



# The ghosts of Ohio® Newsletter

[www.ghostsofohio.org](http://www.ghostsofohio.org)

Volume 23 Issue 2

## HAPPY *New Year* 2026



JAMES

First newsletter of the new year! Normally, this is the part of the newsletter where I lay out all the shiny new things coming down the pike for the Ghosts of Ohio organization—upcoming investigations, projects, plans, and the occasional tease of what's keeping us busy behind the scenes. And don't get me wrong, all of that is still happening. But 2026 already feels... different. In a good way.

Honestly, it feels like the Ghosts of Ohio is right on the edge of something genuinely intriguing—maybe even important—when it comes to paranormal research. I have to be a *little* careful here, because a lot of what we're uncovering is tied directly to my upcoming book, *Ohio's Historic Haunts II*, but I can tell you this much: what we're encountering out in the field has been turning heads, including our own.

We're talking about large, untraceable EMF fields that suddenly appear

inside buildings with no active power sources—fields that expand outward, hang there for a moment, then retract and vanish as if someone flipped a switch that doesn't exist. We've also made multiple visits to a particular location where we've recorded what can only be described as ghostly jam sessions—distinct tappings and rappings keeping perfect time with specific songs and artists playing in the room. Same rhythms. Same responses. Visit after visit.

It's exciting. It's baffling. And it's the kind of thing that reminds me why we started doing this in the first place.

All will be revealed in 2026 and trust me—I cannot wait to share it all with you.

Cheers,

James A. Willis  
Founder/Director

## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

## THE HAUNTED CHRISTMAS TREE FARM

Jeff G., location withheld by request

I don't know if this counts as a ghost story or just a memory that's stuck with me longer than it should have, but after reading some of the recent letters folks have sent in, I figured I'd finally put this one down on paper.

I grew up in rural Ohio, the kind of place where the woods start right at the edge of someone's backyard and keep going longer than your courage does. When I was a teenager in the late '80s, there was an old barn back in the trees a mile or so from town. No road led to it anymore—just a dirt path and a whole lot of brush. Everyone called it “the Christmas tree farm,” though I couldn't tell you if that was ever officially true.

What I do know is that behind the barn, deeper in the woods, there were rows of short, scraggly evergreens planted in straight lines. They looked like Christmas trees that had given up trying. Some were dead, some half-grown, all of them silent and wrong-looking in that way abandoned places tend to be.

The story—because there was always a story—was that the guy who owned the place went crazy one winter night. Axe crazy, specifically. Supposedly he killed his family, maybe some hired hands, maybe a few unlucky folks who happened to be there. The details changed depending on who was telling it and how late it was. I never believed much of it. None of us did. We told the story because that's what you do when you're young and bored and need a reason to sneak out and scare yourself a little.

We went out there plenty of times. Sat in the barn, drank cheap beer, carved our initials into the wood. Nothing ever happened. No voices. No footsteps. No ghosts dragging chains or

screaming from the rafters. Eventually the place stopped being scary and just became another hangout spot.

Then there was one night—November, I think. Maybe early December. Cold enough that your breath hung in the air, but no snow yet. I remember that part clearly because we kept stomping our feet to stay warm. There were four of us that night, standing just outside the barn, talking about nothing important.

One of my friends suddenly went quiet. He was staring past us, toward the trees in the back where those old evergreens stood in their neat little rows. I was about to make a joke when I saw it too.

Someone was walking toward us.

At first, I thought it was another kid messing with us. That happened sometimes. But the way this figure moved was slow. Deliberate. Like he



## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

## THE HAUNTED CHRISTMAS TREE FARM

Jeff G., location withheld by request

wasn't in any hurry at all. He was tall, or at least he looked tall against the trees, and he was carrying something over his shoulder.

An axe.

I remember thinking, in a strange, calm way, *Well, that's a little on the nose*. Nobody screamed. Nobody said a word. We just watched him take a few more steps out from between the trees. I couldn't see his face—just a dark shape where his head should have been. He didn't call out to us. Didn't wave. Didn't do anything that would make sense if he were a normal person out for a walk in the woods at night carrying an axe.

