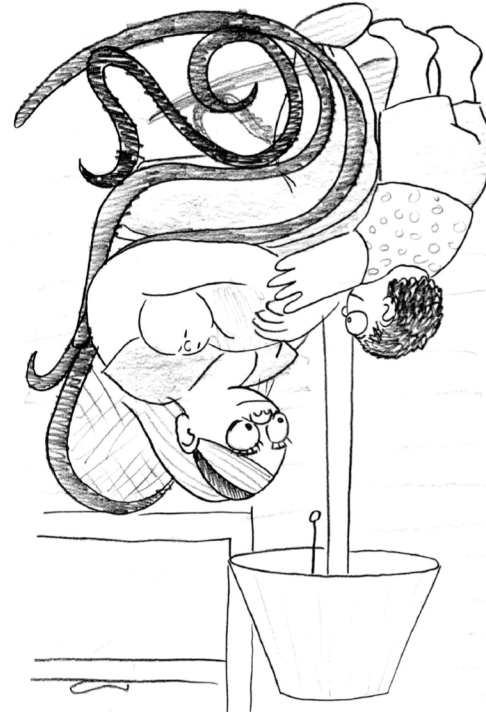
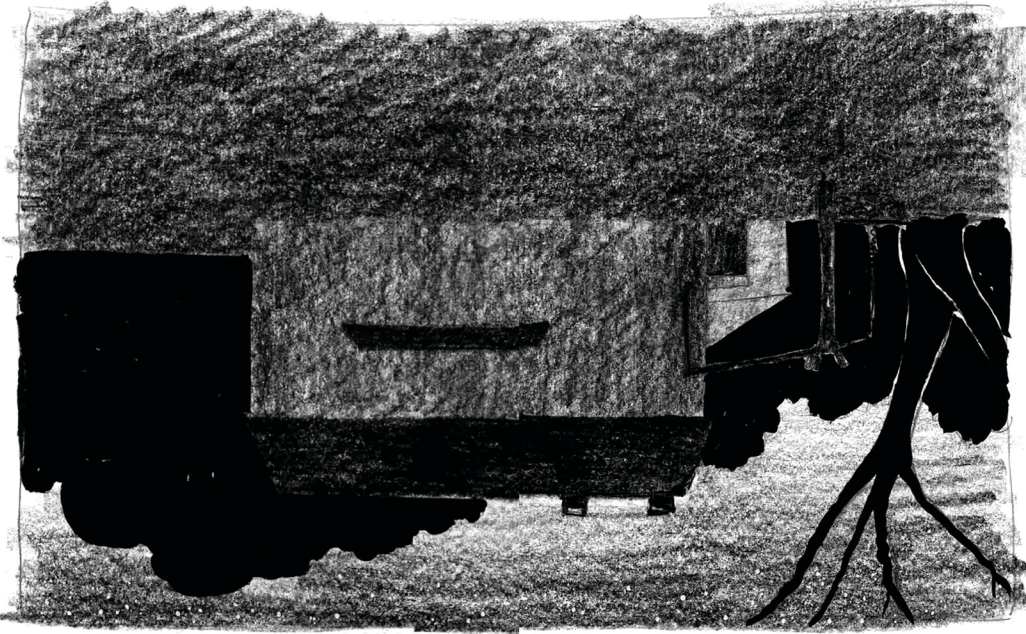


I should visit him sometime.

I bet he's still out on the farm.



So then, what about the soul of the boy? The skipped over heir to the materiality?
I used to think that maybe my soul and hers shared my body and that that's what was going on with me, but I know now that it's just hers, that's rattling around in me. Which I guess means it's not my sister's soul, it's just mine.

My mom went on to have my brother, then a miscarriage, and then me. If my math and sloppy soul/body/vessel logic is correct then it's possible that the stubborn soul of my miscarried sister took my body since hers wasn't viable.



Frances Cordelia Beaver is a storyteller, artist, performer, musician & educator living and working in Philadelphia, PA.

Francescordeliabeaver.com



My parents worked at a living history museum on an 18th Century farm in a state park in Delco. It's where they met, and then were married. Which is kinda funny 'cause when you're a kid you think your parents are super old and I grew up seeing pictures of them from the 1700s so I had proof that they were super duper old.



Anyways, one night, before they were married, years before they had children, my mom says she and my dad were lying in the grass at the foot of a hill on the grounds of the farm at twilight.

And she saw the silhouettes of three children dancing on top of the hill. She perceived them to be two boys and a girl in adolescent frolic. She asked my dad if he saw them. He said no. And they vanished.