

The Spirits of Flight 93

The Watchman's Words

by Patty A. Wilson

Nearly everyone in this nation remembers where they were on September 11, 2001. We remember because it was the most horrendous act of hatred and violence against this nation that has ever occurred. We remember where we stood when we saw the Twin Towers struck and where we were when we heard about the downing of Flight 93 in an open area near the little Pennsylvania town of Shanksville. We have since learned more about fear and anger and frustration than we ever wanted to know. We have learned to distrust people even more than we once did. There were so many terrible lessons taught to us by those acts of extreme violence.

However, a couple of weeks after the initial events, whispers began to come out of Shanksville about many things. We began to hear that people on that flight had made cell-phone calls to loved ones. They had said good-bye, offered reassurance, and told of their determination to try to take back the flight from the hijackers. Those people were not quitters. They were willing to fight against any odds. And I began to hear whispers that there was something strange going on at the crash site.

Within hours of the crash, the FBI and other federal agencies converged upon Shanksville, where a crater 50 feet deep showed the impact area. There was a great

deal of debris to be sifted through as they sought clues about this horrible disaster. A trailer was brought to Shanksville and parked not far from the impact site. The trailer was used to store evidence and personal effects from the crash site. The crater was filled in weeks after the crash. The site is known locally as "the mass grave."

Wagstaff Speaks Up

After the initial days of investigation, the area was kept secure by a local firm, RAC Rent-A-Cop company from Johnstown, Pennsylvania. This firm was run by a former police officer and teacher at the local police academy and his partner. For a couple of months, no one from this firm spoke up, but then at least one security guard, Robert Wagstaff, began to talk about what had been happening to him at the crash site.

The story was briefly told on Fox TV-8 by anchor and reporter Renee Kluck in Johnstown. Kluck interviewed Wagstaff at the trailer near the crash site for her television report. Wagstaff claimed to have seen apparitions at the site—and he had seen at least one of them clearly enough to identify who she was. (Wagstaff will not reveal the identity of the woman he saw because he fears that it would hurt her family.)

I was fortunate enough to have been granted an interview with Wagstaff, and his story of the hauntings was compelling. Perhaps it was even more so because the reporter who interviewed him experienced phenomena while she was at the site, and



Reporter Renee Kluck, who heard the ghostly footsteps while doing an interview at the site.

Photo courtesy WKYE Radio

because the response by the local government was to hush up the story and dismiss anyone who talked.

I met with Wagstaff at a pizzeria in the area after the interview had been arranged by a mutual acquaintance. Wagstaff was a mountain of a man who seemed more interested in physical pursuits than in paranormal ones. He was a plain-speaking, honest man with no time for nonsense, and he seemed determined to tell his story so that the families would know that their loved ones were not truly gone.

I had prepared for the interview by talking with a local paranormal investigator in the Cambria County area who had brought the story to my attention. She had spoken to Wagstaff on the phone and had relayed what he had told her to me. She also knew the television reporter who had witnessed events there and had confirmed that for me as well. I also listened



Sign posted to ward off trespassers.

to a radio interview on Whitley Strieber's radio show, *Dreamland*, with Linda Moulton Howe, a leading UFO spokesperson. Howe offered a report based upon information provided by Wagstaff as well as Kluck's television report.

That night in the pizzeria, Wagstaff was concerned that no one would think that he was making up stories or trying to hurt anyone. We spoke and agreed that all we would do was tell the simple truth. He would describe the actual events and I would report them and nothing else.

The Interview

PW: I don't know much about this story.... Do you want to start me out with a little bit of background?

Wagstaff: I had started working out there at the Crash Site—actually I had

started working for Rent-A-Cop Services on November 9.... Not too long after September 11. My first day on the job he [his boss Lou] asked me to go to the crash site to get broke in on how to be a security guard and all that. So I was out there hanging out and one of the overnight guards was talking about "Have you ever heard anyone knocking on the door yet?"

I kinda looked at him cockeyed, and I was like "What are you talking about?" "Oh, our little ghost friends come and visit." Real nonchalantly like that. And I just kinda blew it off like a joke, you know.

And me and the guy who was showing me around went into the trailer and we was in there getting a cup of coffee. Now the area where the coffee maker was was no bigger than this. Okay? And you know them red pop-up chairs that you buy like at Wal-Mart and stuff like that for Little League games? I swear that it was no bigger than this [about the size of a restaurant table] as far as the counter. I heard somebody knock on the door; so did the partner that I had. Okay? We both go to the door and I'm standing in the doorway. Now, you can see the size of me.... If I'm standing in a little trailer doorway, there's nobody going to get by me. He [Wagstaff's partner] walks around the trailer. There's no footprints; nobody's out there, nothing like that. We go to turn around to go back into the trailer and there was that pop-up chair right in front of the coffee machine—right where I was no more than two seconds before that. And where did

it come from? I don't know; it just sort of showed up. Somebody knocking on the door, and then all of a sudden, there's a chair.

Me and the guy look at each other and he says, "Probably kids playing a joke." I said, "What? How could there be kids playing jokes? Nobody went past me."

He just kinda blew it off then. That's like basically how it got started.

PW: This was on November 9? The day you got started?

Wagstaff: Yeah, somewhere around the first day. It was like the first, maybe the second day on the job.

But at any rate, before too long what had happened—towards the end of November the guy who was working the overnight shifts had got into a car accident on Route 219—he's okay. He didn't get hurt or anything... But he had called Lou and quit. So Lou gave me the overnight job out there. So I was out there from like the 25th or 26th of November all of the way through to December 31—all except for one day.

