

DeHaven, Years Later

An Anecdote From Brian Rainie

Years after my visit to DeHaven, the business shut down and the property went into disrepair. Eventually, it was put on the market. It has been on the market for quite some time. How I became aware of this is an interesting story.

My original anecdote was published on the website, buried deep under information about the proprietor. It's amazing how the "spiders" find EVERYTHING. I received a phone call out of the blue from a gentleman in Southern California asking just how haunted the property was. He had stumbled across my article, after the fact.



We had a very interesting conversation. He had driven up to look at the property, and was staying at a hotel nearby. His visit to DeHaven was unsettling. His first experience was attempting to gain entrance. He had the combination to the lock box holding the key, tried several times, but it just wouldn't open. As he walked around, looking through windows, he was frustrated that he couldn't see much. Walking across the porch, his feet went out from under him and he fell. Hard. He may have lost consciousness for a brief period of time. When he regained awareness, he started hunting for the eyeglasses which went flying. No luck. It was a struggle to drive back to his hotel room.

Once safe and sound, he started doing some research. When he googled DeHaven, my article showed up on the first page of results. He tracked me down, picked up the phone and called me. He had never experienced a haunting before, and this was upsetting. I was able to calm him down and explain clearly what had happened. As he approached the structure, he was in judgment. He was noticing all the defects, and assessing how much work it would take to get it back into reasonable shape. From Peter's viewpoint, he was being quite rude. Peter got even.

The gentleman thanked me for all the information, and guidance. I suggested he go back and visit again, but with a very different attitude. Honor the residence for its past beauty and amazing possibilities.

The next night, I received another call. He had gone to DeHaven. The lockbox opened first try. When he walked inside, his glasses were sitting on the table.