



A candle lit for a departed spirit. A blue candle for healing, inscribed with the words *In Love and Light*.

At a loss for whatever else I can do to engage you, I finally pull out a spirit board. Perhaps you might talk to me and tell me who you are, and why you are here. Perhaps I can help you move on, as I have helped others.

Who are you?

*S.. T.. E.. V.. J.. O..D Pisces. Cancer. K.. Enlightened .. B*

Your very first words to me, and you struggle to get them out. They are interesting to say the least, but not conclusive.

A few days later, I try again.

*S.. T.. E.. V.. E.. J.. O*

I feel my heart pounding inside my mouth. This name, even in its variations of partiality, is resonating with current events.

I ask you one more time:

WHO are you?

*S.. T.. E.. V.. E.. J.. O.. B.. S*