

**HOW I KNOW THAT
THE DEAD
ARE ALIVE**

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How I Know that the Dead are Alive by Fannie Ruthven Paget

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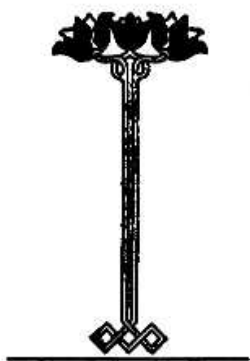
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Photo by Morris, Galveston, Texas.

FANNY RUTHVEN PAGET, HOUSTON, TEXAS.

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FOREWORD.

"Fools deride—philosophers investigate."

In writing this book I am yielding to a sense of duty, that impels me to offer to the thinking and reading public, a series of incidents, embracing psychological experiences, that came to me as unsought and unasked as I am giving them to those who care to avail themselves of the reading thereof; and no matter how adversely their lack of sequence may impress the reader, they impressed the writer similarly when they intruded themselves upon her discriminating mentality.

When evidence of this mysterious force first manifested itself, May 21st, 1911, I was an avowed non-believer in religion of any kind, with little knowledge and less toleration of all things supernatural. Naturally, deep impressions resulted and my viewpoint veered around in harmony with demonstrated facts, but I have no "Isms" to inflict on those who read. I am simply recording a chain of incidents just as they came to me in all their mystery-laden weirdness, without intent of interfering with the desire, belief or faith of any one, as I have even less respect for the person who changes his opinions with every opportunity than I have for the pent-up, fossilized mind that admits its limitations by never changing. My hope is that the reader will maintain an open mind throughout the reading and then investigate the subject thoroughly for himself, as knowledge is never really knowledge unless we *know for ourselves*, to which this subject lends itself admirably, for where it is concerned one either *knows* or *does not know*.

From the inception of these phenomena to the writing of this book I have respected a constraint not to read books or writings on the subject; therefore, it is needless for me to say that I am not affiliated with, nor am I writing under, the auspices of any person, sect, cult or society.

The conscious continuity of life after death has always been attested by the universal instinct and believed by nearly every one, as it is the foundation of all religions. Unfortunately, it has been so shrouded in mystery and uncertainty that its solution has engaged the prophets, sages and philosophers since before the Father of Wisdom said "There is nothing new under the sun" to this, our very materialistic present; during which time there has been such a persistence of evidence that we are compelled to admit that there is something, somewhere, not dreamt of in our materialistic philosophy.