

jail I saw an Indian. The Indian showed me a fresh open wound he had as a slash around his face from his temple down to his chin. There were whips and other devices hung around the guards' quarters with which they used to torture the Indians. Another room was used for a guest soldier of the padres. I saw a soldier with his ankle cut off and there was a wooden stick in its place. In another room the chapel encompassed a large hall. An Indian was telling me the story of the Masses that the priests held in an effort to convert the Indians to Catholicism. The priests would sit in wooden pews set against the walls watching the Indians. The Indians would be assembled into the chapel but they would have to walk in on their knees. The Indians were dressed in white robes with long sleeves and no shoes. During the Mass a priest would preach from atop a pulpit in Latin. The Indians had to sit kneeled down on the stone ground throughout the entire Mass. They of course did not understand what the priest was saying because they did not speak Latin, all they heard was gibberish. There was a large contraption in the left corner manned by a priest. This priest watched the Indians throughout the Mass to see if one of them fell asleep. If one of the Indians would fall asleep the priest would move this contraption making a loud noise to wake up the Indian. Afterwards, the priests would remove the Indian and punish him/her. The Indian then told me that the priests kept a log of what they did to the Indians in a book. He does not know where the book is but he says they will find it one day and the truth will come out.

Virginia Marco

July 29, 2001

House in San Marino

Diane went the previous week by herself to this house. She felt a presence there. That night before she fell asleep, she saw what she felt, a boy with a ice cream cone, terrified of the grandmother. When I went to the house I saw a little boy with 1800s apparel, short blond hair, a velvet jacket, white round-collared shirt, ankle-length pants and long white socks. The boy did not like the white socks because they made him look like a girl. His name was Ryan. At the middle of the staircase I saw a 65 year old woman nicely dressed, her name was Susan. I felt she was connected to the male, present-owner of the house. She wore a peach-colored pleated dress with blue flowers. We went upstairs and I saw in the attic a big man with rough facial features. He looked rustic. He loved to stand at the foot of the female owner's bed, put his arm on her bed and look at her. She said she felt this too. He also walks around the house, where the fireplace is and when they have parties, he walks around the people. The lady of the house said that two boys saw him during a party. He, the ghost, wanted them out of the house. Ryan loved to play in the owner's daughter's room. She can see him also. The lady of the house asked me how Ryan died. Ryan showed me that he was taking a bath one day in an antiquated bathtub of that era. He was always playing with a porcelain duck. He would hunch over playing with the duck and the grandmother came and pushed his head down into the water and drowned him. She was crazy, so she did not know what she was doing. The lady of the house confirmed this story by telling me that a water puddle would gather in the middle of the kitchen and one day the little daughter slipped and fell. Ryan said that that was the only way he could show them how he died.

Diane and I asked the lady what she wanted to do. She did not know so we suggested to send all of them to the light of God. She agreed and it was done.