That's when my legs decided for me. We ran. Hard. No bravado, no tough-guy talk. Just four teenage boys sprinting through the woods, tripping over roots and branches, not daring to

look back. I don't know how far we ran. I don't know if the figure followed us. I've never wanted to find out.

The next day, we went back in daylight. No footprints. No signs anyone else had been there. No axe marks. Nothing.

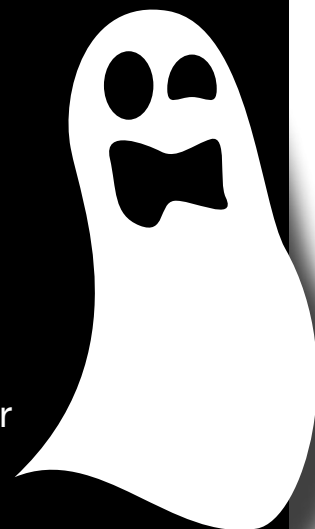
I still don't know what we saw. Maybe it was some local guy who didn't appreciate teenagers trespassing. Maybe it was a hunter with terrible timing. Or maybe those stories weren't as made up as I always thought.

All I know is this: I'm a middle-aged man now, with kids of my own, and I don't go wandering into abandoned places anymore—especially not around Christmas.

Some things are better left where you found them.

## WE WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR GHOSTLY EXPERIENCES!

Have you had a ghostly encounter in Ohio? Want to see it featured in a future issue of The Ghosts of Ohio Newsletter? Then here's all you have to do: Just write down your story and send it to [info@ghostsofohio.org](mailto:info@ghostsofohio.org) with the subject line "Newsletter Ghost Story." Be sure to also include your name as you'd like it to appear with the story. We'll take it from there and send you out an e-mail letting you know which issue it is going to appear in. That way, you can get all your friends to sign up for the newsletter so they can see how famous you are!





## PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

## YES, VIRGINIA, THERE ARE GHOSTS

Maria H., Athens, OH

I appreciated your recent invitation asking readers to share their thoughts and beliefs regarding ghosts. It is not something I normally write about publicly, but at this stage in my life—and with the tone of skepticism that so often surrounds this subject—I feel a responsibility to speak plainly and seriously.

I am a woman in my late fifties, well read, well grounded, and not given to superstition or fanciful thinking. My beliefs are not rooted in fear, nor in wishful imagination, but in long observation, historical record, and quiet consistency. Ghosts do exist. This is not a metaphor, nor a comforting notion. It is a fact as real as the changing of the seasons.

What many people fail to notice—or dismiss outright—is that spiritual activity follows patterns. One of the most reliable of these patterns is seasonal. From October through the end of the year, and often into the early weeks of the new one, the presence of spirits increases noticeably. This is not coincidental. These months are thick with memory: harvests, endings, long nights, anniversaries, and holidays rooted in remembrance and return.

Christmas, in particular, draws the departed closer. The idea that ghosts linger merely to frighten the living is a childish one. Most spirits return to see what they left behind—to observe, to revisit places of warmth and meaning, to sit quietly in rooms where love once gathered. I believe they relive old memories as much as they visit us. This is why so many people report an unshakable sense of presence during the holidays: a feeling that someone is just behind them, or that a room is suddenly fuller than it was moments before.

This activity is not limited to homes and hearths. The woods themselves change during this time of year. I am well aware that what I am about to say will invite ridicule, but truth does not require popularity.

The creatures that dwell in wooded places—beings older than our towns, our roads, and our fences—are more active as the year wanes. I do not call them fairies or gnomes, as those names carry too much folklore and too little respect. They are wood spirits, watchers, and keepers of land that predates us. Hunters, hikers, and rural residents have known of them for centuries, though most now lack the language or patience to recognize what they encounter.

The quiet of late autumn and early winter belongs to them. When leaves have fallen and the woods open up, movement is easier to see. Sounds carry farther. Boundaries thin.

I am not writing to frighten anyone, nor to persuade through drama. I am writing to encourage attentiveness. Pay attention to the way the air feels in December. Notice the silence between sounds. Take seriously the instinct that tells you not to linger in certain places after dusk. Respect the idea that we are not alone, and never have been.

