

50 Years of Ghost Hunting and Research With the Warrens



Ed and Lorraine Warren with their dog, Gizmo.

On the afternoon of August 23, 2006, Ed Warren passed away with Lorraine by his side. Ghostvillage.com would like to express our deepest sympathy to Lorraine and all of the many friends and family of the Warrens.

**Interview By [Jeff Belanger](#)
Photographs by Shannon Hicks**

Spirits, hauntings, vampires, werewolves, demons and devils are all part of the Halloween tradition—but for Ed and Lorraine Warren of Monroe, CT it's been their living for almost 50 years. I caught up to the Warrens at their Occult Museum in Monroe recently and talked with Ed Warren about where the Warrens met, their religious and spiritual beliefs and how they became the world-renowned ghostbusters that they are today.

Since 1952 the Warrens have been the directors of the New England Society for Psychic Research and to date they have investigated over 4,000 hauntings. The goal of the N.S.P.R. has been to share information with other groups who are investigating the same type of phenomenon and to help people are plagued by the supernatural.

The Warrens were the psychic investigators for the Amityville house and they also wrote a book called *The Haunted* based on a Pennsylvania family who came under diabolical possession—the book was made into a TV movie on Fox and according to Ed Warren the movie takes no dramatic license, it was portrayed very accurately.

A few years ago Cardinal O'Conner of New York had publicly stated that three cases of diabolical possession going on at the time and that exorcism was going to be performed. The news media jumped on it and it was the Warrens who investigated all three cases.

Ed Warren is one of 7 religious demonologists, the other six are all priests and Ed is the

only lay demonologist in the country. Ed acquired the title by his work with the church.

How the Warrens Got Started

Ed Warren grew up in a haunted house from the time he was five until he was 12. “My father, who was a police officer at the time would say, “Ed, there's a logical reason for everything that happens in this house,” but he never came up with that logical reason. I'll give you an example:

“My family would go to bed and just around two o'clock, three o'clock in the morning, many times I would hear the closet door opening up. I'd look into that closet and see darkness, then I'd start to see a light starting to form and it went into like a ball shape sort of like a basketball and then I'd see a face in that ball—they call that a ghost globule—I didn't know what it was then. It was the face of an old lady, and she was not looking pleasant—the ball came out into my bedroom and I could hear footsteps and heavy breathing, the room became icy cold, that's a psychic cold—and I'm saying to myself, “There's a logical reason for all of this,” but by that time I was out of the bed and right between my mother and father in their bed.”

When Ed was 16 years-old he worked as an usher at the Colonial Theatre in Bridgeport and it was there that he met Lorraine. “Lorraine and her mother used to come every Wednesday night,” Ed remembered. “So I'd see her coming in and we started talking and became friends. I was 16 at the time and she was 16, one night I walked her home and asked her for a date—and that's how it started.”

Ed Warren went into the Navy on his seventeenth birthday and four months later, after his ship sank in the North Atlantic he was home for 30-day survivor's leave. It was during that leave that the two were married.

When Ed returned after the World War II he and Lorraine had a daughter and Ed went to Perry Art school which is a subsidiary of Yale for about two years. “I got fed up with that,” Ed said. “I told Lorraine one day, “You know, I can paint better than these instructors. What they're teaching me is a lot of Geometry and a lot of nonsense that I don't need for painting.” I said, “We'll have some fun.

“I bought this car for \$15 dollars which I still have in the yard. It's a 1933 Chevy Eagle—deluxe. The guy gave me two wheels with it. I had to pay him off on time—five dollars a week. I said to Lorraine, “You know, if we go up to the new areas where they're opening up for tourists like Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire—I'll bet I can take a bunch of my paintings and put them out there when people are walking by and we'll sell some.”

And the Warrens did have fun, “We were making a fantastic living, selling the paintings for fabulous prices—three dollars, four dollars. But you've got to remember one thing, hot dogs were a dime, hamburgers were a dime, the theater was a quarter, gas was 18 cents a gallon. So, when you made five dollars on a painting, you were doing pretty good.”

It was through painting that the Warrens began their ghost investigation. If Ed heard of any place that claimed to be haunted, whether a haunted house, a haunted location he would drag Lorraine to check it out. “Oh Ed, there are no such things as ghosts,” Lorraine would tell him. Ed reminded Lorraine of his early days at his haunted house in Bridgeport and Lorraine would go.

But, the way the Warrens got into the haunted houses is especially interesting, “We were just kids nobody was just going to let us in, we were curiosity seekers—we were not the directors of the New England Society for Psychic Research.

“So, I'd go out in the middle of the road where they could all see me and I'd start to sketch the house and you'd see the curtains going back and forth “What's this kid doing?” they would be thinking.

“I would do a really nice sketch of the house with ghosts coming out of it and everything and give it to Lorraine and she'd go knock on the door and with her Irish personality she'd say, “Oh, my husband loves to sketch and paint haunted houses and he made this for you.” I made it special for them.”

So it was through the paintings that the Warrens got themselves into these haunted houses. And then they would talk with the homeowners one-on-one. Basically, Ed just wanted to see if the same things happened to those families that happened to his family.



A possessed doll from the Warren's Occult Museum.

Spirits and the Investigations

Ed Warren: If you look at a fan and it's standing still, you can see the propellers very easily. But, if that fan starts up you can't see anything—it's invisible. Spirits are on that

different vibrational field. They're all around us right now but you can't see them. But if you were like Lorraine, you could see them clairvisually, hear them claiaudioally.

I can't. And it wouldn't pay for me to do that because as an investigator people would think I'm a little odd seeing ghosts flying around when they couldn't see anything. So, I have to see it, I have to feel it, I have to hear it, I have to record it before I accept it.

But, mediums and clairvoyants are very necessary to us because they tell us immediately if something is there. I wouldn't know—I could go into a building for a month and not know if there is something really there. I could interview the people, and maybe through my knowledge I could tell if something is there, but the clairvoyant is the draw. The spirits are drawn to a medium/clairvoyant like a moth is drawn to a flame.

Many times we use three or four clairvoyants in one place. We take them into a house one-at-a-time, they don't know where they're going, what the case is about, etc. And if they all tell me the same thing, that they see a woman spirit in a certain room or a man or a child, then I know that we're on the right track.

I do think scientifically, we do have scientists working with us, and I think theologically and scientifically. There are organizations of atheists, so-called skeptical investigators that say, "There is no proof scientifically that God exists, that spirits exist that miracles occur."

That's ridiculous, there's all kinds of proof. In [the Occult Museum] we have hundreds of items, we have thousands of cases between here and the other buildings out there that prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the supernatural exists and the pre-to-natural exists. When I say 'pre-to-natural' I'm talking about negative and 'supernatural' is positive.

We have filmed the white Lady of Easton. We have filmed poltergeists, attacks on people, ghosts and we have taken many pictures of ghosts.

We work with any clergy that their religion teaches love of God and love of your fellow man. We are not stupid enough to think that because we are Catholics that we are the only religion saved—that's what the problem is with Ireland is today—and a lot of other places. We work with all people of all faiths.

We have thousands of pictures of ghosts. And I'm not talking about filmy ectoplasmic type material, I'm talking about spirits that are as clear as you and I. You ask us for evidence, we'll give you that evidence.

We proved in a court of law in 1989 that a woman and her young child driven out of her house by ghosts. She lived in Hebron, Connecticut. We went into Rockville court and we won the case. The Realtor that leased her the house was suing her for \$2,000. She begged us to go into the house and to get some evidence that would prove that there really were ghosts.

Now, you don't walk into a court of law and say, “Well judge, there was ghosts there.”— You have to have evidence. In any court of law they use photographs, recordings and credible witnesses as evidence—that's what we use. We won the case, we set a precedent here in the United States.

Scientists would say, “you didn't prove a thing, because you didn't take that ghost and put it in a bottle so we can open him up and examine him.” That's stupid. They're saying that scientifically that you have to prove that God exists, that ghosts exist, there is no such thing you can't get scientific in a supernatural world.

So, if we can prove in a court of law that ghosts exist and haunted houses exist I think that's good enough for anyone.



A headstone used as a satanic altar as seen in the Occult Museum.

The New England Society For Psychic Research

The New England Society for Psychic was founded in 1952 and the goal at first was to simply investigate hauntings. Then, around 1965 the Warrens went into a home where the spirit of a little girl named Cynthia and they listened to the little child coming through a deep-trance medium and she was looking for her mother. Ed thought to himself, “This is horrible, this little child is earth-bound. She's looking for her mother constantly day in and day out. How do I help this child?”

It was no longer just experiencing the hauntings, now the Warrens wanted to help. The question arose as to where to get the knowledge to help anybody in spirit? Well, who delves into the supernatural? Priests, clergyman, rabbis. Ed started interviewing dozens and dozens of clergyman of all faiths, and would ask them “If somebody called you from

your parish and said there was a ghost in the house what would you do?"

Some said, "I tell them to go see a psychiatrist." Others said, "I'd go to the house and I'd bless it. If the blessing didn't work I'd say a mass, and if the mass didn't work I'd perform the rite of exorcism." But many Catholic priests interviewed didn't even believe there's a devil. And yet all of this material is part of Catholicism's teaching. It is in the bible, within every ten words you have a psychic word: apparition, ghost, devil, demon, evil—it's all in the bible, everything we talk about.

The N.E.S.P.R. work is based in religion but also uses science. People have said to the Warrens, "Oh God, you go into a house and you look for devils." And Ed's response, "Your damn right I look for devils, and I look for everything else too. And I have the scientists with me and they're looking for something else and we get together and we talk and straighten the whole thing out. Nobody can bring us into a house and fool us. You couldn't tell us that your house is haunted and get away with it because I'm the biggest skeptic going. I have to see it, I have to hear it and I have to feel it with the physical sense."

Medical doctors, researchers, police officers, nurses, college student and house wives are all dedicated members who volunteer their services. The N.E.S.P.R. does not charge for their services and only asks for expenses to be covered.

The Skeptics

People have said, "Ed Warren hides behind his beliefs of Catholicism," but he claims he uses them, he doesn't hide behind anything. "And I know that [Biblical beliefs] are fact because I've seen and I've heard and I've felt all the things that it talks about.

People have called Ed Warren an eccentric because he believes in devils and demons, "Of course I do," he replies. "I learned about them as a child and proved they exist as a man—beyond a shadow of a doubt. If you don't want to call them devils and demons call them evil—I don't care what you call them. Religions are man-made, but spirituality isn't.

"From the day's that I went into a haunted house I always wanted media people with me and people condemned me for that. They said, "Ed Warren wants to be written up in newspapers, he wants to have books and movies. He wants to be exposed to the public. You're damn right I do. My whole thought is expose the devil and expose evil. A skeptical public is the best protection that evil has, and I'm going to make sure that I expose that evil anyway I can. People tell us that we get a lot of money for what we are doing here, our money comes very hard through these books and lectures. We don't get any easy money and the money we get we deserve and we don't charge for our services. But if you want us to come to Arizona, we are going to ask you for expenses."

The Occult Museum

The Occult museum is a collection of artifacts, books, pictures, masks, idols located at the Warrens home in Monroe. Tours are available for \$12.50 each and by appointment.

The tour takes about two hours.

Ed Warren: In the Occult museum, there are things that are so dangerous that just in touching them you could be very badly affected. They are the opposite of what you would touch in a church, a holy relic, a cross a statue, the statue, the crosses and relics have been blessed. When a priest blesses a relic or a statue, what he does is to project the vibrations of holiness into the molecular structure of that item.

Things in the museum were used in black witchcraft, magic, sorcery, curses—just the opposite was done. There are many Halloween-type masks—don't let that fool you. This is a smoke screen that sorcerers, Satanist, black witches project—that they're fools. They're not fools at all.

Local Hauntings

The White Lady of Easton has been seen by dozens of people for more than 50 years. Ed Warren has the White Lady on film, she is often seen around the Union cemetery by Route 59 in Easton.

Ed parked his van in Union cemetery and waited with his video recorder. The white lady did materialize and in fact within the last month some local police officers have also caught the White Lady on film.

Ed first recorded the White Lady on September 1, 1990 at 2:40 a.m. “The only light was a street light which was 50 yards from where I was sitting,” Ed recalled. “I heard a woman weeping and I looked out and saw hundreds of ghost lights floating around and forming into a figure of a woman. I couldn't make out facial features but I could see she had long, dark hair and she was dressed in white.

I started to walk towards her and she disappeared. You never walk towards the ghost, you let the ghost come to you because you can change the molecular and magnetic field when a ghost is materializing.

The Warrens receive anywhere from six to 12 phone calls a day from around the country and around the world from people looking for help. They regularly give lectures locally and they have published several books on their research and different cases. To find out more about the New England Society for Psychic Research write to P.O. box 748, Farmington, CT 06034 or visit www.warrens.net. To contact the Warrens write to P.O. Box 41 Monroe, CT 06468.

Tribute To Ed Warren



In memory of our founder and mentor, Edward Warren (September 7, 1926 - August 23, 2006)

"Fair winds and following seas"

Ed Warren loved life, people and animals. He was one of the most knowledgeable people on the planet with respect to the supernatural and preternatural world. His generosity, wisdom and kindness is legendary, and will be remembered by us until we see him again on the other side, where we will be able to personally thank him.

We know that he is up there, fighting the good fight, and gazing down upon us with those kind and compassionate eyes.

Ed Warren has left us physically, but will always remain in our hearts.

We love you, Ed.

Biography: Ed & Lorraine Warren



Lorraine Warren, Born : Jan 31, 1927, Bridgeport, CT.
Ed Warren, Born : September 7, 1926, Bridgeport, CT

Ed Warren was born and raised in the city of Bridgeport, Connecticut on the tough east side. That part of the city was known as the " Bloody Bucket ", because it was a frequent hang-out for hoodlums and gangsters.

While Ed was a boy, he lived in a haunted house from the age of 5 until age 12. His father, then a police officer would explain to young Ed that the strange occurrences witnessed in the home had a logical explanation...but of course his dad never did come up with a logical explanation. There were times when Ed would be out playing, and if he returned to the house and no-one was home, he would not enter the house...sometimes staying outside for hours in the freezing cold weather.



Ed would see ghosts, hear footsteps, pounding sounds, and rapping on walls frequently in the house. This frightened him, but also made him want to learn more about the types of phenomena he had encountered.

When Ed turned 17, on September 7, 1943 he enlisted in the U.S. Navy and served with the armed guard aboard a Merchant Marine ship. He saw action in the Pacific Theatre. He was decorated for

heroism after saving a fellow sailor from icy waters after their ship caught fire.

Lorraine Warren was born Lorraine Rita Moran in Bridgeport, Ct. She attended prestigious Laurelton Hall private school in Trumbull, Ct. She worked at various jobs during the war to help the war effort.

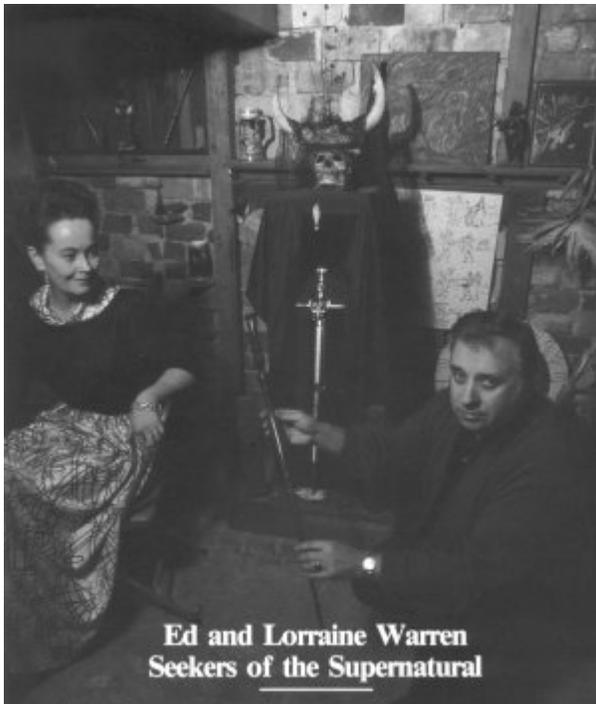
Ed and Lorraine Warren were married on May 22, 1945 in Bridgeport, Ct. They have one daughter, Judy, who is married and lives in New Milford, Ct.

