



Personal Experiences - Burn Brae



The Saturday afternoon that we left for our travels was a beautiful and unseasonably warm winter afternoon. We were all very excited to participate in our first overnight stay at a haunted mansion as a team ... And even more excited that we would have the entire property to ourselves.

The ride up to the location became more and more rural the further north we traveled. And more to our surprise the temperature dropped about ten degrees and we arrived in a flurry of snow to the most beautiful Victorian mansion.



Our host greeted us at the door, excused himself to the kitchen and left us to do what we do. Bev, who had been here before gave us a quick tour, then we dropped our bags in the bedrooms, then started setting up base and the equipment.

During the tour and set up I found the most unsettling feelings up on the third floor in the back bedroom and attic. In the attic I had the strongest feeling of being watched, every hair on my body was on end, and I had an overwhelming feeling that if I were to stay there for any period of time I might elicit negative energy. In the back bedroom those feelings were intensified. I was not comfortable at all.

I was terribly sick the weekend prior and was feeling very vulnerable so I opted to stay away from the third floor for the rest of the evening.

After a wonderful dinner, we began the investigation. I stayed mostly at base station, on the second floor, during the evening and I would hear an occasional voice or moan come from the hallway leading to the servant's quarters.

Early in the evening, Kim and I conducted a session in the one bedroom said to be haunted by a grieving woman. Base readings were normal, no electrical spikes were noted. Then I started getting some response on the K2 near the back corner of the room by the window. It was fleeting and gone just as quick as it came. Then I handed the meter to Kim who was sitting on the other side of the bed. As soon as Kim started asking questions the meter pegged as high as it could go. These reading were constant in the center of the bed and between Kim and the wall. When she handed the meter back to me, we received nothing. When I handed it back to her the meter would go wild, so whatever energy was in the room with us was certainly drawn to Kim.

Later in the evening Bev and I went to the first floor to experience first hand the insane activity on the meters in the dining room. There seemed to be no logic, rhythm or consistency in the activity. All around the dining room table there was a field of energy setting off the ghost meter and the emf detector and when one would drop off the other would spike and vice versa. It just made no logical sense at all. Also the ovulus kept repeating the same words over and over, which was extremely atypical. While we were sitting downstairs I just couldn't help but feel like we were sitting in the middle of dinner party. But on the other hand while we were sitting there, I kept getting this feeling that someone was standing behind me and I kept looking over my shoulder. I was also touched twice, both times like someone stroked the top of my head.

The dining room completely perplexed me. On one hand I so wanted to correlate the activity to the furnace cycling on and off but was not able to validate that. Then I was thinking the activity was residual, but then how do I explain the touching and the feeling of being watched? So my conclusions are I was confused and uncertain and loved every moment of it.

Lastly the one thing that we all noticed is that just before any activity spiked the rooms we were in became black, it actually got darker. I tried to attribute it to the moon going behind a cloud, but there was no moon light coming into the house that evening, it was ominous.

All in all it was great fun and look forward to going back, if not only for the great hospitality of our host and the wonderful Bengal Cat that kept us company outside.

