziness in our daily lives, ghosts and ghost stories create a spooky little security blanket we can wrap ourselves in. It's familiar and something we can turn to, no matter how strange the outside world gets.

I won't go so far as to say that the paranormal has now become the new normal, but it does seem like it's headed that way.

And I wouldn't have it any other way.

Cheers,

James A. Willis
Founder/Director



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE #1

Story of Troy



Christal E., Spencerville, OH

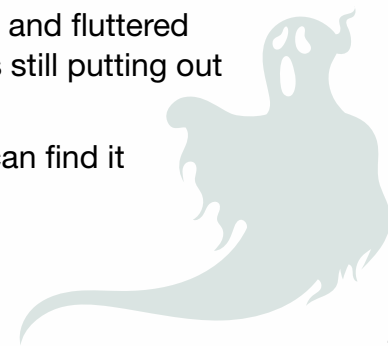
February will be 10 years, and yet in my heart and mind, it still seems like yesterday. Death changes people. It changes the way you look at life, on so many levels. You never get over losing, you never get over loving, and you never get over missing deceased loved ones...never.

My brother, Troy Ball, was a believer of unexplained events and in 'short form', ghosts. He had gone on several investigations and his stories and those I have heard since, are quite remarkable. After he died, I knew that if anyone could send me a sign from their afterlife, it would be my brother Troy.

I passed his house daily on my way to and from work, and literally, for the first two years after he died, I would stop in his driveway and sob. His house sat empty. I would get out of my car sometimes and pick up trash that had blown into his yard, pull weeds in his landscaping, peer into his kitchen window at the emptiness of his home or just sit on his back steps and cry. Although, thank God, that urgency has passed, back then I felt the need to do that... every... single... day.

In October, after he died and like all other days, I felt compelled to stop at his house. Fall and Halloween were two of Troy's favorites. I walked onto his back deck and again sobbed. As I started to walk away, I felt compelled to look down at my feet on his empty wooden deck, and there was this small, flimsy little ghost. A piece of the Halloween garland decoration he had on his bushes the year before. It was so lightweight, it literally could have blown and fluttered anywhere, but after a whole year, and on this day, it was at my feet: Troy was still putting out decorations for his favorite holiday.

I picked the little ghost up and have carried it with me every day since. You can find it in my mirror compact in my purse.



PERSONAL EXPERIENCE #2

A Halloween Encounter

D. Richardson, Defiance, OH

I grew up in Defiance, Ohio. Not sure if you've heard this story or not, but back in the 1970s, people said there was a werewolf running around Defiance. I was around 8 or 9 when my uncle first told me the story and, in his version, the werewolf was more like a man-monster hybrid—a tall, hairy thing that walked around on two feet. He had giant fangs and carried a club that he would whack people with. Sounds weird, I know, but my uncle had newspaper articles that he would show me whenever he wanted to scare me, usually around Halloween. He would tell me that they never caught this creature and it liked to pop up on Halloween night and grab kids who were out trick-or-treating.

So of course, this one Halloween when I was 12, I'm walking with my two best friends and we're just going from house to house when we reached the last house on a dead-end street. The road just sort of stopped at the edge of a clearing—houses on both sides of the road. We used to always cut across the field as a shortcut home, always after trick-or-treating. I don't remember exactly what time it was, but it was dusk. You could still see things in front of you, but it was starting to get dark. It got even darker as soon as we stepped out into the field to begin our journey home. But it wasn't so dark that we couldn't see the thing moving in the field towards us.