After his World War II service, Ed attended Art school . He painted nautical scenes, country landscapes, and his real passion-"Haunted Houses". He began touring the New England states with Lorraine seeking out haunted houses to paint .

One now famous house that he found was the "Ocean Born Mary House" in Henniker, New Hampshire. Ed likes to relate the story as such: "I was with Lorraine and another couple that we used to socialize with. We were probably about 19 or 20 years old at the time. We were traveling around New England trying to sell some of our paintings, which I did sell for tremendous prices, 3 or 4 dollars each! You have to remember though that back then gas was 12 cents a gallon, and hot dogs were a dime. A movie was a quarter. So the 3 or 4 dollars we made on each painting wasn't so bad after all. Anyway, we were driving through New Hampshire and I see this sign that says "Henniker" ... I looked back at my friend Jerry who was in the back seat and said that I had heard of a haunted house...the " Ocean Born Mary " house and that it was in Henniker. Jerry looked at me and said, " Oh , come on Ed, there must be a hundred Hennikers". Just then we rounded a corner and there was a sign that said, " This is the only Henniker on EARTH! ". So I guess that solved THAT argument."



"Anyway, we asked some college kids where the house was, and they gave us directions to it. We pulled up front, and man, I gotta tell you, it sure did look haunted from the outside. I said to Jerry, who was a real skeptic up to this time, " Hey Jerry, why don't you go up to the door and see if they'll let us in?" His response was "Are you crazy? There's no way I'm going up there!"



"So I did the logical thing. I threw Lorraine out of the car and locked the doors! I knew if anybody could get us in, it would be Lorraine, with her Irish charm and all. We watched as she knocked on the door. We saw this light in a window high above, then the light reached the lower level and finally the door opened. We could barely make it out, but soon we saw Lorraine motioning for us to come on up. To make a long story short, we all got into the house and spoke with a Mr. Roy, the caretaker. This was the first time Lorraine had ever had a psychic experience...she astrally projected out of her body and hovered above us!"

Since that time, Lorraine Warrens psychic abilities have steadily increased.

She has been tested at UCLA under the watchful eye of Dr. Thelma Moss. Her abilities are well documented. Lorraine can best be described as a clairvoyant and light trance medium. This means that she can hear, feel, and sense things through her sensitivity or "sixth" sense, rather than the normal five senses. She can also see a persons "Aura". Lorraine describes it like this; "A persons Aura is the supernatural glow that emanates from every living thing. It is the energy that surrounds us, it evens surrounds our pets. I can tell quite a lot about a person from this glow. You see the aura produces different colors, blue hues, green, red, yellow and various other shades. They have different intensities to them, some are bright, some are dull, sometimes they spike out like fireworks. From the condition of the aura I can tell a lot about a person. I can tell if they are religious or not, if they have emotional troubles, or even if they have a violent temper."

The Warrens have been the nations top psychic researchers for over 3 decades, and have lectured extensively at colleges and universities through out the country. They were 2 of only a handful of investigators ever allowed into the infamous "Amityville Horror" home and have the only pictures ever taken inside the house.

The Warrens have had 2 movies made of their cases, one "The Haunted" from their book, and the other "The Demon Murder Case" also from their book "The Devil in Connecticut."

The Warrens have published 9 books. They are:

1. Deliver Us From Evil
2. The Demonologist

3. The Devil In Connecticut
4. The Haunted
5. Werewolf
6. Satan's Harvest
7. The Ghosthunters
8. In A Dark Place
9. Graveyard

They continue to lecture throughout the country, and hold classes on the supernatural. They also personally escort a guided tour throughout England & Scotland annually.

Famous Cases

The Amityville Haunting

Werewolf

Annabelle

Lindley Street

The Smurls

West Point

Mark

Stamford

It Has Returned

Case File: The Amityville Horror



Ed and Lorraine Warren's most famous case by far is their investigation of the home which was the subject of The Amityville Horror. The Warrens were 2 of 9 people who investigated the home. Even now, 24 years later, the Amityville investigation is their most requested lecture topic. We've included some photos here on the website, but to see the most shocking, revealing, and interesting photographs, you'll need to attend one of the Warrens' many lectures.

Over the years, rumors have abounded which claim to prove the Amityville case a fraud. How these rumors started and how they became so ubiquitous is unclear; what is clear is that the Warrens saw the house for themselves, and experienced some of the phenomena which occurred. They have photographs and reports which show remarkable proof of the existence of very remarkable phenomena in that house.

It's believed that the hoax rumor began with a man who called himself Dr. Steven Kaplan, although he held no doctorate degree from any university. This fact was exposed on several occasions, yet that never stopped Mr. Kaplan from making these claims. He was the self-proclaimed president of the Parapsychology Society of Long Island and some other related societies, presumably founded by himself. As far as the Warrens can tell, he hated them because Mr. Lutz, the owner of the Amityville Horror home called Mr. Kaplan prior to calling the Warrens, and asked him to investigate the situation. Mr. Kaplan came to the home to "investigate" with 6 witches and the Channel 7 news team, and Mr. Lutz threw Mr. Kaplan off the property---and then called the Warrens. This started a 20 year vendetta of Mr. Kaplan against the Warrens.

The basic claims of Mr. Kaplan insisting Amityville to be a hoax were discussed with Ed Warren and Mr. Kaplan on a Long Island radio show. Kaplan insisted that Amityville was a hoax because Jay Anson's book, *The Amityville Horror*, has some inconsistencies in it, and it was not 100% accurate. The Warrens felt that Mr. Anson's book was not 100% accurate as well, but only because Mr. Anson was unfamiliar with the terms of art of the field of demonology, not because of any purposeful error on his or Mr. Lutz's part. Apparently Mr. Kaplan simply could not let go of the idea that he had ruined his chance to become involved in what may be the world's most famous paranormal investigation, and therefore started the rumor that it was all a hoax.

Mr. Kaplan wrote a book concerning the Amityville story, called *The Amityville Conspiracy*, and one week before the book was published he died from a heart attack. The book contains far more contradictions and mis-stated facts than *The Amityville Horror* by Jay Anson. Kaplan was never even inside of the Amityville house (except to attend a party--not as part of an investigation), despite his claims to the contrary.

Kaplan nevertheless swore that he had photographs and investigative materials. Ed Warren offered him \$5000 to show him the hoax evidence, yet Kaplan declined. When Ed Warren asked how Kaplan had conducted his investigation, Kaplan couldn't even specify what equipment he'd used. Somehow, he managed to lie his way out of every possible detail.

Ultimately, a Babylon, NY radio station made Mr. Kaplan apologize to the Warrens because they'd uncovered that Kaplan had fabricated the hoax rumor. Kaplan said on the radio program, "I will never go against the Warrens again." Given his health, he was never able to try, although his apology was short-lived.

The Warrens found that Mr. Lutz's descriptions of the paranormal activity in the home were very accurate for a case of demonic possession, although the Lutz's had never studied demonology--they would not have know how to fabricate the story that they told.

But why is the hoax story so popular? Part of the reason was that the chief of police's son was a newspaper reporter, and the police hoped to get vandals out of the area--since the story had broken, the traffic in the area had been nonstop. An erroneous story was printed in Newsday about how the Amityville case was a hoax, and that helped to perpetuate the hoax myth.

But who would have profited from fabricating such a story? The Lutzes received little or no money from the books and movies. Jay Anson, the author of *The Amityville Horror* surely profited from his book, but it seems that no one else did. Another rumor persists that the Lutz's lawyer, Attorney Webber, fabricated the story with them over several bottles of wine. Truth be told, the Lutzes didn't drink and had only a bottle of blessed wine in the house given to them by Father Pecoraro. Rumor has it that Webber wanted to write his own book, but Jay Anson simply beat him to it.

Jay Anson, author of *The Amityville Horror* had a heart attack while he was writing the last chapter of the book. He recovered from this heart attack but had a second, fatal heart attack while writing his second book "666" on the anti-Christ. These are only two of the many "coincidences" that plague the Amityville story.

What follows is a short version of the Warrens' own story about their Amityville investigation. This was compiled from their oral history taken during a NESPR meeting in October, 1997 (these classes are open to the public--details on how and where to attend are included elsewhere in this web site) We've included it here to help dispel the rumors that Amityville was a hoax. **The New England Society for Psychic Research** strongly believes that only through dissemination of accurate information concerning paranormal activity can the public be informed that such activity really exists--and that evil is among us. It is not until the public understands that this is so that we can begin to combat such forces in our midst. As long as fraud stories persist, and as long as people who experience real such trauma are ridiculed, Satan and evil forces can continue to do their work here on earth. It is only through information and understanding that good can prevail.

History of the property: The property was used as a sort of insane asylum for Native Americans who were sick and dying. There had been an enclosure on the property, where the patients were housed. Inhuman spirits revel in such suffering and are able to infest the graves of those who were buried in unconsecrated ground.

Background: The problems at the Amityville house seemed to stem from the Ronald DeFeo murders on November 13, 1974. Mr. DeFeo hated his father and had plotted to kill him--he'd even worked out a scheme by which he could do so. Mr. DeFeo was on drugs, and his father knew about it. Later he said that there was a shadow ghost alongside of him during the killings which compelled him to shoot his two brothers and his sister at 3:15 am on November 13, 1974. Although the houses in this quiet Amityville neighborhood were only 40 feet apart, no neighbors awoke during the shootings. All of the victims were found on their stomachs. The Warrens believe that the victims were in a state of phantomania, which in effect paralyzed them, making them unable to cry out for help.

How the Warrens became involved: Ed and Lorraine Warren met with a priest, Father Pecararo, and the Lutzs when they were first called in to investigate. The Lutzs were living at Mrs. Lutz's mother's house in Deer Park, NY because they were too afraid to go back to the house to live. They were all but afraid to even speak of the phenomena, so deep was their fear. They'd even left all of their furniture and possessions behind, not daring to return to move out--it simply wasn't worth the risk.

The first time the Warrens went to the house it was with an anchorman from the Channel 5 news, a professor from Duke University, and the president of the American Society for Psychic Research. That first day was horrifying. Lorraine received nonstop clairvisual and clairaudial messages about the phenomena which had occurred.

Anxious to see for himself whether or not the phenomena was real, Ed, who normally experiences little clairvoyant feelings at all, went into the cellar. The cellar is typically

where evil spirits spend their days, and Ed therefore felt that would be the best place for him to start. Despite his usual immunity from witnessing phenomena, Ed saw shadows along with thousands of pinpoints of light. These shadows attempted to push him to the ground. Ed used religious resistance and commanded the evil spirits to leave. He immediately got the sensation of something attempting to lift him off of the ground, and he knew then that this was truly a house of evil. Although he knew that this was serious case, he had no idea how severe it really was. He has never been so seriously affected in any case before, or after, the Amityville Horror case.



Lorraine's Experiences: Lorraine was frightened even before she'd entered the house. She'd contacted some priest friends in advance and asked them to accompany her in spirit into the house. She took relics with her of Padre Pio which she'd received in a letter from a total stranger earlier in the week.

As she went to the stairs to go to the 2nd floor landing, she felt as if there was a huge force of rushing water against her, and the atmosphere around here was solidifying.

On the second floor, Lorraine went into the sewing room. Marvin Scott, the Channel 5 anchorman, told Lorraine, "I hope that this is as close to hell as I ever get," as they went into Missy's room. Lorraine immediately clairvoyantly knew that Missy's room had the same furniture as it had when the DeFeo girls were murdered. Mr. Lutz had let his children sleep in the DeFeo children's death beds.



In the master bedroom, one wall was all mirrors. Lorraine sat on the bed where the DeFeo parents had been shot. Only the mattress on the bed had been changed. The feeling in the rooms was that of absolute horror, and going from room to room did not dissipate the feeling at all. One just seemed more horrible than the next.

On the third floor, Lorraine clairvoyantly encountered Ronald DeFeo. This encounter was so awful, and he was so sinister, that she felt there was absolutely nothing she could do to help--or eject--his spirit from the house.

Once she was downstairs again, she was asked to do something she had never wanted to do after entering the house--she was asked to communicate with the spirits in the house and ask what had really happened. All of the investigators were in the room. The investigator from Duke University actually passed out cold from fear! Two of the other investigators complained of heart palpitations and had to rest on the floor. The house

seemed to have the most dire effect on men. Mary Pascarrella, the Director of a prominent psychic research group in New Haven, actually became so ill that she had to be taken outside and from that moment forward she never entered the house again.

Ed and Lorraine Warren left at 1:00am. Both were so affected that they vowed they'd never go back into that house again. But they did....and the Amityville Horror story was born.

Case File: Werewolf



Ed and Lorraine Warren are considered the foremost experts on supernatural phenomena. They have helped families and individuals worldwide, battling ghosts, demons, and other manifestations of the paranormal. This is a case of the man Bill Ramsey, "A true story of demonic possession" and is detailed in a book called "WEREWOLF". Ed and Lorraine became aware of Ramsey's plight from a segment on a television show called "Incredible Sunday" and managed to track him down in London with the help of police.

The investigation begins:

"BILL RAMSEY AS A YOUNG BOY" Like many imaginative nine year olds, Bill often liked to play alone. Companions had a way of inhibiting him; with them, he had to play "real" games. But when he was alone, his mind was free to roam, and he could be anybody from The man in the Iron Mask to Flash Gordon. There was even music in his head, the way there was in the rousing movies at the Saturday matinee. And there were always pretty damsels he was rescuing, damsels who rewarded him with a tender kiss and a rose, symbolic of their esteem for him. Bill often played alone in his back yard and although it wasn't large, it was grassy and the sun filled it in the afternoon. Sometimes his mother would have wash hanging on the lines the whole length of the yard and the air would be pleasantly filled with the fresh aroma of clean sheets. Bill often played out there for long hours.

On one particular day, a sunny Saturday as he recalls, he had come home from the movies and looked forward to two hours of light before night came. He helped his mother with a few chores and then ran outside, eager to play fighter pilot. The matinee that

afternoon had run two films about royal Air Force adventures in World War II, and in his mind Bill was now ensconced in a fighter plane, diving to take out a German bomber destined to set London aflame. Bill was rested from a good night's sleep, had a full stomach from movie theater popcorn and felt restless, with an abundance of energy. He played for an hour before he turned and felt a coldness come over him like an invisible ocean wave. To this day, Bill recalls the sensation exactly: "Have you ever walked into a meat locker right after you've been outside on a hot day? That's what this was like. I was playing and my body temperature was normal and then, well, I'd say it felt as if my body temperature dropped a good twenty degrees. Sweat froze on me and my whole body started shaking. It was as if I'd opened this door and stepped inside to another dimension or something. And there was this odor. Very foul. A few years earlier, a sewer on our street had backed up. I'd never smelled anything as bad as the gasses that escaped. And that's what this smell was like that day, I was afraid I was going to vomit."

