



Spirit Society of PA.

A P P A R I T I O N S

A Review and Preview of SSP Activities and Items of Interest • Vol 8, Issue 5 - May 2004

"ROO'S" BOOS - NOTES FROM KELLY

Spirit's Speak is our theme for May in honor of our session on May 15th with author, researcher Riley Heagerty. I was going to do mini readings this month, but that has changed. We will have a lecture on "Life After Life" with Reverend Bomberger. This should be a wonderful evening of hope and joy.

Jennie Wade House

John and I investigated the Jennie Wade house on 4/23/04 in preparation for several appearances we will be making for "Ghostly Images of Gettysburg", which offers haunted history tours of the Wade House and nearby Orphanage. We had the place to ourselves and got some intriguing evidence of life after life. The spirits spoke to not only me, but John!

(When encountering a presence upstairs who was not related to the house, EM fields were jumping crazily around Kelly. Later, in trying to send him on, a voice clearly saying "I'm ready" responds to her. I had a most interesting exchange with a "crazy" sort of male presence - whom Kelly has encountered before - in the basement, during which not only was EVP obtained but the oft-reported moving chain captured on video. JDW)

We will be sharing the video with the group in the near future.



Photo shows area of basement that replicates the "body" of Jennie who was kept there awaiting a safe chance for burial after she was killed on 7/3/63. Kelly & John first visited the Wade house together over 12 years ago; at the time, she felt a "crazy" male presence in the basement, who still remains there. Also during that visit, the chain moved by itself, quite vigorously. It moved again this time, and was captured on video. EM readings were elevated during the movement and EVP was captured, one a laugh in response to John's comments about it being OK to be "crazy". EVP will shortly be posted on the site.

Positive Light

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought. The mind is everything. What we think, we become." – Buddha

"Live out your imagination, not your history." – Stephen R. Covey

"Death when unmasked shows us a friendly face and is a terror only at a distance." - Oliver Goldsmith

From Our Hosts, The New Cumberland Sr. Center:

PIG ROAST • MUSICFEST & SILENT AUCTION - June 19

At Carlisle Fish & Game Association Grounds

On Trindle Road (Rt. 641) East of Carlisle

Time: 11am-3pm Cost: \$10 (\$8 for age 8 and under)

Music by "Reminisce" • Must purchase tickets by June 11

•For Tickets or Details: 774-0409, 697-5947 or 776-4478



Who can count all the spirits in this photo? Of course, the answer is **zero**, despite the fact that moments later in this room, unusual EM readings were noted and both Kelly and I recorded EVP. *(Taken at a condemned 1800's Inn we had permission to visit)* When holding the camera aloft while taking it, I could see dozens of dust particles sparkling within inches of the camera, lit by the built-in flash. When the first digital cameras made such an impact in ghosthunting in 96-97, no one, myself included, fully understood how flash proximity to the lens easily illuminates nearby tiny particles, and "orbs" were widely accepted as something truly paranormal. Closely watching the flash go off will indicate if there is dust in the air, as will a bright light. Singular "orb" anomalies can be more credible, but **ONLY** if correlating evidence (EM, Thermal, EVP) is gathered at the same time/place. **Please don't let your/our credibility be questioned by sharing or posting questionable photos that cannot be considered anomalous!** - JDW

A Near Death Experience - By David Goines

This is the true story about an event that forever changed David Goines' life and that has been the basis for the way he has since lived. When he was thirteen years old, he was riding his bike to school when he was hit by a concrete mixing truck. His resulting near-death experience revealed to him many of the secrets of the afterlife. Many questions concerning "Why are we here?" and "What is the meaning of life?" are answered here. At the end of his experience, he was given a choice - a choice that is offered to all of us. It is a choice we all must make when we die.

I remember the fear of impact (getting hit), however, I have no recollection of the impact or having my body become totally integrated with the bicycle, nor hurtling over sixty feet through the air and landing in the canal. My next memory was quite a scene in the hospital emergency room. It was the most unique experience of my earthly life. Unique, because I was observing my own body in the emergency room and all the activity going on, except that I was not in my body. I was above it all - looking down. I was feeling no pain.

