



Chris Alan Foreman

With Dead Certainty

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How would you lead your life if you knew
With Dead Certainty
the day on which you would die?

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Introduction: Three Giants

“If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants.”

Sir Isaac Newton

Giant 1.

This book is dedicated to my long-time literary mentor, C.S. Lewis, who planted a seed of imagination in my soul which took forty years to blossom into this manuscript.

God will invade. But I wonder whether people who ask God to interfere openly and directly in our world quite realize what it will be like when He does. When that happens, it is the end of the world. When the author walks on to the stage the play is over.

God is going to invade, all right: but what is the good of saying you are on His side then, when you see the whole natural universe melting away like a dream and something else—something it never entered your head to conceive—comes crashing in; something so beautiful to some of us and so terrible to others that none of us will have any choice left? For this time, it will be God without disguise; something so overwhelming that it will strike either irresistible love or irresistible horror into every creature.

It will be too late then to choose your side. There is no use saying you choose to lie down when it has become impossible to stand up. That will not be the time for choosing; it will be the time when we discover which side we really have chosen, whether we realized it before or not. Now, today, this moment, is our chance to choose the right side. God is holding back to give us that chance. It will not last forever. We must take it or leave it.

~ *Mere Christianity*. C.S. Lewis. New York: Macmillan, 1952: 66.

Giant 2.

I owe a debt of gratitude to the scientist and theologian, Sir John Polkinghore, whose insights propelled this work of fiction.

We may summarize a viable approach to eschatological expectations in terms of four propositions:

1. If the universe is a creation, it must make sense everlastingly, and so ultimately it must be redeemed from transience and decay.
2. If human beings are creatures loved by their Creator, they must have a destiny beyond their deaths. Every generation must participate equally in that destiny, in which it receives the healing of its hurts and the restoration of its integrity, thereby participating for itself in the ultimate fulfilment of the divine purpose.
3. In so far as present human imagination can articulate eschatological expectation, it has to do so within the tension between continuity and discontinuity. There must be sufficient continuity to ensure that individuals truly share in the life to come as their resurrected selves and not as new beings simply given the old names. There must be sufficient discontinuity to ensure that the life to come is free from the suffering and mortality of the old creation.
4. The only ground for such a hope lies in the steadfast love and faithfulness of God that is testified to by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

~ *The God of Hope and the End of the World*. John Polkinghore. New Haven: Yale University Press, 2002: 148-149.

Giant 3.

The premise of this book expands upon a vision written down by Saint John the Revelator:

Then I looked and heard the voice of many angels, numbering thousands upon thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand. They encircled the throne and the living creatures and the elders. In a loud voice they sang: "Worthy is the Lamb, who was slain, to receive power and wealth and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and praise!"

Then I heard every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and on the sea, and all that is in them, singing: "To him who sits on the throne and to the Lamb be praise and honor and glory and power, for ever and ever!" The four living creatures said, "Amen," and the elders fell down and worshiped.

~ Revelation 5, 11-14, NIV

Chapter 1

A Victorian Grave Stone

Late on a Friday afternoon, Sadie Roberts ambled down a trash-strewn sidewalk. She trudged under a noisy freeway then peered through the wrought-iron bars of old Pioneer Cemetery. The two acres of grave stones appeared frozen in time, preserved in a state of *arrested decay*. Granite monuments lay tilted, disjointed, and toppled. Short metal fencing encompassed the markers of long-interred families, their black-painted ornamentation dissolving into rust.

The oldest headstone in Pioneer Cemetery showed a death date of 1854, but the ones facing Hesperian Boulevard dated mostly from the 1880s. Sadie recognized some of the big-shot names like *Lewelling* and *Meeks* since local streets were named in their honor.

Once important people, she mused, but now moldering like all the rest. She once learned there was a pauper field on the far lot where indigents were buried without markers. She philosophized: *Death is truly the great equalizer of us all.*

Sadie's hazel eyes fixed on one limestone slab which faced an arm's length from the busy boulevard. Time and weather had blackened the inscription, but a stone relief was still discernable. The stonework depicted an old-fashioned woman, kneeling in sorrow, palm of one hand propping a weary head. "So sad," she murmured. "So sad." The melancholy image burrowed deep into her soul.

That particular Friday was October 31, 2025, and Sadie Roberts was walking home from San Lorenzo High School.