Bill stood in the back yard for a longtime trying to make sense of what had happened to him. He felt that he had changed in some subtle, yet profound way. Something terrible had just happened to him, but he had no idea what. Eventually, the chill left his body and the smell drifted away. He was again a seemingly normal boy. His body temperature warm again, he started playing once more, but somehow it wasn't the same. Now when he closed his eyes and imagined himself a fighter pilot, with the music swelling in the background and a variety of sound effects playing in his ears, it seemed silly. Something a child would do and, curiously, Bill no longer felt like a child.

The Light faded. Up and down the block, you could hear mothers calling their children in to their homes. In most houses, that is. But at one home not all the children were inside as yet. At one home, one lone nine-year-old still stood in the back yard, shadowy in the growing gloom of night. Something was different, he was now frightened. He had long ago ceased his playing. He stood staring up at the first of the night's stars, feeling the coldness starting to shudder through him again. He walked slowly over to the fence to look down the narrow alley. If he followed the alley far enough, it would lead him to the sea. He thought now of stealing aboard a boat, the way young Jim Hawkins had in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, and sailing somewhere far away where people wouldn't know the truth about him.

"ABOUT THE STRANGE COLDNESS NOW INSIDE HIM", About the curious, growing rage that seemed to overtake him like a blinding seizure. Images of himself as a wolf began flashing through his mind. Through the fog of his thoughts and fears, he heard his mother's voice calling him in. Ordinarily, this would have been a comforting thought, a reassurance that the world was a safe, knowable place filled with parents who loved and cared about him and wanted to protect him. But tonight he heard his mother's voice differently. Somehow it irritated him. Didn't she know the truth about him? Didn't she know that he was quite capable of taking care of himself? He turned, the rage starting to course through him now, and in so doing caught the toe of his shoe against the fence post. He tripped and fell to the ground. By the time he'd regained his feet, his anger was blinding him, and he heard the low, chilling rumble of a frenzied beast and knew that, somehow, it was himself he was hearing. He turned to the fence post, which had been

dug and planted deep into the ground, and tore it from its moorings so violently that dirt and grass were flung all the way up on the back porch.

Seeing this, his horrified mother called to his father and they both came running out of the house. But Bill was too "far gone" in his rage to stop. Three men would have had a hard time getting the fence post from the ground. Yet Bill had done it simply and brutally and now he stood swinging the post over his head as if it were nothing more than a baseball bat. The wire fencing attached to the post was still nailed to the wood. When his parents drew close and shouted for him to put the post down, Bill hurled it to the ground. But then he fell to his knees and began ripping into the wire fencing with his hands. He pulled the fencing to his teeth and began tearing it apart with them. His father, terrified by now, tried to pull his son to his feet, but was having a difficult time. The boy's strength was incredible, and frightening. His mother began sobbing. Finally, hearing the grief he was causing her, Bill relented and forced himself to get back into control. He threw the fence back to the ground. His hands and mouth were bloody from where the wire had torn it. In the darkness, all he could hear was his mother's sobbing and his father's confused cursing. All Bill could feel was the peculiar coldness, "a coldness " at his very center, a coldness that marked him as different from other human beings. He turned to them then, thinking he was about to say something reassuring, but he was once again seized with the rage. He saw another image of himself as a wolf. Another growl started up from his belly and filled his chest and burst out of his mouth. His mother and father ran back to the house. On the back porch, his mother tripped. His father bent to pick her up and when he did so, he looked back at his son and thought he saw a the form of a wolf, then his parents rushed inside and bolted the door, leaving Bill in the twilit back yard.

Eventually, the roaring quieted, and Bill began to feel the rage leave his body. Some of the coldness left also... finally. But he made his way across the back yard up to the porch, he realized that something terrible had happened here today, something that could never be undone. He raised his small hand and started knocking on the door. His mother and father looked at each other, unsure if they should let him in.

What a strange feeling, to be afraid of your own little boy. But neither could withstand the sight of their little boy locked out of his own home, so they opened the door. He came running into their arms, the way a much younger child might. All three of them cried there in the doorway. Later, as his mother served them dinner, she found herself noticing that Bill had, in some way, physically changed. It was a subtle change, one she couldn't really identify. But he HAD changed, changed in a way only a mother would be aware. They said nothing more of the incident in the yard. Both his parents wanted to believe that it had just been some freakish incident and should be utterly forgotten. And so it was. For a few years anyway.

BILL RAMSEY THE MAN went on with his life. He married, began raising a family and worked as a carpenter. The freakish incidents started again...on the night of Monday, December 5, 1983, a young policeman donned his uniform for only the sixth time in his short career. Before leaving for work that night, he kissed his wife as usual, spent a few

minutes with his baby girl in her room, and then came into the apartment's kitchen for another cup of coffee. Before his shift ended near dawn, he'd add many more cups to his system. His young wife had always been sensitive to his moods, and tonight she sensed something wrong. As she leaned in the doorway, watching him stand at the window and look outside, she recalled the night before the police exams. He'd been so tense he kept swallowing his words and complained of a headache, something that rarely troubled him.

When she'd first met him, she always thought of him as calm in virtually all circumstances. But the longer she was around him, the better she could read the small signs that tipped off his real feelings. Tonight, he kept clearing his throat. He did this every "half minute" or so, and sometimes he did it so violently his entire upper body bucked. Something was wrong. She came up from behind him and gently slid her arm around his waist. She looked out the window, too. She had to smile for as often as they stood here staring out, there wasn't much of a view, just a narrow alley lost in darkness and the silhouette of crumbling Victorian houses against the moonlit sky. Genteel poverty, she supposed, was the proper description. As soon as her husband got his first promotion, they planned to move to a better neighborhood.

But for now... "Coffee all right?" she asked softly. "You feeling all right, dear?" He quickly replied "Sure Why?" "You keep clearing your throat." He smiled and gave her a hug. "My wife the psychiatrist." "Well, I read in one of my magazines that little nervous habits are a sign of stress and anxiety." Trying to lighten the mood, he responded "So now I'm all stressed-up and anxious, am I?" She looked up at him, the smile fading from her soft, pretty mouth. "You seem to be, love. What is it?" She surprised him by taking his question seriously. "I'm not sure. Just this-feeling. I don't know how else to describe it." "What kind of feeling?" He didn't hesitate. "Fear." He turned and looked back at her. "I'll be fine. I'm sure of it." "I'm sure of it, too," she said, though that wasn't the way she felt at all. As soon as he'd gathered his coat, kissed her, and set off down the steep stairs leading to the street, she began saying a decade of the rosary especially for her husband.

Later that same evening, Bill Ramsey was on his way back to the taxi cab company when he felt a hard pain in the middle of his chest. Maalox usually stopped such pain, but Bill sensed that Maalox would be no help this time. Bill pulled his car over to the curb, clutching his chest and trying to get his breathing back to its normal pace. But the pain got worse, and so did the irregularity of his breathing, which now came in great heaves. Cold sweat covered most of his upper body. Terrified that he was going to die, he put the car in gear and headed toward nearby, Southend Hospital. He went straight to the Emergency Room entrance and found a parking spot. When he got out of the car, another stabbing pain raced up his chest and right arm, and he fell back against the car door. He had a palpable sense that he was dying that his entire system was shutting down.

The Emergency Room entrance looked hopelessly far away now, as if he were seeing it through the wrong end of a telescope. He took one step forward, two. And he started walking again. He wanted to call out, but he didn't want to waste the last of his strength on it. He needed whatever strength he had for reaching the Emergency Room. By the time he reached the entrance, he was starting to feel the freezing sensation starting up his

legs and spreading into his torso. He thought again of his earlier "wolf" episodes. He prayed to God such a thing wasn't happening now. The reception area of the Emergency Room was empty. Two nurses in crisp white uniforms sat behind a long desk, going over patient charts. From speakers recessed into the ceiling, soft pleasant music played. The air had a medicinal smell that was somehow reassuring.

As soon as Bill open the door, the twonurses glanced up and saw him. One of the nurses, looking somewhat alarmed, scurried from behind the desk and hurried over to Bill. The other nurse, up on her feet now, too, ran to get a gurney. The nurses carefully helped Bill on to the gurney and then pushed him down a long corridor to a series of empty rooms where emergency patients were treated. This time of night, there was a curiously relaxed feeling about the empty hospital. Bill didn't have much of a stomach for blood, or for watching other people in pain. "How are you feeling now?" "Better, I guess," he said. And then he felt the rumbling sensation in his belly. It started almost like gas pain, moving up through his stomach and into his chest and then into his throat. All the time the sensation moved, it gathered power, so that when it reached his mouth it was expressed in a roar that bounced off the walls and seemed to echo for a good two minutes. Both nurses jumped back from the gurney. Both looked at Bill in terror. He felt another growl work up from his belly and out his mouth. He felt his hands begin to curl powerfully into paw-like claws. " I don't know what's going on here, Bill, but it's not anything a man in your condition should be doing." He swiped at her with one of his powerful hands. She jumped back just in time. But this woman was a testament to the entire nursing profession and Bill allowed himself to be pressed back on the gurney. But just as his head was touching the pillow, he let out a horrifying roar again and snapped upward once more. This time before he knew what he was doing, he grabbed the nurse's arm and dug his teeth into the tender flesh just below the elbow. She screamed. The other nurse came at Bill and slapped at him so he'd let go of her but at first he didn't let go of her at all. He kept hold of her bleeding arm. The iron-like, tart taste of blood, human blood, filled his mouth. He held on to her arm as if he never planned to let go of it. The other nurse ran out into the hall, yelling for help.

At the same time, the young policeman had dropped by the hospital for cup of coffee in the emergency room. The hospital was one of his regular rounds. He always checked to see if there were any way he could help them. The policeman was now two-and-a-half hours into his shift and feeling pretty silly about the "premonition" he'd had. He was just finishing off his coffee when he heard the scream somewhere back in the examining rooms. The intern he'd been talking to set down his coffee and immediately started running in that direction. The policeman followed closely. Even from where he was, the policeman could hear furniture being tossed around. The screams of two nurses could also now be heard. And he heard an animal growling. He now overtook the intern and led the way into the room. What he saw, he couldn't believe.

There, crouched in the far corner, was a wild-looking man holding the two nurses at bay. The growls were coming not from some animal, but from the man. The policeman pushed into the room, stepping over a chair that had been hurled and smashed against the wall. The closer he got to the man, the more the man growled. The policeman tried to act

unperturbed by this, but the sight and sound of the man rattled him. He couldn't help himself. With the way the man crouched, his face slick with sweat and contorted into an animal-like expression, all the policeman could think of was a wolf. The young policeman attempted to approach the crazed man in the corner. "I'd like to talk with you, sir." The man, frenzied, glanced wildly around the room. Hatred showed in his eyes when he saw the nurses. He clearly felt they'd betrayed him in some way. The policeman could sense the intern coming up behind him. The intern was a brave lad. Together, they were going to try and capture the wild man. The gurney had restraining straps on it. If they could just get him up there. Suddenly, the man picked up another chair and flung it across the room. The nurses screamed again. The policeman and the intern kept inching forward. "We don't want to hurt you," the policeman said. "We want to help you, that's all." And then the man jumped at him, grabbing the policeman's arm and trying, unmistakably to bite him. The growl was even more chilling this time. The intern used this moment to get behind the man. He got the man's right arm in a hammerlock and shoved him forward to the policeman. Grabbing the man by the shoulder, the policeman shoved him down onto the gurney. Quickly, the two men lashed him to the cart with restraining straps.

They both considered themselves lucky. The man had been so strong they'd barely been able to handle him. And even now, strapped down, it seemed he would eventually be able to snap the straps. He moved so violently inside the straps that the gurney was literally lifted from the floor. Finally, the doctor in charge was summoned. He took one look at the man thrashing crazily about on the gurney and ordered an injection of Thorazine. Twenty minutes later, over coffee with the intern, the young policeman started trembling. His earlier feeling had proven accurate. He had been part of something tonight that was profoundly disturbing. He couldn't get the man's face from his mind. Its lean, feral lines, the mad burning eyes-they belonged to a wolf. "What the hell's wrong with that man, anyway?" the policeman asked the intern. But all the medical man could do was shrug, "I wish I knew. I'd be a genius if I did." "You ever heard of anything like this?" "Not really." Then he grinned. "And I can't say I want to see it ever again, either." The policeman tried to find the humor in the remark but somehow he couldn't. "What's going to happen to him?" "To the wolfman?" the intern said. "Yes." "Booby hatch, wouldn't you think?" The policeman sighed. "I suppose."

He began thinking back to the various trips to mental hospitals where he'd been handing over prisoners. Bill became conscious inside of the ambulance, he was strapped down. The interior of the ambulance would light up every once in a while with the headlights of passing cars. Then, silence again, just the thrumming of tires against the road. Across from him, leaning back against the opposite wall, the intern smoked a cigarette and watched him. "Little fellow to do all that, don't you think?" "Do all what?" Bill was terrified. How had he gotten into an ambulance and more importantly, what had he done tonight, he had no recollection. He feared the worst. Had he killed somebody? "Don't worry, little man, the doctors will tell you all about it." "What doctors?" "Why at Runwell, of course." "The mental hospital?" The ambulance sped on through the night. A chill rain had begun to fall and the windshield wipers made a heavy noise in the silence. Bill had never felt more alone in his life.

Bishop Robert McKenna through his many years in the priesthood has comforted thousands of people with his gentle voice. He has performed more than fifty exorcisms, twenty of which had been successful. The exorcism, is one of the most ancient rituals of the Roman Catholic Church, and it was about to begin. During the course of an exorcism, special instruments: holy water, a crucifix, and a relic of a saint are applied to the body – touched to the head or breast, for example. There is no chanting or singing, the priest prays in a loud, strong voice and in Latin. In the church sat Ed and Lorraine Warren, Bill and Nina Ramsey, and four off-duty policemen who had been hired by the bishop. He knew he could not defend himself if Bill, in the throes of his exorcism, attacked him. Also present were David Alford and John Cleve, the writer and photographer from *The People*, the newspaper that had paid the Ramsey's fare and accommodations.

Bill became very troubled the moment they stepped into the church. The demonic spirit within him was trying desperately to keep Bill under its control. Bill sat alone now in a chair facing the altar. Bishop McKenna approached him, said a few more words in Latin, and then demanded aloud that the demon identify itself and then leave Bill's body forever. Bill stared at the bishop, sensing the ceremony was already going to fail. There was something comic in the whole thing, "Mumbo jumbo" Bill thought to himself. Nina was feeling pretty much the same, she wasn't sure what she expected but it wasn't this. Everything seemed so commonplace, like out of a horror movie. Bishop McKenna says, "I could feel and see what Bill could not. The demonic spirit in him was beginning to fight me through Bill." He felt right from the start that this exorcism would be successful.

Thirty minutes into the exorcism, Bishop McKenna stepped forward and touched the stole he was wearing to Bill's forehead. He then took Bill's head firmly in his hands and ordered the werewolf to be banished forever. Bill started thrashing around in his chair, he didn't know it yet, but he was fighting the demon for the control of his body and soul. Bill continued to shake and writhe uncontrollably, he was having an attack, the worst he'd ever known. He felt his lips pull back from his teeth felt his hands become claws, and the unmistakable urge to attack the bishop. And he did so. His hands reached up and attempted to rip open the Bishop's face. Two of the burly policemen jumped up to grab Bill, but the Bishop bravely ordered them back to their seats. The bishop then brought a crucifix out from somewhere inside his religious garments, and pushed the cross into Bill's face. Bill, or more properly, the werewolf inside him, went berserk. He came up from his chair snarling and growling and grasping at the Bishop. This time the Bishop had no choice but to retreat beyond the altar gate. Bill, spittle flying from his mouth, eyes wild, began to rush through the gate for the Bishop. But the priest stood absolutely still now, holding his cross up once again and beginning to speak in Latin. And then something happened. Bill felt suddenly weak; he staggered back to his chair and threw himself in it. He could feel the coldness in his body begin to warm; and he felt his desire to attack the Bishop begin to fade. Now the priest was back, standing over Bill and continuing his admonitions in Latin.

