

The Post-It[®] That Wouldn't Die

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In most every collection of spirit encounters you will find stories of plants growing in unlikely places or flowers blooming out of season. The following tale, told by Sylvia Hart Wright,¹ has a most convincing twist that would make Rod Serling envious and Alfred Hitchcock proud.

“One of my most thrilling psi experiences came over a decade after Paul’s [her husband’s] passing. For years I’d received messages from him – repeatedly, though not often, sometimes with gaps of years between. But no other spirit presence ever brightened my door.

“More and more I thought about my mother who’d made her transition in the fall of 1964. At the time, our relationship had been strained for quite a while. I’d chosen to live on the far side of the continent from her. Even after her passing, I often spoke of her critically. But, as the years wore on, I started to see things in a different light. The pressures she’d put on me had made sense in their way. And she herself had had to survive pressures far more severe than any I’d ever endured. I longed to contact her spirit. I wondered: Should I search out a medium? But the skeptic in me still doubted mediums and I’d been spoiled by Paul who’d come to me directly. Then on April 28th of 1996, the first of two convincing manifestations occurred. This would have been my mother’s 100th birthday; she was born exactly a century before.

“On just that day I took a little walk around a side of my house where I rarely venture and discovered that on my neighbor’s property, directly alongside my own, lilacs were growing – and lilacs were my mother’s favorite flower. By then I’d lived in that house for over four years. How could I never have noticed this before? My mother’s favorite flowers were blooming; sending their sweetness to me, tucked between other shrubs that had masked them before for me.

“I keep a log of events I’ve experienced that seem paranormal. But before I make an entry in that log, I usually write a note to myself somewhere else so I can think about it for a while. Think about it, evaluate it, decide if it’s really convincing. So, I wrote a little note to myself on a yellow Post-it: ‘On mom’s 100th birthday, discovered lilacs around back.’ I thought about it and thought about it – then decided not to transfer that note to my log. Because maybe, I thought, it was just a coincidence. I’m no botanist and not much of a gardener. Unless I passed by when the flowers were in bloom, I never would have spotted them. I tossed that Post-it in a waste basket somewhere.

“But this was just the first of two manifestations. Exactly a year after I spotted those lilacs, I looked for them again. They weren’t blooming. But on my desk, in plain sight, was that yellow Post-it. That yellow Post-it that I’d thrown away. And this manifestation was just like my mother. My mother was always afraid that the rest of us in the family would throw out something valuable, so she used to go through our waste baskets, just in case.

¹ Wright, Sylvia Hart, *When Spirits Come Calling: The Open-Minded Skeptics Guide to After-Death Contacts*, Blue Dolphin Publishing, 2002, pp. 109-110. Excerpt used by permission of the author.

“At last I was convinced; I made an entry in my log.”

Discussion

If the elapsed time between the supposed disposal of the note and its reappearance had been days, or even weeks, then it would be easier to believe that Wright had not actually thrown it in the trash and simply failed to see it stuck among the papers on her desk. But to have it disappear for almost a year is harder to accept as normal. To have it reappear precisely one year after it was written, on the anniversary of her mother’s birth, stretches the bounds of coincidence too far. On top of all this, what makes the case truly deserving of ranking is the congruency between this event and the mother’s history of rescuing items from the trash.

END CASE 53

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