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## Haunted porch-sitting: Ghosts in the area

Nov 1, 2018

For the Halloween meeting of the Lakes Region Professional Porch Sitters Chapter 603, we decided to visit the porch of Nick Sangillo. You see, Nick was a commercial real estate agent in the Lakes Region for years, but more importantly he is a ghostbuster of sorts. We thought it would be fitting to go talk to him on this revered holiday and learn about some of the ghosts he has seen in the area.

Those brave souls in attendance included Little Stevie Prestone, Dirk Davenport, Rollie Rollins, Bubba Gunther, Travis D. Coletrain, and John "Leadbellie" Goode. I am not sure who got their wires crossed. This was not a Halloween costume party, but Rollie showed up dressed as a yard sign and Bubba came as a lock box. Travis said, "I was going to come as a tiny house, but I couldn't fit in the box!"

Dirk says, "Well, that's pretty obvious!"



We also had a local lender named Tammie "Bony" Maroney attend, as she was concerned about giving mortgages out on haunted residences. Not that it really matters, because when a buyer figures out what he is going to pay over the life of a loan, it usually scares him to death anyway. Come to think of it, maybe that's why so many places are haunted!

We all sat down on rockers on Nick's three-season porch, except for Rollie, whose costume wouldn't bend so he decided to stand in the corner. The porch has a small propane gas stove for heat and is eerily lit up by candles scattered around the room. Kind of feels like there's gonna be a séance. Nick proceeds to tell us that he's seen ghosts since he was just a little kid and that lots of times he couldn't tell if he was seeing a real person or a ghost. Seeing ghosts was natural to him, but it kind of freaked his mother out when he'd say there was a strange man in the other room and, of course, she couldn't see him.

He said that sometimes in the past other real estate agents would call him to take a look at a house to see if it was haunted. One day he was called to Gilmanton. On the way to the house he looked up at another home and could see a ghost-like figure looking out of a window ... just watching him. "There are lots of ghosts in Gilmanton," he says, "and just then a tomahawk flies across the road in front of me and sticks in the front door of the house where I am going. I kind of figured something was going on here!"

But, undaunted, he gets out of the car and walks up to the front door and, of course, there is no tomahawk there now! He unlocks the door and steps into the foyer, which is ice cold. He thinks to himself this is not a good sign. He steps into the front parlor that has a large fireplace, and on the mantle is a pipe that is still smoking. The sweet smell of pipe tobacco fills his lungs. He proceeds down the center hallway toward the kitchen and glimpses a shadow gliding by in the adjacent dining room toward the front of the house. He loops around the kitchen and back through to the living room and the pipe is gone!

He heads up stairs and to the left is a bedroom with an old-style hospital bed. There is an old, white haired woman laying there in a nightgown. Clearly, it is someone trapped on this side. He reaches out to her and says, "Do you want to go to the light?" Nick explains to us that upon death you only have so much time to "go to the light." If you miss you opportunity, you are stuck here in this world. "I can help them cross over if they take my hand," he says. But she clearly wasn't ready.

I could see Little Stevie Prestone was getting nervous and Bony was fidgeting a little.



Nick proceeds up to the attic. It was full of dusty junk from years gone by. Beyond the massive brick chimney that rose from the floor stood an apparition at the window at the back of the house. Nick walks toward the hazy figure. He looks out the window and sees what the apparition sees...a back yard with a stream and a field of sheep beyond. The Gilmanton Town Hall or Academy Building is not there...nothing but fields and sheep! Clearly he is seeing what one of the first settlers of Gilmanton saw.

Just then the one vacant rocker on Nick's porch starts rocking...all by itself...and the old tube radio on the side table lights up and blares, seemingly stuck on the first line of Larry Williams 1957 tune "I gotta girl named Bony Maroney!, I gotta girl named Bony Maroney!, I gotta girl named Bony Maroney!, I gotta girl named Bony Maroney!" Over and over and then, "But I love her, she loves me, All are happy now we can be, Making love underneath the apple tree!" And the radio is not even plugged in!

The rocking chair suddenly elevates, flies across the room, and crashes into the wall! Leadbellie says, "Well, holy molly, look at that!"

I am not sure that Bony touched the ground more than a half dozen times before she reached her car and sped down the driveway. She probably won't be doing any loans on this kind of distressed property!

Thank you Nick, for an enlightening meeting... the Lakes Region Professional Porch Sitters Chapter 603 is clearly impressed!

*Visit [www.DistinctiveHomes.NH.com](http://www.DistinctiveHomes.NH.com) to learn more about the Lakes Region real estate market and sign up for a monthly newsletter. Data compiled using the NEREN MLS. Roy Sanborn is a sales associate at Four Seasons Sotheby's International Realty. Contact him at 603-677-7012.*

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