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At the Center of a Paranormal Crossroads:

The amazing tales of a haunted house from a personal diary spanning 50 years

By William J. Hall

(1500 words)



How do you go about experiencing the paranormal? How do you find the paranormal to study? For me, I only had to drive to a 1793 farmhouse in Litchfield County, Connecticut.

The investigation of the house on Lindley Street in Bridgeport, Connecticut (the subject of my book *The World's Most Haunted House*), profoundly changed me. There was no preparation, however, for what lay in my immediate future. The singular, malevolent essence I had encountered in studying the case on Lindley Street would be replaced by a vast variety of fascinating, if often irritating, entities whose existence seemed to intrude not only on one another, but more specifically on the lives in an extended family, which for generations had occupied the farmhouse that sat there at the vortex of a paranormal flap.

There are some areas that are just ripe for paranormal activity. It doesn't mean everyone in that area will experience phenomena. Far from it. Some will go their entire lives without an incident. Others, however, will experience a small piece of phenomena at these virtual paranormal crossroads. They will see a UFO or hear the cry of an unknown animal and then see a new species with their own eyes. Or perhaps a few odd things are happening in their house and have been for years. And some, the few, lie at or near the epicenter of all such activity and experience a mix of all things paranormal.

Litchfield Hills and its surrounding towns contain just such a crossroads. And located in Torrington and Goshen, Connecticut, lies one of the most fascinating and unusual paranormal flaps ever discovered.

Like most wanna-be paranormal investigators, I, too, found myself in the somewhat awkward position of wanting to be a part of it—to witness the unearthly, unexplainable things for myself. My friend and mentor, Paul Eno, explained to me how one has to be psychologically ready for this sort of journey, and it is most definitely not for the unprepared, run-of-the mill curiosity seeker. One has to adroitly tread the fine lines between that of investigator and intruder, friend and professionally detached skeptic.

However, one has to start somewhere and, as is so often the case, it begins with a boundless portion of curiosity. On that count, I certainly fit the bill. I trusted Paul's advice and proceeded with care and caution. It was during one of our regular luncheon meetings—paranormal investigators Paul and Ben Eno and I—that we began discussing one of the most interesting and varied cases they had ever investigated. This investigation had been ongoing since 2005!

Paul said, “This is more in your neck of the woods, Bill. Right down your alley. Would you like me to introduce you to the family? I'm sure we can arrange for all of us to meet there at the house.”

Boy, would I, I thought. It seemed almost too good to be true. Once again, I was filled with the wide-eyed anticipation and heart-pounding joy of a little boy hurrying down that long winding stairway on Christmas morning.

Not long after, it was arranged for Paul, Ben, Marc Dantonio (an astrophysicist), and me to meet at the 1700s farmhouse that sits at the center of the paranormal crossroads in Litchfield Hills, Connecticut. The family was cordial and open, and the relationship built easily and comfortably.

This one home in particular, located at the epicenter of this activity, is the subject of the haunted diaries and will be our focus for identifying the broad scope of phenomena that transverse this rural area.

At my first meeting to dig into the details of this area, it was a sunny November afternoon just after Halloween. I was sitting across the kitchen table from Donna Randall Fillie, the keeper of the diary that is central to this investigation. Her stories—well, really the fascinating snippets from her life—simply enthralled me. They report and document the seemingly unworldly, or perhaps multi-worldly, events that she has witnessed in her life while occupying the historic farmhouse.

The events—the encounters—that Donna and Bob have experienced are something more than the typical ghost stories encountered around campfires or, for that matter, even those offered in professional reports or exposes. They do not conform to the more typical single entity encounter.

In their lives, a wide variety of paranormal themes have been playing out, repeatedly, across many decades and during generations before them. Six generations of the family have lived in the house currently owned by Donna and Bob.

“And why is it you continue to stay here?” I asked.

Donna shrugged her shoulders. “I honestly don’t know! Understand that I am *not* afraid; this is my home. It’s all I know. Throughout everything we’ve seen and heard here in our house, our ties remain strong and unwavering.”

The extraordinary old New England farmhouse was built in 1793 and has been home to six generations of the Randall family; Donna and her family have been there for more than 60 of those years. It is extraordinary in size and stark simplicity, in service and security. It is extraordinary in that it was constructed at the point of a paranormal flap where time and dimensions, life forms and realms, flow together seamlessly; where visitation between and among them occurs more by chance than by plan, more as unexpected bumps in the night than the meeting of well-defined visions.

It is less a haunted house than a path side inn where entities from across time and space and multiple dimensions converge and lodge on their ways toward their individually unique destinations. Donna’s family had the nearly exclusive opportunity to engage these essences, witness their endless forms, and become familiar with their obsessions and patterns, their persistence, and, often, their capricious nature.

Donna kept written notes – a diary record of these experiences and down through the generations, what we believe we have learned, and their own reactions to “them,” which range from delight to irritation to exasperation, but rarely fear. Some they recognize; most they do not. But each of them has presented a wonder-filled possibility for the family to gain a glimpse into the elusive and confounding realm of paranormal phenomena.

This house is Donna’s home, and like most homes, it has typically been a comfortable, safe, and serene oasis away from the trials and tribulations of the world outside. Unlike most homes, they have always had co-inhabitants who, it appears, also claim the house as their home. Donna grew up learning to be pleased and proud to share. She is not inclined to argue or debate the point. She knows what she has experienced and is content that knowledge is sufficient beyond any arguments others have proposed. There are visitors. She has seen them, been touched by them, been sung to by them. She has seen unsupported orbs in the house with the naked eye, objects move with nothing propelling them, and time slips, and photographed them and recorded the noises and voices of invisible entities. As she explained, they can be very persistent and, in her very human way, she has often had to explain to “them” that it is time for them to shut up and let the family get some sleep.

Few people outside of the family are aware of the situation here, but the ones who have ventured closely into their lives have been changed forever by their experiences. To the casual observer passing by on his way through the lush green meadows of rural Connecticut, the large, old house is one of the finest examples of authentic Americana that New England has to offer. Listed in the National Archives, it adheres to the stark lack of detail, which is the hallmark of most structures built in 1793. First serving as a general store, it was added on to in the 1880s. It still sits proudly on a low knoll, protected by the mountains at the rear and overlooking the fields and meadows in the valley below.

When Donna was born in 1950, she was brought to this very house straight from the hospital to join the family that regularly encounters its own ancestors and strangers—human and non-human—who seemingly occupy the same physical space in our world while remaining in their own, parallel worlds. When famous ghost hunters Ed and Lorraine Warren investigated, they dubbed it “Ghost Central.”

This five decade diary recounts a parade of uncanny occurrences, including notes from old friends who insist they didn’t deliver them, a grandson playing with an invisible—but very real—friend, Donna awakening to phenomena at precisely the time that corresponds to her house number, and much more.

This area of the paranormal flap is host to a wide variety of phenomena that frequently occurs in this otherwise normal area of Connecticut, which may also be the site of a secret military base. It is a dream come true that we have this documentation of an portal area that is a gateway to a variety of phenomena – one of intense activity that is still going on; even as you read these words.



© William J. Hall is the author of *The Haunted House Diaries*, published by New Page Books, 2015. ISBN: 978-1-60163-006-1. US \$15.99, (Can. \$18.95)