So I was out there quite often at night. And what happened was as I was working there would be times where I was just sitting there, just minding my business. Now keep in mind, that the door and the chair in the trailer had scared me to where I didn't want to hang out in the trailer. Okay? So I didn't go to the trailer very often.

Anyway, so I was sitting up there at the main gate—okay—which was probably three or four tenths of a mile away from



The main gate where Robert Wagstaff had many ghostly experiences.

the trailer and the trailer was probably no more than probably a hundred feet away from the crash site itself. So I really wasn't too far from the crash site.

The Shadows

Wagstaff: And I'd be sitting up there doing crossword puzzles and stuff like that to help pass the time. And I'd catch glimpses of little shadows running all over the place. You know, you'd try to catch them with your eye. A lot of times they were way too fast. One time I caught one with a spotlight and it like totally vanished. It was like three o'clock in the morning; what's gonna make shadows—unless the moon's out—you know what I mean? Most of the time the moon wasn't out and I would still see shadows.

Then there was another time that I was out there, let me think... One time I went out there and I went into the trailer with a friend of mine. And he was out there just to keep me company for overnight. And

they were saying. It sounded like there was probably a group of like three or four. Just guessing on the number of people, but it was definitely more than one voice, and you couldn't make out anything that they was saying... Now, we still didn't see anybody when we went back to the car.

No Tracks in the Snow

PW: Now at this time, was there snow on the ground?

Wagstaff: There's been many times there's been snow on the ground, and I'd hear somebody knocking on the door or something. There'd never be anybody there and no footsteps in the snow.

There was one time when I was sitting out in my car, which is that black Cougar sitting out back, I don't know if you noticed it... and it doesn't have like automatic shocks on the back or anything like that, one time I was sitting there, you know just minding my business, keeping an eye on everything. All of a sudden it felt like somebody sat on the back of my car and I couldn't understand, you know, what the hell's going on? I'm looking and there's nobody out there, you know. So I get out of the car with my flashlight. It was like three o'clock in the morning... and I walked around to the back of my car. Now keep in mind that there was all kinds of snow and mud and everything else back there; my car was filthy because it was a dirty area out there as far as dirt and stuff on the roads. Anyway I'm at the back of my car and I'm looking around on the ground trying to see if



The second temporary memorial near the crash site.

there's any tracks that go up to my car, 'cause something had to make my car move like that and it wasn't windy out. And right there in front of my eyes the back end of my car came back up, and then that was it for the rest of that night other than sitting there looking around like, well, what's going on? The next day, in the daytime, I made it a point to look at the back of my car again to make sure that I didn't miss anything as far as like any kind of footprints or any animal prints or anything... nada... Nothing in the mud, nothing in the snow, nothing on my car, nothing anywhere.

And then there was the time that I was sitting in my car doing crossword puzzles. okay? And keep in mind, there was about 21, 23 inches of snow out. And I'm sitting there laying back like this, cause my neck was starting to hurt, and out of the clear blue, I heard a voice say, "So now what?" So I'm looking around, but there is nobody in my car.



Shanksville sign where one turns to find the crash site.

we go into the trailer and we're hanging out making coffee, you know, getting ready to play some cards; to try to pass a little time, to take a break. And the next thing you know, out of nowhere we hear someone knocking on the door. Okay! I had already told him before not to be surprised if it happens. Well, it happened. So he went and he answered the door, and I was standing in the trailer doorway. Nobody came in. Now there was a chair set up by the phone that we didn't notice before that. Now whether or not it was up before that, I'm not saying because I am really not certain...I didn't really notice before.

I kinda blew that off, you know, figured

nothing to it. Me and my partner sat down; you know, got another chair, sat down and started playing cards. Then we heard somebody walk through the trailer. We heard about five or six steps go through the trailer, and there was nobody there—just me and him. Then all of a sudden we started hearing mumbled voices outside of the trailer. So we kind of looked at each other and said, "You know what? F___ this!" We got back in my car; went back up to the main gate. That trailer—for some reason I was always nervous in the trailer.

PW: You said mumbled voices. More than one person?

Wagstaff: You couldn't make out what



A view of the crash site with the American and the Pennsylvania state flags flying.

PW: Male or female voice?

Wagstaff: It was a male voice. It was definitely a male voice, and they said, "So now what?" I didn't know what to think. But I was just kinda—well I don't know. Then there was nothing else that night. The things that happened, they were like quick—do you know what I mean? There was like nothing that was real major, that lasted for very long at a time. It was just a little shot here...a little thing here.

Like, the very last thing that I seen out there was like a lady walking towards my car...

The Strange Woman

PW: Do you want to tell me what was going on that night?

Wagstaff: It was snowing out, but as far as the date goes, it was the night of the 29th, the morning of the 30th of December—it was four o'clock in the morning, and I was sitting in my car admiring the snow. And I looked over this way a little bit and there was a lady walking towards my car. And I could see her as clearly as I could see any one of you. Only she had on a blue like a baseball jersey with a button-down front, and it was trimmed in white. She had blue jeans on and she had like brown hair down to about here. She had on glasses. She looked like she was—well like she was in her mid- to late 40s. I seen her walking toward my car and my first thought was, "What the hell's this lady doing out here in the winter with no coat on?" I put my hand on the door handle to open up my car door, and she just totally disappeared. Just vanished into thin air.

PW: About how long were you observing her before she disappeared?

Wagstaff: I saw her long enough to take seven steps.

PW: For her to take seven steps?

Wagstaff: For her to take seven steps. She was walking kinda briskly—and walking towards the car...looking me dead in my face—like she was coming to talk to me...

