



The Ghost Nebula floats in the constellation of Cepheus.

Ghost Nebula earns spooky name from wispy form

As Halloween approaches, thoughts naturally turn to ghosts, haunted houses, and mysterious shadows. Fortunately for sky watchers, nature has created its own ghostly masterpiece. Floating nearly 1,200 light-years away in the constellation of Cepheus is Sh2-136, better known as the Ghost Nebula.

The Ghost Nebula earned its spooky nickname because of its eerie appearance. Deep photographs reveal wispy clouds of dust that resemble ghostly figures with raised arms drifting through space. The nebula spans just over two light-years across



Carlos Rotellar

and consists primarily of tiny dust particles illuminated by the light of young stars embedded within it. Rather than producing its own light like many colorful emission nebulae, the Ghost Nebula shines by reflecting the starlight around it, giving it its characteristic soft yellow-brown appearance.

Far from being a place of death, this “haunted” cloud is

actually a stellar nursery. Dense pockets of gas and dust are collapsing under gravity, slowly forming new stars. Many of these newborn stars remain hidden inside dusty cocoons, visible only through infrared telescopes. In other words, what appears to be a cosmic ghost is really a maternity ward for the next generation of suns.

Reflection nebulae require long exposures taken under dark, moonless skies to reveal their delicate dust structures. This image is the result of 214 individual five-minute exposures captured over multiple nights,

totaling nearly 18 hours of imaging time.

As you carve pumpkins and decorate for Halloween this year, take a moment to look toward Cepheus. Somewhere beyond the autumn sky, a silent ghost drifts through the Milky Way—not haunting the universe, but helping create its future stars.

– Dr. Carlos Rotellar is a Bowling Green nephrologist who has had an interest in astrophotography and has been taking images of the universe from his driveway for several years. Website: Skyastrophotos.com.

Maritime experts travel to Nantucket to investigate shipwreck remains exposed by nor’easter

By LEAH WILLINGHAM
Associated Press

BOSTON — A maritime expert planned to visit a Nantucket beach Monday to inspect weathered wooden beams exposed by the weekend’s powerful nor’easter, possibly the remnants of a 19th-century shipwreck buried beneath the island’s southern shore.

The Egan Maritime Institute said its exhibits and collections manager would survey the site and send a report to state underwater archaeologists, who then will work with the institute to determine which vessel the wreckage came from.

The splintered timbers, fastened together by rusted iron, emerged near an area where remains believed to be from the Warren Sawyer, a wooden schooner lost in 1884, have been found before.

Officials from Egan, a non-profit that operates the Nantucket Shipwreck & Lifesaving Museum, cautioned Monday that the newly exposed wreckage has not been identified with certainty.

The slow-moving nor’easter battered the Northeast coastline



HAYLEY NELSON / AP

Shipwreck remains exposed by a powerful nor'easter are seen along the southern shore of Nantucket, Mass on Sept. 27, 2026.

over the weekend with heavy rain, strong winds and dangerous surf, flooding low-lying communities from New Jersey to New England and knocking out power to more than 100,000 customers at times Sunday. The storm also raised concerns about coastal erosion as waves crashed into beaches and seawalls.

The Warren Sawyer ran aground on Dec. 22, 1884, while carrying 1,115 bales of cotton and 28 tons (25.4 metric tonnes) of scrap iron from New Orleans to Boston, according to the

Massachusetts Board of Underwater Archaeological Resources. Its captain and seven-member crew were ultimately rescued.

The schooner remained intact on the island’s Miacomet Beach for two weeks, allowing islanders to save 700 bales of cotton using skids and teams of oxen. Then, on Jan. 6, 1885, another storm tore the ship apart, scattering pieces of its hull, remaining cargo and cordage across more than half a mile (0.80 kilometers) of beach.

More than a century later, remains believed to be from the ship have continued to emerge from the sand.

Jason Graziadei, who has lived on the island for two decades and is editor of the online news site the Nantucket Current, said he went out to the beach Saturday amid heavy winds with his 8-year-old son after he got a tip about possible wreckage on the island’s south shore.

He and his son found the wooden beams on a drive-on beach by the town’s wastewater facility that everyone calls the “Sewer Beds.” He said they had to park their car and walk down to the beach because erosion from the storm had formed a steep drop-off.

The location made the discovery even more remarkable to him: It was directly beneath a route beachgoers had been driving all summer.

“Given where it was and where it emerged, it means that everyone who was driving onto the beach this summer was just directly over this,” Graziadei said. “I just think it is so funny and so cool.”

See **MARITIME**, 10B

The gospel according to Megan

Over the years, I’ve written about Morgan many times, keeping notes on many of the conversations Morgan and I have had, so I’d never forget the things she told me.

They are the words of a young woman with a wisdom deeper than I am able to understand. She spoke these things in casual conversation, with no idea that her words are extraordi-nary. We call them “Morganisms.”

Some of the following paragraphs were spoken directly after she was placed under hospice care. Here are a few of my favorites:



Sean Dietrich

—“I don’t think it’s fair that life is measured in years. There are some people who live many years and don’t do much with their lives. There are also people who live a short time and do a lot of stuff. I think life should be measured in the amount of love you collect. And the amount of love you give. If that’s how life was measured, I would be very, very old and very wealthy.”

—“Life is too short to fight with people. I’m hard to fight with. I just stay silent. Let the other person win.”

—“Every day is a chance to make a new best friend.”

—“I’ve heard that in heaven there is no time. No clock, no future, no past. Only eternity. So, since the future and past are all happening at the same time, this means everyone is already there in heaven. I’m there. You’re there. My mom and dad are there. All my loved ones are there. We’re all in heaven. Right now. All the people who are alive right now on earth, they’re waiting for each other in eternity.

“This means that as soon as I close my eyes in death, time won’t be holding you here. So the first thing I’m going to see is all my friends and all my loved ones. You’ll be there, too. I’ll see you instantly, on the other side; it will be like we were never apart. Then maybe you and I will laugh together and wonder why we ever took earthly life so seriously.”

—“Up there, we’ll be perfect. No more chronic pain. I’ll be able to get a full breath. And I’ll finally be able to see.”

—“Don’t live like you’re dying. Die like you really lived.”

—“Whenever it’s my birthday, instead of my friends singing ‘Happy Birthday,’ I ask them to sing ‘Amazing Grace’ because after all, it’s not my birthday that allows me to stand here. It’s grace.”

—“I hope they have Kraft mac and cheese in heaven. The blue box.”

—“Of all the things I can’t do anymore, I think I miss seeing most of all. The beauty of this earth is something people take for granted. Seeing is so great. Trees, birds, skies, stars, colors. Is there anything better than sight? If I could see like sighted people can, I would never close my eyes.”

—“I don’t want a funeral. I want a party.”

—“I recently went skydiving

See **GOSPEL**, 10B