As he sat there, Bill marveled that he felt purified; "the poison that had been in my body drained from me completely. I was left without any strength at all, and when I turned to look at Nina, that small movement caused me to black out. I gripped the chair as tightly



as I could and let the demon continue to be pushed away by Bishop McKenna's Latin words." Bill could feel the spirit of the werewolf within himself, and its desire to destroy the religious man. But the werewolf's power was slipping quickly away. A faint roar sounded in Bill's chest, and then faded. He brought up his hand, but they were no longer clawlike. They were merely hands. Bill tried to push himself up from the chair for one last lunge at the Bishop, but he found that his eyes were starting to close, he was losing consciousness and, as he lost consciousness, he felt a great peace within himself, and almost overpowering love for his wife and children.

Case File: Annabelle

This is a terrifying case of a raggedy Ann doll named Annabelle. The case is from the 1970's and is highlighted in the book **The Demonologist**. This is one of the Warrens most asked about cases. The referral came from an Episcopal priest. A somber toned clergyman told Ed Warren of two young nurses who had communicated with what they thought to be a human spirit. One of the girls' friends had been attacked physically, and the activity was still in progress, so Ed accepted the case. With that the priest gave Ed the phone number of the girls. Ed immediately called the number and upon reaching one of the girls, Ed verified the existence of the problem and told the young women that he and Lorraine were on their way.

Ed and Lorraine arrived at the apartment and the case begins. "Ok girls, I'd like to hear the whole story, Who here can tell me?" "I can" said Donna. "All right, Lou, Angie, please add any details she leaves out," Ed directed. "There are two stories," Donna said. "One that began earlier in the week with Lou. The other one's about Annabelle. But I suppose they're both about Annabelle." "Who's Annabelle?" Ed promptly asked. "She belongs to Donna, she moves, she acts alive, but no, I don't think she's alive. She's in the living room" said Angie, pointing across the table. There, sitting on the sofa." Lorraine looked to her left, into the living room. "Are you talking about the doll?" "That's right," Angie replied, "the big raggedy Ann doll. "That's Annabelle, she moves!" Ed got up and walked into the living room to inspect the doll. It was big and heavy, the size of a four-year-old child, sitting with its legs stretched out on the sofa. The black pupil-less eyes stared back at him, while the painted-on smile gave the doll an expression of grim irony.

Looking it over without touching the thing, Ed then returned to the kitchen. "Where did the doll come from?" Ed asked Donna. "It was a gift" Donna replied, "My mother gave it to me on my last birthday." "Is there some reason why she bought you a doll?" Ed wanted to know. "No. It was just something novel-a decoration" the young nurse answered. "Okay." Ed went on. "When did you first start noticing activity occur?" "About a year ago," replied Donna. "The doll started to move around the apartment by itself. I don't mean it got up and walked around, or any such thing. I mean when we'd come home from work it would never be quite where we left it." "Explain that part to me a little more" Ed requested. "After I got the doll for my birthday," Donna explained, "I put it on my bed each morning after the bed was made. The arms would be off to its sides and its legs would be straight out-just like it's sitting there now. But when we'd come home at

night, the arms and legs would be positioned in different gestures. For instance, its legs would be crossed at the ankles, or its arms would be folded in its lap. After a week or so, this made us suspicious. So to test it, I purposely crossed its arms and legs in the morning to see if it really was moving. And sure enough, every night when we'd come back home, the arms and legs would be uncrossed and the thing would be sitting there in any of a dozen different postures." "Yeah, but it did more than that," Angie added. "The doll also changed rooms by itself. We came home one night and the Annabelle doll was sitting in a chair by the front door. It was kneeling! The funny thing about it was, when we tried to make the doll kneel, it'd just fall over. It couldn't kneel. Other times we'd find it sitting on the sofa, although when we left the apartment in the morning it'd be in Donna's room with the door closed!" "Anything else?" Lorraine asked. "Yes," said Donna. "It would leave us little notes and messages. The handwriting looked to be that of a small child." "What'd the note say?" questioned Ed. "It would say things that meant nothing to us," Donna answered. Things would be written like HELP US or HELP LOU, but Lou wasn't in any kind of jeopardy at the time. And who us was-we didn't know. Still, the thing that was weird was that the notes would be written in pencil, but when we tried to find one, there was not one pencil in the apartment! And the paper it wrote on was parchment. I tore the apartment apart, looking for parchment paper, but again neither of us had any such thing." "It sounds like someone had a key to your apartment and was playing a sick joke on you," Ed stated flatly. "That's exactly what we thought," said Donna. "So we did little things like put marks on the windows and doors or arrange the rugs so that anyone who came in here would leave a trace that we could see. But never once did it turn out that there was a real outside intruder."

"While the doll was moving around, and we'd become suspicious of burglars, when something else screwy happened." Angie added next. "The Annabelle doll was sitting on Donna's bed, as was usual. When we came home one night, there was blood on the back of its hand, and there were three drops of blood on its chest!" "God, that really scared us," Donna said frankly. "Did you notice any other kind of phenomena occur in the apartment?" Ed asked them. "One time around Christmas, we found a little chocolate boot on the stereo that none of us had bought. Presumably it came from Annabelle," said Angie. "When did you come to determine there was a spirit associated with the doll?" Lorraine questioned. "We knew something unusual was going on," Donna answered. "The doll did change rooms by itself. It did pose in different gestures, we all saw it, but wanted to know why? Was there maybe some plausible reason why the doll was moving? So Angie and I got in touch with a woman who's a medium. That was about a month, or maybe six weeks after all this stuff started to happen. We learned that a little girl died on this property," Donna told the Warrens. "She was seven years old and her name was Annabelle Higgins. The Annabelle spirit said she played in the fields long ago before these apartments were built. They were happy times for her. She told us. Because everyone around here was grown-up, and only concerned with their jobs, there was no one she could relate to, except us. Annabelle felt that we would be able to understand her. That's why she began moving the rag doll. All Annabelle wanted was to be loved, and so she asked if she could stay with us and move into the doll. What could we do? So we said yes." "Wait a minute here," Ed interjected. "What do you mean it wanted to move into the doll? Do you mean it proposed to possess it?" "Right, that was the understanding," Donna

replied. "It seemed harmless enough. We're nurses, you know, we see suffering every day. We had compassion. Anyway, we called the doll Annabelle from that time on." "Did you do anything different with the doll after you learned it was supposedly possessed by a little girl spirit named Annabelle?" asked Lorraine. "Not really," said Donna. "But of course it wasn't just a doll any more. It was Annabelle. We couldn't ignore that fact."

"All right, before you go any further, let's back up a minute," Ed requested. "First you got the doll for your birthday. After a while the doll began to move – or at least change places enough for you to notice it. This made you curious, so you decided to have a séance, and a spirit came across that called itself Annabelle Higgins. This supposed little girl was seven years old and asked if it could come live with you by possessing the toy doll. You said yes, out of compassion. Then you renamed the doll Annabelle. Right?" "Right," said Donna and Angie. "Have you seen the ghost of a little girl at any time in this apartment?" Ed asked. "No," both the girls answered. "You also said a chocolate item showed up here once," said Ed. "Has anything else strange ever happened that you couldn't explain?" "One time a statue lifted up across the room," Donna recalled, "then it tumbled in the air and fell on the floor. None of us were near the statue—it was on the other side of the room. That incident frightened us totally." "Let me ask you something else." Ed went on. "Didn't you think that maybe you shouldn't have given the doll so much recognition?" "It wasn't a doll!" Donna corrected him. "It was the spirit of Annabelle we cared about!" "That's right," said Angie. Ed added "I mean, before you knew anything about Annabelle?" "How were we to know anything?" Donna asked. "But looking back on it now, maybe we shouldn't have given the doll so much credence. But really, we saw the thing as being no more than a harmless mascot. It never hurt anything...at least until the other day." "Do you still think what's moving the doll is the spirit of a little girl?" Lorraine queried. "What else could it be?" Angie said in reply. "It's a damn voodoo doll, that's what it is," Lou blurted out. "I told them about that thing a long time ago. The doll was just taking advantage of them..."

"Okay, Lou, I think it's time you told your side of things, tell them about the dreams," coaxed Angie. "Well," Lou picked up, "The thing gives me bad dreams. Recurrent ones. But yet what I'm going to tell you is not a dream as far as I'm concerned, because I somehow saw this happen to me. The last time it happened I fell asleep at home, a really deep sleep. While I was lying there, I saw myself wake up. Something seemed wrong to me. I looked around the room, but nothing was out of place. But then when I looked down toward my feet, I saw the rag doll, Annabelle. It was slowly gliding up my body. It moved over my chest and stopped. Then it put its arms out. One arm touched one side of my neck, the other touched the other side like it was making an electrical connection. Then I saw myself being strangled. I might as well have been pushing on a wall, because it wouldn't move. It was literally strangling me to death, I couldn't help myself, no matter how hard I tried." "Yes, but the priest I spoke with said you'd been attacked?" Ed pressed him. "No," Lou asserted, "That happened here in this apartment when Angie and I were alone together. It was about ten or eleven o'clock at night, and we were reading over maps because I was going off on a trip the next day. Everything was quiet at the time. Suddenly, we both heard sounds in Donna's room that made us think that someone had broken into the apartment. I quietly got up and tip-toed to the bedroom door, which was

closed. I waited until the noises stopped, then I carefully opened the door and reached in and switched on the light. Nobody was in there! Except, the Annabelle doll was tossed on the floor in a corner. I went in alone and walked over to the thing to see if anything unusual had happened. But as I got close to the doll, I got the distinct impression that somebody was behind me. I swung around instantly and, well...."

"He won't talk about that part," Angie said. "When Lou turned around there wasn't anybody there, but he suddenly yelled and grabbed for his chest. He was doubled over, cut and bleeding when I got to him. Blood was all over his shirt. Lou was shaking and scared and we went back out into the living room. We then opened his shirt and there on his chest was what looked to be sort a of claw mark!"

"Can I see the mark?" Ed asked.

"It's gone now," the young man told him. "I saw the cuts on his chest, too," Donna spoke up in support. "How many were there?" Ed asked. "Seven," said Angie. "Three were vertical, four were horizontal." "Did the cuts have any sensation?" Ed queried "All the cuts were hot, like they were burns," Lou told him. "Did you ever have cuts or wounds in the same area of your chest before this incident happened?" questioned Ed. "No," the young man replied. "Did you lose consciousness before or after the attack took place?" "No," again he replied. "How long did it take the wounds to heal?" Lorraine questioned. "They healed up almost immediately," said Lou. "They were half-gone the next day, and fully gone the day after." "Has anything else happened since that time?" asked Ed. "No," came the joint reply. "Who did you first contact after the incident occurred?" "I contacted an Episcopal priest named Father Hegan." Donna told Ed and Lorraine. "Why did you call him instead of a doctor?" Lorraine asked. "Do you think someone off the street would have believed where that claw mark on Lou's chest came from?" Donna asked rhetorically. "Besides, we agreed the cuts weren't half as important as how Lou got them. We wanted to know if this was going to happen again. Our problem was who to ask." "Was there some reason why you specifically called on Father Hegan?" Lorraine questioned. "Yes. We trust him," said Donna. "He teaches nearby here, at a junior college, plus Angie and I both know him.

"What did you tell the priest?" asked Ed. "The whole story-about Annabelle and how it moved on its own, and especially about Lou's cuts," Donna replied. "At first we were afraid he might not believe us, but that was no problem, he believed us all right. He said he'd never heard of such a thing happening these days. At the time we were all scared out of our wits, and I asked him what he thought had happened to us. He said he didn't want to speculate, but he did feel it was a spiritual matter, possibly an important one, and that he was going to contact someone higher up in the Church, a Father Cooke." "That's what he did," Ed told her. "Did the name Annabelle, or Annabelle Higgins mean anything to you in real life before this incident occurred?" "No," they replied. "Although we never saw anything in here, Lou said he felt a presence in the room before he got hurt... there is something in here," Angie stated firmly. "In fact, I can't stand to be here. We have decided to get a new apartment. We're moving out!" "I'm afraid that's not going to help very much," Ed said dryly. "What do you mean?" Donna asked, astonished. "To put it in

a nutshell, you inadvertently brought a spirit into this apartment-and into your lives. You're not going to be able to walk away from it that easily."

After a long minute, Ed spoke again. "We're going to help you, beginning right now. Today. First thing I'd like to do is call Father Cooke and have him come over here." Ed had no trouble getting hold of the Episcopal priest who had been waiting for his call. "All right," Ed said "when Father Cooke comes here, he's going to have to perform a sort of blessing, an ... exorcism of the premises. "I knew it!" Lou proclaimed. "I knew it would lead to this." "Yes, I think you did," Ed told him "but I'm not sure any of you know the reason why. To begin with, there is no Annabelle! There never was. You were duped. However, we are dealing with a spirit here. The teleportation of the doll while you were out of the apartment, the appearance of notes written on parchment, the manifestation of three symbolic drops of blood, plus the gestures the doll made are all meaningful. They tell me there was intent, which means there was an intelligence behind the activity. But ghosts, human spirits, plain and simply can't bring on phenomena of this nature and intensity. They don't have the power. Instead, what has happened is something inhuman has taken over here. Demonic." Ed told them. "Ordinarily people aren't bothered by inhuman demonic spirits, unless they do something to bring the force into their lives. Your first mistake was to give the doll recognition, that is the reason why the spirit moved into the doll to, draw attention to itself. Once it had your attention, it exploited you, it simply brought you fear and even injury. Inhuman spirits, enjoy inflicting pain, it's negative. Your next mistake was calling in a medium," Ed went on. "The demonic has to somehow get your permission to interfere in your life. Unfortunately, through your own free will, you gave it that permission.

"Then the doll is possessed?" questioned Donna. "No, the doll is not possessed. Spirits don't possess things, spirits possess people," Ed informed her. "Instead, the spirits simply moved the doll around and gave it the illusion of being alive. Now, what happened to Lou earlier this week" Ed proceeded, "was bound to occur sooner or later. In fact, you all were in jeopardy of coming under possession by this spirit, this is what the thing was really after. But Lou didn't believe in the charade, so he was an ongoing threat to the entity. There was bound to be a showdown. Had the spirit been given another week or two, you might have been killed." Ed calmly concluded. "There is only one entity involved, but its behavior is completely unpredictable." said Lorraine.

When Father Cooke arrived, the interview session ended in the kitchen, Ed was eager to have the house blessed, remove the doll, and return home. Once the preliminary greetings were out of the way, Ed told the priest, that in his judgment, the spirit responsible for the malicious activity was inhuman, and still in the apartment, and the only way it could be made to leave was through the power of the words written in the exorcism-blessing. "I'm not totally familiar with demonology," admitted Father Cooke. "how do you know such a spirit is behind the disturbance?" "Well, in this case, it wasn't all that difficult to determine." Ed said frankly. "These spirits work in characteristic ways. What's going on here is essentially the infestation stage of the phenomenon. A spirit, in this case an inhuman demonic spirit, began moving the doll around the apartment through teleportation and other means. Once it aroused the girls' curiosity which was the spirit's

purpose in moving the doll-they made the predictable mistake of bringing a medium in here, who took matters a step further. She told them, in the trance state, that a little girl spirit named Annabelle was moving the doll. Communicating through the medium, the entity preyed on the girls' emotional vulnerabilities, and during the séance managed to extract permission from them to go about its business. Insofar as demonic is a negative spirit, it then set about causing patently negative phenomena to occur; it aroused fear through the weird movements of that doll, it brought about the materialization of disturbing handwritten notes, it left a residue of blood on the doll, and ultimately it even struck the young man, Lou, on the chest leaving a bloody claw mark. Beyond the activity, Lorraine has also discerned that this inhuman spirit is with us now. Lorraine's an excellent clairvoyant, and she's never been wrong about the nature of a spirit that's present. However, if you want to go a step further, we can challenge the entity right now with religious provocation?"

