

**CAN THE DEAD
COMMUNICATE
WITH THE LIVING?**

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Can the Dead Communicate with the Living? by I. M. Haldeman

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I. M. HALDEMAN

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WITH THE LIVING?**

Can the Dead Communicate With the Living?



By

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Christ," "Christian Science in the Light of
Holy Scripture," etc.*



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They went as when the mower's scythe cuts down the ripening grain; as when rude hands snatch the rose from the flowering bush; as when a star slips from the galaxies of the night, leaving only the void of darkness; as when the sun goes down at noon; as when the song in its loftiest lilt quivers, breaks, the refrain is hushed and there is only the chorus of choking sobs and the rain of tears.

And the living will not let them go.

The father still dreams of the plans he had made when the son of his pride should win the coveted place and be to him as a bulwark, a refuge, a retreat, a consolation in the deepening shadows of his declining years.

The mother still listens for the rushing sound of boyish footsteps and the old familiar cry, "Hello! Mother!" entwining in the lusty accents some pet and loving name.

The sister through blinding tears keeps dear memory of the brawny strength of a comrade brother ever at her side to kid and help her.

The wife staggers and is near to swoon as she waits in vain for the strong arms that once framed her against a throbbing heart, and the whispered words of loyal love that thrilled and filled her.

Children look up with a strange wistfulness and wide eyes of painful wonder and cannot understand why Father comes no more.

The living will not let them go.

They will not let them pass beyond.

Nay! they stretch out their hands and fain would so hold them that they may not pass a moment from life's daily ways and ken. Yea, they make them halt and step out of the unwonted procession always gliding to the night, the night that never turns to morning.

And Memory comes to reign and rule and take on strength and vividness and all commanding power that makes the past return.

The living live over again the companionship of their dead. They walk or ride or drive with them the old roads, the fields, the woodlands and the oft frequented paths. They take up the old letters, almost faded, some of them, write them over, type-write them. They read into them or out of them a concept of character, splendid bravery and manly worth such as they never dreamed were in these dear and absent lives. They take up a book at a page turned down, and refuse to read beyond. They sit in the room that was specially theirs and breathe in the lingering atmosphere of sad, of bitter, yet sweetest yesterdays. They collect the pictures of the dear ones, dearest to them now, and arrange them on desk or wall, gaze on them till the eyes in the picture seem to move and the lips, wreathed with the old smile, almost open and the gazer waits spellbound, thinking to hear them speak again.

No! the living will not let them go.