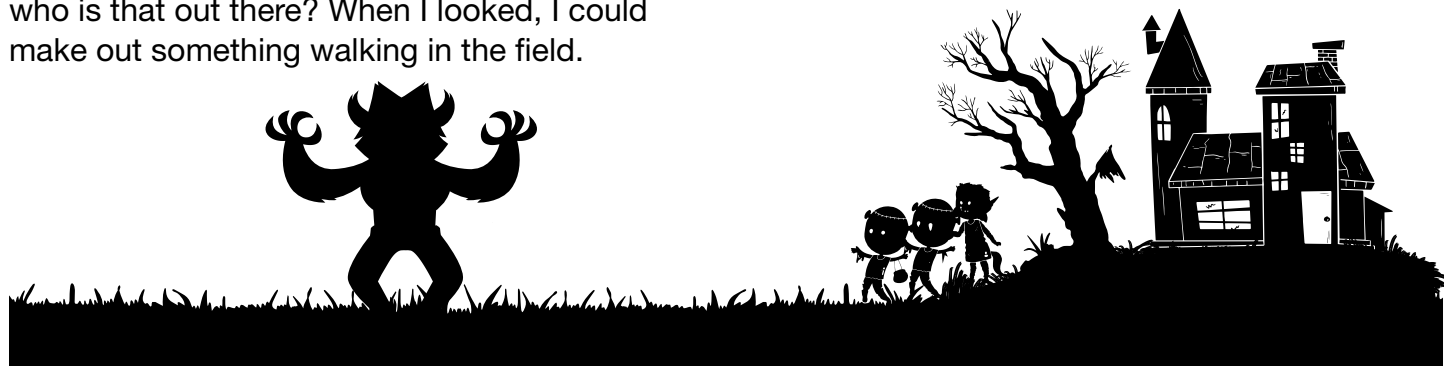
My friend, Brian, saw it first. He was kind of like who is that out there? When I looked, I could make out something walking in the field.

It looked just like a man out there, but as it started getting closer, I could see that it was a lot taller than any person I'd ever seen before. My other friend, Steve, said something like "look at the size of that guy" and that's when I think all three of us silently agreed that it wouldn't be a person, even though it was walking on two legs.

I don't recall when it was or how far away this thing was from us, but I distinctly remember hearing what sounded like an animal growling. That's when I decided enough was enough and I took off running. Brian and Steve started running, too. They later said it was because they heard it growling, too. But that wasn't the creepiest thing.

Right as I turned to run, I am positive that I saw this thing drop down on all fours and start running at us. Brian later told me he saw that, too. Steve said he was too busy running to look back.

We made it through the clearing to the other side of the neighborhood and kept running until we came across a group of kids and parents. We started yelling that something was chasing us, but when we finally turned around, there was nothing there. The field was empty. The parents said we were just trying to scare their kids because it was Halloween and all, but we weren't. To this day, we're convinced we saw whatever people called the Defiance werewolf.



UPDATE ON INVESTIGATIONS & CONSULTATIONS

All members of The Ghosts Of Ohio organization who will be taking part in investigations have been fully vaccinated. Masks will be worn at the request of the home/business owner and/or in accordance with any mask mandates. Virtual investigations and consultations are also available. More information on scheduling is included at the end of this newsletter, but if you have specific COVID-related questions, feel to contact us at info@ghostsofohio.org or visit our website to fill out an investigation request. All investigations are offered free of charge, and confidentiality and discretion are assured.

GOT A SCARY STORY TO TELL?

Have you had a ghostly encounter in Ohio? Want to see it featured in a future issue of The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter? Then here's all you have to do: Just write down your story and send it to info@ghostsofohio.org with the subject line "Newsletter Ghost Story." Be sure to also include your name as you'd like it to appear with the story. We'll take it from there and send you out an e-mail letting you know which issue it is going to appear in. That way, you can get all your friends to sign up for the newsletter so they can see how famous you are!

Happy
HALLOWEEN



SECRET SYNCHRONICITY

The following is a work of fiction. All characters and incidents are products of the author's imagination, and any resemblance to actual people or events is coincidental or fictionalized.

EPILOGUE



Mark

Meandering along, sometimes fast and sometimes slow, unyielding in course, the river of time flowed ever onward towards destinations unknown. Seasons came and went, but this hardly concerned the ever-watchful eyes of the MIB studying James Willis from the deep, dark shadows. A dozen highly specialized sensors cleverly concealed around and inside his home, car, and workplace all provided a 24/7 telemetry stream of his alien-enhanced mind and brainwave activity.

Only when James slept did the MIB attempt to temporarily nudge awake the alien mind now forever entwined in his brain. Usually, James only fleetingly remembered these experiences as strange dreams filled with incomprehensible symbols, alien landscapes, and stars beyond count filling a golden circular ring. Occasionally, awaking from such a dream, James would momentarily recall a few pieces of amazingly elegant mathematics and folds in space-time geometry.