In this case, the recitation of the exorcism-blessing took the priest about five minutes to perform. The Episcopal blessing of the home is a wordy, seven page document that is distinctly positive in nature. Rather than specifically expelling evil entities from the dwelling, the emphasis is instead directed toward filling the home with the power of the positive and of God. There was no trouble or mishap during the procedure. When he was finished, the priest blessed the individuals who were present, and after doing so, declared all was well. Lorraine also confirmed that the apartment and people were free from the spirit entity. Ed and Lorraine's work was done, they then took their leave and started for home. At Donna's request, and as a further precaution against the phenomena ever occurring in the home again, the Warrens took the big rag doll along with them. Placing Annabelle in the back seat of the car, Ed decided it was safer to avoid traveling on the interstate, in case the entity had not been separated from the rag doll. His hunch was correct. In no time at all, Ed and Lorraine felt themselves the object of vicious hatred. Then, at each dangerous curve in the road, their new car began to stall, causing the power steering and breaks to fail. Repeatedly the car verged on collision. Of course, it would have been easy to stop and throw the doll into the woods. But if the item didn't simply "teleport" back to the girls' apartment, at the least it would place anyone who found it in jeopardy.

The third time the car stalled along the road, Ed reached into his black bag, took out a vial, and threw a sprinkling of holy water on the rag doll, making the sign of the cross over it. The disturbance in the car stopped immediately, allowing the Warrens to reach home safely.

For the next few days, Ed sat the doll in a chair next to his desk. The doll levitated a number of times in the beginning, then it seemed to fall inert. During the ensuing weeks, however, it began showing up in various rooms of the house. When the Warrens were away and had the doll locked up in the outer office building, they would often return to find it sitting comfortably upstairs in Ed's easy chair when they opened the main front door.

It also turned out that Annabelle came with a "friend", a black cat, who would occasionally materialize beside the doll. The cat would stalk once around the floor, taking particular notice of books and other objects in Ed's office; then return to the doll's side, and dematerialize from the head down.

It also became apparent that Annabelle hated clergymen. During the follow-up process of the case, it was necessary for the Warrens to consult the Episcopal priests associated with the incident in the young nurses' apartment. Returning home alone one evening, Lorraine was terrified by loud, rolling growls that reverberated throughout the house. Later, when she was listening to the playback of the telephone answering machine, they were back to back calls from Father Hagen. Between his two calls was heard the incredible growling noises she'd heard earlier in the house. One day Father Jason Branford, Catholic exorcist, had been working with Ed and asked about the new addition to the office-Annabelle. Ed told Father Jason about the case and gave him the paperwork for his review. After hearing Ed's account of what had happened, the priest picked up the rag doll and said "You're just a rag doll, Annabelle. You can't hurt anything." The priest then tossed the stuffed figure back on the chair. "That's one thing you better not say again," Ed warned him with a laugh. Yet when Father Jason stopped to say goodbye to Lorraine an hour later, she pleaded that he be especially careful driving, and insisted that he call her just as soon as he arrived at the rectory. "I discerned tragedy for that young priest," says Lorraine, "but he had to go his way." A few hours later the telephone rang. "Lorraine" said Father Jason, "why did you tell me to be careful driving?" "Because," she told him, "I felt your car would go out of control, you would have an accident." "Well, you were right," he stated flatly. "The brake system failed. I was almost killed in a traffic accident. My car is a wreck."

Later in the year, at a large social gathering at the Warrens' home, Lorraine and Father Jason went into the den to chat for a few moments. By a strange coincidence, Annabelle had moved into that room the day before. While speaking with Lorraine, the priest saw an ornamental wall decoration make a quick movement. Suddenly, the twenty-four inch long Boar's tooth necklace above them exploded with percussive force. Hearing this stunning noise, the other guests immediately converged on the room, at which time someone in the crowd had the foresight to snap a photograph. When developed, the print appeared normal, except above the doll were two beacons of bright light, both pointing in the direction of Father Jason Bradford.

"On another occasion," Ed recounts, "I was in my office, working with a police detective on a case that concerned a witchcraft related murder in the area. As a cop he's seen every kind of crime, he's definitely not the sort of man who gets scared. While we were talking, Lorraine called me upstairs to take a long distance call. I told the detective he was free to look around my office, but to be careful and not touch any of the objects, because they'd come from cases where the demonic had been invoked. Well, I wasn't away for five minutes when upstairs came this detective stark white. When I asked him what had happened, he refused to tell me," Ed remembers, breaking into a grin. "He just kept mumbling 'The doll, the rag doll is real....' He was talking about Annabelle of course.

That little doll made a believer out of him! In fact, as I think back on it, any meetings I've had with the detective from that day on have always been in his office."

"Profane objects like the Annabelle doll have their own aura. When you touch them, your human aura mingles with theirs. This change attracts spirits, it's almost like setting off a fire alarm. Therefore, for protection, I bless myself with holy water then 'bless' the rag doll with holy water in the sign of the cross. Like I say when we're doing field work I've never met an atheist in a haunted house."



It's difficult for people to accept the existence of something they've been conditioned not to believe in. Still, lack of knowledge allowed this negative spirit to wrangle it way into the lives of these three unwary young people. Many, nevertheless, contend that the notion of spirits is irrational or unfounded. They say the phenomenon is an illusion, or a hallucination, or it doesn't exist at all. At best, the activity can be explained away by science. Or can it?

Case File: Lindley Street

This is a true story that occurred in Bridgeport, Connecticut about poltergeist activity. This is one of the most asked about cases, THE LINDLEY STREET HAUNTING. I remember as a young man all of the crowds that gathered outside of the police line that day. I was one of them pushing my through the crowds to get to Ed and Lorraine. At that point Lorraine spotted me in the crowd and came right over and said what are you doing here? I had said to Lorraine, I'd like to go into the haunted house to see the furniture move and to see the cat speak, Ed saw Lorraine and I speaking and came over to see what was going on at that point. They decided that I was too young to be involved with a case of that magnitude, little did I know that I would be involved with so many of their cases in the future. I can tell you this, I saw enough witnesses and people coming in and out of that home with amazing stories of the Lindley Street haunting.

The Goodin family had moved to the one story, four room house about 1960. It had been built 60 years before, supposedly for the child of a Bridgeport shirt manufacturer. Gerald Goodin was described in the seminary student's report as a factory worker at Harvey Hubbell. Laura Goodin was described as a high strung, devout Roman Catholic. Both were said to be protective of young Marcia, whom they adopted after the death of their only son. They walked her to school in the morning and rarely let her leave the house alone. Marcia was said to be an unhappy child, ostracized in school. She was also described as a deceitful youngster with an unhealthy interest in the occult, according to reports. Her only friend, reportedly, was her orange and white cat, Sam. In the fall of 1974 Sam went to a veterinary hospital for an operation. When he returned home, he supposedly began acting strangely, as if he were trying to talk. Later, Gerald Goodin claimed, the cat would kick at the basement door, yelling, "Let me out, you dirty Frenchman, you dirty Greek!"

The banging noises in the house had started about two years after Marcia was adopted in the late 1960's but it was around December 1973, the Goodins claimed, that the unexplained activities began in earnest. The Warrens, who have a reputation for investigating the unexplained and have published books on everything from ghosts to werewolves, claim to have witnessed the moving furniture and destruction of religious objects. They said it was Marcia's unhappiness that caused the disturbances. It may have been a combination, they said, of a psychic disturbance caused by her angry "aura," and by evil spirits attracted by that aura. "It was something inhuman," Ed Warren said. "As far as we're concerned, those were evil spirits in that house."

It is November 1974, the Warrens are called in to by the Goodin family to investigate a malevolent force that had been terrorizing the family and home. Furniture was being thrown, family members injured, even the family cat was speaking ethnic slurs. "Things were flying around in the front room when we went in there." Gerald Goodin told a radio station, describing events of Sunday, November 24, 1974. "Whatever it was, it was acting like a demented person and I felt I had to get my family out of the house." By November 26th, the police superintendent said the supposed haunting was a hoax by the troubled Marcia, and fed by the parents, eager to cash in on their newfound fame. Whatever it was, it made national headlines, drew crowds of onlookers and went on to become a legend that causes goose-bumps still today.

A Bridgeport patrolman responded to "trouble unknown" called to the Goodin house that November Sunday. "When I went to the door, the lady came to the door, I asked 'What's the problem?'" recalled the patrolman now a sergeant. "She was crying and pointed." The lady was Laura Goodin, she pointed to a living room so disheveled it looked as if someone had thrown the furnishings about. "I asked if she had been burglarized?" She replied "No this is always going on," Thinking the dreadful pounding noises that echoed through the home for years and the moving objects might be caused by a "settling" of the house, the police called in the fire department. But fire officials and the city engineer found no structural problems, and ruled out the possibility of renovation work at the nearby St. Vincent's Medical Center was causing the problem.

The Rev. Edward Doyle of St. Patrick's Church, then the fire department's chaplain, blessed the house. He later stated at the time of the blessing, he saw nothing that led him to believe evil spirits were present. But others on the scene saw things they couldn't believe. The then fire chief John Gleason said his men witnessed "dinner plates rattling, pictures jumping off the wall, a television set falling over and a heavy leather chair jumping at least 6 inches off the floor." A 22 page report prepared a year later by a seminary student quotes the Bridgeport police records as saying officers saw the refrigerator rise about six inches off the floor. A 21 inch portable television rose off a table and rotated and objects on shelves vibrate and fall to the floor. They also allegedly saw a lounge chair that Marcia was sitting in move rapidly backwards and overturn, but when officers tried to move the chair, it wouldn't budge. Also in front of onlookers, a plastic crucifix "exploded" from the wall. Ed and Lorraine Warren of Monroe, famed paranormal researchers, still have the pieces in a small box in their home. "Never in my life did I ever see so many police officers get down on their knees and ask for a priest's

blessing as in the Goodin home." Lorraine Warrens recalled. "They were really at God's mercy in that house and they knew it."

Tim Quinn had worked as a reporter for just a few years when he was sent to cover the haunting on Lindley Street. First, he saw the crowds, then police told him a religious rite was going on inside the house, and then the Warrens came out. Then he went in. The one thing he remembers seeing is a leather chair sitting on the kind of thin rug that leaves a light mark when you brush across it or step on it. "Suddenly, the back went down and the chair moved a few feet," he said "but there was no mark on the carpet from the runners underneath the chair." He called it a strange, eerie experience, underscored by something a firefighter said to him. "People shouldn't be afraid of this," Quinn said the firefighter told him, "because if there is a devil, then that means there must be a God, and there must be an afterlife."

When word leaked that strange occurrences were going on in the house, the public, their interest peaked by the devil possession movie "The Exorcist," began crowding around. Soon, traffic was tied up for blocks, police had to cordon off the street, and even arrested some gawkers who refused to leave. Media around the world wanted to know about Bridgeport's "demons." The Goodins, according to witnesses, ate up the publicity like popcorn. They invited reporters into the house, and were even guests on Tiny Markle's radio show. "I think the little girl was clearly very happy with the attention and I get the feeling so were her parents," Quinn said. "I don't think they wanted this to end." But end it did, quite abruptly, with an Announcement on November 26 by then police Supt. Walsh that the haunting was a hoax perpetrated by the young girl. Walsh said Marcia confessed to making the furniture move when people's attention was diverted and making the cat talk through ventriloquism.

After Walsh's announcement, the crowd dispersed and the frenzy died down. Those who believe in ghosts complain Walsh was less interested in finding the truth than killing the publicity. "I know the things that I saw and the things the police saw in my presence, and it was real," said the Rev. Bill Charbonneau, who taught a course on the occult at St. Joseph's College in West Hartford, Conn. "It certainly was not explicable in normal terms." Charbonneau said he studied the paranormal at a university in Rome, and was called upon many times as an exorcist. While at the Goodin house, he said he was sitting with young Marcia when she screamed at him to turn around. Just then, the bureau slid rapidly from one side of the room to another with no one having touched it. Later while alone in the basement of the house, he heard an ugly voice singing Christmas carols. He found the voice coming from Sam the cat. Whatever was happening, Charbonneau said, it was centered around Marcia, because she could "sense" the occurrences as they were about to happen. But she definitely did not create them, he said. "It wasn't a hoax, it definitely wasn't a hoax," he said. "In terms of whether it was poltergeist activity or whatever it was causing it, I was thrown out of the city before I could do anything about it." He said Walsh threatened him with arrest if he ever came back to Bridgeport.

The house on Lindley St. today sits next to a condominium complex. Its weathered brown and yellow paint is peeling and the lawn unkempt. Laura and Gerald Goodin both have



died and Marcia Goodin , who would be 34, could not be located. Most of those contacted that were involved with the case said the bizarre experience has never really left their minds. The Warrens call it "one of the most famous, well documented poltergeist cases in history," and rated it a 10 on a one-to-10 scale of supernatural things they've seen in their 50 years of experience.

Story from old news reports and Ed and Lorraine Warren files.

Case File: The Smurls

The Briefing:

The home of Jack and Janet Smurl in West Pittston, Pennsylvania, was the scene of a horrific and terrifying haunting from 1985 to 1987. The case received wide attention in the media. Although the house went through three exorcisms and investigations by demonologists Ed and Lorraine Warren, the demon refused to leave. The hauntings were chronicled in a book and portrayed in a movie both named "The Haunted".

The Story:

The house involved is a duplex, built in 1896 on a quiet street in a middle class neighborhood. After hurricane Agnes flooded much of north-eastern Pennsylvania in 1972, the Smurl family was forced to leave their home in Wilkes-Barre. Jack's parents, John and Mary Smurl, bought the house in West Pittston in 1973 for \$18,000. They lived in the right half and Jack, Janet and their first two daughters, Dawn and Heather, moved into the left half. The Smurls spent much time and money redecorating and remodeling, doing much of the work themselves.

The Smurls say they are a close, loving family. Both Jack and Janet grew up in the area, meeting in 1967 and marrying in 1968. Jack served in the Navy, becoming a neuropsychiatric technician. Both Smurls were raised in Catholic homes and had strong religious beliefs. They enjoyed living with Jack's parents and had no trouble sharing the duplex with them. The first 18 months on Chase St. were happy ones...

But strange things began to occur after that. In January 1974, a strange stain appeared on a new carpet, Jack's television set burst into flames, water pipes leaked even after repeated re-soldering. The new sink and bathtub in the remodeled bathroom were found severely scratched, as if a wild animal had clawed at them. Freshly painted woodwork in the bathroom also showed similar scratches. In 1975, their oldest daughter Dawn repeatedly saw people "floating" around her bedroom.

By 1977, the Smurls realized their house was in some way... spooked. The toilets flushed without anyone using them, footsteps would be continuously heard on the stairs, drawers would open and close on their own accord, radios would blare although they were unplugged and empty rocking chairs would mysteriously rock and creak as if someone

were actually sitting in them. As time went on, they began to smell sour and vile smells throughout the house and on several occasions, Jack felt the touch of an unseen hand caress him. By now there were 2 more Smurfs, twins Shannon and Carin, and the family was growing frustrated and fatigued by the increasing phenomena.