Everyone was very busy. I knew by their activity that I was in serious trouble. There was much discussion about how to extract me from the tangled wreckage of my bike and/or whether they would need to leave me in it until I was stabilized enough to try. I could see and hear everything. It was gruesome. It was frightening. They finally decided they had me stable enough to get rid of the bike and they called for a welding specialist to bring a torch to help cut me out of the bike. Thank God my body seemed to be unconscious. All of this would have been quite enough for my young mind to endure - until one nurse, whom I knew, said to another, "Well - it certainly makes you wonder if it is worth saving this mess."

She nearly scared me to death! At that moment, it was more than I could stand above and watch. I wanted to run away from this scene. I needed to escape. Quickly, I turned, took one step through the wall so to speak and found myself in total darkness. I looked back - nothing but darkness! Before I could barely think, "Now I've done it!," I apparently took another step; and I was instantly in the most beautiful garden I have ever seen. This garden was like a formal terrace which had been carved out of a rough mountain, just a few feet below the peak. Everything was white marble and evergreen. The air was so incredibly light and clear and fresh and cool. It seemed like I was breathing pure chilled oxygen. The garden was trimmed in evergreen shrubs, each a perfect specimen; and the fragrance of evergreen lightly scented the air. This place seemed so perfect in every detail. Directly in front of me, just a few steps away, was a marble bench which seemed to invite me to come, sit, and rest.

As I sat down and breathed in the fresh wonderful air, I looked around. What a wonderful place to rest. The floor was flat and smooth, polished to perfection such that it looked seamless. This garden terrace was surrounded by low marble pillars and a marble railing and looked like it had been formed right out of the side of the mountain in one seamless effort. I noticed the stark contrast between the formal perfection of white marble and the surrounding mountain that was rough and ragged by comparison.

It seemed like only moments while I looked around this beautiful setting, when I noticed a very warm, kindly, old gentleman sitting beside me on the bench. I had not seen or heard him come - he was just there. A light smile crossed his face, and I knew he was a friend. His face was warmly wrinkled, but soft. His eyes were a soft blue and yet with a depth and sparkle of wisdom. I looked away so as not to fall into his

eyes; and as I did, he spoke to me. His voice was firm, but soft and loving.

He said, "Well, you've had a rough day," as if he knew all about it.

With a tired sigh I said, "I sure have!"

No further explanation seemed necessary as we both sat there. Then, I remembered just how much trouble I really was in; and I looked back at him hoping he would have an answer I could stand to hear.

I asked "Am I dead?"

He smiled to assure me and said, "No, you are not dead. Your body is in a lot of trouble, but it is being well taken care of and you do not need to worry."

I remember I felt so relieved to be told that I was not dead. Life was not over. This was not the end. All these things ran through my mind like a whirlwind that stopped abruptly, and I was filled with a million questions as to explain my current condition. I could not explain why I felt like I was sitting here in this place feeling very much like I had a body and yet knowing very much that I had left it behind.

Again I looked at him, and his face looked so understanding I knew he had the answers even before I asked the question. It was like we could read each others thoughts - even before words were spoken - and I'm not sure but what a lot of our communication did take place this way, mind to mind. Then a kind of panic set in.

I demanded of him: "How am I here, in this place, when I know that my body is back there in the hospital?" And "Where is this place? How do I see this place and you, if I'm not with my body? How can I be two places at once?" I began to feel very upset. "What are you?" I demanded!

His voice calmed me immediately. He said, "You are in a very special place. You are safe."

He went on to explain that, though my body was in the hospital, it was my physical body and that each of us has also our spiritual body and our mental body.

He said, "It is your mental and spiritual body that is here. It is with your mental and spiritual eyes that you see this place. Likewise, it is through your mental and spiritual body senses that you perceive everything in and about this place. This place is in your mind's eye, your imagination; it is as it is because this is exactly what you need it to be. Your physical crisis and mental need caused it to be just as you perceive it. I am here too without a physical body. You see me as I see myself in my own mind's eye. A mental picture (a thought) from my mind to your mind's eye. I am as you see me because this is the way that I perceived that you needed me to be. Who I am or my name is not important. I am here for you on behalf of your heavenly Father's love for you and to remind you from where you came."

My first thought was - The hospital?

He smiled a smile of wisdom and patience beyond wisdom itself and said lovingly, "No, I mean your Father's house."