A truly odd thing for him to dream about, considering how his mind quite naturally resisted the morphological views of science and math.

Orion's technical reports on James Willis' mind now spanned thousands of pages. Over the years, they had learned how to probe and briefly awaken the subconscious alien thoughts co-resident in that now incredibly unique brain. Yet even now it was too early to awaken it fully without risking the host and James' crucial role in protecting that fragile mind. Still, the trillions of neural pathway connections shared one mind. Not knowing why, in the last few years those eternally twinkling stars on the grand dome of the night sky, the occasional shooting star, wandering planets, and the ever-changing phases of the moon all called to James in a new way. Calling him...home.

Deep underground at the TANIS facility, Mark steadfastly pursued his studies on the Star Gate portal floating inside the ancient alien spacecraft. Over those same years, his team had made incredible discoveries, culminating in the elaborate hardware command and control interfaces between TANIS and



this incredibly complex alien technology. Soon, very soon, they would venture through that ancient gate into a strange new world.

"Mark, take a break," called out Orion from the command center intercom above the saucer. "Arcturus and I would like to talk with you about something important."

"Sure, be right there" replied Mark, scribbling one last electronic notation onto his iPad screen before climbing the stairs to meet them.

Entering the adjacent conference room, Mark noticed a familiar book, *Weird Ohio*, resting on the table. On its cover, the book featured an 8-story tall office-building quite artistically rendered as a wicker basket. Arcturus and Orion, both dressed in their trademark black suits, Fedora hats, and black sunglasses, sat across the table and gestured to Mark to have a seat at the table.

"Well, we certainly have come a long way since you first brought this book to my attention," commented Mark, taking a seat at the sleekly futuristic conference room table. He casually flipped it

(continued on page 6.)

SECRET SYNCHRONICITY *continued*

open to page 72 and the old flight line photo of the Hangar 4 complex. The story on that page led with the title "Dayton's Hangar 18".

Arcturus nodded approvingly, then said "We want you to write a story. About everything, just as it happened."

Mark's calm facial expression suddenly changed to a questioning gaze with two arched eyebrows. "You cannot be serious!" he emphatically declared.

"On the contrary, we are quite serious," answered Orion. "Tell the truth about it all."

"Why ask me to do this?" questioned Mark. Arcturus looked at Orion, then spoke to Mark.

"We are convinced, after all that has happened, that the safest place to hide this amazing secret is in plain sight. Who would really believe you, or your fanciful tale about a hidden alien artifact? Tell James you have an idea for a serialized fictional story to appear in the bimonthly Ghosts Of Ohio newsletter."

Recovering from his initial shock, Mark thought deeply on these words for a few moments before nodding in agreement. "Yes. I can see how that would work. An enigmatic story wrapped in layers of mystery and truth. Even James would have no way of confidently distinguishing reality from fantasy in such a story."

"That's settled then. How will you start your story?" asked Orion.

"Here, deep at the heart of the mystery, I think. And in my story, both of you will be colorful characters, even if you're always wearing black," Mark added with a grin. Rising to leave, the two MIB agents knowingly glanced at one another before Orion added, "By the way, we have something for you. A promotion of sorts, really."

Touching a nearby biometric lock, a closet door slid smoothly into the wall. The opening revealed a neatly pressed standard issue black suit, crisp white shirt, Fedora hat, dark shoes, and those incredibly useful dark sunglasses featuring an augmented reality interface.

"Tailor made just for you," noted Arcturus. "Your first assignment is encoded in this memory crystal," handing Mark a small cube softly flashing in blue and gold flickers of light. "Your glasses will decode your instructions and mission objective once you get dressed. And Mark, your upgraded security clearance now has MIB authorizations and oversight. You can sign the paperwork tomorrow."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Mark, withdrawing the MIB suite and accessories.

"See," remarked Orion. "Even you have a problem believing what's right in front of your eyes."

