

LIGHT IN THE DARK PARANORMAL

HALLOWEEN 2018 ISSUE #1

FREE

The Cokedale Mining Museum is Haunted!

Light in the Dark Paranormal (LIDP) did a short investigation of the place back in February of this year, and demonstrated its probable condition in a few hours (visit our website for photos and videos at lightinthedarkparanormal.wordpress.com).

The anomalies observed were likely from the ghosts of old coal miners and their families and friends. They frequented the building that used to be called the Mercantile Exchange back at the turn of the 19th century when it used to be the company store. Customers bought equipment and food, while cashing their pay checks in exchange for company script.

Cokedale is just west of Trinidad off the Highway of Legends, Route 12. Its the mining town where workers turned coal into coke, the favorite thick fuel for lighting lamps and cooking. The lines of coke ovens can still be seen just west of the town, where hot and grueling effort worked its magic.

You can visit the ovens, Cokedale and the Museum by hopping on Route 12 and proceeding just west of Lake Trinidad State Park. LIDP will try to reveal the Museum's ghosts to visitors in groups of 10 from September 8th through Halloween night. Its not for the faint-hearted!. We can't guarantee anything, but come if you dare. The flyer on the back has more info . . .

Are Certain Animals Harbingers of Doom, Friendly Forewarners of Events Yet to Come, or Messengers from Another Realm?

(Condensed and edited from a story by Bryan's dad recently sent to me, printed with permission -Ed.)

My son Bryan had the most beautiful soul. We lost him in 2010 from a rare blood disorder, only 23 years old. An invisible time-bomb was slowly ticking away inside him, while someone was trying to tell us that something was wrong.

An old buddy of mine had committed suicide shortly before. On the day of his wake I first went outside to fetch the paper, only to notice a white dove on the last step of the front porch. It was looking right at me, but I knew there were no such birds in the area. As I walked directly towards it, the dove did not move, and intently watched me as I grabbed the paper.

Walking around it again, it still watched as I went by. Going back inside, I saw that the dove made momentary eye contact with me. I have no doubt that it was my friend who wanted to be sure that I'd be at his wake. I felt that the white bird was telling me that he was at peace. But there was something that I had missed.

Bryan was attending college in Denver, but had dropped out and came back to our new home. There were unexplained incidents involving the doorbell and smoke alarms going off in the middle of the night. At one point I went down into the basement to check things out. There I saw a white mist that passed right through me.

Bryan in the meantime had become very ill but was reluctant to see a doctor. By then it was too late. I concluded that my old friend had tried to warn us about his condition, at first in the form of the dove. We were blessed to have him and miss Bryan every minute of the day.

So ends the not uncommon testimony of our friend. Animals appear in dreams or are seen as real creatures doing unusual things or engaging in bizarre behavior.

All to get our attention and warn or tell us about what we could not ordinarily know. When one of our so-called "lesser species" acts in a way you wouldn't expect, take heed.

