

It was a pleasant evening Sunday Feb 22nd 1987. The Pops Concert was the program for Music Hall & I picked up the caterers from Davis Catering for the party afterward in Corbett Tower. It was to be hosted by David Saylor from Merrill Lynch. I only remember seeing two guests I knew well, they were Mrs & Mrs. Ruffert Down. The women caterers were Anne, Etta, & Mary.

About 12:30 A.M. with the party over & the kitchen cleaned ~~up~~, the three women & I proceeded to the first floor on the elevator with Etta running the elevator. When we started down the shaft, Anne & Etta asked me if I heard music. I said no, my hearing isn't that acute & besides it's probably the whine of the elevator.

When we reached the 1st floor they asked me again if I heard music & I said yes, & they asked me what tune it was. I replied "let me call you sweetheart," not loud, but beautiful & <sup>VOLUMINOUS</sup> ~~expressive~~ ~~expressive~~, continual, similar to a music box & coming from underneath. The women asked <sup>me</sup> to check & I demurred telling them they were trying to scare me. Then they revealed they heard this music on the way up to the 3rd floor but they thought it ~~insignificant~~ <sup>INSIGNIFICANT</sup>, four hours earlier.

So after loading their truck & those leaving I reentered the elevator, & closed the doors. The music was still there & I'm starting to tingle now. I opened the rear of the elevator entered the adjoining hall, no sound, opened the door to the office & no sound in the halls.

~~Back~~ Returning to the elevator to proceed to Corbett Tower & close it ~~up~~, the music was as beautiful as ever, but I'm getting more bewildered. After closing Corbett Tower & loading the elevator & coming back down to the 2nd floor I paused to listen again. On this floor the elevator

stay overnight - so before opening the doors there was not a sound. But going to the corner of the elevator ~~at~~ at the handle, the shaft is open!

Cocking my ear the music was still playing, distinctly, but as in a distance. As I closed the rest of the building, I forgot lights & unlocked doors continually back-tracking to correct my errors.

I was going to check that shaft one more time, fear on one hand & determination on the other led me back again as my last steps before returning to the office. I went to the hall on the 1st floor by the offices, I now call great alley & opened the door & blocked it completely open. I didn't want a locked door to be in my way in case of a quick retreat.

The elevator was now on the 2nd floor over my head. Now between me & the bottom of the shaft were two closed wooden doors, a grated door & about 3 ft. I slowly opened one wooden door & didn't know what to expect or what I wanted to happen. I was greeted by dead silence & it was almost with sheer relief. I stood there about 5 minutes but I was a "gooner."

Getting home I was very confused, glad didn't mean much, for two nights I slept fitfully, caught a terrific cold, the first this winter. The experience is now all positive & will be forever I now believe. I pray more intensely, don't fear death & am glad to have had that profound experience & believe more, others should have had similar events happen to them.

John S. Enyot

After thought: For nearly 2 weeks I could not approach elevator shaft on 1st floor late at night without my whole body tingling.