

TELEPATHY: A REALITY FROM LONG AGO

By Frances Roberts

In a book called “The Secret Language of the Mind,” the author, David Cohen, claims that “there are many anecdotal accounts of telepathic happenings, although since they cannot be confirmed, these accounts cannot be considered serious evidence.” (P. 137, Chapter on ‘The Mind and the Paranormal’). I beg to differ, although what I have to say has only been confirmed in a note from my brother, at a date long after the occurrence, but I relate the event from a perspective of a memory made indelible since it happened in a way to make it so.

We lived in Yakima, Washington, at the time—1934. I was 11, and my sister, 15, and I were awakened from a sound sleep by a bustle in the house. My father and mother were both up and stirring busily, and we quickly jumped out of bed to see what could be causing them to be up and so active in the middle of the night.

Mother was packing an overnight bag for Father, and when she saw we were up, suggested that my sister make some coffee for him to take in a thermos on a journey to Walla Walla, about 80 miles away. My brother Jim, who was 19 and working at Father’s insulation factory, had gone some hours earlier to drive a truckload of the materials to be put in a house in that town come morning.

Mother explained that the truck had burned up just outside of Walla Walla, and Jim had gone with the police to their office to await the arrival of Father to come down and take care of the situation. She described the place the accident occurred as being on a curve in the highway just before Walla Walla, and the road lined on the left with sumac bushes. The fire having been put out, something had to be done to remove the damaged vehicle, and Father would probably stay a night or two to take care of everything. Since we had no telephone in those days, we asked Mother how she knew, and the answer was “I just know.”

The preparations for the trip took only an hour or so to get everything ready, which was enough time for the Western Union delivery boy to knock on the door with the telegram telling us of the accident and suggesting that Jim’s parent come at once to the site. Being totally ready, Father drove off and we went back to bed, since it was just another evidence that our mother was very different in some special ways from other mothers. Such telepathic events were relatively commonplace in her presence. A side effect was that we knew enough never to try to conceal anything from her as she seemed to know it anyway. Fortunately, she was always calm, collected, and kind, so one had little to fear from such occurrences.

My father found his way to the site with no trouble. The description of the place had been perfectly accurate, curve, sumac bushes, truck, and all. He rescued his son and the truck, not without difficulty, and came home a man grateful that Jim was all right, but sorrowful as it was just one more blow that a depression-era business could hardly endure. It was also another example of telepathy at work that no-one could deny. I presume that includes Mr. Cohen, to whom I am sending this report.