PW: Now you said that there was about three inches of snow. Did you check in the snow to see if her footprints were

in the snow?

Wagstaff: There was not one footprint in that snow.

PW: You did check, then?

Wagstaff: Oh, yeah. Anytime anything happened, I made the attempt to look.

Other person at the interview: How close to your car did she get?

Wagstaff: I would probably say no more than about 20 feet—no more than 20 feet.

Owners Believed

Beyond the testimony of Wagstaff was the apparent belief in the happenings by the owners of RAC Rent-A-Cop Service. One of the owners checked on the story, and the other owner was the one to first call Renee Kluck. It would not be a big jump to say that they had believed the stories of their guards or else they would not have taken the extraordinary step of calling in the local media.

Kluck explained to Linda Molton Howe on *Dreamland* that she had her own experience while interviewing Wagstaff at the trailer on the site at about 3:30 A.M. "That's when we heard these—like the sound outside. It was like the sound of footsteps. . . . I looked at him and he looked at me and we were both waiting for the knock on the door. And we were just kind of waiting and waiting, because he had said, you know, you hear footsteps and sometimes you hear the knock on the door. And I'm sitting there and mentally I'm thinking, please don't knock. Please don't knock,



A view of the crash site from a distance.

'cause if you knock I'll really freak out. And the knock didn't come, but I do have the sound of the footsteps coming up the stairs on tape."

The Somerset authorities took over the site at this point, and RAC Rent-A-Cop Service did not get their contract renewed. The Somerset County Sheriff's department took over security at the site. The local authorities quickly announced that the security firm had been fooled into thinking that the knocking and footsteps in the trailer had been ghosts.

Was It the Flag?

The authorities explained that the noises were from the large flag that flew from the front of the trailer. The snapping of the flag and the ropes clanging against the metal of the post had been the sounds that those inside the trailer—including Kluck—had heard.

Robert Wagstaff addressed that issue in passing during the interview. He and the other security guards were far from the

to leave this earth with matters unresolved, might still be lingering at the impact site and in the area.

Since I began working on this story, I've heard many theories and many ideas. I have deliberately kept them out of this article. I promised Wagstaff and myself that I'd only report what he saw and nothing more. Wagstaff was asked if he had any ideas about who they might be and what might be going on out there.

Wagstaff: I was out there to protect them, not to protect the crash site, not to protect the trailer. I was out there to protect them. That's the way I felt about it.

PW: To protect their memory, you mean?

Wagstaff: Yeah. And I mean that's strongly the way I felt, you know. So I can't help but think that maybe, just maybe, since they had enough gall to go ahead and take over the airplane after the hijackers took it over, I can't help but think that they got the hijackers in the trailer and that the knocking on the door is to get your a__ out of there. I can't help but think that.

PW: Do you think they don't realize that they're dead?

Wagstaff: I don't know. I really don't. It happened so fast, I'm sure that some of them don't think they are.

PW: You're going to eventually hear somebody say to you, "Well, don't you think that it's disrespectful to the dead that are out there," and I was wondering what your response to that would be.

Wagstaff: I'm not disrespecting the dead. There's a reason that they're still running around out there. There's a reason for them to be there. They obviously have not realized what has happened, or they wasn't finished doing what they needed to do. Some reason or another they're out there, and it's my job, I feel, since I seen all that stuff out there, to let people know that they're out there, and maybe their family members can be able to put them to rest. That's the way I feel about it.

A Story Like No Other

This story has been unlike any I have ever done in my 20 years as a writer. I have been stymied and turned away, rebuffed and refused, but still Robert's last words have rung in my mind. It was his job to tell the story, and he chose to tell it to me. He spoke to others whom he felt were honorable, and they were, but they were unable to tell the story publicly. He refused television tabloids like *Inside Edition* because he wanted to tell the story honestly and feared that they might not do so. I have chosen to offer up his words and very little else. What more could I say? Robert told the story simply and well. Now I have fulfilled my part in this story. I have told people that the spirits of Flight 93 are still out there—at least that is what the watchman said. ❧

Patty A. Wilson is the author of several books about the ghosts of Pennsylvania and has previously contributed to FATE.

gullible fools with wild imaginations that the officials insinuated had “imagined” everything after hearing a few noises. Wagstaff explained that he had thought of that possibility, too.

Wagstaff: The first time I heard that knock on the door, keep in mind that there was a flag that hung down the side of the trailer, and it was the height of the trailer, but they had all kinds of cords and all kinds of other stuff weighing the bottom of it down. It would have taken a real good wind to blow that around. And the first time I heard that, I thought that that was what it was, the flag beating off the side of the trailer or something. But the more I was there, the more I said, “No, that’s not what it is.” Ya know? It was creepy inside the trailer... I’ve seen some pretty strong winds up there, and that flag would just ripple a little bit; it wouldn’t move, you know what I mean? And I heard then they took the flag off and I heard they’re still hearing it.

Not the Only Witness

I could not help but wonder if Wagstaff had been the only one to have such experiences. He answered that question this way:

Wagstaff: Well, most of the people who have reported it was there for either the late shift four to twelve at night or from midnight to eight in the morning. Now, I had most of the midnight shifts. Okay? And a guy named A.W. had the midnight shift

before I got it, and he experienced a lot of the knocking on the door and stuff like that. He said he even took out a camcorder to the crash site to see if he could catch the shadows on film. ‘Cause he was seeing those, too. He said he thought he was losing his mind. He was glad to hear that somebody else saw it, too....

