



ON SEEING MY MOTHER'S GHOST

I was with my mother in a Philadelphia hospital when she died. I had gone to Philadelphia to make arrangements for her to go into hospice care.

When I arrived her doctor was in her room, and said that she had arrived at the point of no return. He needed my approval to provide her with a morphine drip, which meant it was over.

I spent the two hours with her, as she diminished. Suddenly I realized this was the point in the Tibetan Book of the Dead to tell the dying person what to expect. I told mother about the white light and the bardos, and then she died.

I went back to her flat, and instead of sleeping in her bed, I slept on the couch. Suddenly at the foot of the couch I saw mother as a transparent figure. She waived goodbye to me, and vanished.

I believe in ghosts.