

The Nashville Ghost

Every culture has a collection of ghost stories. Ghosts are generally believed to be the spirits of people who have died. Instead of going to heaven or hell these spirits wander among the living. In most cases, ghosts are considered benevolent and seek to bring no harm to the living. In some cultures, ghosts have translucent bodies with the appearance of people but without a solid body. In other cultures, ghosts take on the exact appearance of the person as they looked at the time of their death.

The story below is supposed to be a true story. As you read *The Nashville Ghost* think about your own beliefs. Do you believe in ghosts? Have you ever seen a ghost? If so, what did you do? If not, what would you do if you saw a ghost?

In about 1977 or 1978, when I was about 19 years old, I was dating a young man from Nashville, Tennessee. I hitched a ride as far as Nashville with friends going to Florida after the end of the school year. I didn't get to my boyfriend's house in Nashville until very late, and once I did arrive, it was a long time before my boyfriend showed me to the room where I would be sleeping.

I was exhausted after the long car trip and fell asleep immediately. However, after only a couple of hours, I awakened with a very strange feeling--a very heavy sense that there was another person in the room. It was almost as if somebody was standing at the side of my bed and leaning over me. The air was heavy and oppressive. I reached over and turned on the bedside light, put on my glasses, pulled out my Bible, which goes wherever I go, and read until I felt better.

I chalked the weird feeling up to my nervousness at being in a strange place and meeting my boyfriend's parents for the first time.

The next night, they put me in my boyfriend's bedroom upstairs, while he slept in another small bedroom on the second floor. I awoke again with the strangest feeling of being watched. The bedroom was pitch dark, but I could see a white form against the closet on the wall opposite the bed. In this room the light switch was way on the other side of the room. To turn on the light, I'd have to walk right up to the figure by the doorway. It appeared to be a woman dressed in a long brocade dress. She was sitting cross-legged and hovering about a foot above the floor. Her expression was without emotion, but her gaze appeared to be fixed on me. I felt very weird, but not especially threatened.

My logical mind kicked into overdrive, and I tried to figure out what it was that I was really seeing. I remembered that my boyfriend's mother had stripped his sheets from his bed and put fresh ones on, draping the old ones over a chair. I thought that perhaps the sheets over the back of the chair just assumed the basic shape of a woman, and my stressed out and over active

imagination supplied the details. Soon, I could "see" a chair with sheets on it with the woman superimposed on the top.

As soon as I could see the chair, I closed my eyes and attempted to sleep again. The feeling of being watched continued until I once again fell asleep.

The next morning, I awoke very early. There was nothing in the spot where I had seen the woman. The chair with the sheets was at the foot of my bed, nowhere near where I'd seen the ghostly figure. It freaked me out a little, but I said nothing and continued merrily on with my visit with my boyfriend and his family. I saw nothing else while I was there. I would probably have forgotten all about the incident, figuring it to be merely nervous tension, except for one thing.

On the last day of my visit, my boyfriend and I were sitting in a park swinging on a bench, bemoaning the fact that I had to return to Minnesota on the morrow. He said, "I'm so glad everything went okay."

I said, "Yeah, I think you're parents liked me." He said, "Yeah, they did... .but I mean something else."

I gave him a questioning look, and he continued, "I didn't want to tell you this because I wanted you to come so badly. I was afraid if I told you before you came, you wouldn't come."

"Huh?" I said.

"Well," he said, not really wanting to tell me this story in case I thought he and his family were crazy, "Lots of times, people who stay in our house see a--well, a ghost." He went on to tell me that many people who have stayed in his house have seen a woman dressed in a long white brocade dress walking down the hall--about a foot off the floor.

Of course, I freaked out in a major way and told him of my experience. I refused to sleep at all that night, and I wouldn't stay anywhere in the house alone again. I never went back there. I don't know what ever became of that house or family as he and I split up the following year.

His address was 1010 West Greenwood, Nashville, Tennessee.