The other explanation that has been offered for the experiences was that kids were pulling pranks. Wagstaff commented upon that. “I never caught any kids out there. I mean I would see people pull up to the gate and stop and gawk a little bit, but then I would get out of my car and they’d turn around and leave. But I never actually seen anybody else out there running around—ever... especially in the dead of winter. With there being a pond right there and everything else, it would be crazy to run around out there. They got potholes out there that would suck up a Pinto.”

And so we are left with the testimony of Wagstaff, the lesser testimony of Renee Kluck, and the inference that at least one of the RAC bosses believed in the stories enough to call the television station.

It has been said that when people die traumatic, sudden deaths, they are more likely to haunt than those who die peacefully. It has also been said that ghosts often return when they have unfinished business in this life. If that is true, then it should not be so difficult to believe that possibly, just possibly, at least some of those who died tragic deaths, where they were forced

JOYCE KELLER: THE PORTAL AT GROUND ZERO

ers, and the fact that going to the top was like flying. You could see in all directions, and it was beyond magnificent being up in the clouds.

However, when I walked down hallways, or went into elevators, I became very upset and felt like crying. In spite of the questionable energy, I loved the buildings, and always prayed for the protection of the World Trade Center and its inhabitants. I prayed that if the destruction of the buildings had to occur it would be minimal, with no loss of human life.

Slave Cemetery

Prior to and during the excavation for the World Center and for other construction in the area, the remains of at least 419 Colonial-era African-American slaves had been unearthed. In October 2003, they were respectfully re-interred a short distance away. Included in this burial were the remains of other black slaves who had also been discovered near the site in 1991.

Historians report that these African-American slaves were brought to lower New York during Colonial days, and horribly mistreated. Young children, teens, and adults had been brought here from Africa, forced into heavy labor, tortured, and killed. The killings were often done by hanging, mostly in the area now known as the New York Financial Center. They were buried in and around the area of the World Trade Center.

The starvation and mistreatment of the slaves went on for many generations. The area around what we now know as

“Ground Zero” festered for centuries with the energy of human beings who were horribly mistreated, tortured, and killed. The energy had never been released, and it became more negative after the Financial Center began to grow and prosper and people lost or gained money. As financial dealings were consummated (some fair, some unfair), the negative energy grew in the area. The area surrounding the World Trade Center became an overwhelming magnet of darkness. The hatred, misery, despair, and human suffering had been building up for centuries. It had never been cleansed or released.

September 11

Two months before 9/11, my husband Jack and I bought a lovely little apartment in the shadow of the World Trade Center, only 1,000 feet away. The apartment was spectacular, with sweeping views of the New York harbor, the bridges, and the Statue of Liberty. On the day that we moved in, Jack and I went to the roof of our building. Jack looked straight up at the World Trade Center as it towered over our building of 40 floors. Looking up at the magnificent edifice, he said, “If, God forbid, those building come down, my prayer is that they go straight down, and not over here!” We both laughed weakly, knowing that it was not something we should laugh about.

September 11, 2001, was a clear, unbelievably beautiful day in New York. We had gone back to our house on Long Island, so we were not in Manhattan when the attack



Joyce and Jack Keller at window of apartment at the time of the portal experience.

had been off for quite a few days, and we had the usual food supply in our refrigerator. We were very fortunate, though, and happy to find that our building workers had cleaned everything out for us.

Jack and I went up to the roof and stood there, overwhelmed with sadness. Our wonderful World Trade Center was gone. In its place was a big, smoking hole filled with tons and tons of debris. Many workers were going full-steam ahead with the clean-up, still optimistic that some survivors might be found. Rescue dogs were brought in, also courageously scouring the steaming debris for survivors. None were found.

That night, we fell asleep in our apartment with great difficulty. I was asleep only

for a short time when I was awakened. I was inspired to walk into the living room. More asleep than awake, I realized that the room was filled with smoke, but it wasn't physical. I also realized that the room was filled with spirits...mostly firefighters!

Do Not Be Afraid

I walked over to the bay window that faces out to the harbor and the Statue of Liberty. I saw a huge, white cloud of light forming over the harbor. I heard a voice say to me, “Joyce, you have to stand by the window, and direct these departed souls out to the light which has formed over the harbor. There are many spirit teachers and angelic forces waiting to take them into the light, and to where they need to go.”

DE → MIB



Night view of harbor from Kellers' apartment.

occurred. Jack and I stood transfixed and horrified as we watched the morning news and saw the towers as they burned and then collapsed. We watched our little building in Battery Park City become obliterated and completely covered with black smoke.

When the power in our building was turned back on a few weeks later, we returned to our apartment. The air in the city was almost beyond description. There was not only an overwhelming smell of death, but also smoke, plastic desks, paper, and God knows what else. People walked with their heads down, most everyone either wearing a mask or covering their mouths and noses with a hanky. People were walking and crying. Since traffic was detoured, we had to walk many blocks. Red Cross volunteers from out of town were at many

street corners. Emergency workers put food and water into our hands. People walked like zombies, not able to fully comprehend or accept what had happened to our city. Buses did not charge anyone, taking people wherever they had to go. Volunteers came on board, giving out fruit and water. Most people sat in stunned silence, or quietly sobbed.

When we finally got to our apartment building, we walked in and were greeted by the front desk concierge. He was usually formal, but not this time. He grabbed Jack and me and began crying. "My God, I thought you were both dead. Five people who lived here died in the disaster. I'm so happy to see you." We all hugged each other.

When we got up to our apartment, we entered with great trepidation. The power



View from roof of Kellers' apartment building looking down on devastated remains of World Trade Center.