As she let go of the bars, the fifteen-year-old pondered the derelict graveyard. *I don't get it. Why do some of my classmates like to dress up as Halloween skeletons?* She glanced back at a collapsing grave and shivered. *The time will come soon enough when they won't need costumes to display theirrib bones.*

Sadie then thought of her father. He was resting in a cemetery too; not in this one but at Chapel of the Chimes. His tombstone read: 1977–2022. She remembered asking him one day why ghosts and ghouls were such spooky figures.

Being a seminary graduate, his answer was of course theological. "Human beings are what's called a *conditional unity* composed of a body and a soul. That's how we relate to each other in everyday interaction. When I look at you, I see your material body, but I perceive an immaterial soul animating the muscle and bone. However, when the unity breaks down at death, the bond between the two parts dissolves and each part becomes mysterious—uncanny. A walking soul-less body is seen as a ghoulish or zombie

while a visible body-less soul is represented as a ghost or spirit. That explains why such things are otherworldly.”

Sadie walked to the stop sign pondering her dad’s words. She then crossed to the corners of Usher and College Street. She recalled her freshman history class, when she had learned this area was termed *Pioneer Square*, because the original settlement sprang from that city block.

A local historian had explained to her class, “When prospectors first discovered California gold in 1849, successful miners built mansions in San Francisco. Those not so successful squatted here in the East Bay. On this particular mud flat, near San Lorenzo Creek, pioneers built a grammar school in 1865, enclosed the cemetery in 1870, and erected the Centennial Community Church in 1876.”

Sadie recalled interrupting the docent, “This old church is where my father is the minister; that is, at least until he died from Covid-19.”

After a minute of gloomy reminiscence, Sadie proceeded through the church parking lot then creaked open a side door to the parsonage. Her mom wasn’t home yet, but her little sister sprawled on the sofa, flicking through Tik-Toks.

Aubrey was oblivious to her elder’s approach.

“Aren’t you supposed to be doing homework?” Sadie chided.

“Just checking the weather,” the ten-year old replied with a giggle. “But don’t tell mom.”

Sadie then inquired, “So, Aubrey, are you doing any trick-or-treating this evening?”

“No, I’ll just pass out candy. I helped mom with that harvest festival on Wednesday. That’s enough for me. Anyway, I’m too old to be a Disney princess and you know I’m not allowed to dress up like a zombie or witch.” She imitated her mom’s voice. “Such a costume doesn’t bring glory to God.”

The doorbell buzzed and Sadie raced for the bucket of treats. She plunked mini chocolate bars into three pumpkin-shaped containers.

After a few minutes, Madison Roberts flung open the door. “Sorry, girls” she puffed. “The class room was crazy today. Plus, I had to stop off at Luckys to pick up dinner. Does spaghetti sound good? Hey, I also have this bag full of treats left over from my pumpkin carving contest. I’m sure glad Halloween comes just once a year.”

A dozen kids and a few teenagers rang the parsonage doorbell over the next few hours. At nine o’clock Madison pulled in the pumpkins and turned off the porch light. She permitted an hour of screentime, then asked the two girls to turn off their room lights. Sadie stayed up an extra thirty minutes to write her daily activities in her journal.

Chapter 2

Sadie's First Dream

Was it gastric indigestion caused by a spaghetti-Hershey bar dinner? Or maybe it was the unsettling nature of ghoulish Halloween costumes? Or could it have been a true visitation from the world beyond? For whatever reason, Sadie experienced a nighttime of vivid dreaming. The series of thoughts, images, and emotions did not reset at brief awakenings, but instead persisted from episode to episode; first pleasant, then frightening, next bizarre, and finally mysterious.

The night visions began in Africa where her family had once served as missionaries. Her dad was preaching; Her mom singing. She sat next to her sister, Scarlett, and somehow little Aubrey stooped, feeding banana chunks to vervet monkeys. “How did such creatures get into the church?” she marveled.

Her Rwanda friends appeared in the dream too: Maria, Rachel, Vivian, and especially Nkusi—the boy she left behind.

The scene shifted. Sadie saw the bones of that awful Nyamata genocide memorial. She heard her mom insist she was too young to view such horror, but felt a yank on her arm as her dad pulled her toward the place of death.

