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Saturday, January 26, 2008

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Where I grew up, Personal Encounters

lavenderwolf\_6

Jan 10 2008, 10:52 PM

Post #1

Junior Villager



Group: Member

Posts: 12

Joined: 11-December 07

From: Southern Maine

Member No.: 25677

I just wanted to add my own personal experience for everyone's enjoyment. I grew up in a house in the northern end of Tacoma, Washington. It was built in the early 1900's.

We had a ghost that watches over the children in the house as they sleep...or are supposed to be sleeping. My mother had always said that she never worried about it because it seemed to have a "guardian" air about it. I remember one night, when all 3 of us had our bedroom upstairs. I was up late, reading...of course...and at one point, one of my sisters sat straight up out of a sound sleep and said "Mr., Hey, Mr!!"

I asked her who she was talking to. She replied that there was an older man standing next to the stair well, and it was he she was trying to get the attention of. I told her there wasn't anyone there. She said there was, shook her head at me, and laid back down grumbling about people staring at her while she slept.

A few years later, when I was around 12 or 13, I had the upstairs to myself, except for mom and dad's room. My bed, when this occurred, was near the head of the stair well. \*FYI: the stairwell was an enclosed one with a door at the bottom to shut it off from the kitchen.\* Well, I was, again, reading in bed. I heard the downstairs door to the stairwell clearly open, shut, and heard what sounded like an adult sized person slowly walking up the stairs. The sound stopped at the top of the landing, but then I heard what sounded like labored breathing. Like when a person who has a hard time breathing sounds like after exerting themselves. I got the feeling then that it was an older gentleman....say late 60's, early 70's, around 5' 9-10", heavy, breathing and/or heart problems. Then I heard what sounded like a couple of footsteps that came toward my bed, and the breathing sounded closer. I must say, I got scared, and booked it downstairs! My dad

came up with me, and helped me feel safe again by telling 'who ever you are to stop scaring my kid". I never did hear him again, but did feel his presence many times when there were "littles" in the house sleeping, and also when I visited with my own "littles". (had to ask him to move because he was sitting on my toes while sitting on the edge of the bed near my son, who...at the time....was about 3 months old, and who was sleeping in the same room as I at my mother's house).

We always figured that he did that because something happened to little ones in that house during the time he lived there, and he was making sure all the babies after that were safe.

My sister Michelle (the next one down from me) used to get her jewelry taken by a little boy ghost that lived in our closet in the downstairs, front bedroom. We tore that room apart many times looking for her things, but never did find them. Even shook-down our little sister's room, just in case she was the klepto. No dice.

And, my little sister Catriona (Cat, for short) swears there is an old lady ghost in the house, too. She thinks our house replaced another, older one that had been torn down for some reason. But, she said she has heard, on more than one occasion, the sound of an old victrola-type phonograph and an old, creaky rocking chair from behind the wall on the second floor. Now, the 2nd floor of my parent's house has a ceiling that follows the roof, and a knee wall for attic storage. The wall she heard the music and rocking chair from was one of those knee walls, and you couldn't fit a rocking chair in there, much less be able to rock in it if you could. We both think it could be a residual type of haunting.....the spirit is used to another building, and where she used to be happiest coensides with the otherside of the knee wall. I don't know if that's true, since I live in Maine, haven't been able to research the area, and didn't know about this until she told me.... after I had moved.

So, that's is just some of my personal encounters and some of my sisters' encounters. I welcome any thoughts or insights. 😊

Blessed Be!



TOP



QUOTE



REPLY

 **Axman**

 Jan 11 2008, 12:24 AM

Post #2



Chainsaws are better.....



Group: Member

Posts: 4234

Joined: 19-December 04

From: Kingman, AZ

Member No.: 6700

Interesting stuff. I guess I'll share a couple of my early experiences.

I rented a house once back in the summer of 1983 that had a small loft upstairs over the living room. I used to hear footsteps up there during the night. I lived there alone so it kinda had me a bit spooked. I eventually decided to investigate one night because the footsteps were making the living room ceiling bounce. The footsteps were rather heavy that night. I walked through the kitchen and around the corner to the narrow but steep stairs (more like a ladder but built like a stairs). As soon as I started to climb the stairs the footsteps stopped and there was nothing up there. I didn't use the loft because it was kind of cramped so the room up there was totally empty. Across the hall was the only other bedroom where I had my bed. I began to sleep on the sofa because sleeping in the bedroom gave me an uneasy feeling. Never did find out what it was about that house but according to the landlord, who was the original owner, the house was rebuilt after a fire