By now, Jack had gotten up and joined me at the window. We stood there for hours, until the sun came up. We continuously said to the spirits who were leaving, "Go this way. Look at the light over the harbor. Go ahead. Don't be afraid. Your loved ones are waiting for you. They will assist you right now. Do not be afraid!"

The line of departed entities seemed endless. They kept coming and coming. Many were World Trade Center employees who wanted to go back to their desks, or call their families to tell them they were all right. Many did not know they were no longer in their bodies. Some firefight-

ers joked with us. One fireman said, "Look, I can fly! Even with my boots on!"

Finally, as the sun came up over the harbor, we realized that the line of departed souls was coming to an end. We knew that they had all crossed over. I had a feeling of peace sweep over me, and realized that Jack and I were completely exhausted. I looked down at the floor, and saw that I was standing in a pool of my perspiration.

The next day, I meditated on the experience. I was told that we had been moved to that apartment and that building for a definite purpose. The building is exactly between the World Trade Center and the harbor. God had turned our apartment into what is known as "a portal," or opening to higher realms. We were used as "earth helpers" along with cosmic workers to accomplish the job. Many other earth helpers were also enlisted, some in buildings around the area, and some on the street. My guidance also told me that many children in the area could have died, since this is an area that has many children, but not one was lost.

I was also told that I would receive proof within 24 hours that this apartment had been turned into a portal. I was very curious about that, and couldn't wait for it to happen.

The Photograph

The next day when I was walking on the streets of New York City, I noticed many vendors selling photographs of the World Trade Center and Battery Park City. One

large photo particularly caught my eye. It showed the World Trade Center as it had looked before 9/11. In the center of this photo was one apartment building that was very hard to miss. It was our building. It is easy to spot, since there is a circle on the top, with what looks like a missing clock. Well, of course, we had to buy it. It was so attractive, and only \$4.00. When we took it home and got ready to hang it on the wall, Jack called me. He said, "Look at this!" On the back of the photograph were the words "The Portal."

Is the area surrounding Ground Zero cleansed of old, dark, evil energy? Is there residual negative energy? Why did almost 3,000 people die? Was this the balancing of their karma? Were they helpless victims? Or was it the acceleration of their karma, so that the slate was wiped clean in one lifetime, rather than many? Are there other areas like this in our country, or in the world? Can we keep events like this from occurring again?

After much meditation, my impression is that, as Edgar Cayce said, "There are no accidents. There are no victims." People, at a certain level of consciousness, understand and usually agree to accept whatever comes their way, after their karma is explained to them. The cell phone messages that were heard by friends and relatives on September 11 are, for the most part, incredibly cool and calm. There was an all-pervasive calmness among the victims, as if they knew what was happening, and agreed to it.

There were many reports of people who worked in the World Trade Center and lived through the experience. Many people could not understand or explain how they were sitting at their desk one minute, drinking coffee, and then suddenly standing out on the street in front of the World Trade Center, still holding a coffee cup in their hands. Many people had no memory or awareness of exiting the building, and safely making their way out on to the street.

September 11 was a tragedy beyond description. However, mixed in with that tragedy are so many blessings. For instance, all the children in Battery Park City's nurseries and schools survived, as did many residents and their pets. Also, there were World Trade Center employees who survived, either because they missed their train or overslept that morning.

The 9/11 experience should be a wake-up call for all of us. We need to appreciate the beauty and blessings of our country. We need to strengthen and empower our God-connection. We need to listen intuitively to our own inner and angelic guidance, which is the God within.

Joyce Keller is an internationally known psychic, author, radio host, and media personality. She is the author of six best-selling books that are sold worldwide.



I couldn't make the trip to Billings to see him, I thought of him and have kept him in my prayers.—Kate Lawler, Helena, Mont.

Premonitions of 9/11

In the fall of 1994, I had the opportunity to take a day trip to New York City along with a group of friends. We rented a van and headed north on the New Jersey Turnpike with the intention of seeing some sights, having dinner, and taking in a Broadway show. We decided to go to the ticket office then located in the North Tower of the World Trade Center where discount tickets were available for the shows that weren't sold out that day.

As soon as we entered the lobby (as I remember, a large, empty, box-like space), I started looking around for the pillars that held up the building. I remember thinking that the building could collapse, and even had a brief visual in my mind's eye of that actually happening. My anxiety started to increase, and I asked my boyfriend, Dave Davis, what was holding the building up and why were there no pillars supporting the structure in the middle of the lobby.

To quiet me, he said the walls were 15 feet thick, and not to worry, the building wasn't going to fall down. While making a quick stop in the ladies' room, I tried to visualize the walls at that thickness and finally reasoned that he just said that to shut me up. When I came out of the ladies' room, I told him so. By that time, he had found a display that explained the construction of the building, and he assured



Carol T. Wasniewski

me the building was sturdy and secure.

We were about to get into the elevator to go up to the ticket office when Dave announced to our friend, Pat, that I was having a claustrophobia attack. She responded by telling me that I could take the stairs as we were only going to the second floor. That suggestion only caused another wave of panic in me. For some reason, the thought of climbing those stairs terrified me. I insisted that I could take the elevator, and as the door closed, I could see her out of the corner of my eye looking at me like I was a little crazy.

I felt much better on the second floor because it was spacious and open. I think the box-like configuration of the lobby triggered my anxiety somehow and caused my overactive imagination to catch a glimpse of the future of that building. Another anxiety-producing situation, seven years later, parted that veil again for me.

