

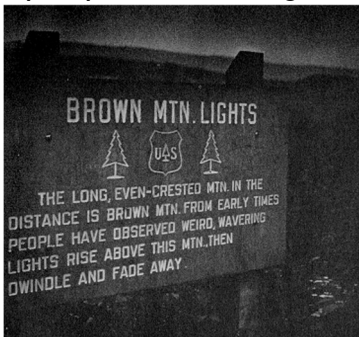
THE MYSTERIES OF WILSON CREEK

The Blue Wilson Creek well spectacular scenery, water, deep pools and enjoyed by fisherman course the gorge with IV rapids for the kayakers. But there is history of the area hardwood forest of the waters that we are many mysteries surround this beautiful may not know about. I of some of the legends yet I spend almost around up there creek and hiking the range from sightings of something that resembles a man, but taller and more beast like, to ghosts of Catawba and Cherokee Indians, as well as others that have lost their lives or disappeared that have been seen throughout the area. But there is one such legend stands out more than any other and has been reportedly seen by more people and perhaps the biggest mystery of the Blue Ridge Mountain, is the Brown Mountain Lights.



BROWN MOUNTAIN

Ridge Mountains and known for its hiking trails, clear long runs that are and swimmers and of it's exciting class III and adrenalin seeking so much more to the that is set within the the Pisgah forest and enjoy so much. There and legends that area that some may or for one, had not heard of the mountain and every weekend year chasing trout in the trails. The legends



An early account of the Brown Mountain lights dated back to September 24, 1913 when a fisherman claimed to have seen “mysterious lights seen just above the horizon every night,” red in color, with a pronounced circular shape. After the account, an employee “D.B. Stewart” of the United States Geological Survey, studied the area in question and determined the fisherman had mistaken train lights for something a little bit more mysterious. More reports flowed in and a more inquiry began in 1922. They again determined what the witnesses had probably seen were automobile or train lights, perhaps fires or even stationary lights. According to the marker on the Blue Ridge Parkway, a massive flood struck this area soon after the USGS survey. All electrical power was lost and trains were inoperative for a period of time and several automotive bridges were also washed out. Sightings of the lights continued during this time. In a U.S. Weather Bureau reported 1919 explained the phenomenon as an electrical discharge, similar to the “Andes Light of South America”.

Many reasons have been tossed back to disprove the lights from trains, automobiles, swamp gasses, hikers, a phenomenon called “fox-fire” that is bioluminescence created by some species of fungi that is present in decaying wood, but none are proven.

Being the inquisitive person that I am with these lights, this writer and fisherman leans to the legends and the mountain lore that surrounds this amazing phenomenon. The stories told range from the Cherokee maidens that search the forests with their lanterns, looking for their lovers and husbands that lost lives in horrific battle between the Catawba and Cherokee Indians. Another legend has it that the spirit of a faithful servant that carries a lantern, roams the mountains in search of his master that went off hunting, never to return again and left him to tend camp while he was gone. Another mountain lore has it that the spirits of a lady named Belinda and her child were murdered by her husband Jim who was having an affair with another woman named “Susie”. Legend has it that lights began to appear that led them to a pile of rocks where the bones of a woman and her child were found.

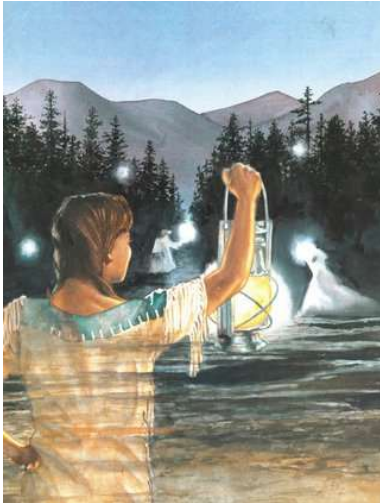
Having heard the tales, I talked to several locals and residents that have places along the Wilson Creek about the stories of the lights. One of the accounts of the lights came from a very accountable woman that spends a lot of time on the creek fishing and has a place on the creek. Jackie Greene shared her experience with me in an interview about her encounter with the Brown Mountain Lights.

“I have had a camper on the Wilson’s Creek now for about nine years and during that time I have spent a lot of weeks and weekends there all year long. My camper is creek side and sits in a spot closer up towards the



Photo courtesy of <http://www.brownmountainlights.com/>

road but yes is still close to the creek. It lies between the mountain across the creek and one on the other side of the road that are both very vertical. I was at my camper about 6 years ago before I had my cancer and enjoying the creek and fishing. I was up during the middle of the week as I am a lot during this time of year. I had a great day on the creek, I had not been drinking, nor had I watched any kind of scary movies that would have altered my mind. It was in fall time of the year, there are no lights out there by the creek and with the exception of the stars, it is pitch black at night, both outside the camper and inside. At this particular time of year, I was the only person at the campground besides the person that ran the campground and his camper was a little way away from mine. It is not your normal campsites where campers are right next to each other. Each site has a lot of area between them.



It was in the middle of the night and I was sound asleep until I was awaked by something that to this day, I am not sure what it was, other than a very eerie feeling. As I was startled awake and with my eyes wide open now, I saw these white balls of light hovering above me in the bed. They ranged in size from roughly 6 to 12 inches in size and maybe a dozen or two of them that were moving slowly around the room in no particular pattern. As I stared at them, I could see through them and it appeared as if they had energy, or electrical impulses flowing around in different directions inside of them like small lightning displays. My first reaction was a deep gasp for air as I looked at them but as I watched them for a moment, a calming feeling came over me instead of fear. My first impulse after the calming came across me was to reach up and touch them because they were so close to me. I quickly decided not to do so since I did not know exactly what they were. Within a few minutes (that seemed so much longer), some started to dissipate into thin air while others seemed to float through the walls of the camper towards the outside.

I eventually went back to sleep and when I awoke, I made me some coffee and headed down to the other gentleman's camper that managed the campground. I shared with him the story and at that time he told me that another person in the campground had had the same experience. It was quite the experience that I will never forget."

Having heard this story, I heard from others in the area that told of incidents where people had seen the lights coming down the sides of the vertical mountains as if they were walking down it with lanterns. Having spent as much time as I have in the area now, I can attest that no one could be walking down the sides of those mountains at all, much less at night with a lantern.

The folk lore and legends of the area are still a mystery to this day and if you talk to some of the locals, you will find that the creek that we all love to fish and adore, holds many more secrets than just the excellent trout fishing that is has to offer.

"On the line with Charlie Walker"