It was then at that moment that I realized that I knew everything that he was saying was true and that I had known this consciously before I was born to this earth to have a physical body. I remembered that I was also a spiritual and mental body (being), and it all made perfect sense. I even remembered coming through the veil to find and choose my physical body. I was mildly puzzled that I could have even forgotten such things - when he reminded me that to have/experience a physical life - it was necessary to at least for a while, forget a little of our prior knowledge so that we might more fully experience the physical things, be physically challenged, make choices of free agency, and

yes, even make mistakes so that we could learn from them in ways that only a physical life could impart. If we retained all of our prior knowledge, we might not bother to experience the physical life for its fulfillment - we might decide to skip the pain and thus miss the pleasure. I also remembered the promise I had made to my heavenly Father upon accepting the opportunity, challenges and responsibility of a physical life. To make the most of this opportunity for myself and for him. To return to my Father's house with the knowledge and experience gained such that likewise, my Father (Creator) could be enhanced by the experience. It was upon this basis that I realized why we need to experience a separation of our total reality when we take a physical body. That is because in order for us to appreciate, benefit, and learn all we can from our physical life, we must seemingly have to re-discover what we knew before - now in physical ways. Likewise, through this physical life we must discover how to return to our heavenly Father. By the good that we do to each other here, by the ways we improve our minds, and by the ways that we learn to cope with a physical body and physical life, do we earn our right of safe passage back to our Father's house; and in so doing, do we likewise magnify and glorify (honor) our Father. It is our Father's love that sends us on the journey and it is our love for him that will allow us to go back home to his loving arms again.

As soon as I had remembered all that I needed to know, my loving, special friend disappeared.

This was a wonderful place; it was everything I needed it to be. I not only remembered and could see from where I came, I could also see and remember where I was going, the many things that I was supposed to do. I knew when I chose this life that it would be challenging. I knew that I would be responsible for finding a physical life mate and that, together, we would accept the responsibility of providing new physical life so that others of God's children (creation) could likewise share in a physical experience for themselves. I knew that I would be responsible for choosing between good and evil so that my life would serve to glorify my heavenly Father upon my return to him.

As I continued to ponder and reaffirm these things, I felt very refreshed and again more conscious of my garden place. I turned and noticed a small winding path leading up to the crest of this rugged mountain. I had not noticed this path before, but it was there now and it beckoned me. I got up from my marble bench and began making my way up the steep access of the path. It was difficult and my footing was very unsure. As I reached the top, I looked down upon a beautiful meadow on the other side. It was so tempting. There were flowers of every description and color. A beautiful brook flowed playfully through the meadow, and I made my way through the lush grass to be by its side. The brook was only a few inches deep. The water flowed quickly. I picked up some pebbles and tossed them one by one into the water. I was about to turn away and leave when I looked on the other side of the stream and saw a beautiful white light much like sunbeams. From this beautiful light a figure appeared. It was clothed in white robes and white light such that I could scarcely tell the difference. I could not make out a face - but I clearly saw hands. These hands stretched out to me and a voice said: "Will you come unto me?"

Without hesitation I stepped into the water, then I paused. I was shaking all over. Then I remembered that I had a life to learn and experience. I turned; and as I stepped out of the water, I said "No, I still have many things which I must do."

I made my way quickly, running as fast as I could back up to the top of the hill and back down that winding path, nearly falling several times. As soon as my feet touched the floor of my beautiful marble garden, I

was consciously back in my physical body, awake, and suddenly in more physical pain than I ever thought possible. My body was in five-way traction, and I was barely touching the bed. Everything hurt.

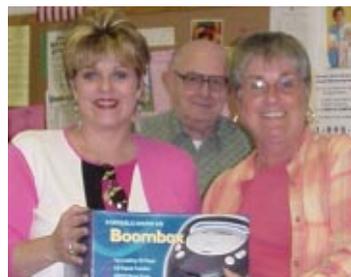
My first conscious thought was, "Big mistake - boy, I've done it now! I've screwed up big time! That white figure was Jesus and I told him, "No!"

I don't know whether I cried more from the physical pain I was in or the spiritual and mental torment I was having over this decision. Later through prayer and meditation, I have been comforted. I now understand and have so often reflected that through this experience I was being offered a choice. A choice which I, and each of us, have the right to make. My heavenly Father has such a profound love for me and all of his children, for that matter, that I was offered through his son Jesus the opportunity to come back to him right then.

His love is so great for his children that he was and is willing to sacrifice his potential for glory. Fortunately for me, I have the opportunity on his behalf to experience a physical life; and hopefully in doing so, I will ultimately magnify and glorify my heavenly Father and more so than if I had accepted grace and forgone this opportunity.

