

Tafesse Muluneh

My encounter with telepathy

"My son! My son! Oh! God, what have I sinned?" My mother sat up in bed in the middle of the night and wailed and screamed aloud. My father was alarmed and disappointed at being woken at such a time of night. He, most of the time, slept like a log. As a lawyer, he was fully engaged physically and mentally with anxious clients, scheming judges (usually influenced by bribes) and other subtle but vicious encounters with lawyers at the court of law. So he comes home often exhausted.

But now, my mother wouldn't let this dream go away. She kept sobbing until early in the morning. She now wanted my father to go straight to the capital city 50 km away and check on the well-being of her son--me. That year, I had joined the University College of Addis Ababa. On that particular night, I woke up at 2: 00 a. M. and found my bed sheet wet. It looked like some dim-witted student had poured water down under my bed cover. I pulled up from the bed and switched on the light. To my horror, I was covered with blood. It had been streaming from my nose and reached halfway down my body.

" Am I dying?" I was scared. I jumped out of bed and went to the bathroom. I would not go back to bed for fear that if I got bleeding again, I could be drained of blood and die.

When dawn broke, I went to the hospital and stood in line behind some 20 people. Hospital service is on a first- come- first - . served basis. So patients get there in the evening and get in line for the doctor's visit the next morning.

Now, my mother stubbornly insisted that my father go and check on me. He tried to convince her that he has clients coming before the judge, and if he, as their lawyer, failed to be present there to defend them, there will be serious consequences. But she would not take it. So he takes to the road and waits for the public transport-- vans, to take the ride to town. The vans serving the route are hard to find. Mostly they wait at the terminal until all the seats are full. So they don't stop for him when he flags them down. Occasionally though, some van drivers get impatient of waiting too long just to fill the last two or three seats; and so take the chance to find waiting passengers along the route. Now, by the time he gets a ride, it is 7: 30 a. m. The travel itself lasts about 1 hour. Upon reaching the terminal in the city, he needs to take a taxi or bus to get to the university. So when you reached there, it was about 9: 30 a.m.

Now he presents himself at the main entrance of the college and demands of the sentry to call me up. He does not know what faculty I am registered in, neither does he know which building or Department I go to; but neither does the sentry. So he leads him to the Administration Office and explain the case. The administrator pulls up files from the cabinet and locates my name. So he directs them to go to one building, take two flights of stairs up and knock on the door on the right side. They do that. The lecturer comes to open the door and inquires. But our lecturers, all being foreigners (Swedish, English, American or Canadian) and these visitors not speaking English, was a problem. But they kept telling him my name. So he understood. But when he turned to the class and called out my name, I was not there. So he indicated that there is no student present by that name; and closed the door on them.

My father went weak on the knees and found it hard to even keep his bearings. Somehow, they stumble away. Then the guard had an idea that I could probably be found in the student dormitory. They trotted to the Dean of Students Office to inquire. He pulled out the file, traced

my name, and told them to go to one building, take the stairs up, turn right and open the first door. There, the second bed from the window on the left, is where I am to be found. When they entered the room, the bed was empty. Now, the guard gave up and went back to his station. My father had nowhere to go! He had hoped that he could run back home in time to attend the court hearing before 1: 00 p. M. Even if he could manage to do that, he could not go back home after that to face my mother. She would raise Hell .It would be total chaos, and she would go herself to the college to confront the officials! So he just sat on my bed and waited. He waited and waited with fear and sweat overpowering him.

Around 11: 00 a. m. My turn arrived and I got checked by the doctor. After a routine check up, he prescribed antibiotics, vitamins and some other bottles. With these at hand, I headed back for the dormitory. With my hands holding on to the packages, I kicked open the door with a bang. My father was startled. Then, he looked at me. He scanned me head to toe to check all my limbs are in place. "Are you well?" he asked as he stared at the package. "I'm all right; what brought you here? I inquired. He gave a big sigh of relief as he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief. He then explained to me how my mother acted in the dead -of -the- night.

That, to this day, is one riddle of my life. I have searched for answers all the time, but none satisfied me. So, for lack of explanation,I dare put forth my guess----- the brain coordinates all its activities by the neurons firing electric signals; be it to keep the heart pumping, or the muscles functioning or the thoughts and feelings of all sorts. Our conscious and unconscious activities are all conducted by electric signals sent out in all directions in the brain. So, the brain, with its 86 billion neurons making some 63 trillion interconnections, is a humming and buzzing electric generator. This should have its own particular signature for each person; but it is more mutually attuned to resonate with twins, mothers or close relatives. In this scenario, the brainwave, emanating from one brain can be tuned in resonance with a similar one, even at great distances so that my shock and awe were picked up by my mother. [Note that transmission can be picked up by radios afar if the frequencies are in tune]. That, for lack of a better explanation, is how telepathy works.

Furthermore, there is another riddle I live with. That is Reincarnation. We realise that a person can recall or dream of his experience of events,deeds and even a long life- history of colleagues, say, 10 or 15 years earlier. If this thought is transmitted as waves to be picked up by a similarly attuned mind of a child, the child can impersonate that character, adapt it and act in that way. It is like a film actor impersonating a boxing champion in all mannerisms.

Maybe that is how Reincarnation works.

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Note. Publishing this article will enhance further research and better understanding of this phenomenon