She looked at the terrible photos of stacked corpses which squirmed when she examined them. She viewed tables piled with leg bones. A Halloween table festooned with orange and black bunting was heaped high with shattered head bones. One wizened skull winked an eye socket at her. A second, which had retained a patch of scalp, grinned at her with broken teeth. They both sniggered and hopped as she retreated in fright.

Her perspective melted into San Lorenzo. She beheld the over-decorated front lawn of her gothic neighbor. In the company of a dozen fake spiders, three artificial headstones, and one grim reaper, the two African skulls continued to wink and grin at her. Then that over-sized plastic skeleton lurched, reaching out two bony hands. Sadie shuddered and awoke, but only for a moment.

She now stood at her dad's funeral, not in the chapel, but at the grave side. As pallbearers lowered the casket into the pit, she glanced to the side to see her mother and sisters weeping. There was Grampa Ken with Pascazia. She recognized her uncles, aunts, and cousins. Everyone was so sad, except the two African skulls which kept up their bouncing, winking, and grinning. Sadie shot up in bed, realized she was dreaming, and returned her own head to the comfort of her pillow.

Now she felt her fingers grasp the cold bars of Pioneer Cemetery. A gust of wind whisked loose paper among the gravestones. Once more Sadie's eyes were fixed upon the woman stuck in stone. At first focus, the image lay motionless, but slowly the stone began to animate as in a flickering motion picture. The Victorian figure stood erect and gazed through the bars. She stared directly into the eyes of Sadie, but the teenager wasn't alarmed. She possessed a matter-of-fact knowledge the woman would not be able to escape the stone.

The apparition began to speak, but her words sounded archaic, in a kind of sing-song dialect. "Why are you starin' at me for? Oh darlin', I'm sorry. Ye can't read my name, can ye? Well, I'm Mary Dickson, born in Newry, Ireland, in 1830 and died in this God-forsaken hole in 1878." She pointed to her left. "Look yonder. That's my new church over there."

The phantom continued to speak in her Irish lilt but was soon drowned out by two talking skulls which had bounced clear of a nearby pit. Almost like a comedy skit, the duo were bantering in the Kinyarwanda tongue. The words were familiar but jumbled. The dreamer woke up, her bedroom awash in sunlight.

She sat up in bed, her legs dangling over the sideboards. Sadie knew that if she did not immediately recite the dream in words, the night visions would evaporate from memory. "How odd it is," she considered "my actual dreams will dissolve, but not the words that come out of my mouth."

She grabbed her journal and hand-wrote down three words: *Mary-Ireland-1878*. She then went on with her Saturday, retaining the eerie apprehension of a perplexing dream.

Later in the day, she wrote about her dream sequence. Once vivid details had already evaporated. Yet she did remember the casualness with which she had observed the chattering skulls, as if such things were a common occurrence. She wrote in her journal: "The most remarkable thing about a dream is that the most remarkable thing within a dream is not remarkable at all."

On Sunday, Sadie sat in the old church next to her mom and little sister. Brother Thomas preached about wolves in sheep clothing. *Not as good as dad*, she spoke to herself. However, she knew enough to be grateful to the pastor and deacons. After all, they had granted the Roberts family permission to remain in the parsonage even after her father had passed away. The property was age-worn, but the rent was reasonable.

Her thoughts turned to Scarlett. Her older sister used to sit with them in this front pew, but she had turned sour after her dad's death. Last year Scarlett told her mom she was *reconstructing her Christianity* and seemed happy to escape the house and move down the road to Stanford University.

Sometimes her mom just shook her head as she read Scarlett's postings on Instagram. In fact, a few days earlier, Scarlett had posted a selfie showing her at a *No Kings* march in Palo Alto. More disturbing to Maddy than the left-wing politics was that faux-diamond septum ring. Even a modern fifteen-year-old, like Sadie, viewed the hoop as unbecoming of such a pretty face.

After church, Sadie walked the half block to the Victorian tombstone. Once again, she strained to read the obscure inscription situated below the petrified woman. Maybe she could discern the capitol letters of *BORN* and *DIED*, but certainly nothing beyond that.

On Monday during lunch break, Sadie sought out Lorenzo. He was probably the smartest student in tenth grade, a bit of a nerd, but she knew the guy was sweet on her.

"Hey, Lolo. I need your help with something."

He stopped whispering into his device. She hadn't really spoken with him before. He pushed back his unkept hair, struggling to achieve nonchalance. "Sure, Sadie. How can I help you?"

