

Around Cheyenne Magazine article

MOTHERING GHOST

By Jill Pope

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People conjure up images of ghosts in their minds. Most likely influenced by movie and television shows they watched growing up. Visions of evil entities tormenting mere mortals here on earth and frightening graveyard scenes run through our heads. While such stories do exist I find that the majority of ghostly encounters people report to me are of a less heinous nature. Sometimes these spirits even seem to be nurturing and attentive to those they reside with. Here are a couple examples.

A college student we'll call Larry rented a small older home just south of downtown, between the tracks and the refinery, this being one of the first residential areas in Cheyenne. Larry and several of his friends exuberantly relayed stories of the home being very haunted. When they were hanging out together in the home the volume on the radio would turn way up or down by itself. On many occasions the guys would be sitting around watching TV when the remote would suddenly come flying off the mantle and either drop to the floor or sometimes land right onto the couch where they were sitting. They got the feeling that the spirit didn't approve of what they were watching.

One day when Larry & the guys were leaving, together they shut & locked the back door. A couple minutes later Larry realized that he had forgotten something so he went back into his house only to find the door standing wide open. Just as a mother would, it seemed this ghost was waiting for the boy to come back. As she opened the door was she trying to communicate to Larry that he's left something behind.

Larry was very diligent to turn the lights and electronic equipment off and to lock up the home whenever he left. One evening when he came home he was unnerved to find every door open, every light on in the house, with the stereo blasting. None of his possessions were missing and there was no evidence that anyone had disturbed his things.

The kitchen in this home is a long narrow room, the full length of the house. To avoid theft Larry would bring his bike inside and park it at the far end of the kitchen. One day he walked into his bedroom and when he returned to the kitchen he found that his bike had moved forward ten feet.

Being typical college guys they threw a party. Not wanting to drive after the festivities, Frank & Jason spent the night. They were dreading getting up the next morning because they knew they had a huge mess to clean up. Much to their surprise the entire place was clean when they awoke! All the cans were thrown away, the spills wiped up, the poker chips put away and the cushions straightened. No one took credit for cleaning. It's as though this spirit is a mother to the boys, cleaning up after them & supervising what they watch on the television.

This next story happened several years back to a young family living in Worland. Stacy's husband received a job transfer to Cheyenne. When they announced the move to their neighbors they were met with surprise. The neighbors said they had thought Stacy's family would be the one to finally stay in this house. They explained that the

home had accommodated about twelve owners in a seven year time span. They recounted that a single woman, about thirty years old with no children had previously lived there. She kept to herself so the neighbors didn't get to know her very well. Much to their disbelief she was found dead in the home, under suspicious circumstances. The autopsy was unable to determine the cause of death and the mystery was not solved. This began the long string of owners in the short time span.

Later, as Stacy raised her children in this comfortable tri-level home she often found herself speaking to her children about their behavior, even though there was no logical explanation for her to know of their inappropriate actions. Looking back, she feels as though 'someone' may have been standing beside her, warning of the bad choices her kids were making, helping guide her to be a good mother. This felt much stronger than the typical mother's intuition.

One winter afternoon Stacy laid her toddler down for a nap. Once the child was sleeping she went downstairs to fold some laundry. She heard her son crying upstairs so she quickly finished with the laundry. As she headed back upstairs, she noticed that her son had quit crying. This surprised her because he was not the type to just fall back asleep. When she peered through his doorway she found him quietly resting. He lay on his stomach, with his knees tucked under him, cuddling his blanket. Frozen in her tracks Stacy stood watching her son, astounded that his shirt was moving. It appeared as though a hand lay on the child's back, rubbing in a circular motion. She never said a word; after a couple minutes she just walked away. A short time later she felt a breeze brush past her.

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