I did not realize that my garden experience had lasted for twenty-one days, until I was told by my doctors and nurses that I had been in a coma all that time. It was from this experience that I was able to draw enough strength and energy to rehabilitate my body, learn to walk again, and do all the things that I have been able to do so far in my life.

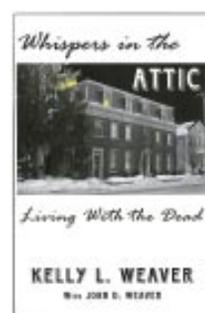
I am telling you this story, one, because I needed to tell it; two, because, perhaps you needed to hear it; and, three, because it allows me a credible basis for sharing with you much of the magic that can enhance a physical life.



On May 5, Kelly presented a "boom box" to Lucy, the director of the New Cumberland Sr. Citizen's Center. Special thanks to members Marianne & Dennis Ross, who generously provided the box for the SSP to donate. ("Mystery" person in background is not a spirit... we think)

Whispers in the Attic - Living With The Dead

Kelly's long-awaited first book is at the printer and will be available in early June. Copies will be available at the June SSP meeting and at selected bookstores in the mid-state area. "...This is a must-read book for anyone who has an interest in psychic phenomena, ghost hunting or with a desire to better understand the mysterious world that we live in." - Troy Taylor, Author/Founder, American Ghost Society



Paranormal Pennsylvania & Beyond Featuring a New Look with Full Color Photos Copies sold at SSP Meetings, Still only \$5 ea. Some back issues available @ reduced cost.



Spirit Society of PA.

APPARITIONS

Story & Photo Contributions are Solicited - send to:

John & Kelly Weaver, 43 Essex Rd, Camp Hill, PA 17011

E-mail: weaviate@aol.com

S.S.P. Website: www.spiritsocietyofpa.com

PARALLEL UNIVERSES & THE SOUL by Jeff Nell

(A Journey Through My Mind with My Dog and the Grateful Dead)

Wait! Don't stop reading yet! I know, I know. The title is a little scary. When I first starting thinking about the connection between parallel universes and the soul my mind started screaming, "Run away! Run Away!" So I did. Long enough for me take my dog out so she could make a little donation to her universe. Then I came back and started to do some pondering...

Theories behind the existence of parallel universes involve high level theoretical mathematics, quantum physics, theoretical physics, and the space-time continuum (when I first heard the phrase space-time continuum I thought it was a sequel to a sci-fi movie). I realized that it involved a very high level of thinking and abstracting abilities, abilities so far above my head that I couldn't hit them with a perfectly struck pitching wedge. In a moment of rare clarity it dawned on me that in order to speculate about parallel universes I did not have to understand why their existence is possible, I only had to assume that they do exist. The why is unimportant. And I need this assumption solely for the purpose of this discussion. Keep it simple. Now I could begin.

One theory out there regarding parallel universes is that each time I make a decision, a parallel universe is created where I make the opposite decision. For example, in this universe I've decided to write this article. As soon as I made that decision and started typing, another universe was created where I do not write this article (lucky them!!). My life in each universe is now somehow changed. Now I have a problem – a big one! The numbers. I think of the numbers. I think of how many decisions I make in one day and multiply that by the world's population. Then multiply that by 365 days per year, and so on. That's a whole lot of universe creating going on!

The idea becomes visually and intellectually overwhelming for me. Because of space exploration, the Hubble telescope and other scientific achievements, I know the universe is a pretty big place. Just the size of our own universe is difficult to comprehend. It's hard to grasp billions upon billions of these being created on a daily basis based on decisions made here, much less the concept that universes are also created from the decisions made in other universes, and those other universes spawn yet more universes, and on and on. The number now is so astronomically high it becomes mind-numbing. So once again I have to simplify.

I take a break. I lay down on the floor to play with the dog. I'm on my stomach, literally eye-to-eye with her. I look up. WOW! The family room looks pretty big from down here. From my dog's point of view the house is huge!!! And then it starts to come together. My dog's universe, which consists of the house, the yard and the occasional trip to my Dad's house or Pinchot Park, is huge from her point of view. From my point of view it's not. Her universe is actually a subset of my universe. If I want to be comfortable on a visual/intellectual level with the thought of an almost infinite number of universes, I have to think bigger than them; I have to think of my universe as a subset of something greater. So....