My second experience occurred on September 10, 2001. I was driving north on Interstate 95 from an appointment in Chester, Pennsylvania, when I got caught



The Amazing Godwin

Having stated more than once that I have virtually certain knowledge that Freemasons are not trying to take over the world, I have been asked whether I believe in any conspiracies at all.

The implication is that I do not, since I place no credibility whatever in the wild scribblings of members of the lunatic fringe whom some devoted acolytes regard as authoritative experts. All I have to say to them is, "Ka nama kaa lajerama." (That phrase is supposed to be painful to reptoids and make them reveal themselves.)

I'm sure it might be possible for me to find and interview some individual who claims to be 160 years old and to have been present at Appomattox, where Grant surrendered to Lee in 1865 rather than the other way around. It must be so. He saw it.

If I wrote a book containing this interview, there's no doubt whatever that some people would accept it as gospel and regard me as an authority on the Civil War. They would then viciously attack anyone who criticized me (the reverse of the actual situation).

But back to the original question: Of course I believe in conspiracies, just not in the theories cooked up for fun and/or profit by assorted dubious characters.

But I am getting ahead of myself. First we ought to define what we mean by "conspiracy." Off the top of my head, I would say it is a plan with some objective (not

necessarily well-defined) advocated by two or more people in secret. The plan is usually contrary to the public interest or even downright evil; hence the secrecy. Thus the Sons of Liberty in the Midwest, egged on by Confederate operatives, plotted in secret to prevent the re-election of Abraham Lincoln (the Civil War again). When push came to shove, they wimped out and their plans came to nothing. But it was a conspiracy. So was the plot to assassinate Lincoln, which unfortunately *did* come to fruition. John Wilkes Booth had plenty of co-conspirators, many of whom were hanged for their efforts.

A more modern example is provided by 9/11. Terrorists conspired quite effectively to take down the World Trade Center, though they did not succeed so well with the Penatagon, and not at all with the White House.

And yes, there was and is a conspiracy of sorts within the Air Force to suppress UFO investigation and to deny the phenomenon altogether. My own theory is that they just don't want to be bothered. They have tried and failed to explain it satisfactorily, so now it is easier just to claim that it does not exist. Otherwise, they would have to admit that American airspace is being violated almost daily and they are helpless to do anything about it.

Heck, I am even willing to consider the idea that Oswald did not act alone!—David F. Godwin

in a traffic jam just below the Philadelphia International Airport. It was a warm day, and I had the air conditioner on. My car, however, didn't idle well with it on. At red lights, it would buck slightly as if it was going to stall until I turned the air off. Now, in the stop-and-go traffic of bumper-to-bumper cars, I switched it off and rolled down the front windows.

I was in the middle lane of the highway, and immediately the sights and sounds of the jam up assaulted my senses. I switched the radio on to a news station and with the traffic report, learned that the holdup was caused by construction on the Girard Point Bridge, which I could see a few miles off in the distance.

As we crept along, my anxiety level began to climb, and I gripped the wheel with white knuckles. Large trucks passed me on either side, and I could see unlucky motorists overheating on the shoulder of the road. Loud rap music blared from a car full of teenagers, and my mind began to race.

What if a plane flew into the bridge as I was crossing it? Thousands of people would die! I had a vision of thousands of souls being propelled to the gates of heaven amid mass chaos and confusion. I looked at the rough-looking truck drivers and the car of juvenile delinquents and thought, "I don't want to die with these strangers!" Now, in total fear and panic, I held onto the wheel for dear life as we inched towards the bridge.

Finally, I was on it. Just as I started

across, I could see the workmen removing the cones, and the traffic that had been compressed into one lane began to sail easily across. The traffic jam was over for me, and my emotions immediately returned to a state of calm. I had been in a state of anxious terror for about 20 minutes and marveled at how quickly the feelings changed. Nothing like that has ever happened to me either before or since that day.

Of course, the events of the following day brought a little clarity to my irrational imaginings. Apparently, my anxiety, along with its fear and panic, stimulated my imagination, and in that state, I was able to tap into that level of consciousness where past, present, and future are one. If I should ever experience anything like that again, I will surely pay more attention to any random, irrational thoughts. Hopefully, they will convey warnings that can be acted upon and not only foreshadow a fated, tragic event.

I have been a reader of your magazine since the 1970s and I certify that the events related above really happened to me. Thanks for your consideration.—Carol Wasniewski, Cherry Hill, N.J.

Right Place, Wrong Time

On July 6, 2004, my mum, Joan Hartley, and myself were walking through the common in Tunbridge Wells in Kent, England, on our way to the local garden center with my three-year-old Alsatian, Lee, who was happily sniffing out and chasing rabbits.

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God's Fingerprints

United Flight 93

by Lina Accurso

In the wake of September 11, 2001, we have all asked ourselves questions that are probably unanswerable until the end of days, when all will be revealed. But in the long meantime, questions still plague many of us. Why did those 3,000-plus people die in the four hijacked airplanes, at the World Trade Center in New York, the Pentagon in Washington, D.C., and on the field outside Shanksville, Pennsylvania? Why not others? Stories abound of people who should have been on those flights or in those buildings, but who were delayed or had a change of plans or felt ill and stayed home. But there are also stories of those who changed flights onto one of the doomed aircraft, or caught them at the last moment, or had just started work at one of the buildings and were suddenly trapped in crisis.

We can make ourselves ill trying to figure out, "Why them? Why not me?" But there are still important lessons to learn in two books about United Flight 93. That was the plane that took off from New Jersey's Newark Airport and was to have landed in San Francisco on September 11.