After school, Lorenzo happily walked down Hesperian Boulevard to the graveyard. He looked through the iron bars, scrutinized the limestone, and admitted he could not decipher the words either.

"However," he said, raising an index finger, "Let's try this." He snapped a photo of the tombstone with his new iPhone. "I've got *Apple Intelligence*, you know." Having said that, he dragged the screen photo and dropped it into his ChatGPT portal. He began a spoken conversation with Chatbert, his closest confidant.

Lorenzo to Chatbert: "What does the inscription on the gravestone say?"

Chatbert (responding in written text): "The inscription on the gravestone is quite weathered and faint, but I can make out portions of it. Here's what I can decipher and infer with some reasonable confidence.

In Memory of [Mary or Martha]
Wife of James [Dunn or Dunning]
Born in [Ireland? Or another place—unclear]
[Sept __ 18__]
Died Jan __ 18__]

The stone also features a relief carving near the top showing a mourning woman kneeling beside an obelisk or monument, framed by trees, which was a common Victorian-era motif representing grief and remembrance.

If you'd like, I can try to digitally enhance the image to make the inscription more readable by adjusting the contrast and exposure. Would you like me to do that?"

Lorenzo: “Yes, please digitally enhance so it’s easier to read. What does this say now?”

Chatbert: “Would you like me to transcribe the inscription from this enhanced version?”

Lorenzo: “Yes, transcribe it.”

Chatbert: “From the enhanced image, the lines of the gravestone inscription read:

In Memory of Mary A. Dickson
Wife of James Dickson
Born in Newry, Ireland
Sept 10, 1830
Died Jan 2, 1878
Aged 47 years”

Lorenzo: “Thanks, Chatbert. That’s all.”

Lorenzo showed Chatbert’s words which were glowing on his screen.

Sadie studied them, scrunched her face, then pulled her red journal from her backpack. She read aloud the three words she had scribbled on Saturday morning: *Mary-Ireland-1878*.

Lorenzo appeared puzzled, “I thought you told me you couldn’t read the inscription.”

“That’s absolutely true. I couldn’t.” Then she explained the mysterious means by which she had received the information.

Chapter 3

A Birthday to Remember

Terri was Aubrey’s *bestie*. They did everything together that ten-year-olds are wont to do. This best friend was turning eleven on November sixth and was having a birthday party. Aubrey was invited of course and presented her mom with this written card.

“You are invited to the eleventh birthday of Terri Parker. WHEN? Saturday, November 8, 2025. Party begins at noon; cake is cut at 1:00; and pick up is at 2:00. WHERE? The Parker house, 306 Lewelling Boulevard, San Lorenzo. WHAT? Please, bring token gifts only (under \$20) WHO? Richard the Magnificent will be entertaining with his array of illusions and parlor tricks. RSVP by texting Angie at 350-235-9909.”

Plans were set. Mrs. Roberts would drop her daughter at the Parkers on Saturday at noon, picking up Alice Pinckney along the way. She would then return to the house two hours later.

Sadie accompanied Aubrey the few blocks to the Walmart where the girls purchased a board game called *Walk the Dogs*. Aubrey felt guilty because the gift turned out to be \$21.53 with tax. Sadie relieved her sister's concern by saying, "I'm absolutely positive the gift limit of twenty dollars was meant to be before tax."

However, events did not proceed as planned. On Friday evening, Mrs. Parker received an urgent phone call from Richard the Magnificent. The illusionist turned out to be not so magnificent after all. He reported he had wrenched his back moving a piano. He was so sorry, but he could not make the birthday party on Saturday.

When Terri caught wind of the cancelation, she was beside herself. "Mom, what are we going to do? You know I told all my friends that magician guy was going to be here. He was really fun at our Girl Scout Fair."

"Let me check out Yelp," she replied. "Maybe I can find a substitute." Mrs. Parker didn't want to text because the time was too short to wait for a response. Instead, she phoned the Mighty Magic Group and Freddie the Dreamer. The news was not good: eight hours was just not enough notice for any magician to do an appearing act.

Terri suggested "How about that lady next to the beauty shop at the strip mall?"

Mrs. Parker appeared puzzled.

Terri continued "You know, the one with the red hand in the window."

Her mom guffawed, "She's not a magician. She's a palm reader, psychic, or something of that sort. I have no idea if she can do parties."