I begin to think of the universe as a sound wave – a vibration. From inside the wave, (my perspective), it is vast, immense and immeasurable. But from outside the wave, (the Creator's perspective?), it's just a wave. And when another universe is created, it's just another wave. So now, I am no longer overwhelmed by any visual/intellectual limitations that I may have had. Simply put, when I decided to sit down and start typing this article, I noticed nothing out of the ordinary. However, once I made that decision, a wave, a vibration was created. It

contains a mirror image of my (and your) existence up to that point, but what occurs within that wave will be different, because in that wave, I do not write this article. It's a different vibration and my life (and yours) in that vibration will be different. This universe, this vibration, is simply a subset of trillions upon trillions upon who knows how many other vibrations. I'm just part of a grand, cosmic Grateful Dead concert.

To make it easier to understand, I change the wording of the original theory just a bit so that it reads: "...each time I make a decision, a parallel universe, a new wave/vibration, is created where I make the opposite decision."

WHEW!!! You still here? At this point you may be tempted to move on to the next article...but please bear with me. We're going to start talking about the fun stuff now - souls! Keep on going. Note: You can substitute your favorite musical group in place of the Grateful Dead reference. Use something that you can identify with! Whatever works for you!

Now I have to work my soul into this scenario. I assume the following to be true for the purpose of this discussion. When my physical body dies, my soul moves to another plane of existence, where a life review occurs. I learn that if I want to get closer to the Creator (the ultimate goal) I have some more lessons to learn. With my spirit guides (and the Creator's guidance I'm sure) another life is mapped out for me to see if I can make the correct decisions and learn the lesson(s). Then I reincarnate totally forgetting the big game plan. I assume this to be true.

This begs the question - as I make decisions and these parallel universes are created, what happens to my soul? Well, I don't think I can be soulless on all these parallel universes. But can my soul be duplicated? And what happens when I physically die in one universe before I die in the rest? Where does that particular soul go? I can't answer these questions until I define soul. I think the soul is part consciousness, part non-physical character traits (good, evil, compassion, humility, egotism, etc.) that define me and make me unique. The lessons that we are to learn mold these character traits until, hopefully, they are all positive. Using that definition, here's what I think happens.

Hang in there dear readers, we're almost home! You've made it this far – stick around for the punch line at the end!

I don't think that my soul can be duplicated nor can I go soulless on any universe. I think that the consciousness part of my soul stays with me on all universes that are created. I think that it can exist across vibrations because consciousness itself is a vibration. I think what may change are the character traits, based on decisions and the consequences that occur as a result.

I also think that part of my consciousness is always in the next plane of existence watching my progress. I think that I watch myself learn or not learn from that next plane. Let me simplify that one. Imagine we are at the Universal Football League All-Star Pro-Bowl game. On offense on the field are eleven versions of me from eleven different universes. On defense are eleven versions of you from eleven different universes. You and I are up in the luxury boxes watching the game. The luxury box is in reality the next plane of existence. The lessons these particular twenty-two versions were to learn had to do with football. We're there to see if they were successful. When they all die, we'll review the game film together. It's a grossly simplified explanation, but hopefully you get the drift.

I think of consciousness as just being. I can't give it a size or a shape. It has no physical traits. It just is. It is just there. It's vibrational energy. It can be many places at one time.

When I physically die in these multiple universes I am not conscious of it because I still exist in many other places (including the next plane). Given the idea that the number of life lessons per incarnation to be learned is finite, I believe the majority of Jeff Nell's will physically die around the same time. Just because I exist in a vast multitude of universes doesn't make me immortal! I still have a life span. In some cases I may die much, much earlier, but I must remember that on the next plane of existence, time is probably measured/experienced much differently than here. And I must keep in mind that my life does not start over every time a parallel universe is created, it picks up at the moment a decision is made. Everything in the past remains the same.

So, part of my soul is spread over many, many universes coexisting at the same time and when all versions of me physically die, the consciousness for my physical body is reunited with the part of my consciousness that stays on the next plane to watch. The lessons are reviewed. If needed, new goals are set and I begin the process all over. This cycle keeps repeating and will stop when I have learned enough, become pure enough so to speak, to become one with the Creator.

This particular journey through my mind is complete (there are many more to come). Let me say one thing in closing. The scenario I just described is not what I believe to be true. It is what I believe to be possible – I don't know what is true.. There are many other thoughts, theories, etc. on our existence and life after death. The one I presented here is just one of them. I believe in the possibility of many things. The kicker is that I won't know until I die. So until then, I will just "Keep on truckin'!!!"