These are not beliefs formed lightly. They are conclusions reached slowly.

I hope your readers will take heed.



# There's Something in the Barn (2023): A Very Norwegian, Very Bloody Christmas Surprise



JAMES

I collect weird movies. Not just horror movies—*weird* horror movies. Weird holiday movies. The kind you buy because the cover art looks unhinged and the description reads like someone lost a bet. I have several hundred of them. Which is why it stopped me cold last month when someone said, “You should check out *There's Something in the Barn*.”

That part was normal. The weird part was when I said, honestly, “I’ve never heard of it,” and they replied, “It’s a Norwegian horror comedy.”

A what now?

I don’t think I’ve ever heard anyone casually string those words together before, and naturally that meant I had to see it immediately. And I’m happy—borderline delighted—to report that I absolutely loved it.

*There's Something in the Barn* follows an American family who uproots their lives to move to a remote ancestral farm in Norway right around Christmas. The father has some



vaguely defined dream of returning to his roots. The mother, meanwhile, has plans to turn the old barn into a sort of wellness retreat / bed-and-breakfast / massage sanctuary, because of course she does. Why? I’m not entirely sure. But the movie wisely doesn’t spend much time justifying it, because it doesn’t matter. We’re here for elves.

Once they arrive, it’s classic fish-out-of-water territory. The locals are unfriendly in that cold, Scandinavian, *we are absolutely judging you but will not raise our voices* kind of way. Snow everywhere. Tension in the air. Christmas decorations quietly judging you.

Not long after settling in, the youngest son, Lucas, wanders into the barn and discovers what appears to be an elf. Not the mall Santa kind. Not the Legolas kind. The barn elf. Think folklore meets gremlin energy. Lucas offers the barn elf a cookie and the pair seem to be

(continued on page 6.)



## A Very Norwegian, Very Bloody Christmas Surprise continued

getting off on the right foot. Shortly after the initial encounter, Lucas is informed by a local that there are specific rules designed to keep the barn elf happy.

If you're already guessing that the rules will not be followed, congratulations: you understand how movies work. I won't spoil anything, but chaos ensues. Bloody, gory, surprisingly gleeful chaos.

One thing I really appreciated was the film's nod to Nordic folklore, particularly what felt like a sideways wink toward the Yule Lads. They don't go full folklore lecture, and I didn't spot any spoon lickers running around, but the DNA is there. There is also an underlying sense throughout the film that these creatures belong here, and the humans very much do not.

Tonally, the movie is kind of a magic trick. It starts off light. Not scary. Mildly comedic in a very dad-jokes-at-Christmas way. There's a faint *National Lampoon's Vacation* vibe humming in the background. Even when the elves start getting an attitude, it's more amusing than alarming.

And then... it turns.

The last 30 minutes or so feel like a full-blown horror film that somehow hired *The Little Rascals* as consultants. There is mayhem everywhere. It's frantic, messy, loud, and unapologetically violent. And yes—it's graphic. Very graphic. Blood everywhere. Body parts behaving badly. The kind of escalation that makes you sit there thinking, *Wow, this movie really committed.*

The surprising thing is how well the two halves work together. The comedy doesn't



undercut the horror, and the horror doesn't abandon the humor. It just... pivots. Hard. And sticks the landing.

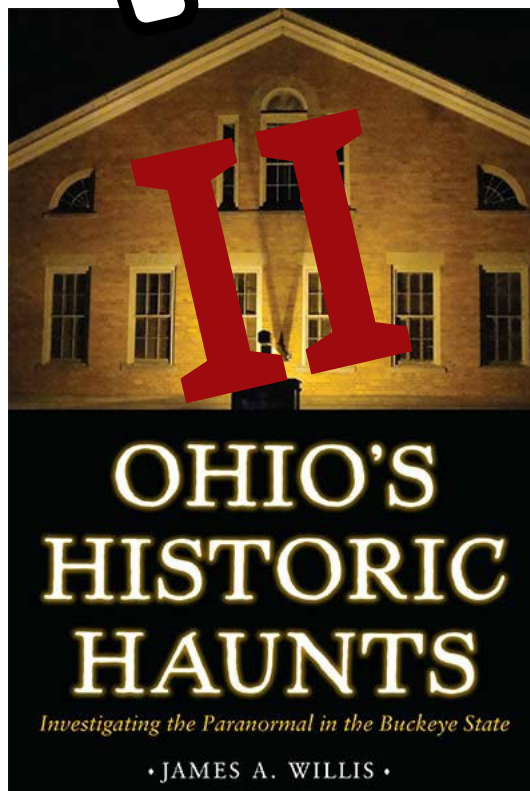
*There's Something in the Barn* feels like a low-budget, behind-the-scenes passion project that knew exactly what it wanted to be and never apologized for it. It's weird. It's festive. It's brutal. And somehow, it's charming.

