

Virginia Marco

July 13, 2001.

City of Ventura: Ghosts and Ghouls Tour.

We stayed in the Bella Maggiore Inn. Diane and part of the group stayed in room 17, reputedly the most haunted room in the hotel. The story is that a woman hanged herself because she was in love with a sailor. Her name was Silvia. But when I went to Diane's room, she was there and she told me that they had the story all wrong. Her name was really Vivian and was killed by a sailor and then he hanged her in the closet to look like a suicide.

We took the tour to the Old County Courthouse which is now the City Hall of Ventura County. In there was much activity. From outside the courthouse I saw a child looking at us with his hands pressed up against the glass. When we entered the courthouse, he was still there waiting for a parent that never came. There was a lot of energy in there from people of the past and present. Bill and Arlene were talking to the cleaning ladies and they found out that one of them saw a ghost in one of the courthouse offices. We went to investigate and I saw a man around 70 years of age, 5'8", very skinny, a lot of white hair. He was walking through the hallway. Bill asked me where he was walking so I pointed to where he was. He walked towards the spirit and I told him to stop. Bill and Diane felt the ghost. Meanwhile the spirit told me that he used to work there and he will continue to work there helping the people in the office.

In the same courthouse there was a jail. In that jail room, there was an eerie feeling. Many spirits inhabited the room; they were very sad and angry.

We left the courthouse and walked towards another building. I immediately saw three ghosts, all of them nuns. The tour guide proceeded to tell the group that that building was a hospital administered by nuns.

Our tour led us back to the hotel. In the hallway leading to Diane's room I saw a fat male ghost. When we went to sleep, he started walking with heavy steps down the hallways, knocking on the doors, especially room 17. Almost all of us had very little sleep.

The next day we went to the third floor of the hotel and I saw a male 18-19 years old, hippie-type.

He told me that he died of a heroin overdose.

July 14, 2001

La Purisima State Historic Park

When we entered the patio in the mission there was a big cross with a small fountain for holy water. I can see, as if it were a movie, how the padres blessed the Indians and the other padres. The mission has rooms in the back and in the front. Not too far from the mission there is a building with 2 rooms. One of these rooms was used to make pots; the other was a kitchen where I saw 3 Indians. They were very sad, cooking for the padres. At the wall there was a black spot of smoke to remind everyone of the hard work they endured. We walked towards the back of the mission where there is a room with a desk and a bed. I saw very clearly a padre sitting on the bed. He was very sad. He covered his face shamefully with his hands. I asked him what was wrong and why he was here. He responded that because of all the bad things I did to the Indians, I do not deserve to be with God. He punished the Indians a lot. One of the inner rooms was jail. Outside the jail door was the guards' sleeping quarters with 3 beds. I saw the three guards and inside the

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 an 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 sending all of them to the light of God. She agreed and it was done.