She whined, "But a psychic is like a magician, right? Oh, mom please-please-please give her a call."

"Well, maybe she could be entertaining," conjectured Mrs. Parker.

About noon on the next day, Terri's friends began to drop by the house. A bit later, when seven of eight guests had arrived, Mrs. Parker herded the group together. The girls were mostly fifth graders from Grant Elementary School. A few older and younger sisters tagged along.

"I have good news and bad news," she said in her mom voice. "First the bad news: Richard the Magnificent called me last night and said that he had sprained his back at another party. He won't be here."

There were several disappointed groans.

“Now for the good news. Madam Diana the Clairvoyant will be here in a few minutes to show you real magic.” She emphasized the words *Madam* and *real* to provide the woman with a sense of gravitas.

There were a few audible complaints.

“Come on now. Haven’t you ever wondered about crystal balls and tarot cards?”

The cake was already cut and Diana had not yet appeared. Mrs. Parker looked at her watch. She then heard an old car sputter into the driveway.

Terri opened the front door and Madam Diana squeezed in sideways, struggling with a paper bag in one hand and a suitcase in the other. Diana was a plump woman of about sixty. She dressed in a gypsy-style outfit with head scarf, shawl, and bangles. She wafted of patchouli oil.

She confessed to Terri, “This is my first gig at a birthday party.” Then winked, “But for three-hundred dollars I’ll do one every day.”

The clairvoyant gathered all the girls into the living room. She cleared off the coffee table and put her tarot cards and crystal ball on the surface. She also placed a pad of lined paper on the glass table top.

The nine girls slouched in couches or rested on the carpet.

Diana called the birthday girl forward and read her future with the tarot cards. “Whoa! Your destiny will change this very day. I guarantee you will have good luck.”

The girls were amused but not amazed.

Diana didn’t have to be psychic to tell boredom was settling in.

She asked the girls if any had heard of automatic writing divination.

They all shrugged with indifference.

Madam Diana explained, “This is a method of psychic communication where I let my conscious mind go still and allow messages to be written through my hand.”

Madam Diana thought a moment. “Okay, I’ll show you how it works. This is a birthday party, right? So let me reveal the birthdays of each of you in this room.”

A tingle of excitement shot through the parlor.

Diana tore a single sheet of paper from the notepad and clipped it to a board. She handed the clipboard and red pen to Terri and said to all the girls, “Now, I want each one of you to write down your name and the date of your birth.”

Then to Terri, she said, “I want you to hang on to the paper and don’t let me see it, okay?”

The birthday girl walked around the room collecting a name and birthday from each friend. When complete, Terri added her own name and date, then placed the clipboard face down on the carpet.

Madam Diana then asked for silence. She uttered a few dramatic words to herself then closed her eyes for about thirty seconds. She took her old-fashioned fountain pen and with her eyes firmly shut she wrote on a pad of onion-skin paper.

When she completed her automatic writing, she blinked her eyes, made a face as if awakening from a trance, and looked around the room. Without glancing down, she picked up the paper, flapped it a few times to dry the ink, then handed it to Aubrey Roberts.

“Young lady,” she said. “In a moment, please read the first name on my list along with the corresponding birthday.”

The psychic then turned to Terri Parker, “Please, pick up the clipboard on the floor. As your friend reads out the words of automatic writing, you say yes if the names and birthdates are correct but no if they’re wrong.”

Diana gestured to Aubrey to begin.

Everyone in the room was utterly amazed. Terri said yes nine consecutive times.

Mrs. Parker was also impressed. “How in the world did you do that?”

Madam Diana spoke in a guttural voice, “Maybe it wasn’t from this world at all. Maybe my hand was guided from a force beyond this world.”

Mrs. Parker broke the spell by shouting to the girls, “Okay. Let’s open the presents.” The girls began to shout and the festivity resumed.

Before the party broke up at two o’clock, Aubrey approached her best friend for a special favor. “My sister Sadie is really interested in dreams and psychic stuff. Please let me keep the two sheets of paper; the one we girls filled out and the automatic writing.”

Since the two fifth-graders were besties, Terri handed over the two magical papers.

Parents soon began to arrive at the Parker home. Aubrey’s phone beeped with a message: “Just arrived out front.”

