

# MY ISLAND ON SUNDAY!

BY AMITA ABAYESEKERA



I received this remarkable letter from Mrs. Kamala Gunasekera of 198, Stanley Tillekeratna Mawatha, Mirihana, Nugegoda, last week.

Writes Mrs. Gunasekera: "What I am going to say is going to be considered fantastic and impossible, and even the concoction of a person with a fevered imagination, but every word of it is true. I pondered for years whether I should make my story public, however much of ridicule and laughter it may evoke, but I always got cold feet.

"The series of articles you wrote on the wonderful occult experiences of Mr. Stanley Jayaweera, a Director of Foreign Affairs who had been in communication with the spirit of Sir D. B. Jayatilaka for an unbroken period of ten long years, gave me the courage and the strength to write to you, and tell my story to the enormous readership of "The Island" and acquaint them with the reality of

"We asked the spirit a few casual questions, and received answers to them, the moving tumbler spelling them out. But from some further unsolicited information that we got, we began to realise that we were on the threshold of a dramatic discovery. So we decided to have another seance the next day.

"That day the results were a trifle strange. Moving at terrific speed, the tumbler began spelling out a long message. But it was a little obscure, and we could not make much of it. So my father picked up the tumbler and asked, "Tell us kind spirit who are you?" And the tumbler spelt out, "W. S. SENIOR!"

"Of course, at that time his name was well-known, for Rev. W. S. Senior had been a leading educationist and poet who had achieved immortality with his famous poem, "Call of Lanka." He was an Englishman who had

## Another strange story

the existence of a world beyond ours.

"My strange experience took place in the nineteen forties, when I was still a schoolgirl. One day my father lightly suggested a tumbler-talk seance out of pure curiosity, for several of his friends had told him how interesting and amusing it could be.

"So my father and I, in a mood of frivolity, (we were not aware of the dangers of tumbler-talking,) sat down and commenced our seance. The twenty six letters of the English alphabet were written on twenty six scraps of paper which were arranged haphazardly round the edge of a teapoy, and fetching an ordinary glass tumbler, my father spoke into it and asked "some kind spirit to enter it!" He placed the tumbler bottom up on the centre of the table, and he and I lightly placed our middle and index fingers on it. Lo and behold! The tumbler began to move, directing itself towards the letters placed round the edge of the teapoy!

lost his heart to our country and her people.

"And when the tumbler under the guidance of the spirit of Rev. Senior began to move, the apparently obscure string of words began to take an unusual form, and my father and I realised in amazement that W. S. Senior was composing a poem!"

"I wonder whether those of your readers who have read "Call of Lanka" continues Mrs. Kamala Gunasekera," or have a copy of it with them, see a resemblance between that poem and this?

"And here is the poem, dictated to my father and me almost forty years ago from the other world by the spirit of a man who loved this country, and came from the world of the dead to say farewell to Lanka and her people. I am sorry I did not have the courage to pass on his message before.

"Sons of Lanka, 'was a glad romance to me,  
When I was in your happy isle.  
Pondering 'midst withered leaves, sighed,  
Oh Lanka, where are thy sons  
Who in the past have shone  
Like warriors brave, pure and undefiled?  
Pure valleys laden with crystal waters flow  
Down to the emerald fields below

I gaze with sodden eyes at thy ancient glories  
gone,

Leave me a cosy nook that I may happy be.  
Oh Lanka, the land of bewitching looks,  
Though I may fade, you never will.  
I have roamed your island far and wide,  
With pulses throbbing, fast and free.

Yours is a land of unending delight,  
That unending treasures hold.  
With thee I have lived and died;  
Steep are the hills I have climbed,  
With nature's glories round.  
With Heaven up above me,  
I was lost 'in thy charming isle.  
When shall I see thee again?"