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the sun." Now that's a funny thing, isn't it? And as yet, there was nothing ever happened. I'll tell you one thing, and I've asked three clergymen since it happened about it, and I don't know--even you might say I didn't really see it. When my last little boy was born--he's 10 years old--I was in Neil's Harbour Hospital. I was reading a western magazine. There was no thought whatsoever in my mind of ghosts or dead people or anything like this--and it seemed like there was something telling me to look up at the door, that there's some? thing watching me. And I looked, and my husband's father--he had been dead two years--honest to god, that man was stand? ing in the door, looking at me. And a very serious, serious look was on his face. But at the time I didn't get frightened, be? cause it came on me so quick. But it wasn't like I was looking at you. It was like pebbles in front of it, like pebbly glass. And when I blinked my eyes, he was gone. The funny part about that, he wasn't dressed in the same clothes that he went into his grave in. Now in his grave, he went in a black suit. VJhat he had on was a red checkered shirt and a pair of green dungarees. And his arms were folded like this. So it was the next morning that it really hit me, that I did get scared. I told the nurse. She asked me what was wrong, so I told her what I had seen. And why should I see that? You know, to see something like that, I thought something was going to happen to the baby. "Well," she said, "did you know that this was the room that he died in?" I said, "No, I didn't." So when I came home, it bothered me so much, there were three different priests came to this area, and each one of them I asked. Well, the first person, he told me I imagined it. The second clergyman told me that women are always seeing things. And the third told me that if I were ever to see it again, to speak to it and ask him what he wants. But as yet, I haven't seen him since. It's not nice to see and hear those things. No. It gives you a clammy feeling. There's the night I V7ent to the door here and a certain woman came to the door. She's not from this area now. And this huge dog was beneath her arm--big black dog. "Well," I said to her, "you're travelling in good company tonight." She said, "What do you mean?" I said, "Your big dog"--oh, this dog, right beneath her arm. She said, "You silly? There's no dog with me." So when she started to step over the step, the dog was gone. Now that--to see a huge black dog--is bad. That's a bad sign, a very bad sign. (Did anything bad come of it?) Oh, yes. John A. Wilkie, Sugar Loaf: The Cocka? trice • you ever hear of that? It's men? tioned in the dictionary and in the Bible. As far as I could figure out, it was a story that was started up because they had to save all the hay, making hay--they had a lot of cattle those days, and sheep. And I know my parents, when they were hajnnak- fcst onve this nu?;nifkcnt motoring ievenfr EUROCAR SERVICE LTD. Westmount, opposite Dobson Yacht Club 564-9721 mmfOER HOIfU located Rt 255, 5 miles from Glace Bay Port Morien PHONE:737-2408 Enjoy your favorite A Warm Welcome to LOCATED IN SOUTOWESTERN CAPE BRETON RICHMOND COUNTY OFFERS ITS VISITORS MILES OF OCEAN SHORELINE, NUMEROUS LAKES AND RIVERS FOR FISHING AND CANOEING, SPECTACULAR HIKING TRAILS, AND COUNTRY ROADS IDEAL FOR BICYCLERS. (19