So if you're in the mood for a Christmas movie involving elves, folklore, and a shocking amount of blood loss, do yourself a favor and check it out.

Just remember to follow the rules.



# CALLING ALL HISTORICALLY HAUNTED OHIO LOCATIONS



**Are you the owner—or part of the leadership—of a historically haunted location in Ohio? If so, this might be your moment.**

We're well underway on the sequel to *Ohio's Historic Haunts*, tentatively titled *Ohio's Historic Haunts II*, and it will once again be published by Kent State University Press. The project is moving along nicely, but as sometimes happens with historic properties, a handful of previously planned locations have had to step away due to scheduling.

Which means we now have room for new locations.

If you've ever thought, "*You know, people have been seeing things here for years...*" — keep reading.

So what qualifies a location? Well, the requirements are refreshingly simple:

- The location must be **historically significant and located in Ohio**
- It should have a **longstanding reputation for being possibly haunted**
- You must be the **owner** or a **member of the acting board or leadership team**

That's it. No need to prove anything beyond that. We're interested in history, stories, and the experiences tied to places that matter.

**If you think your location fits the bill, send an email to: [info@ghostsofohio.org](mailto:info@ghostsofohio.org)**

**With the subject line: *Ohio's Historic Haunts location***

Tell us a little about the site, its history, and why it belongs in the book. From there, we'll see what we can do. With a little luck, the next time we cross paths... it might be in print.

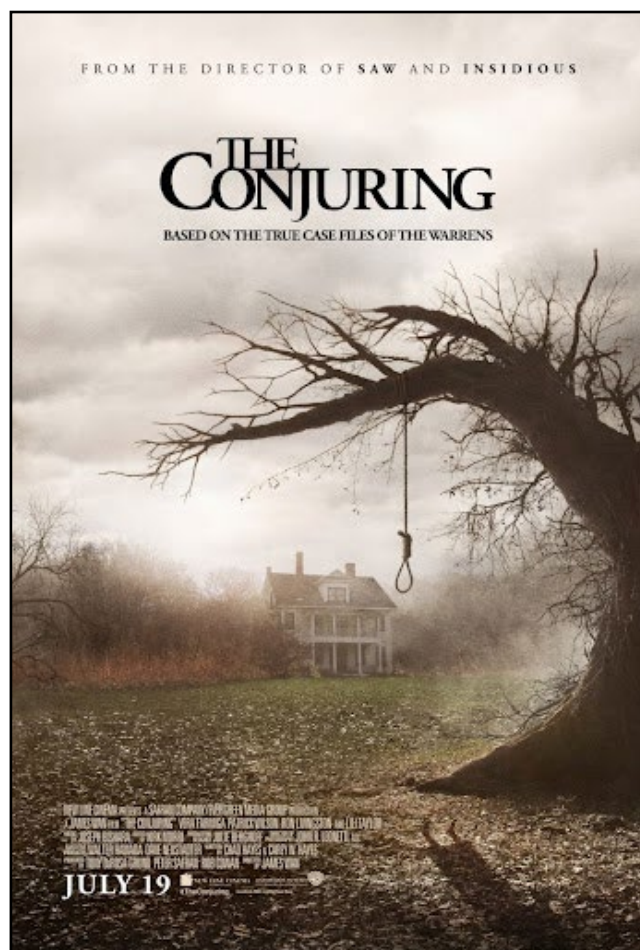
# WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE CONJURING HOUSE?

It's a question that I've been asked a lot recently. And the most honest answer I can give you is this: I don't know.

