

# Adventures in McCloudland

By Marilyn J. Ogden

Chapter 5

August, 1993

As we are walking around the outside of the hotel we are approached by four rather scruffy looking young men. In the Bay Area in the Sixties we would have called them hippies, but I'm sure the term would be inappropriate today. They're dressed in tie-died shirts, have dread locks and smell something terrible. They flash big friendly smiles, offer us their hands and introduce themselves. Their names sound like the Sixties as well, something like moonbeam, or star shine.

They asked, "Are you the new owners of the hotel?"

"We are."

"This is a special place, you know."

"Hmmmmmm."

"You're going to get people from all over the world to see this place."

"Uh, huh."

"No, I mean, it's famous. Haven't you heard the story about this place?"

I'm not sure how much credence to place in a story coming from these unlikely sources. But here we are, we can't be rude.

"I guess not. What story?"

"About the guy who stayed here and had some visions."

Visions ....Now I know we're back in the Sixties. We wait for the rest of it.

"He (Guy W. Ballard) stayed here, did some walking on the mountain and meditating. He'd had a spiritual experience and wrote books called Unveiled Mysteries and The Magic Presence (published 1934). He started the religious movement called the St. Germaine Foundation. You know, the 'I AM-ers'. They have a big conference ground in Dunsmuir and have people from all over the world spend their summer there, studying and meditating. Then they have a huge pageant in Mt. Shasta in late summer. You're

gonna get a lot of folks visiting here, wanting to see the room he stayed in. They say you can still feel his presence there. His spirit is very strong.”

“Hmmmmm. Do you know what room it is?”

“Sure, it’s on the second floor, down at that end,” as he pointed south toward town, “in the front.... on the corner overlooking town.”

After thanking them, we retreat into the hotel and without checking with one another, sort of nonchalantly head upstairs and wander down the hall. The front corner room is 227. We push open the door and enter a room filled with light. Even on a gray day, the open windows on the south and west side provided light. We’re sure the breeze accounts for the rocking chair rhythmically moving to and fro. We close the windows and leave the space.

Outside, the storm closes in. Huge drops of rain smack the ground with force enough to bounce. Soon it’s pouring. Lightning flashes across the black clouds followed by deep, loud rumbles. We head back to Mt. Shasta for the night.

We call Barry to ask how the open house had gone. He’d had an open house for agents Thursday and open to the public on Sunday.

Sunday’s open house had gone “Fine,” he said. To the next obvious question he replies, “No, but lots of lookers. Many were neighborhood folks, wanting to see what it looked like. Don’t be too anxious, Marilyn. This will take some time.”

We’d made an agreement with him that it would be held open every Sunday. It shouldn’t take too long.