In 1985, what had started as annoying disturbances became frightening experiences. The house now often became ice cold. John and Mary heard loud, abusive, and obscene language coming from Jack and Janet's side of the house although Jack and Janet were not even arguing. In February 1985 Janet heard her name being called while in the basement doing laundry, after searching for the unseen caller, she realized she had been alone the entire time.

Two days later, icy cold again was felt in the house but this time a black, human shaped form with no facial features appeared to Janet in the kitchen. It de-materialized through the wall and appeared to Mary on the opposite side of the house. From that point on, the haunting activity increased in both frequency and magnitude. A large ceiling fan crashed down inches from Shannon, nearly killing her, on the night her now 13 year old sister Heather was to be confirmed into the Catholic religion. As activity increased Jack and Janet had, on occasion, levitated. Janet was violently pulled off her bed after making love to her husband while he lay paralyzed, gagging from a foul odor. The family's German shepherd, Simon, was repeatedly picked up and thrown. Terrible rapping and scratching noises were continuously heard in the walls. One night while sleeping, Shannon was tossed out of bed and down the stairs. Even neighbors were not spared; several heard screams and strange noises coming from the house when the Smurfs were not even home. Most of the neighbors were sympathetic as the Smurfs vowed to fight.

In January 1986, Janet heard about Ed and Lorraine Warren, psychical researchers and demonologists from Monroe, Connecticut. Although skeptical but having no where else to turn, she called the Warrens. The Warrens arrived shortly thereafter, accompanied by Rosemary Frueh, a registered nurse and psychic. They began the investigation by quizzing the Smurfs carefully about their religious beliefs, the happiness of their family life, whether they had ever practiced satanism, occultism, used a ouija board or in any way invited the supernatural into their home. Then the Warrens and Frueh walked through the house, identifying the bedroom closet as the crossover point between the two sides of the duplex. The team said they detected the presence of 4 evil spirits. 3 were minor but the fourth was a demon.

Without any evidence of family dysfunction, occult invitation or tragedy, the Warrens could only surmise that the demon must have been dormant, probably for decades, and had arisen to draw on the emotional energy generated by the girls' entrance to puberty.

The Warrens tried twice to provoke the demon to expose itself by playing tapes of religious music and confronting it with prayer. The demon reacted by violently shaking a mirror and dresser drawers and yet another instance by spelling out "You filthy bastard, get out of this house." Only Holy Water and prayer seemed to stop the manifestations.



The situation began to turn more serious as Jack was raped by a scaly succubus posing as an old woman with a young body. Her eyes were red and her gums were green. Ed Warren was choked and then began to suffer from terrible flu-like

symptoms. An incubus sexually assaulted Janet and pig noises (a sign of serious demonic infestation) could be heard in the walls.

The Smurls said they tried several times to obtain support and action from the church. The Roman Catholic Diocese of Scranton said it would consult with experts but official involvement would be unlikely. At one point in time, Janet thought she was getting help from a priest named Father O'Leary but discovered no such priest existed. The Warrens brought in Father (now Bishop) McKenna, a traditionalist priest who refused to abide by the changes in ritual mandated by the Second Vatican Council. He said mass in Latin and had performed more than 50 exorcisms for the Warrens. He conducted the ancient rite which did nothing but infuriate the demon.

The haunting continued. Daughter Carin fell seriously ill from a strange fever and nearly died and Dawn was almost raped by the evil presence. Janet and Mary had slash marks and bites on their arms... everyone was depressed. Ed Warren explained they were in the second demonic stage, oppression, which follows infestation and is followed by possession and death.

Bishop McKenna performed a second exorcism in late spring but to no avail. The demon even accompanied the family on camping trips in the Poconos and harassed Jack at work. The family now knew they could not move to another house because the demon would just follow them. After repeated refusals by the church to help, the Smurls decided to appear on television. Remaining anonymous behind a screen, they were interviewed by Richard Bey on a local Philadelphia show called "People are Talking." The demon retaliated. It levitated Janet and then hurled her against the wall. It later appeared to Jack as a monstrous creature resembling a pig on two legs. A human hand came up through the mattress and grabbed Janet by the back of the neck. And again Jack was raped.

In August 1986, the Smurls felt the risk of ridicule did not outweigh the need to tell their story to a wider audience and granted an interview to the Wilkes-Barre Sunday Independent newspaper. Almost immediately, their home became a tourist attraction for the press, curious on-lookers and skeptics who wished to investigate. Some skeptics, who included some of the Smurl's neighbors, said they believed the family was concocting the story to profit from book and movie contracts.

The Smurls contacted an medium, Mary Alice Rinkman, who examined the house and corroborated the Warrens' findings of 4 spirits. She identified one as an old woman named Abigail and another as a dark, mustachioed man named Patrick who had murdered



his wife and her lover and had then been hung by a mob. She could not identify the third but the fourth was a powerful demon.

Press coverage finally pushed the Scranton diocese into action and they offered to take over the investigation. The Warrens had also planned a mass exorcism with several priests . prayer groups came to the house to give comfort. Bishop McKenna came a third time to exorcise the house and this time the ritual seemed to work, there were no disturbances for about 3 months.

Shortly before Christmas 1986, Jack again saw the black form, beckoning him to the third stage of possession. He clutched his rosary and prayed, hoping this was simply an isolated incident. It was not, the banging again started, as well as the putrid smells and violent acts of aggression.

Frustrated, tired, and hopeless, the Smurfs moved to another town, shortly before the release of a book concerning their ordeal, "The Haunted", went to press. The church performed a fourth exorcism in 1988, which finally seemed to have given them peace. A movie version of "The Haunted" was released in 1991.

Case File: West Point

This is a story out of case file's of Ed and Lorraine Warren. The story is in the book "The Demonologist", it is called "The haunting of West Point" The U.S. Army summoned the Warrens in, to investigate the paranormal phenomena that was occurring. This is precisely what happened at West Point. It was October 1972. The executive officer at the United States Military Academy telephoned the Warrens a day before they were scheduled to present a general lecture to the cadets there. Though the officer's comments were deliberately vague, he nonetheless told the Warrens that a curious security problem had arisen, and he wanted to know if they'd be willing to help in a professional capacity before they lectured the next day at the Point. Without probing, the Warrens agreed to lend assistance. "Good " the relieved officer said, "I'll send a car for you tomorrow at three p.m."

A little past four p.m., they entered the gates of the United States Military Academy. The sergeant pulled the car up to the entrance of the headquarters offices, swung open the rear door, and escorted the Warrens to the executive officer of West Point. Major Donald Bolling, an orderly, good-natured man, offered Ed and Lorraine a seat in his office. He then briefed them on an already prepared schedule: dinner with the officers of the faculty at six, followed by a general lecture to all classes at eight. "One more thing." for the next few minutes Major Bolling went on to explain how an unaccountable breach of security was occurring in the home of West Point's Superintendent the commanding general. Naturally, the military police had already been over the problem, but to no avail, he conceded. Matters had only gotten worse. Therefore, it had been decided to get outside opinion on a problem that appeared to have no natural explanation. "So if there's no objection, the Superintendent would like to speak with you before dinner." "We'll be glad

to help," Ed replied. "Do you know the nature of the problem?" "Between us" the major almost broke into a grin, "there's a ghost in the general's quarters."

Switching off the lights, the Executive Officer took his cap, escorted the Warrens out the office door and introduced them to an Army photographer who sat waiting in the hallway. Strict limits had been placed on the collection of information that day, all documentary records would be the property of the U.S. government. Outside, the call of cadences broke the silence as cadets marched through the gray stillness of the afternoon. The group took a leisurely stroll to the Superintendent's quarters, known officially as the Sylvanus Thayer Mansion, an impressive brick structure built in the Federal style. A general staff aide answered the front door to the mansion and showed the group inside. Within moments, the commanding general and his wife entered the foyer and Executive Officer introduced them to the Warrens.

The general impressed Lorraine as being a kind, compassionate man of great wisdom and intelligence. The general's wife directed everyone into a sitting room that was beautifully furnished with period antiques by previous generals over the course of two centuries. "Nothing macabre has happened here," the general said, sitting in what appeared to be his favorite chair. "Nevertheless, a number of incidents have gone on in this house that, so far, no one has been able to explain to my satisfaction. Some background: in the basement there is a private study; that room is kept locked and secure. But no matter how many times the bunk in there is made up, it's always found ripped apart later. Upstairs, ghosts have been seen flitting about the house. These I haven't seen, but they've been reported for years, and apparently they go with the billet. Now, I wouldn't mention any of this except that we have an unusual, persistent problem: personal belongings and other important articles are regularly found missing. Not stolen," he emphasized, "but missing temporarily." The general stopped for a moment to put on his glasses. "I grant you, none of this is terribly important unless put into perspective.

One of the responsibilities of the commanding officer here is social protocol. In this house, we receive our fair share of government leaders and Army brass. Recently, on special occasions, some potentially serious events have occurred. Wallets have been stolen, pockets have been picked, money and personal mementos have been taken from eminent dignitaries and their wives. Later, all the stolen items are found upstairs, neatly laid out on the dresser in our master bedroom." The Warrens sat mum, taking in the unique nature of the problem. "This foolishness cannot continue," the general said forcefully. "Yet we know that no person has committed these actions. So my question to you Mr. and Mrs. Warren is the following: if this is a ghost and I stress, if it is then you tell me: can a ghost manipulate physical objects?" "Yes," Ed answered, "it can." "Providing the objects are of no significant weight, such as the ones you describe." "All you right then," The general said, "does this sound like a ghost to you?" "Based on what you say, yes," Ed answered. "In fact, it is quite probable that a human spirit is at work here because the items did not disappear completely." Taken back by the reply, the general looked at Ed for a moment. "Would you be able to tell if there is a ghost in this house that steals wallets?" Lorraine saw this as her opportunity to reply: "Sir, I am a clairvoyant. The best thing would be for us to walk the house. This would allow me to

determine if in fact a spirit is causing the disturbance. It's the best test." The general and his wife agreed, and the group rose to their feet.

Ed and Major Bolling headed for the basement with the key to the downstairs study. As usual, the bunk was torn apart, as though someone had been sleeping in it. Yet nothing else was disturbed. They closed up the room and headed back upstairs. In the first floor kitchen, Major Bolling showed Ed a cutting board with a wet spot on it. "It almost dries," he told him, "but every afternoon, it gets wet again!" Elsewhere accompanied by the general and his wife, Lorraine stood with her eyes closed in the center of the downstairs rooms, beginning with the sitting room, trying to perceive any invisible presence. Nothing was apparent on the first floor, although Lorraine found herself somewhat transfixed in one of the mansion's back bedrooms. "This room," she said, "this room right here is where John Kennedy stayed whenever he visited the Point. The vibrations in here are truly beautiful." A bit amazed, the general's wife told Lorraine that she was right: "This was the President's bedroom: he couldn't climb the stairs because of his back."

After leaving the first floor of the mansion, the general's wife led the way up the banistered staircase to the second floor. In each room, Lorraine picked up impressions of the powerful individuals who had spent time in the house, but hardly any sense of a mischievous spirit. In one upstairs bedroom, Lorraine again paused for long moments. "An elderly woman spent a long time in this room," she mused. "The woman would often stand by that open verandah and look out to a field." Lorraine walked to the window. In the distance, she saw the cadets standing in formation on the parade ground; then she turned back into the room. "This was a very wise woman who shared a burden with a man in her life. She counseled him but the man was not her husband." The man was Douglas Mac Arthur, said the general. The old woman is his mother. This was Mrs. Mac Arthur's bedroom when her son was superintendent here." The upstairs group then walked back down to the sitting room, where everyone met once again.

Lorraine admitted she did not feel the presence of anyone responsible for causing the phenomena, but on the other hand, it is possible that a spirit has deliberately avoided us. "Is there any way of finding that out?" asked the major. "Yes, answered Lorraine, "this could be determined in the trance state." The major had a look of concern on his face. "Does this mean we have to hold a sŽance?" "No," she laughed, "I'd just sit down sometime this evening, once the hubbub and vibrations of the day died down. It was decided to hold a gathering in the mansion after the evening lecture. If the problem could be solved once and for all, it was at least worth a try. At a cordial dinner held at six o'clock that evening, the Warrens were introduced to officers of the West Point faculty who, with their wives, were extremely curious about the whole subject of the supernatural.

At eight, Ed and Lorraine presented a general lecture on spirits to the Army audience. Their talk as usual had slides of ghosts, apparitions, and other unusual phenomena, which brought the customary response of "Ooo's" and "Wow's." Although the lecture was received with enthusiasm, none of the cadets thought for a moment that such things could go on at the Point. During the question session at the end of the lecture, a young lady in

her thirties stood up and told the Warrens that she felt it was a good time to say something she'd been carrying around all her life. She wanted everyone to know that what the Warrens were talking about was true. These unusual things do go on. Her father was the flight leader on that squadron of fighters lost over the Bermuda Triangle in 1945 and he never returned home. He and the other men were really lost at sea. And though people might like to think it's some sort of hoax, it isn't. When she sat down, the entire audience erupted into cheers and applause. With this the lecture ended and Ed saluted the cadets and bid everyone good night.

The Warrens made their way back to the Thayer Mansion with the executive officer, plus a private group of officers and their wives whom they had met at dinner. Lorraine explained to the major that she felt Mrs. MacArthur's bedroom was the most favorable place to attempt communication. The major in turn told Lorraine that the general and his wife had to depart for New York by helicopter at ten. Though elsewhere on campus, they would stop by the mansion before leaving. "Fair enough," she replied. Upon being met at the front door by staff aide, the group made its way upstairs to the MacArthur bedroom, where the officers and their wives found seats on the floor. Lorraine added, "Where people spend a third of their life sleeping, is an excellent source of vibrations."

All lights were turned off but one, and Lorraine closed her eyes. "I see a black man approaching," she soon said, speaking out loud like a newscaster. "He's wearing a dark uniform with no braid or decoration. This man is with us now." Eyes darted around the room, but no such figure was visible. "This man is overtaken with a sense of fear, guilt, and lack of acceptance. He feels very sorry for something." Lorraine stopped, her body tense, her arms straight out beside her. "He's speaking to me now. He tells me that he has been accused of murder. His cell is in the basement. But the Army has exonerated him of that murder. He is very, very sorry and he cannot hold his sorrow any longer. This is why he has been taking wallets he wants the Army to know his sorrow." "Everyone in the room sat silent, waiting to hear more." "What is your name, young man?" Lorraine asked. "Tell me your name. He tells me his name is Greer. He spells it G-R-E-E-R. What is the date? It is the early eighteenth no, it is the early eighteen hundreds. He doesn't know the date anymore. He says he just wants his sorrow to be understood. He wants to know who I am." Lorraine, deep in trance, began to bend forward. Ed told her to lean back. "Mr. Greer," she said, "I have been sent by the Army to find out your problem. No, Mr. Greer, you are not held in dishonor," she said in an apparent reply. "Your exoneration was for a purpose. It is on the records that the death you caused was not a murder. Your exoneration stands. Listen to me, Mr. Greer. Your sorrow is understood by the Army. But it is only proper that your sorrow be over. There is nothing we can do for you. You are holding yourself back; you must exonerate yourself. Enough time has passed. It is now the twentieth century. This is the nineteen seventies. You do not understand the present day. Each time you take belongings from an important person, you put the Army in a very dangerous position. He tells me he has no more need to do this. He feels confused. He wants to come back to life."