What I do know is that it's a very convoluted, very sad story—one that sends you tumbling down rabbit hole after rabbit hole the moment you start trying to untangle it. I genuinely invite you to fall down your own rabbit hole on this one, because no single article (certainly not this one) can capture all of the twists, turns, accusations, and contradictions. But let me give you the high-level version.

The building commonly referred to as The Conjuring House is a 19th century farmhouse located in Harrisville, Rhode Island. It rose to fame, some would say infamy, when paranormal investigators Ed and Lorraine Warren performed an exorcism there in the 1970s for the current owners, the Perron family. The Warrens' case became the inspiration for the 2013 movie, *The Conjuring*. Because of that association, the house has taken on a life of its own. The alleged history behind the hauntings is sketchy at best, but the legend has grown far beyond the documented facts.

That said, several friends and associates of mine who've actually been to the house over the years have told me the same thing: there does seem to be something going on there—but also that many of the stories surrounding the house have been wildly



overblown. In other words, intriguing? Yes. As extreme as advertised? Probably not.

Where things really started to go sideways was after the property was purchased by Jacqueline Nunez in May of 2022. From that point on, things began to escalate quickly. And because I have zero desire to be dragged into anyone's litigation, I'm going to keep this very above board and factual.

There were several people employed at the house who were allegedly engaged in spirit work or similar practices, and some of those same individuals were later openly accused of faking phenomena—knowingly faking it.

*(continued on page 9.)*



# WHAT'S GOING ON WITH THE CONJURING HOUSE? continued

On top of that, Jacqueline herself began exhibiting increasingly strange behavior, including claims that spirits in the house told her an employee was stealing from her, which led to that person being fired. That former employee, in turn, accused Jacqueline of misconduct. Then there was a fire at the property, which Jacqueline claimed had been intentionally set by employees.



*Kris Craig/The Providence Journal/USA Today Network*

Enter Jason Hawes of TAPS. Jason became involved after Jacqueline publicly claimed that he was stalking her and attempting to purchase the house—claims he repeatedly denied, stating that he had no interest in owning it. What followed was a very public, very messy back-and-forth that played out across social media and interviews.

Eventually, Jacqueline was forced to shut down operations at the house. She didn't have the proper licenses to run it as a paid investigation location, and once that came to light, everything ground to a halt. The property went into foreclosure... and somehow things still managed to get even stranger. Allegedly, someone stepped in to get the payments current. Then Jason Hawes—despite previously saying he didn't want the property—started a GoFundMe to raise money to purchase it.

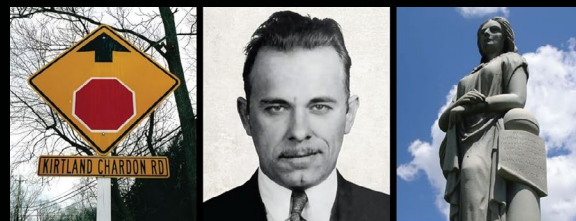
And that's where we land today.

As of now, there's a lawsuit filed by Jacqueline Nunez's sister, alleging that Jacqueline signed over the deed to Jason Hawes under duress and while mentally unfit to do so. Her sister is contesting the transfer, claiming it's invalid. That case is currently working its way through the courts, and until that process plays out, everything remains very much in limbo.

At the end of the day, it's tragic. Truly. If nothing else, it echoes something my associate Mark has said to me more than once over the years: follow the money. Unfortunately, it appears that a location which once held a legitimate place—however small or controversial—in the annals of paranormal research may now be permanently tarnished.

I don't see anything good coming out of this situation. But for now, all we can do is watch the court dockets, keep an eye on the news, and see what unfolds next.

# NORTHERN OHIO LEGENDS & LORE KEEPS HANGING AROUND



## NORTHERN OHIO LEGENDS & LORE

JAMES A. WILLIS



I'll admit it—when *Northern Ohio Legends & Lore* was released, it felt like the literal closing of a chapter. That chapter started a few years back with *Central Ohio Legends & Lore*, rolled right along with *Southern Ohio Legends & Lore*, and—at least in my mind—ended neatly with Northern Ohio. Third book in the series, mission accomplished, cue the credits. I fully expected it to make a little blip, then quietly drift off into the ether as a nice “collect all three” situation.