Instead it was hijacked by terrorists as it neared Cleveland. Passengers used their cell phones to call their homes, or the GTE Verizon airphones to call that company's headquarters. From those calls they learned that the hijackers, who told them that they were returning to an airport in order to have their demands met, had lied. The United 93 passengers discovered that three other hijacked planes had crashed into heavily populated buildings of great financial and military importance, and that theirs would probably be used for the same deadly purpose.

American Heroes

These passengers heroically decided that they would fight back and try to save themselves or, failing that, at least try to save the people on the ground. Though they did not succeed in their first goal, they were victorious in their second: the plane crashed in a vacant field. Though they lost their lives, they saved the lives of untold thousands of people on the ground in Washington, D.C., where the plane was headed. The targets were almost certainly

the White House, the Capitol, or perhaps another wing of the five-sided Pentagon.

Many books were released in September 2002 to mark the first anniversary of the tragedy. Two that reached the bestseller list were about United Flight 93: *Among the Heroes: United Flight 93 and the Passengers and Crew Who Fought Back* by Jere Longman (HarperCollins Books) and *Let's Roll! Ordinary People, Extraordinary Courage* by Lisa Beamer with Ken Abraham (Tyndale House Publishers.) Lisa was the wife of Todd Beamer, one of the passengers who was determined to retake the plane or die in the attempt.

A striking feature of the first book was how many of the passengers or their family or friends had some kind of presentiment, or an odd uneasiness before the flight. There was no such premonition in the Beamer story, but there were several instances of what some people call coincidence—what I call "God's fingerprints."

Here are some of the many more-than-coincidences chronicled by Longman in *Among the Heroes*:

—Lyz Glick, wife of passenger Jeremy

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Glick, was used to his frequent job-related travels. However, "she had a bad feeling about this one. She felt almost sick," as a college friend had recently died in a plane crash. "Quickly Lyz put the thought out of her head. Don't be so silly, she told herself. These things don't happen. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place." However, in high school, Jeremy had written a poem called "Redemption in the Sky," about good and evil battling on a doomed plane flight that ended in pain and death, but also in a soul being freed.

Flight attendant Lorraine Bay felt ill and wanted to call in sick but did not.

Flight attendant Wanda Green had been on a problem-plagued flight the week before and was nervous about the current trip.

Ilse Homer, mother of co-captain LeRoy Homer Jr., cried uncontrollably when she heard about the World Trade Center and wondered, "Why am I crying? I didn't know anyone?" She didn't hear about her son's death until 4:30 that afternoon.

Mark Bingham's friend Matt Hall went with him to the airport, and after Mark boarded the plane they spoke on cell phones. Matt had a sudden vision of Mark in his seat and thought, "Is this the last time I'm going to see him?"

Mark's aunt Candyce Hoggan, three hours behind in California, dreamed of a plane going down, people screaming "No!" and begging for their lives. Minutes later she got a call from her brother, telling her that their nephew's plane had been hijacked.

During the entire summer of 2001, Hilda Macrin's daughter had an "odd displaced feeling. Am I ever going to see her again?"

Nicole Miller's boyfriend Ryan Brown was on a different plane with his mother. When the pilot announced that there had been several hijackings and that all planes were ordered to land, Mark got a "swift sick feeling" and told his mother, "Mom, Nicole's gone."

Honor Elizabeth Waino called her stepmother Esther, who stayed on the phone with her until the crash. Elizabeth told her

that both her deceased grandmothers were waiting for her and to Esther it seemed as if she were already leaving her body.

For ten years Juan Martinez had dreamed repeatedly of an airplane crash. Because he was a master sergeant with the Air National Guard, he thought that this would be his own fate. But two days before the crash, as he walked past a picture of his daughter Waleska, he suddenly felt that it would be her instead. He also dreamed of scorched trees and men in white suits. When he attended services at the crash site outside Shanksville, he saw scorched trees and disaster teams working in white suits.

Handpicked for Crisis

For several years, Tom Burnett had a presentiment that he was meant to do something important for a lot of people and that it involved Washington, D.C. He attended Mass each day at lunch in order to prepare himself for this still-unclear destiny.

And then Lisa Jefferson heard him say to the other passengers, "Let's roll."

He felt that it could be politics. At the same time his wife Deena began to have the terrible feeling that she and Tom would not grow old together. They had three daughters and told her mother that they would never have a son because Tom would be killed at a young age.

Tom also told Deena that he would die young. He tried to double his life insurance but was rejected because of his sleep apnea. Deena recalled that her husband's palms had very few lines on them and that his "life line" curved halfway up his palm and then

stopped, and that she had never seen anyone else's look like that, her own included.

In both the Longman book and her own, Lisa Beamer said that when she first learned on television that flights were being hijacked, she felt terrible for the people involved but that since the hijacked planes were American and United and Todd usually took Continental, he would be fine. Around 10 A.M. her phone rang on two separate occasions but nobody was on the line either time. As she and a friend saw the site of the Shanksville plane and heard that it had been a Newark to San Francisco flight, she fell to her knees because she just knew that he was on that flight.

Tom Burnett seems to have been the first passenger whose phone call to the ground discovered the tragedies in New York and Washington. Todd Beamer picked up the airphone, dialed 0 and got the GTE Verizon Customer Care Center in Oakbrook, Illinois. It was a suburb of Chicago, where he and Lisa had lived.

The first operator he reached was so upset by the news that she handed the call to her supervisor, Mrs. Jefferson. At one point in their conversation of 15 to 20 minutes, the plane lurched and lunged and Todd cried out, "Lisa!