Lorraine's arms slackened, then she began to drift away from the trance. "Lorraine," Ed said forcefully, "stay with him. Try to send him on." Lorraine sat silent for long

moments, and then again spoke. "To live again, Mr. Greer, you must go to the light. It is time for you to surrender yourself and begin again. Everyone must do this. Focus on the light and step toward it. Go to your friends and family. Go home to the light, Mr. Greer. Focus on the light and drawn toward it," Lorraine suddenly snapped awake, her eyes wide open. "He's gone. I lost him," she declared.

The lights were switched back on as the officers and their wives rose to their feet, speaking in anxious hushed tones. Lorraine, standing in the center of the group, gave a complete description of the man and said at the end, "Greer had simply vanished." Shortly thereafter, the entourage made its way downstairs and left, while the Warrens and the major waited in the sitting room.

A few minutes later the general and his wife arrived. Lorraine briefly reviewed the communication she'd had, noting in conclusion: "I didn't get the impression the Greer really wanted to be here. In a way, I think he was just waiting to be dismissed. After this, I seriously doubt that any more pockets will be picked. But if it does happen again, please let me know. There are things I can do at a distance." "That's very nice of you," said the general. "however, there's one small item. No black man has ever served at the Point until this century. But I promise you, the major will have this matter checked out completely in the next few weeks." As they spoke in the foyer, a helicopter could be heard descending outside. It was time to go. After an exchange of gratitude and farewell on the front steps, the general and his wife crossed the lawn and boarded a large service helicopter bound for New York. The Warrens slipped into the back seat of the waiting limousine, wondering if Greer had indeed ended his travail of over a century.

A few weeks later, while lecturing at Boston University, Ed and Lorraine were called from the stage to take a telephone call from West Point, could you please do something about the ghost of a civil war cavalryman who refuses to leave one of the dormitory rooms.???? We need the space."

Case File: Mark



From case files of Ed and Lorraine Warren:

Ed and Lorraine were sitting in the living room when the phone rang. Lorraine answered, the case was about the death of a loved one. The young woman asked if the Warrens could help her. She felt the spirit of her deceased fiancŽ, Mark, was present in her home. The presence of the spirit scared her daughter, Tina, who did not want to stay in the

house. Lorraine agreed to accept the case and within a few days Ed and Lorraine Warren took an investigative team to Trudy's house. Ed and Lorraine gathered background information about the case while the remaining investigators took photographs of the house and the surrounding area.

Mark was a very private person, a loner. He had an adventurous spirit and liked water sports, kayaking and rafting. He often suffered from depression so he used rafting and kayaking as a means of escape. He had been feeling ill over the last month and had gone to the doctor, who diagnosed with a problem with his liver enzymes. The hepatitis he had earlier in his life damaged his liver. Otherwise, he was healthy and active. Mark and Trudy had been in their relationship for eight years and it was a good, healthy one.

Trudy and Tina were away on a business trip in January. Mark stayed at their home to take care of the dogs while they were away. Three day after leaving, Trudy spoke with Mark on the phone and all was good but when they returned home on Sunday, two days after their phone conversation, they found Mark deceased on the living room floor. The coroner's report stated the cause of death was a heart attack. Mark was 41 years old. Since Mark's death, Trudy and Tina have had strange occurrences in the house. The security alarm has gone off in the middle of the night showing a circuit open in the back room. In the morning however, everything was locked up tight with no signs of forced entry. Neither the police nor the alarm technician could not find anything wrong with the system. Just before Mark's memorial service, Trudy was letting the dogs out and noticed the trunk to her car was open. She had not been in the trunk at all the day before or that night. So it should not have been open. Trudy called the police and they found nothing out of the ordinary. On another occasion Trudy came downstairs and found the stereo playing Mark's most listen compact disc, "Counting Crows". The stereo has three power buttons that need to be turned on. Trudy thought, at first, the dogs accidentally turned it on but she realized that was not possible.

Lorraine decided it would be best to try to communicate with Mark, attempt to talk him into crossing over. While everyone sat around the dining room table, Lorraine felt Mark's presence very strongly, both Lorraine and the investigators all felt very cold. Trudy asked if Mark was there and if he wanted to communicate with us. Lorraine had a vision of Mark standing in a storage unit putting something up on a rafter. (At this time an investigator felt something touch her hand and quickly move away.) Lorraine asked Mark if there was something at the storage unit he wanted to Trudy to know about. Lorraine felt he did not know that his family had cleaned out the unit and given many of his personal items to Trudy and Tina. Lorraine asked Mark to relate what had happened the day he died. He told Lorraine he went for a ride up to Shopway's. (Trudy confirmed that this was a store he shopped at often). He was feeling sick to his stomach, but hungry. He then said he "missed them" refers to Trudy and Tina. He got something to eat and was beginning to feel a bet better. He sat down and spoke with Trudy on the phone. He didn't want to tell her he wasn't feeling well. He said he was sorry for the mess he left. Lorraine asked Mark why all the lights were on in the house when Trudy and Tina found him. He said he went from room to room (in spirit) and the lights lit. Lorraine asked Mark to go into the light. Trudy told him he needs to go to check things out for her, for when it's her

time. Lorraine then asked if there was anything left unsaid that he needs to express. Lorraine felt Mark was concerned about Trudy and Tina's finances.

Lorraine: Are you comfortable here? Why do you want to stay?

Mark: STAY HERE

Lorraine: You'll find peace at the end of the light. Can you go to the light?

Mark: LIVE

Lorraine: You can live in peace on the other side. You can be very happy. Would you like to go there?

Mark: GO HELP

Trudy: Do you need help to pass on correctly?

Mark: NO

Lorraine: Do you want to stay to help Trudy?

Mark: GO HOME

Lorraine: Do you want us to go home now, Mark?

Mark: YES

Trudy: Are you at peace here Mark? I want you to be happy. We'll be together again.

Mark: STAY HERE

Lorraine: Do you want to tell us why you want to stay, why you can't pass over?

Mark: GOD

Trudy: Mark, I am not mad at you. No one is mad at you.

Mark: HELP ME

Lorraine: Are you afraid of the light?

Mark: YES, HOME

Lorraine: Tina wants you to go to the light to be at peace. Can you hear her?

Mark: YES

Lorraine: Mark please go for Tina. Can you do that for her?

Mark: GOD

Lorraine: God wants you to come. He wants everyone to come. God loves you.

Mark: SLEEP

Lorraine: You can come back after you go into the light. It's not a final thing. Do you have anymore messages Mark?

Mark: GO HOME

Lorraine: Are you staying because you're at peace here?

Mark: YES STAY

Lorraine: Have you gone to see the light?

Mark: YES

Lorraine: It's beautiful isn't it? Will you be at the light when its Trudys, turn? Will you meet her?

Lorraine: Then asked if there was anything left unsaid that he needed to express?

Mark wanted to stay to help them.

Trudy and Tina both felt relieved that Mark is there because he wants to stay to help them and are glad he is at peace there with them and he is welcome to stay. Two investigators had pictures showing numerous globules around the outside of the house.

Story submitted by a Warren investigator

Case File: Stamford

The following case file is identical as it has been submitted and written for record. Names and locations have been altered for the privacy of the individuals involved.

Date: January 9, 1999

Case: Stamford, CT

This report is a compilation of events, facts and evidence gathered since the date of the initial interview conducted by Ed and Lorraine Warren, Mike Roberge and an associate on the 2nd of December 1998.

Since December 2nd, investigators have visited and/or stayed overnight a total of 10 nights. Each night will be reported as any major events may have occurred.

Wednesday, December 2nd: Ed, Lorraine, Lee, and I arrived in the home of Bruce and Shelly. Immediately upon entering the house, most of us noticed the strong, oppressive atmosphere within the house. An associate began setting up his camcorder while the rest of us got acquainted with the family. Shelly, 37, is a small woman who appears very happy and energetic. She works as a nurse. Bruce, her husband, is 28 and works in the technical field. Their three children are Julie, 16; Jackie 14; and Michael, 9. The spirits present in the house appear to focus their activity on them. Although Julie and Jackie appear to deal with the situation quite well, Michael gets extremely frightened and upset when activity takes place.

The two level house was built in the early 1800's and has been renovated several times. Story has it that the house at one point in time was a tavern for the locals but no time frame is known and no real evidence to that fact has been uncovered (to my knowledge). Both the interior and the exterior of the house seemed to be cleaned regularly. Bruce and Shelly sleep in the bedroom on the first floor, just inside the front door. The children each have their own rooms located on the second floor. I did not notice any religious items in the house at any point until our visit on the 12th of December.

At approximately 9:45 PM Ed and Lorraine began their interview with the family. The following is all the main, pertinent information given by the family. They have only been living in the house since September 1998 and have had trouble since their arrival. Activity began with Michael complaining of being touched. Quickly, activity increased to Michael's hair being pulled, being poked, and his sheets being pulled off the bed while he was in it. Bruce and Shelly did not pay much mind to the complaints assuming it was due to the overactive imagination of a 9 year old.

Shortly after the initial events took place, Shelly's mother came to the house for a visit and stated that during the night, she saw three human spirits standing just outside the family room on the first floor.

The following night, Jackie complained to Shelly that she felt she had been "punched" from under the bed, through the mattress. Following that, as she sat on the bed talking on the phone, the entire foot of the bed, frame and all, began to move side to side as if someone were standing there lifting it and shaking it. That is when Shelly realized that maybe there actually was some truth to what she had already been told.

Shelly claims that she had felt an "evil" presence in the house since the day they initially looked at the house before purchasing it. She explained away the uneasy feelings due to the fact that the house had recently caught fire and the fire damage was still visible on the

outside walls. When her children began complaining of these supernatural events taken place, Shelly again began to realize the feelings she was having may, in fact, be legitimate. She then made the decision to call Ed and Lorraine.

While the family was giving their statements, Lorraine, Lee, and I did a walk-through of the house. Very little, if anything was felt on the first floor and the basement did have slight but nominal feeling of a presence. The second floor was an altogether different story. As we walked up the stairway to the second floor the feeling of multiple spirits was becoming more and more prominent with every step. At the top of the stairs is a small hallway and Jackie's bedroom, the "green room". Upon entering, an immediate feeling of overpowering pressure could be felt. What was in that room at that time was not human.

Off the hallway were Julie's bedroom and Michael's bedroom. Also there is a "plant room", used by Shelly to maintain a small forest of different types of plants and trees. The hallway itself had the feeling of presence but this appeared to be human. Julie's room had a small amount of pressure, as did Michael's, to a slightly higher degree. The plant room was by far the clearest and most peaceful room in the entire house.

We completed our walk-through and re-joined Ed and the family in the kitchen; they were still giving their statements. Lee sat down at the kitchen table with Lorraine and within minutes began to shudder, swaying from side to side. She asked for a pad of paper and a pencil and immediately began scribble words. She had begun automatic writing; one of the human spirits wanted to communicate.

Ed and the spirit began conversing. Transcripts of full conversation are on record. Some of the pertinent information from the conversation are as follows: The three spirits there were Geoff Roberts, Mary Roberts (Geoff's wife) and Emma. We do not know who Emma is or where she fits into the scheme of events but Geoff owned and lived in this house in 1888. It was also found, on record, that Geoff Roberts did actually own and live in the house in 1888. It was also discovered that Mary was the name of his wife. It is unknown whether Mary was with him during this time frame but I believe she was. Geoff was very angry about the family living in the house. As far as he was concerned, it was still his house.

The conversation lasted, on and off, for about 15 minutes and after it ended Ed, Lorraine and Lee decided to leave. My associate and I were going to stay overnight. After Ed, Lorraine and Lee left, and I talked with the family until about midnight then retired to the green room. Within only a few minutes, we began to hear raps on the walls. We felt that the raps were no doubt coming from one of the three human spirits in the house. This continued on and off for approximately one hour. We also felt the psychic cold moving throughout the room and different points in time throughout the night. We both also felt a more powerful, hostile presence but it was certainly not making itself known.

Nothing major was continuing so at 3 AM we left the house, I had to be at work that morning.

Friday, December 4th: We returned back at the house at 9:30 PM. Once again, immediately upon entering the house we could feel the presence of evil waiting in the background. Bruce, Shelly and Jackie were in the kitchen where we all sat and talked, Julie was still at work and Michael was in bed in the family room, just off the kitchen. We talked until about 11:30, then we made our way back up to the green room.

My associate set up his video camera and I began playing Gregorian Chants. At about midnight, the raps began again. This time we attempted to communicate, stating one rap would mean "yes", two raps meant "no". We began asking questions.

Although the raps were very soft, a few were captured by the camcorder. We did manage to talk to Geoff. The short conversation with him revealed that he was keeping both Mary and Emma there against their will. We tried to talk him into letting them cross over but he refused. We both also got the impression, although it was never revealed to us, that Geoff was being coerced by the inhuman spirit to do what it wanted. Nothing further was revealed that night but the knocks and psychic colds continued on and off throughout the night, finally subsiding at about 4 AM.

This night, similar to the first night at the house, I personally felt very drained after spending any amount of time in the green room. Within an hour of first lying on the floor, I would find it impossible to stay awake or alert... completely opposite from my normal. My associate, on the other hand, was awake most of the night and claimed that as I neared the sleep state, the rapping increased and died out for a short time when I fell into a deep sleep.

We awoke the following morning at about 8 AM and left the house with no other activity being noted.

Wednesday, December 9th: A group of us were in Carousel Gardens Restaurant but my associate was not around this night. At about 9:15 PM, both Lorraine and I (without each other knowing) each got feelings that something bad was happening in the house. I walked up to Lorraine and asked her if he was in the house, and told her that I had a bad feeling. She then told me that she also got that same feeling and that he was indeed in the house.

Later, I drove to Stamford and met my associate, who was already sitting at the kitchen table. I asked, in my non-verbal way, if any thing had happened and he replied with a "no". After about 30 minutes in the house, no activity had taken place and no presence could be felt. He, as far as I could tell, wanted to be in the house alone so I decided to leave, assuming he was wanting to try something that required solitude. I left at 11 PM.

Later, he and I talked about that night and we realized that he really wanted me there but I picked up wrong from him. We had that happen to us many times during the course of this investigation. During most investigations, we were very much in sync with each other but during this investigation, we were very out of sync, very confused, and almost opposites. We began realizing what was happening; we were purposefully being thrown

out of tune with each other to make getting firm answers much more difficult. We were now truly realizing what the entity in this house was capable of doing.

By this point in time we were sure of what was present in the house and why. We knew that Emma and Mary were there. We believe that they were being held back by Geoff, who is very angry and controlling. Geoff, in turn, was there because he also was being held back by an inhuman spirit who was both controlling Geoff and directly affecting the family through its manipulations.

Thursday, December 10th: Ed, Lorraine, and Lee went to the house with the intent of communicating with Geoff. They got more than they bargained for. Also present that night was Bruce, Shelly, Jackie and Michael (who was already in bed). Later, Shelly's cousin showed up. Her cousin is a police officer in a local community. He is a very large man who is terrified of the supernatural.

They all sat at the kitchen table while we set up the camcorder. Lee sat at the head of the table with Lorraine next to her and Ed next to Lorraine. Bruce was directly across the table from Lee with Shelly and Jackie next to him. Lee began automatic writing shortly after everyone was situated. "Father" came through first followed by Geoff. The automatic writing did not last long; she soon began channeling both "Father" and Geoff, switching back and forth at various points in time. Geoff began to get very violent, starting with verbal attacks on everyone in the room. The language used was obscene and threw everyone off guard.

Ed decided to have Lorraine recite the St. Michael's prayer and within seconds after starting, Geoff became extremely violent. The violence rose quickly from obscene language towards Lorraine to physically attacking Ed. Lee, now under complete possession from Geoff leapt from her chair landed on Ed and began punching him in the chest. It took everyone in the room to get her off Ed. Even with Shelly's cousin helping, it was a struggle.

