

# A GHOSTLY ENCOUNTER

*HAUNTINGS AT THE LUKE MILLER HOUSE!*





# A TRUE STORY OF MY GHOST ENCOUNTER IN THE LUKE MILLER HOUSE

BY

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**THIS IS A TRUE STORY OF MY GHOST ENCOUNTER IN THE LUKE MILLER HOUSE IN MADISON, NJ. MY GRANDPARENTS, RAE AND AL CHRONE (WHO I AFFECTIONATELY REFER TO AS MUMA AND PAPA), OWNED THE HISTORIC HOME, BUILT IN 1730, FOR 21 YEARS (FROM 1976-1996). THE ENCOUNTER IS A VIVID MEMORY FOR ME, AND WITH TIME, HAS BECOME LESS SCARY AND MORE PRECIOUS, SO I'D LOVE TO SHARE IT WITH YOU!**

**MY GRANDPARENTS' HOUSE WAS AN ENCHANTED PLACE, FILLED WITH WONDERFUL COLLECTIONS OF ANTIQUES, PERIOD FURNITURE AND FAMILY HEIRLOOMS. ONE NIGHT, WHEN MY COUSIN AND I WERE VISITING WITH THEM, WE DECIDED TO TREAT MUMA AND PAPA TO A FASHION SHOW AFTER DINNER. MUMA ALWAYS HAD BEAUTIFUL VINTAGE CLOTHES, HATS, AND COSTUME JEWELRY DISPLAYED THROUGHOUT HER HOUSE, AND SHE ALLOWED MY COUSIN AND I TO DRESS UP AND CAREFULLY PLAY IN THEM.**

**AS THE BIG SHOW BEGAN, MUMA AND PAPA HAD "FRONT ROW SEATS" AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. MY COUSIN AND I WOULD DO WARDROBE CHANGES IN THE BACK OFFICE (THAT'S THE ROOM WITH "WASHINGTON'S ROCK" IN IT), ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE HOUSE. WE WOULD TAKE TURNS, WALKING GRACEFULLY DOWN THE "RUNWAY," WHICH WAS ACTUALLY THE CORRIDOR THAT RUNS FROM THE BACK OFFICE, THROUGH THE PANTRY, AND INTO THE KITCHEN. ONCE WE GLIDED INTO THE KITCHEN, WE WOULD DISCUSS OUR VINTAGE COSTUMES AND GRACEFULLY MODEL THEM FOR OUR ADMIRING AUDIENCE.**



THROUGHOUT THE EVENING'S SHOW, MY COUSIN AND I HURRIEDLY CHANGED OUTFITS IN THE BACK OFFICE. WHILE CHANGING, WE HAD A VIEW OF THE DARKNESS OUTSIDE THROUGH A WINDOW IN THE ADJOINING "KEEPING ROOM". IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE WINDOW, WE COULD VAGUELY DISCERN OUR REFLECTIONS WHILE WE CHANGED.

AT ONE POINT DURING THE SHOW, I REMEMBER GLANCING AT THE WINDOW WHILE CHANGING MY DRESS AND SEEING WHAT I THOUGHT WAS MY COUSIN'S REFLECTION. SHE WAS IN A GORGEOUS WHITE DRESS WITH A SOFT BRIMMED HAT AND WAS WALKING SLOWLY. THE IMAGE WAS SO CLEAR AND WHITE, JUST LIKE A REFLECTION. IT LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL. I THINK THAT I REMEMBER THE IMAGE SO CLEARLY BECAUSE OF THE EMOTIONS IT STIRRED; I REMEMBER FEELING THAT MY COUSIN LOOKED SO LOVELY, AND I WAS A LITTLE JEALOUS BECAUSE I HADN'T SEEN THAT DRESS BEFORE. AND I DEFINITELY DID NOT EVER REMEMBER SEEING A HAT AROUND THE HOUSE LIKE THE ONE SHE WAS WEARING.



ANYWAY, I TURNED AROUND TO ASK MY COUSIN WHERE SHE GOT THE HAT, BUT SHE WASN'T IN THE ROOM. SHE WAS IN THE KITCHEN, HAVING A CONVERSATION WITH MUMA AND PAPA. I REALIZED THEN THAT THE PERSON IN THE WINDOW DIDN'T REALLY EVEN LOOK LIKE MY COUSIN; SHE WAS TALLER AND THINNER, AND I PANICKED. I RUSHED INTO THE KITCHEN AND TOLD MUMA AND PAPA THAT THERE WAS SOMEONE OUTSIDE. I EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND PAPA WENT AND WALKED AROUND THE HOUSE, BUT OF COURSE SAW NO ONE.

THERE WAS ONE OTHER SMALL INCIDENT ON THE SWING BY THE STONE GRIST MILL TABLE IN THE BACK YARD. I WAS SWINGING AND OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE SAW THE WHITE SKIRT OF A WOMAN GO AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE, TOWARD THE DRIVEWAY IN THE FRONT YARD. IT WAS SLOW ENOUGH TO SEE THE RUSTLE OF A SKIRT AS SOMEONE TURNED QUICKLY, BUT TOO FAST TO SEE ANYTHING ELSE. I GOT OFF THE SWING BECAUSE I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS THERE AND I WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR PEOPLE TO PLAY WITH. BUT WHEN I LOOKED AROUND THE CORNER OF THE HOUSE, THERE WAS NO ONE AROUND, OTHER THAN MUMA AND PAPA, NEITHER OF WHOM WERE WEARING SKIRTS.

THAT'S IT - NOTHING TOO SCARY, BUT MEMORABLE FOR ME! I HOPE THAT THE NEW OWNER, HIS TWO LITTLE DOGS, THE HOUSE, AND ALL THE SPIRITS ARE GETTING ALONG! I JUST LOVE THAT HOUSE AND WILL ALWAYS THINK FONDLY OF IT...AND THE GHOSTS!





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