"Yes?" responded Mrs. Jefferson.

"That's my wife's name," Todd replied. But of all the thousands of women's names in the world, it was also the name of Mrs. Jefferson. She, like he, was also very religious, so they recited the Lord's Prayer and the 23rd Psalm together. And then Lisa Jefferson heard him say to the other passengers, "Let's roll," as they began their counterattack on their attackers.

The airline crew obviously knew one another, as did a married couple and a dating couple who were passengers. Except for them, everyone on board was a complete stranger. However, they seemed almost uniquely handpicked for this mission of saving lives on the ground, though not their own. Among them were three emergency medical technicians; an air traffic controller; a pilot of smaller aircraft; a Federal warden trained in hand-to-hand fighting; and an attendant, CeeCee Lyles, who had been a policewoman in a tough neighbor-

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hood and had done hand-to-hand combat of her own. Four of the men—Todd Beamer, Mark Bingham, Tom Burnett and Jeremy Glick—were all big men who had been star athletes in college and who had remained in good shape. From their calls to the ground, it was apparent that these four men were key players in the joint decision to storm the cockpit, ramming the door with a metal food cart.

The cockpit tape of the final struggle before the crash at 10.03 A.M. has never and will never be publicly released, although family members were allowed to hear it once. For the first few days after September 11, information about what took place on Flight 93 was not released. But on September 13, Todd's boss, Larry Ellison of the Oracle Corporation, described what had happened in an email to his employees. He mourned the loss of other employees at the World Trade Center, and then went on to write of Todd Beamer: "We believe he died

when he and the other passengers aboard Flight 93 tried to recover the hijacked airplane from the terrorists." Lisa herself did not know of Todd's role until the next night, when Lisa Jefferson's notes were read to her.

Thornton Wilder's 1928 Pulitzer Prize winning novel *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* told the fictional story of several people who plunged into a gorge after a bridge collapse. A priest studied their lives to see if their deaths were random or if there had been a greater power at work. Eventually he decided that each person had died at his or her most hopeful time, when their memories would do the most good for those whom they had left behind.

Though we may never fully understand it here, perhaps something similar could be said of United Flight 93. They undoubtedly saved hundreds if not thousands of lives in Washington, D.C., that morning. Moreover, three and a half months

later, the memory of their heroism averted another disaster.

On December 22, 2001, a terrorist tried to blow up an airplane over the Atlantic Ocean by setting fire to his explosive-laden shoes. When the other passengers saw him struggling with a flight attendant, they didn't hesitate. As on Flight 93, they charged him. Fortunately, this time they were able to subdue their would-be murderer, who is now serving a very long prison term.

There may be one final lesson to learn from the United 93 heroes. Many of us are nervous flyers. If you are not, but if you or a loved one develops a sudden unexplained bad feeling about a particular flight, you should wait if you can or switch to a different flight if you can't. Life today is uncertain. Don't ignore God's fingerprints on your life. ❧

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A Mysterious Forest in Transylvania

by Boczor Iosif

Hoia-Baciu is a forest in the western part of Cluj, a thousand-year-old city in Romanian Transylvania. Since the 1960s, many mysterious phenomena have puzzled tourists and researchers in this area.

Two witnesses reported a close encounter of the third kind in this forest on July 20, 1968. The witnesses, Alexandru and Viorica Sift, observed a group of four brownish-red beings through their binoculars. The beings were about 1.4 meters tall and had short legs. Two of them were looking at the sky, one was lying on the ground, and the other was walking at the edge of the forest. After a few minutes, a big gray object appeared over the forest. It had a diameter of about 20 meters and flew at 50-60 kilometers per hour. The witnesses saw three spheres come out of the object. During the landing they became invisible. After a few minutes a bell-shaped object took off slowly with the aliens, then disappeared quickly.

On August 18, 1968, 45-year-old technician Emil Barnea and his girlfriend Zamfira Matea were looking for wood to make a fire. Zamfira glimpsed a silvery object with a diameter of about 20-25 meters flying noiselessly over the trees, on the edge of the glade, at an altitude of 600 meters. Emil took two photos. Then the UFO moved away from the glade; it became brighter and brighter. At first it emitted a white light, but the upper part became red as it reached a higher altitude. Emil Barnea was a reliable, hard-working man, with no interest in UFOs before this sighting.

Romanian photo experts affirm that his photos are not hoaxed. Florin Gheorghita, a well-known Romanian UFO researcher, published articles about this sighting in *Flying Saucer Review*, *Phenomenes Spatiaux*, and *Lumieres dans le nuit*. He concluded that the UFO from Hoia-Baciu resembled one observed in Santa Ana, California, on August 3, 1965. The photos were also examined by American physicist William Hartmann, a member of the Condon committee. He agreed with Gheorghita's assessment.

The mystery of Hoia-Baciu deepened in the 1970s. Alexandru Sift and other researchers made hundreds of photos of strange forms in the forest. These forms were usually invisible to the naked eye. They often were spherical or elliptical-shaped, and small—from a few centimeters to one meter. Their composition was unknown, but their energy level appeared to be higher than that of their surroundings. Although some of the forms touched the ground or hovered near witnesses, no one suffered burns.

Groups of spheres can be seen on some of the photos taken at Hoia-Baciu. Once a photo with more than 100 forms was taken. They were moving on a parallel trajectory. Some researchers believe they are intelligently directed.

The phenomena are apparently not caused by electrical discharges, as they appear in winter as well as other times of the year. Skeptics attribute the forms to terrestrial magnetism of plasma, an ionized gas produced at extremely high temperatures. ❧