

Last All Hallows' Eve just as I expected
I heard a knock-knocking on my door.
I couldn't guess it would be something I regretted
As I arose and strode gingerly across the floor.

In autumn dark, I opened the door wide;
And with no surprise, saw a ghost standing there.
Of course, I thought it only my neighbor's child
And greeted my caller with gracious care.

But...it was not a child, but Death itself indeed,
Attired to be recognized as hallow.
Before I objected it beckoning decreed
That I should comply, fly and follow.

One moment I was just standing there
Enjoying all that life had given;
The next, I was flung into the atmosphere
Spiraling toward hell, purgatory or heaven.

I objected, "Surely I'm not quite ready!"
But, given no choice was drawn aloft
And with ethereal arms bound up steady
In swift flight astonishingly soft.

"Come reel and dance with me," the specter said.
Together we soared over the earth I knew.
I felt neither quiet alive nor yet dead
As over my past and present we flew.

I saw my childhood and long gone friends
And parents who raised me so well.
And neighbors at whose funerals I'd been.
I saw all the places where I used to dwell.

We whirled over schools and parks of my past,
And through the halls of my working places.
Swirling through my history we traveled so fast
Where I'd done anything or even left traces.

"Not so very great." I regretted as I surveyed,
Then the ghost asked me what I expected.
"A meaningful and fruitful life," I prayed;
"Not what I've forgone or what I neglected."

The ghost twirled me through my whole life story.
Then it danced me around 'til I was light-headed.
I could sense being nearer to my punishment or glory –
The final decree being something I dreaded.

What the ghost did next, was not what I'd feared.
“ It's not your time yet,” my ghostly partner advised.
When I looked up the apparition disappeared.
With that, I learned that my future will be revised.

That's how I received the gift of a new beginning—
To try to bring out the best in my life and others
With compassion making all of us winning;
Treating all as my own sisters and brothers.

Once again, when a knocking announced a caller.
I beheld several children in varying disguises
From teens to toddlers and even some smaller.
With pleasure I handed out candy and prizes.

So, if a ghost appears at your door this season
Prepare! Treat it kindly and offer your best.
You may treated to visions beyond reason
And find that you too, are truly blessed.