Oh yeah. "Because the dog did it!!! (I promised you a punch line at the end, I never said anything about a joke!)"

Given a Hand by my Guardian Angel? By: Gail Dull

The Monday before Easter, I had to run to the A. C. Moore Craft store on the East Shore to get some chocolates for the Easter candy I was making. On the way home, I was in the left hand turning lane, getting ready to go onto the ramp that leads to I-83 South, I watched the oncoming car go to its right. It seemed that it was beginning to enter the ramp to the highway.

As I had the green light and the oncoming car would have the yield sign, I began to pull across the traffic to enter the highway. At that precise moment, the black car jerked back onto Union Deposit road and sped up. It was now about to hit me broad side!

I had no time to react but I then realized that "someone" had one hand on my right shoulder and another on my right knee. The hand on my right knee pushed down, hard. My car jumped with the sudden acceleration as the other car's brakes squealed as it was trying to stop. With the jump from the acceleration, my car sped across the lane and onto the grass next to the ramp. I hit a big indentation in the grass and I was flung forward, but somehow didn't hit my head on the steering wheel and thank God that the airbag didn't go off!

Meanwhile, the other car had slid sideways and came to a halt...it would have smashed into me side to side had my "friend" not pushed my knee and made me get out of the way.

After I hit the bump, the wheel jerked to the right and I suddenly found myself driving down the middle of the ramp almost as if it had never had happened. There was traffic behind me now and I wasn't able to slow down or pull over so I kept going. Once I was able to start breathing again and I realized what had happened, I just kept repeating, "Thank you, Angels!" until I was home safe.

I feel so lucky, no one was hurt and neither car was damaged. More importantly, I now know that Someone was watching over me.

CARBONDALE, PA 1974 - UFO or HOAX?® by Rick Fisher

From Paranormal PA & Beyond writer/publisher Rick Fisher comes this account of a lesser-known "Kecksburg" type incident in North-eastern PA, not far from the home of longtime SSP members Ed Dubil Sr & Jr.

On the evening of November 9, 1974 in Carbondale, PA three teens were witness to an bright object that they say hovered and landed in a silt pond behind Russell Park. Other witnesses also reported seeing strange lights and objects in the sky that evening. Later that evening police and crowds of Carbondale residents surrounded the pond to watch a submerged object emit a glow that lasted for over nine hours. The police soon secured the area with the help of the Civil Air Patrol and National Guard to keep residents and for a time the news media from entering the area. It wasn't until Monday afternoon that a diver was sent in the pond to retrieve the object and came up minutes later with a railroad lantern ending the three day saga. It was quickly ruled a hoax and mostly forgotten about except for a few individuals who always believed it was something much more than a lantern.

Many witnesses have reported seeing a military low boy truck leaving the area under cover of darkness with a large object loaded onto it that was covered with a tarp. The people of Carbondale need to have closure on what happened that weekend in 1974, they were ridiculed and made to look like fools by local officials. Its time to find out what really happened. Many thanks go to Ron Hannivig, Frank Scassellati, Dawn Race, Kim Race and the citizens of Carbondale who have come forward with what they were witness to in 1974. Without their help I would have not had an interest in this case. I arrived in Carbondale on Saturday April 24, 2004 for a preliminary investigation of the area and to interview several witnesses. I will be making several trips there in the future to interview more witnesses and hope to produce a documentary. Links to newspaper accounts and eyewitness reports of what happened are available on Rick's PSP site at <http://home.supernet.com/~rfisher/carbondale.html> (Adobe Acrobat Reader is needed to view the files). This page will be updated from new information I receive and from future trips to Carbondale. If you have any information on this incident or know of someone who does please contact me at rfisher@redrose.net all information kept strictly confidential.

I had been talking to Frank Scassellati about the case by e-mail and when meeting him at Rick's conference, he kindly gave me copies of several newspaper accounts on the event. Prominently mentioned as an independent investigator of the case is the late Robert D. Barry, known to many as the host of "ET Monitor" which aired on Channel 49 (A Christian Station in Red Lion!) during the 80s & 90s. Barry's complete report can be found on the "Carbondale Archives" link on Rick's site. Despite the "home grown" nature of the show, which at times was funnier than most sitcoms of the day, Barry was a dedicated



researcher and well-respected in the UFO community. - JDW

Photo shows the view from Russell Park, looking south over the silt pond object landed in.