

CALICO GHOST TOWN by Virginia Marco Psychic Medium

As you enter the premises of Calico you notice a calm feeling, the desert wind caressing your face, and a beautiful view of the sandy desert.

Upon arriving at the cabin where the group was going to lodge I encounter a ghost that has been there for a long time. The ghost is a male American Indian around seventy-five years old, his clothing is from the 1800, and he is wearing a dark red shirt without buttons, Over the shirt he has a dark brown color vest, beige pants, covering his feet he has a leather booties the color is dark beige. His hair is long, dark brown with many grays and has a bunch of hair braided and tied with a white feather at the end. His face shows the hardness of that era in which he lived. He speaks to me in his native tongue but the expressions of his face are an open book, he is not there to bother nobody, he is only protecting his territory. After unpacking every one decided to go for a walk toward the cemetery where I saw two ghosts. The tombs are covered with stones, in one of the tombs I saw a big man, white skin with a big stomach, he was standing beside his tomb, and his clothing is typical of that era, 1800. He is a miner his face shows the hardness of those days, he said to me that his name is James, he take care of the tombs sometimes. Behind us I can heard footsteps I turn around and I saw the other side of the cemetery (the cemetery is very small) a woman, she is approximately in her forties, then I make a comment to my colleagues what I saw, we went toward that direction where she was. She was angry, her head was looking down and both of her hands where jointed behind her back and pacing back and forth, she was wearing a beige blouse with a long cream color skirt and tied to her waist was a long white apron. Her face was prematurely aged, her hair was uncombed tied up in a bun, and she doesn't want to speak.

After the cemetery, we continued to investigate Calico Town. While walking we pass all the commercial stores, I felt that each window had eyes, all of us felt the energy of hopes, passions, misery, illusions, failures and disillusion of the people who once lived there, at the end of town, there was a small cave, we went in and I saw a residue of energy of the people that once lived in the cave, long before the miners came to Calico. The residue energy was a family of American Indians, husband, wife and two boys. The husband was only clothed with a white piece of cloth covering his extremities, his entire body was painted with dark red and white strips. Inside the cave, he moved like a cat (see rough sketch). Now, we decided to go to Maggie Mine.

Upon our entrance, I saw two male ghosts in front of our group. I told my colleagues what I saw. The air felt heavy and sad. Approaching the rear of Maggie's Mine, there was an exhibition showing how the miners worked, but, what I saw psychically, was horrible, men that were suffocated by an avalanche of rocks, men dying due to the explosions to expanded Maggie's Mine. While turning to the other side, in Maggie's Mine, I psychically saw many faces trap inside the walls with expressions of pain, anguish, horror (see rough sketch), in the ages of fifteen years old and older.

Sometime the stories that people tell are modified through the centuries, I am not here to contradict anyone, but the ghosts tell their stories and I listen.