

In the summer of 1989 in Virden, Illinois I with several members of my wife's family tore down the house that my wife's Grandparents had originally built in the early 1900s. The house was presently occupied by my wife's parents. It took a few months to tear down until a modular home could be brought in to the lot. We had it down to just the basic studs and outside shell while I was getting ready to call it a day. I was shutting it all up for the night and gathering tools up etc, and as I was preparing to open the side door and leave, there stood 8 feet from me was a full body apparition in the kitchen area. My hair was standing on end and goose bumps galore. The apparition was somebody who had passed away a few years earlier. It was my wife's Grandmother, a lady I truly admired in life. I was a pall bearer at her funeral which was a great honor for me. As I gawked in awe and stood motionless for what seemed like 20 minutes but actually was about 10 seconds, her mouth moved but I heard nothing and she was dressed in her lavender colored burial dress. I was never so scared in my life and as I turned to leave she just faded away. It was amazing to witness that. This is a true story.

Pat