The new suit, glasses, and accessories fit perfectly; tailor made to his size. A few hours later, Mark found himself driving

westward toward the setting sun. Donning his MIB sunglasses for the first time, the words "Welcome Mark" floated into view in the augmented reality projection he was seeing along with the animated MIB logo featuring the planet Earth. "Proceed to Waypoint 1" appeared along with visual map overlays. Touching a few audio selection menus on the MIB car's stereo, string-like synthesizer notes musically filled the air, followed by Freddie Mercury's unmistakable melodic voice. Mark drove off into the sunset, embarking on this new adventure singing softly along with prophetic lyrics written so long ago:

Empty spaces, what are we living for?

Abandoned places, I guess we know the score.

On and on, does anybody know what we are looking for?

Another hero, another mindless crime

Behind the curtain, in the pantomime.

Hold the line. Does anybody want to take it anymore?

The show must go on...

WHAT AN OCTOBER IT WAS!

Didn't matter if it was in-person or virtual, we had an absolute blast getting back out there again! It had been far too long, and we missed each and every one of you! And by the looks of some of your faces, dare we say you missed us, too?



ONE LAST CHANCE TO SEE THE GHOSTS IN 2021

And trust us: This is one event you do not want to miss!

On Saturday, November 6th, we will be giving a special presentation at the Defiance Public Library. What makes this presentation so special is that in addition to sharing our "greatest hits" from our 22+ years of paranormal investigations, we'll also be sharing findings from our recent overnight investigation of the Defiance Library itself!

Last month, the Defiance Public Library granted The Ghosts Of Ohio access to the library and the grounds of Fort Defiance for a full-blown investigation. During the investigation, we were able to employ lots of equipment, including unique trigger objects that included a member of The Ghosts Of Ohio donning a Period costume of someone who might have been present at Fort Defiance "back in the day".

So, did we find anything? Well, you'll just have to visit the Defiance Public Library on November 6th and find out for yourself!



IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE GHOSTS ARE COMING BACK FOR YOU

Especially if you live in the Richland county area!

Seems like we couldn't get enough strange and spooky presentations crammed into this fall, so we'll be hitting the road in early 2022, starting with a month's worth of presentations throughout Richland county.

The following are confirmed presentations as of this writing. Keep in mind that things can, and probably will, change at a moment's notice. So, if you are at all interested in attending any of these events, please be sure to follow The Ghosts Of Ohio on any of our social media accounts as we will post updates as soon as they happen. Also consider contacting the venue(s) directly as they will also be able to fill you in on any guidelines/rules regarding masks.

Tuesday, February 15th, 2022 @ 6:00 pm

Meet The Ghosts Of Ohio presentation

Mansfield/Richland County Public Library:

Lexington Branch

25 Lutz Avenue

Lexington, OH 44904

Thursday, February 24th, 2022 @ 6:00 pm

Meet The Ghosts Of Ohio presentation

Mansfield/Richland County Public Library: Ontario Branch

2221 Village Mall Drive

Mansfield, OH 44906

Thursday, February 17th, 2022 @ 6:00 pm

Meet The Ghosts Of Ohio presentation

Mansfield/Richland County Public Library:

Plymouth Branch

29 W. Broadway

Plymouth, OH 44865

Monday, February 28th, 2022 @ 6:00 pm

Meet The Ghosts Of Ohio presentation

Mansfield/Richland County Public Library: Butler Branch

21 Elm Street

Butler, OH 44822



Investigations & Consultations

The Ghosts Of Ohio continue to schedule investigations for private homes and businesses for 2021 and have begun scheduling for 2022. All members of the organization who would participate in investigations have been fully vaccinated.

Additionally, we can also make arrangements to drop off ghost-hunting equipment at your home or business and walk you through how to set it up yourself if you prefer. So, if you or someone you know is experiencing something unexplained in a home or place of business, contact us at info@ghostsofohio.org or visit our website to fill out an investigation request. All investigations are offered free of charge, and confidentiality and discretion are assured.

Not sure if you want or need an investigation? The Ghosts Of Ohio also offers consultations. Let us sit down with you to discuss your current situation and what help we may be able to offer. For more information, please visit

<http://ghostsofohio.org/services/investigations.html>

Interact with The Ghosts Of Ohio

In addition to our website, here are a couple of places where you can find The Ghosts Of Ohio lurking online:

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 [TWITTER](#)

 [INSTAGRAM](#)



Administration

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