

Continuance

By Joan Black

The moving men had left, my son had returned to his house, furniture was in place (sort of) and boxes and crates stuffed out of sight into the Utility Room. Time to relax. It was a beautiful cool evening in early July and I poured a glass of wine and settled into the rocking chair on the lanai. Huffing a sigh of exhaustion and contentment I enjoyed a quiet few moments contemplating the view of the golf course, the subdued chatter of the players ending their game, the yips of a few puppies taking their owners for a sundown stroll and faint beats of music coming from the pool.

My first night in my new apartment. Shadows and silence crept in to surround me. I felt at peace, confident that I had made the right move... And then, a subtle change in the atmosphere. An electricity in the air; the light touch of an icy draft on the back of my neck; a faint rustling, the sense of a Presence and yes, the very slightest tip of the other rocking chair. I sat perfectly still, my eyes swiveling back and forth and all around. Silly me – just fatigue.

But the feeling that I was not alone persisted. Someone, some THING, was evaluating me, examining my lifestyle, looking into my soul. For several seconds I felt naked, exposed... And then, and then, all was peaceful and serene again, it seemed that there was a nod of the head and ... acceptance.

It dawned on me that my 'Visitors' were the Spirits of Previous Owners of #4D – people who had lived in these rooms during the 40 years prior to my moving in. A quick calculation suggests three, maybe five occupants, all of whom have left their mark, their 'essence', their personalities ingrained into this home – each in their own way contributing to my enjoyment of the place. I believe they were happy people, good citizens, people I would like to have had as friends. People I DO have as friends. In the 15 years I have shared my accommodations with them, there has never been a major disagreement – just a couple of queries as to my good judgment (or lack thereof) when it came to re-modeling or decorating.

All things considered, my 'Haunts' have been an asset, even a pleasure and when the time comes for me to join them, I know I shall be in good company and we shall take good care of the next Owner.