



Linda E. Montrose and Grimmy

ready to put the carpet in, when we discovered the company hadn't sent enough carpet for the job. There wasn't a phone there yet, so my husband left with the owner, Stanley Blackwell, to go call about getting the order completed. I continued sweeping and cleaning.

People from town were dropping in to see what was going on, so it wasn't unusual for me to look up and see someone standing in the room. Normally, I could hear the front door open when anyone came in. That was the only way in as the other doors were locked. Where I was sweeping was close enough to the front door that I would have heard someone if they had come in that way. But one visitor came in without a sound.

I looked up to see this little old lady staring at me. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes, which I found strange because they were from the 1950s or so. She had on one of those little pillbox-type hats with the netting on the front, like my grandmother used to wear when they were in style. She didn't say anything; she just stared

at me for a while, then turned and walked down the hall and completely disappeared. She just vanished into thin air, so to speak.

I couldn't believe I had seen a ghost because she was just as solid as you or me. There was no floating off the floor or anything.

When my husband returned with Mr. Blackwell, I told them what I had seen and described the little old lady.

Bob looked at me kind of funny and said, "You have just described Mrs. Petry to a 'T'—but she died back in the early 1960s. She used to own the land this funeral home is built on."

There is no way I could have known what Mrs. Petry looked like because I am not from here—I only moved here in 1977 with my husband so he could be close to his family.

Maybe she just came back to see what was going on. The encounter was somewhat of a letdown, because I always thought that seeing a ghost would be frightening. This one wasn't in the least. Mrs. Petry seemed solid and real, just dressed a little strangely.

I guess Mrs. Petry approved of what was being built on her property, because as I far as I know she hasn't been back.—

Linda E. Montrose, Poynor, Tex.

11:11

My husband Ray died on Christmas Day 1992. Though he was one of my best friends, at the time we were estranged and never shared a final farewell. Ray was an



Khimm Graham

open-minded, optimistic rogue of a man with a penchant for mischief. He was a self-taught student of numerology and was particularly drawn to the number 11. Anytime the digital clock displayed "11:11" he would bring it to my attention. "Whenever you see it, know that something special will happen," he would say. I couldn't help but think of him anytime the number jumped in front of me.

Ray knew he wouldn't live past 40. I heard him say it for 15 years. He sharply recollected past-life memories and reveled in the knowledge that we reincarnate together again, so he lived as though he had the time to make mistakes.

A couple of years ago, I started having trouble with my television. Every time I shut it off, no sooner had I left the room than it clicked back on. After two or three times of playing "off-and-on," it finally remained off.

This continued intermittently for months. I considered an otherworldly communication but hadn't ruled out an electrical short. Being mechanically "de-

clined," I simply dealt with the inconvenience.

Then one night I shut the set off with the remote and played "off-and-on" at least half a dozen times to no avail. I tried turning it off manually, with the same results. So I finally sat down on the sofa and asked aloud, "Okay! How many times do you want to do this tonight?"

I sat back and counted while the TV slowly and deliberately clicked on and off...11 times!

I laughed hysterically and acknowledged Ray's funny greeting. How beautiful it was to embrace that mischievous sense of humor again! His message was more than clear—something special did happen.

Since that night, my technical problems with "off-and-on" have ceased. But I must admit, I'm starting to have some trouble with the volume lately.—*Khimm Graham, Buffalo, N.Y.*

The Important Document

On December 3, 1997, my brother-in-law, Fernando Campos (whom we called "Nanding"), died of a heart attack in a hospital in Manila.

As his body lay dying in the hospital, he was seen at the insurance firm where he worked by several of his co-workers. He even told one of them to take care of his wife, Alina, who was a cancer survivor. On that same day, he was seen by a female friend, Sylvia Amansec, driving his car on the South Expressway going to Makati