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Published October 25th, 2023

## MPD officers experience odd noises at the station in 'the dead of night'

By Vera Kochan



Large orb in front of Town Offices just below Town Clerk's window and above MPD's conference room Photo Vera Kochan Just in time for Halloween, residents at another Lamorinda location have admitted to unexplainable phenomenon within its walls. This time, the Moraga Police Department has acknowledged the strange happenings within the building in "the dead of night."

About four years ago, this reporter was told by an MPD member that there were odd goings-on at the station, but assuming that it was all a joke, the matter was dropped. Then another credible MPD member recently brought up the topic again. Chief Jon King agreed to email all of his officers about my request for an interview, and 17-year veteran, Officer Michael Dreyfuss offered to speak with me.

Arriving at the police station for the 8 p.m. scheduled interview, with no one else in the building, Dreyfuss did not waste any time diving into his experiences. The building was built in 1958, and Dreyfuss explained that since 2006, the police station has always been on the

first floor. However, the second floor at that time did not house the town's current offices, but instead held individual businesses.

Between 2007 and 2008, Dreyfuss and two other officers were on duty around 2:30 a.m. one evening writing their reports, when they heard an "identifiable noise," stated Dreyfuss. "It was the sound of a woman walking down the length of the upstairs hall above us wearing high heels. The sound started at the east end of the building, passed above us, and stopped before it got to the stairs. It was a normal walk - not like someone in a hurry. We were 100% certain it was high heels." One officer checked the doors at the east end, another checked the front door - all doors were locked. The parking lot was empty of cars, and no one was found upstairs. It should be noted that while the second floor is now carpeted, Dreyfuss doesn't recall whether there was carpeting 15 years ago.

And that was just the first incident. Some time later, during a Sunday afternoon, the same sound of high heels walking from one end of the building to the other was heard, only this time it was down the hall of the police station on the first floor - no carpets. An officer who was working in the evidence room came into the hall just as Dreyfuss entered the building asking, "Did you see Evelyn outside?" Evelyn was an MPD civilian employee who wore perfume, but not the scent that the officer smelled.

These were the only two incidents that Dreyfuss has experienced at the station. Another officer arrived during this interview, but refused to even discuss the supernatural, while hurriedly leaving our company.

Dreyfuss mentioned that during one of his evening patrols about 14 years ago, he pulled over a vehicle that was driving well below the speed limit. During his questioning, the driver said that he was a paranormal investigator hired by residents who lived near Rancho Laguna Park. "He had electronic equipment both in the front and back seat of his car," remembered Dreyfuss.

This turn of events struck Dreyfuss as a type of vindication, because during his routine patrols around town, he always "gets a creepy feeling" when he patrols that section of Moraga - a feeling of uneasiness. Although he disclosed the street's name to me, I chose not to include it in this article for privacy reasons.

Dreyfuss asked if I'd like to go on a ride-along, to which I agreed, and our first stop was the Moraga Library. As we approached the back parking lot (about 9 p.m.), we spotted a car just beginning to leave from the back of the building. After questioning the driver, who turned out to be the custodian, Dreyfuss asked him, "Any ghosts?" To which the custodian responded, "No. No goats. Just two deer on the hill."

We proceeded to drive over to Rancho Laguna Park in order to lock the restrooms and the main gate for the evening. Dreyfuss rolled down both driver and passenger side windows before he left me sitting alone while he was securing the restrooms for the night. Other than spotting a couple of deer in the middle of the park's lawn, there was no accounting why I began to suddenly smell cigarette smoke inside the vehicle. At that moment, I decided to take a picture toward the darkness of the park and came up with a bright orb inside the police car. When Dreyfuss returned, I showed him my photo, and we were both rather speechless. I told him that I could send him the photo so that he could examine it on a larger screen, but he replied, "I don't want to see it any bigger than it already is." There was no logical reason for the cigarette smoke odor,

because smoking is not allowed in a police vehicle, and neither Dreyfuss nor the partner he shares the vehicle with smoke.

I, for one, have no plans to visit Rancho Laguna Park in the evening ever again. If I can poach from Edgar Allen Poe's The Raven, "Nevermore!"

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