

Before the Evidence Melts Away

The Survival Files — Case 37 — ESS = 230

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This is the story about finding the murderer of Tommy Swanson,¹ a most gentle man, who was well liked by his neighbors and loved by his mother, Beverly. On a snowy Saturday evening in February, 1995, both Beverly and her younger son, Tim, told Tommy that they felt something bad was going to happen if he went out, but Tommy was 33 years old and confident that he could handle a bit of bad weather, even on the streets of New York City.

What he couldn't handle was being stabbed repeatedly by a thug with a knife.

His body was found, the policemen said, in a van near their Brooklyn precinct house. There were some blood smears on the van's exterior but little inside and none on the ground around, so it was obvious that Tommy had been killed somewhere else. In her initial shock and anguish, Beverly looked toward the ceiling and cried: "Tom, who in God's name would do this to you? Who? Who? Who would do such a thing?" As if in response, the chandelier began to rapidly blink and continued blinking for several minutes while Beverly and Tim and the policemen sat and stared in amazement. The light fixture had never before shown any such dysfunction, nor did it ever again.

After the police investigation had failed to make any progress for five days, the desperate mother went to sleep praying for help in finding her son's murderer. Early the next morning she was awakened by the voice of her dead son. "Mom," the voice said, "go to Washington Avenue and St. John's Place. You'll find my blood still locked in the snow." Although she saw no apparition, she knew it was her son's spirit that urged her to speedy action before the snow melted and the evidence ran away down the street drains.

Despite her family's misgivings, she drove to the indicated intersection and there, sure enough, was a pile of snow stained bright red by blood. Wisely, Beverly did not tell the police about the dream. She merely called in a "tip" that the evidence they were seeking could be found locked in the ice on the streets of Flatbush.

Once the murder scene was located, the police had little trouble finding witnesses that led them to the murderer. Another mystery, that of the blinking chandelier, seemed to also be solved when they discovered that the killer's nickname was "Light."

For Further Information See:

Afterlife Encounters, by Dianne Arcangel, 2005, pages 66-73.

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¹ A pseudonym.