Touching the Invisible 4

The Phantom Son

The lady called the church office, asking for an appointment. It was somewhat urgent in that her son had just died and she needed to plan his funeral.

She arrived at the church with her daughter and came into the office, obviously and appropriately sad, and in need of support. She started the conversation confessing that, although her daughter attended our church she did not, but did need some counsel. I assured her that this was not of concern and asked her to be at peace about it.

She started with, “You probably will not believe this and I am hesitant to tell the story; it is too weird to be believable.”

Her daughter took her hand and then the both took turns talking and filling in the details.

He son was in school in Los Angeles and was a good student making good grades. But he came to their house here in Reno unexpectedly the previous night. The lady explained that she was in the kitchen preparing dinner but did not hear him come in. He walked past her to her daughter’s room and then through the closed door and into the room.

Then the daughter began. She related that she was reading a text book and doing some homework when he just appeared at the door of her room. He looked strange, and then said, “Sis, something is wrong. People are not looking at me or acknowledging my presence. They are treating me like, well, like I do not exist. Am I dead or something?”

She did not know what to say, just called out his name and then he turned, walked back through the closed door and into the living room. The lady explained that she had set aside dinner after seeing him and watching him go into the daughter’s bedroom through the closed door, but she did not see him come out when the daughter saw him leave her room.

They did not know what to do or even what to say to each other, so they just stood there for a long time until the daughter spoke and they shared each other’s experience.

An hour of more passed and there was a knock at the door. They responded to find a Sheriff’s Deputy at the door. He asked to come in and they both instinctively knew why he was there. He informed them that the boy had been killed in a car accident a few hours before and gave them contact information with the law enforcement agency in Los Angeles.

When they concluded the story, both wept great sobbing tears and then quieted and looked at me quizzically. They said they knew it was weird and they did not expect me to believe them. I calmed them a bit and then told them that their story was not the first I have heard of an other worldly nature and would probably not be the last. I explained to them my theories of dimension of reality and of a spiritual arena somewhere outside of our perception but probably more real than the physical arena that we perceive as reality. “Yes,” I told them – “I believed you.”

I have talked to many people who have had near death experiences. None of them believe that those experiences were illusions, imaginations, mental disturbances or other labels used by their sceptics. All believe that they were dead and that what the saw and experienced was very real, in fact more real then the perceptions in our physical arena of existence.