

From within the light, the reply came, "I am she who  
Late one evening... year ago. I have turned into my pure  
energy and have left this world to go into the cosmic  
transcendence... I was standing on the perch in front of the class-  
room in the agricultural area. I had stopped to rest from  
sweeping. As I looked out over the L.A. River into the  
smoggy December night, I thought, I only have this one  
section to do, and I'll be through for tonight. A crisp,  
cold breeze blasted through, so I zipped up my windbreaker  
and thanked God that I was not living in the frozen Mid-West.  
All of the sudden, out of the night, a gentle whisper said,  
"Come with me. Come with me." I thought nothing of it  
and ignored the disturbance. Then, all of the lights went  
out. In the total darkness, I heard the voice again but  
louder.

For some reason, I started to walk. It was very dark,  
and I could see nothing. I stupidly walked into a tree.  
The solid form stopped me abruptly, as I ran my hand down  
the hard trunk and felt the bark crumble beneath my hand.  
I cursed myself for my idiocy, but again I heard the voice.  
"Come with me. Come with me." As I stood in the damp,  
soft grass, I said aloud, "'Tis only the wind."

And yet, I kept walking. Whose voice was that?, I  
pondered, ghosts? No, there are no such things. As my mind  
contemplated these questions, I paid no heed to where I  
was or where I was going. Then, I absent-mindedly walked  
into the pile of sawdust. As I stood in the wood scented,  
powder, the voice repeated again, "Come with me. Come with  
me." I sat down in the soft, crumbly mound and thought.

But then, a light blue figure appeared before me. As the  
figure came into focus, it brightened into a brilliant  
white. I stood up, and in fear and awe, I gazed into the  
figure. I tried to get my courage up, and I then asked the  
specter, "Who are you?" "Why are you here?"

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From within the light, the reply came, "I am she who was killed here a year ago. I have turned into my pure energy and have left this world to go into the cosmic tranquility. Come with me. Come with me to the perpetual peace."

Instantly, I felt as if I was being drawn out of my body. I divided up but soon regrouped. I began to float up as if I was lighter than air. I floated up higher and higher. Below me, I could see all of the mortal city called Los Angeles. I went higher and higher. Then, I saw all of the planet Earth as if I were in a spaceship. I started going faster and faster. The stars zoomed past me as I departed to another universe...

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For some reason, I started to walk. It was very dark. The coroner lifted the corpse out of the sawdust pile and I could see nothing. I steadily walked into a tree, and on to the stretcher. As he covered the body completely with a white sheet, Coach Lee asked him <sup>how</sup> the person--now only a decomposing figure--died. "I'm not sure," he replied, "Could be heart failure, but he appears to have just..died."

"That's a shame," Coach Lee replied, "I've known this man a long time. He was a janitor when I joined this school." They both looked at each other and at the form covered with the white sheet on the stretcher. Then the coroner glanced heavenwards. "I sometimes wonder," he said reflectingly, "Where do we go when we die..."

"Where do we go when we die..." As I stood in the wood scented powder, the voice repeated again, "Come with me. Come with me." I sat down in the soft, crumbly mound and thought.

But then, a light blue figure appeared before me. As the figure came into focus, it brightened into a brilliant white. I stood up, and in fear and awe, I gazed into the figure. I tried to get my courage up, and I then asked the specter, "Who are you?" "Why are you here?"