Aubrey informed Alice and both girls picked up their gift bags on the way out the front door. Aubrey made sure the two magic papers were tucked deep in the bottom of her bag.

Both girls hopped into the back seat of the Prius, and after a confirmation of fastened seatbelts, Madison drove away.

She casually asked her daughter, “So, how did you like the party, Sweetie?”

Aubrey replied with a vague, “Oh, it was okay.”

Alice was effervescent. “Mrs. Roberts, it was great! Michael the Magnificent couldn’t make it. So, can you guess who came instead?”

Aubrey cringed, knowing her mom would not be pleased with the answer.

Mrs. Roberts replied to Alice with a smile, “I can’t imagine. Who was it?”

Alice could hardly spit out the words fast enough. “There was a gypsy lady called Madam Diana. And do you know what she did? She guessed the names of all nine of us. I think she called herself a psychic. She closed her eyes, went into a trance, then wrote them on paper. It was really cool. Aubrey got to read out the names and Terri said she was right on each of them.”

Alice was proud of her statement; Aubrey was concerned; Madison was stunned.

Mrs. Roberts tried to contain her surprise, raising only one eyebrow. “Aubrey,” she intoned, “Is that what happened?”

“Yes, mom. That’s pretty much the way it was. Terri’s mom made all the arrangements at the last minute because the other guy couldn’t make it. We had no advanced notice a psychic would come. Diana told me she got three hundred dollars for just showing up.”

“I see,” Madison said to Aubrey. “We’ll have to talk more about this when we get home.”

Silence prevailed until Alice Pinckney hopped from the car.

After the door slammed, Aubrey asked her mom “Am I in trouble?”

“We’ll talk at the breakfast table,” came the reply. A tense silence ensued.

Once home and seated across from each other, Maddy sucked in a deep breath.

Aubrey was in tears as she explained herself. “I’m sorry, mom. I could tell something was wrong, but what could I do with all my friends around? I couldn’t chicken out.”

The mom sensed her daughter was more shaken by the incident than she was herself.

“It’s not your fault, Aubrey,” her mom soothed. “I’ll have to give Mrs. Parker a call to ask what she was thinking when she arranged to have an occult palm reader as entertainment.”

“But mom,” she sputtered on. “You know Sadie had something like this happen to her too? Something about ghosts, birthdates, and dreams.”

“What?” Madison raised her voice involuntarily.

“Yes, she told me about it a few days ago.”

“Stay here,” said the mom. “This is going to be a three-way conversation.”

Sadie was sitting in her room, working on math homework.

Her mom tapped the closed door, then stepped inside. “Sadie, your sister tells me you’re having mysterious dreams.”

She looked up from her book. “Did that little tattletale rat on me?”

Madison remained calm, “It’s complicated. Can you join us at the breakfast table? Maybe together, we can make sense of Aubrey’s story.”

Sadie drew up the third chair and the three commenced to talk. At first, Sadie was disappointed her little sister had betrayed her confidence, but as Aubrey described the psychic encounter, she was drawn in.”

When Aubrey finally concluded her brush with the paranormal. Madison addressed her daughters. “I’m really not upset with you girls. I know unexpected things happen in life. It’s how you react to them that really counts. So, Sadie, please give the long account about what you experienced.”

“I think that’s fair,” said the older daughter. “But rather than explain, let me get my journal. It’s private—for my eyes only—but in this case I’d like to share it with you.”

The fifteen-year-old returned to the breakfast nook, journal in hand, and read aloud details of her Halloween dream, the Victorian grave stone, and the assistance provided by Lorenzo. She held out her book, pointing to the three words scribbled on Saturday, then she showed them the screen shot of Lorenzo’s conversation on Monday.

Aubrey was reluctant, but she dug out the paper evidence of her paranormal experience. Madison looked over the papers and was about to rip them up, when Sadie interceded. “Mom, I’d like to do some research on this topic. You know I’m a serious Christian and am repulsed by the occult. If this is a trick by Madam Diana, I like to figure it out.”

Madison considered. She pushed the papers to Sadie. “I’ll do this on one condition: That is, that we share the whole story with your Grandpa Ken. I just learned he and Pascazia are hosting a Thanksgiving dinner in Mill Valley. As far as the supernatural goes, he’s the wisest man I know. Let’s have this same discussion with him and see what he says about Madam Diana.” She paused, “And, Sadie, we can talk about your weird dream too.”