Turns out, Northern Ohio didn't get the memo.

Much to my surprise (and genuine gratitude), the book just keeps hanging around. As of right now, it's sitting at #145 of **all** books in Amazon's *Ghosts & Hauntings* category, and it's been stubbornly clinging to spots in the top 400 for both *Supernaturalism* and *Unexplained Mysteries*. For a book that drills down into one very specific corner of the world—Northern Ohio—that's... honestly pretty wild. And no, I'm not complaining.

So to everyone who went out and grabbed a copy—thank you. Truly. It means more than I can adequately put into words (which is ironic, considering my job description). And if you're wondering whether this means I'm slowing down now... absolutely not. I currently have four books in various stages of development, including *Ohio's Historic Haunts II*, which is hovering around 80% complete and marching steadily toward release.

If you haven't picked up *Northern Ohio Legends & Lore* yet, there's a handy link right here for you to do just that. Or—alternatively—just find me out in the wild at a presentation or appearance. Odds are very good I'll be standing there with a suspiciously heavy stack of books, ready to meet all your paranormal reading needs.

As always, thank you for sticking with me. You definitely haven't heard the last from me.

[Purchase Northern Ohio Legends and Lore here](#)



# ALREADY GEARING UP FOR 2026!

Sure, 2026 is but a few hours old, depending on when you're reading this, but The Ghosts Of Ohio already has a few exciting presentations on the docket!

Unless an event is marked with a "\$," it is free and open to the public. However, seating may be limited, so it's always a good idea to check with the venue to confirm if pre-registration is required.



**Tuesday, February 17th @ 6:30 pm**  
*The Strange & Spooky Side*  
of Abraham Lincoln  
London Public Library  
20 E. First Street  
London, OH 43140



**Saturday, March 7th**  
*Frogman Festival IV (\$)*  
Oasis Conference Center  
902 Loveland-Miamiville Road  
Loveland, OH 45140  
[Buy Tickets Here](#)

## EQUIPMENT REVIEWS

Got a piece of paranormal equipment you've always wondered how it works? Does it really do what it's supposed to be doing? Or maybe you've created some paranormal equipment you'd like field tested? Either way, let us know because The Ghosts Of Ohio would love to help! Drop us a line at [info@ghostsofohio.org](mailto:info@ghostsofohio.org) with the subject line "Equipment" and we'll take it from there!





## Investigations & Consultations

The Ghosts Of Ohio have begun scheduling investigations and consultations for 2026. So, if you or someone you know is experiencing something unexplained in a home or place of business, contact us at [info@ghostsofohio.org](mailto:info@ghostsofohio.org) or visit our website to fill out an investigation request. All investigations are offered free of charge, and confidentiality and discretion are assured.

Are you unsure if you want or need an investigation? The Ghosts of Ohio also offers consultations. Let us discuss your current situation and what help we can offer. For more information, please visit <http://ghostsofohio.org/services/investigations.html>

## Interact with The Ghosts Of Ohio

In addition to our website, here are a couple of places where you can find The Ghosts Of Ohio lurking online:



[FACEBOOK](#)



[TWITTER](#)



[INSTAGRAM](#)

## Administration

The Ghosts Of Ohio Newsletter is a free, bimonthly email newsletter. To subscribe, unsubscribe, or change your email address, please visit

[http://www.ghostsofohio.org/mailman/listinfo/mailman\\_ghostsofohio.org](http://www.ghostsofohio.org/mailman/listinfo/mailman_ghostsofohio.org)

**Please do not send vacation notices or other auto-responses to us, as we may unsubscribe you.**

The Ghosts Of Ohio collects your name and email address for the purpose of sending this mailing. We will never share your name or email address with advertisers, vendors, or any third party, unless required by law. The Ghosts Of Ohio will never sell, trade, or rent your personal information.

For more information, please visit us online at [www.ghostsofohio.org](http://www.ghostsofohio.org).

## Newsletter Staff:

**Editor-In-Chief:** James Willis

**Designer:** Stephanie Willis