

We entered the house and I saw a man smoking a cigar, the house also smelled like cigar smoke and incense. His name is Roger, from the 1930s, husky. He is not going to stay there, he comes and goes, and he just likes the house.

We went to go look at the house next door, and that house has a ghost. I saw the ghost of a dead woman on the floor. She was murdered; long black tight tube skirt, with a black belt, hot pink blouse. She did not talk to me, only showed me that she worked there once.

Verdugo Hills Cemetery

The cemetery is very peaceful until I saw a big tree with at least 15-20 ghosts; very sad. What I did not see was that there was a precipice on other side of the tree. Diane told me that one time in 1978; rain eroded the hillside, washing away all the bodies. It was so sad that I asked Diane and Arleen if they wanted to send them to the light of God with me. We did.