After the situation settled down, everyone decided to call it a night. Before leaving, Ed asked Shelly's cousin if he would stay the night with them in the house, for fear of increased activity. He adamantly refused, stating there was no way he would stay. They left shortly thereafter. No more activity took place that night.

The following day, after realizing what Geoff and the inhuman spirit were capable of, Ed decided to contact Father Bishop to have an exorcism performed in the house. He agreed to conduct it and the date was set for Monday, December 14th.

Monday, December 14th: We arrived at the house at 12:45 PM. Two other investigators were already there and the rest of the crew had not arrived yet. We set up our video and audio equipment and waited for Father, Ed, Lorraine and Lee to arrive. Only Bruce and Shelly were in the house, the kids were all at family or friends houses. Shelly had, earlier that day, purchased a number of religious items such as Crucifixes, Crosses, Rosary Beads and cross necklaces for Father to bless while he was there.

The rest of the group arrived at about 1:30 PM. Father's intent was to bless the house, proceed to the exorcism of the house and finalize any other requirements as necessary. It was also assumed that either Geoff or the inhuman spirit was going to possess Lee during the rites so we had all prepared for the exorcism rites to continue on to Lee.

After everyone had said their greetings and Father was introduced to the family, he began his blessing of the house. He walked through each and every room, blessing it and sprinkling Holy Water as he went along. He completed his blessing in a matter of 15 minutes and promptly started the exorcism. The entire ritual was spoken in Latin. Almost immediately, Lee came under possession and started half-yelling that it wasn't going to work. Her words sounded more as a promise than a prediction.

Father was only a few minutes into the exorcism when Lee, coming in and out of possession, began to get totally unruly. The ceremony quickly turned into the full exorcism of an individual... Lee.

Using body restraints, the five men present during the ceremony restrained Lee to a sturdy wooden chair and took positions around her, serving three functions; to restrain her in case she broke loose from the body restraints, to protect her from injury and to protect Father from her. The exorcism continued, focused now on Lee.

During the course of the exorcism, Lee came, again, in and out of possession and at times, was extremely difficult to manage. Within the first few minutes, she broke free of the body restraints tearing apart one of the chair legs she was restrained to. She literally snapped the wooden leg as easily as if it were a toothpick, she did so with a very eerie grin on her face. We then had her stand up. I was positioned behind her, anchored with my back to the wall, one person was on each side of her and one or two people between her and Father.

At various times through the exorcism, Lee would go into a fit of rage so violent, the five men assigned to restrain her could not maintain control of her. She was tossing us around like we were rag dolls. Father continued for approximately 1-1/2 hours before the exorcism was completed.

At about 3:30 PM, Father Bishop, Ed, Lorraine and Lee left, followed by the other two investigators. My associate and I stay behind for about 30 minutes to get a feel on whether or not the house had been cleared. My associate felt the house was at peace but I did not. The impression I got was that the exorcism had weakened the inhuman spirit but had not gotten rid of it. We decided we would leave the family alone, not "prompt" them to thinking it was still there, and see what transpired over the course of the next few days.

We left the house at about 4:15 PM, after saying our good-byes and waited to see what would happen next.

Friday, December 18th: My associate received a phone call from Shelly. She stated that activity had taken place the night of the 17th and she was now very concerned about the

family's safety. We decided to once again conduct an overnighter in the house and see if we could determine the level of the spirit's strength.

We stayed, as always, in the green room but this night no activity occurred. It was quiet and there were no feelings of any presence in the room or in the house. We left the house the following morning.

Saturday, December 19th: My associate again received a phone call from Shelly during the afternoon. She explained that activity was again taking place, now during the day. We arrived back in the house at about 10 PM.

We sat and talked with Bruce and Shelly in the kitchen until about 11:30 PM. Once again, we stayed in the green room and it was very active in the room. Raps were heard from many different locations throughout the room. Prior to this night, the raps that had been heard came mainly from the far wall, about midway up the wall. Now, things had changed. The feeling in the house was different but could not be pinpointed.

At about 1:30 AM I was beginning to get very drained and was having a hard time staying awake. Without warning I felt another presence in the room, it was not the inhuman spirit we were used to feeling. It was Emma and Mary. Although no real communication was done, I knew that they were there to tell us good-bye. From what I was able to decipher from what I picked up from them, the exorcism weakened the inhuman spirit enough that it was not able to maintain control over Geoff, who in turn, released control of Emma and Mary. We have not felt their presence since.

No other major activity took place the rest of the night but my associate stated that the rappings continued for about 30 minutes after I fell asleep. We left the house at about 9 AM the following morning.

Wednesday, December 23rd: After another phone call from Shelly, we again conducted an overnight investigation. It was now two days before Christmas and we were concerned of the fact that activity may increase due to the amount of time since the exorcism and that Christmas was at hand. Shelly's mother, who was staying in the house through Christmas, was hospitalized for, as of time of this writing, an unknown reason.

We arrived later than normal, about 11 PM. We talked with Shelly for about 20 minutes then proceeded to the green room. Activity was at a very high level that night. Rappings were louder, more frequent and were moving throughout the room. We also heard a new sound, the sound of fluttering (as if the fluttering of wings). The unusual part about what we heard is I heard the sound up high, near the ceiling directly above where my associate was laying. He heard the same sounds at the same time but much lower, almost directly next to him. He associated the sound we heard to what he heard during the infamous Southington case.

Like normal in this particular case, I fell asleep early that night. He was awake most of the night and continued to hear rappings most of the night. We left about 8:30 AM.

Thursday, December 24th: No investigation was conducted but for the sake of documentation, Julie was involved in a severe car accident. She was hit in the right front side of the car, totaling it. She was only minimally injured.

Monday, December 28th: After reviewing the activity noted by my associate and I, Ed and Lorraine had contacted Father Bishop once again and the decision was made to conduct a Solemn Exorcism.

Father, Ed, Lorraine, my associate and the entire family were present in the house. From the reports given, the exorcism took approximately 1-1/2 hours and was conducted with no outward difficulties.

As of January 9, 1999, there has been no known activity taking place in the house. We have been in contact with the family several times since then and by reports from the family, all activity has stopped.

Mike Roberge

Case File: It Has Returned

This is a case that Ed and Lorraine Warren had investigated over twelve years ago. We will refer to this as the White Rose case set in the hills of northern Connecticut. The original case consists of a wife, husband and four sons who had moved into this home on October 31st things began to happen from there. They would hear footsteps up and down the hallway; they would experience the sound of a moaning person. They would smell horrible odors through out the home. They could hear the sounds of a baby crying and see a dark form going up the staircase. This led them to contacting Ed and Lorraine Warren who began a full-scale investigation into White Rose. This led to two investigators staying in the home and witnessing the occurrences, one of the researchers by the name of Chris, who is the Warrens grandson, was working with them at the time. After weeks of gathering information, it was submitted to the Roman Catholic church. After reviewing the information, a Roman Catholic priest performed a blessing of the home. Within a short time, the activity started up again and two priests came back to do a mass in the home. Within a few days, the activity started up again and increased. At this time four priests had to come and perform a high mass. All activity stopped. Shortly after this all supernatural activity was over. The family had moved out of the home and all four boys had moved on with their lives, settling down, buying homes, raising families and moving on with their careers.

Until the fall of 1998 all was quiet. The family was free of all supernatural happenings and had grown to 27 members. Then the mother's brother passed away and she started to experience things in her home. Shortly after that, one of the sons started to experience things in his home; rappings, lights going on and off, and strange sounds coming out of the TV. They contributed the occurrences to the passing of the uncle, and at this point the mother and son decided to contact Ed and Lorraine Warren once again for their help.

Little did the Warrens know that this would consist of four homes that were being affected, one home in particular, the youngest sons. Lorraine had discerned something bad was in this home, in the master bedroom. The family had been to a point where they would get together and say the rosary in all four homes but began noticing that things would intensify afterwards in one home. Ed and Lorraine sent in investigators Mike Roberge and an associate for several days. Witnessing bangs in the walls, having the bed vibrating and seeing black forms in the home. What you are about to read are the notes taken by the wife, in the sons home as things happened.

January 27, 1999

7:00 AM - Went to exit bathroom door but door was locked, unlocked door, could not pull door open. It felt like someone was holding it from the other side. After a few attempts to pull open, it released. A few minutes later I walked into my bedroom and caught a glimpse of a straight charcoal colored shadow standing on the side of my bed. It looked like the side of a person.

3:00 PM - I was sitting in the living room at the computer and felt a cold gust of wind. It made my hair blow around. No doors were open.

January 28, 1999

11:45 AM - Husband saw shadow on hallway wall move back and forth. The wall had the reflection of light on it from the bathroom window. No one was in the bathroom at the time.

4:50 PM - Someone called out mother two times. I asked what but no one called me.

7:30 PM - Family was eating dinner. Mother saw a gliding movement near kitchen door that looked like a mist.

7:40 PM - Mother and I heard one bang on the back door.

7:43 PM - Two bangs on the back door. Turned on spotlights and looked out but no one was there. Dog was lying on kitchen floor, did not bark.

8:30 PM - Husband heard psst in his left ear, thought his mother did it to wake him up, but she didn't.

9:32 PM - Mother saw light mist shadow gliding over daughter on love seat while she was sleeping.

10:00 PM - Husband saw gliding shadow on living room ceiling.

January 29, 1999

8:10 AM - Bathroom door locked again. Son unlocked the door but couldn't get out. He thought his sister was holding the door. The daughter started screaming from the shower, then the door opened.

8:40 AM - Daughter asked "who walked down the hallway". She said she heard creaking walking sounds.

8:45 AM - Daughter heard the walking sounds again but she said both times were the same but this time it was on her ceiling.

12:40 PM - Daughter heard four slow banging sounds on kitchen ceiling.

January 30,1999

5:55 AM - Wife and husband heard screaming from the basement.

6:00 AM - Mother saw a light silver streak in front of kitchen window.

9:50 to 10:55 AM - I was trying to talk on line with someone but we both kept getting kicked off. It happened seven times.

1:43 PM - I heard footsteps on kitchen ceiling.

2:20 PM - I heard electric wire sounding noise like a crackle two times.

2:25 to 2:45 PM - I heard continuous banging coming from the hallway. When I went down it the sound was like back in the living room. I went back there, then it sounded like it was coming from the girls room. The sound took me back and forth from room to room for 20 minutes.

4:30 PM - Banging on living room wall near front door.

5:50 PM - I saw small white image walk behind me while standing at kitchen window. I saw the reflection in the window.

January 31, 1999

10:15 AM - Daughter heard someone walking down the hallway and shut the bathroom door. She opened the door to get a brush and no one was in there.

1:30 PM - I heard crackling and footsteps in corner on living room ceiling.

4:30 PM - Daughter and I heard noise on kitchen ceiling that sounded like a tin garbage can being rolled back and forth.

7:15 PM - Son saw two eyes in kitchen window. The same time he saw them, the dog charged and jumped up on the window sill, barking and growling.

11:00 PM - A mist looking shadow glided across the television in the living room it was wide, round, and fast.

11:10 PM - Banging on living room wall.

February 1, 1999

8:55 PM - Same egg smell in corner of living room.

February 2, 1999

Slept over my husband's brother's home. Felt a lot of pressure on my chest and neck and head, mostly in the kitchen hallway and bedroom.

10:15 PM - Books moving slightly on bookcase two times while Mike, husband and wife are sitting in the living room. Husband jumped.

February 3, 1999

7:00 AM - I woke up with a bruise on the right side of my forehead. It looked like rug burn.

10:00 AM - I opened the door to my bedroom and it looked like the whole room was filled with smoke, called husband down to see it.

6:49 PM - My husband's brother, saw a ball glide not roll across kitchen floor about 6 feet. When it stopped it shook and rang.

February 4, 1999

8:00 AM - A package of cough drops slid across the coffee table in front of my husband and I.

8:50 AM - After talking with investigators and Lorraine on the phone, the front door handle turned and the door swung open.

All notes are true and documented, witnessed by Ed and Lorraine Warren, Mike Roberge, and another Warren investigator. During the February timeframe, all four homes were scheduled to have a Roman Catholic mass said within each but unfortunately this did not work.

Within days, all of the families are experiencing things in their homes, Mike and myself spent several nights in one of the homes. We heard drums, rappings in the walls and several times the books vibrated on the shelves and literally scared the family when sitting in the room. When laying on the bed you can feel something sit on the bed and then another presence walk across it. All family members were getting ill and not all of the illnesses could be diagnosed. All types of strange occurrences were taking place, and when things like this occur it is very difficult for the family members to be able to understand and deal with these things. This is where it is important for the researchers to be able to stay and help the families out. Within several days an exorcism was performed in all of the homes, but this was not successful either. Within a week a third exorcism was performed and all of the happenings stopped the homes are quiet to this day. Hopefully it will remain that way for all the people involved in this case.

Story submitted by a Warren investigator

Is Your House Haunted

Or is it just an over active imagination? Have you been watching too many scary movies? In our work and research we have encountered many families who truly believe that their dwelling is haunted. Upon investigation, we find that they are not suffering from haunting phenomena, but either an over active imagination, or some other psychological problem.

The following questions should be answered to the best of your ability:

1. Have you or anyone in your family ever dabbled in occult practices? These include playing with a Ouija board, holding seances, visiting a psychic for a psychic reading, tarot cards, tea leaf reading, etc?
2. Do you have strange dreams, thoughts that aren't your own?

3. Are there unusual cold spots in the house? An example would be a room that is normally warm, and then suddenly becomes cold? Then warm again?
4. Do pets in the house act strange in any way? For instance, staring off into space at something, or appearing frightened for no apparent reason?
5. Are there any unusual sounds that can't be logically explained? This may include pounding or knocking sounds? (This is one of the most mis-interpreted factors when dealing with a possible haunting. Many sounds come from logical sources, i.e. hot water pipes, house settling, something falling or being knocked over by a pet, furnace noises, etc.) These must all be ruled out.
6. Do you find you and family members are easily agitated, and perhaps argue more than usual?
7. Do you witness shadows, figures, movements from the corner of your eye? From your peripheral vision?
8. Are objects suddenly found to have gone missing and then reappear? (An example is leaving your car keys on the table, then unable to locate them? Later you return and they are right there where you had left them?)
9. Have you been touched by an unseen hand?
10. Do you hear whispering, or talking? Is the whispering or talking understandable?
11. Do you feel frightened in your home for no apparent reason?

Answering yes to one of these questions doesn't necessarily mean your dwelling is haunted. But answering yes to 3 or more of them (depending on which 3) might mean there is something going on in your home that shouldn't be ignored.

The only true way to know for sure would be to contact us, and discuss your particular situation with us.

Remember, we do not charge a fee for our consultations, or investigations. We only ask for reimbursement for expenses in the event we need to travel to your location for further investigation.

Refer to the [Contact Us](#) section of this website to contact a member of our society.



How To Book Lorraine Warren

Mrs. Warren is available to speak about her investigations into the supernatural world. She, along with investigator and director of NESPR, Tony Spera, will present a slide and video presentation of some of the Warren's most intriguing cases.

Universally recognized as one of the leading psychic researchers in the world, Lorraine Warren is a New England legend, and has been called "America's Top Ghost Hunter." She has packed the house at over 1000 colleges and universities nationwide, and many schools bring her back year after year. This Halloween, bring Lorraine to your campus for *Amityville: 30 Years Later*, and give your students the fright of their lives!

To Book Mrs. Warren for an appearance at your **COLLEGE or UNIVERSITY** contact:

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Mrs. Warren

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or

Tony Spera, NESPR Director

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