

# EVEN THE DEAD



## Won't Tell You the Truth

*a novel by*

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# Preface



There are some disclaimers that should be presented here. There is some foul and intemperate language toward the end, and the subject matter alone may be a bit much for some of the youth to take in. I must remind folks that this is a **fictional** work.

With that said, there are some things in this writing that were real and actual experiences of mine, yet much of it embellished for the sake of the story, or consistency with the story line.

There is a chance that some of the subject matter about the afterlife may be offensive to some who read it, and I profoundly apologize if it does offend anyone. The writing is not done to sway anyone's personal faiths or religious persuasions, scientific, paranormal, supernatural, or metaphysical ideals or opinions.

It is a story, but it is based on personal truths. Most of all in this, I do hope to highlight a chance of positive and loving encounters with the living or the discarnate energy of persons no longer with us. The dark side of these practices is well documented, and I feel a need to at least portray a glimpse into the lighter side of afterlife. I like to hope that it will

at least promote discussion about these things, and do think there are many psychic mediums that are indeed very gifted.

I especially like to see many of these professionals very serious in using their ability to counsel grieving people and/or families. There is one such organization, non-profit in nature, called the Forever Family Foundation, who truly seek out and find the best or highest quality mediums and test and certify said mediums for the specific purpose of grief counseling, and hope to see Foundations like this one rewarded.

## Chapter 1

# I Heard the News Today, Oh Boy



Not sure what found me home by myself on this particular day, but that thought was quickly overshadowed by a knock at the front door. I opened the door, and there was a man in a suit. His eyes and the suit both were a bit ruffled, but the look of ‘boy, I’ve seen it all’ the thing that won over my focus on him. He quickly flashed something at me which I ignored for the moment. “Good Afternoon. Are you Richard LeClaire?” asked this man.

“And you are?” I asked, as politely as possible.

“I am Detective Locke, State Police Homicide. I’m trying to locate Richard LeClaire so that I might ask him a few questions,” the man replied.

“May I see some I.D.?” I asked, again politely. He complied, though it occurs to me he may have already showed it once, this time showing the I.D. with full-on gold badge in clear display until I acknowledged it. I could feel myself blushing, and I hoped it didn’t show quite as plainly as it felt.

"Thank you, Detective Locke. One just never knows who comes knocking these days. Forgive me. Would you like to come in?" I asked; the level of politeness ever-growing. I've never been much of a criminal, and I always had respect for those in law enforcement. I was not such a brave type, so I marvel at the character of these folks who risk their lives to keep our community safer.

Meantime, it just occurred to me that no bells or flares were going off in my head...strange, considering there's a homicide investigator in my home now. Not the kind of thing that happens to me every day, you know?

"Please feel free to have a seat. Can I offer you something to drink—coffee or some soda perhaps?" I asked.

"Thank you, no," said the Detective as he sat down across from me in the living room, in a way to best keep good eye contact. "Mr. LeClaire..." he started.

"Please, call me Richie," I interrupted.

"Thank you, I will." He said, kind of cracking a smile without wanting to, continuing. "Do you have any idea as to why I'm here?" he asked, whilst I instantly realized his being here means something must have gone terribly wrong with someone I know...and the follow-up realization that I probably should be shocked, or worried; moreso than simply polite.

"No, I don't. Oh my God! Is my wife OK? My parents? I guess it just hit me that it is likely not a good thing that brings you to my home." I could feel a drastic change come over my body—going from calm and courteous to rattled in a split-second. I could sense a tremble beginning...the beginnings of a state of shock taking over. I could tell he saw the

change in me, and quickly went to pacify the worst fears.

"No, Richie, nothing like that. This is mainly an informal visit, though it does have something to do with someone we believe you know well," he answered.

"OK," I replied, with some dread, "and who might that be?"

"Well, there's been a homicide," he said sternly, "and we have a person of interest in our custody, who is thought to be a close friend of yours, Jimmy Beldar. Would it be accurate to say you two are friends?" he asked

The blood in my body began to pump very hard through me, making me feel light-headed. I knew I needed to sit down, which was strange, since I was already sitting down. The moment felt like an hour, time slowing down in very disconcerting fashion. 'Answer!' I thought to myself... 'Answer!' So answer I did. But immediately before the answer came out my mouth a tittered laugh.

"Tssh! Jimmy Beldar! Really! Jimmy, arrested for homicide? Are we talking about the SAME Jimmy Beldar? The Jimmy Beldar I know is like this bronze god born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was the most popular kid when we were in school. Jimmy Beldar? He never had to ASK for anything! Guys wanted to be him and girls wanted to be with him. He's got everything he could ever ask for...and no reason to be violent with anyone, certainly. A couple of bar fights, back in the day, and even then we'd all have a laugh about it afterwards...WITH the guys we fought...so I can't imagine he'd have any reason to kill anyone...and you still haven't yet brought up the victim. Do you think the murder victim someone I'd know, Detective?" I asked, incredulous to every related thought.

"I believe we are talking about the same Jimmy Beldar, Mr. LeClaire...uh, Richie...yes. I also think you may know the victim here. A Woman you may have known from town, perhaps from your high school days, Susan Hart. She was found dead in a field near the Town Park, with what looks like a pretty clear instance of foul play. We did find evidence that points directly to your friend. Did you know Miss Hart?"

"Dear Lord." I said, immediately tears rolled down my face, and the worst of shock now surrounding me. "Oh my God...my God." I buried my face in my hands and let the crying take me over, momentarily speechless.

"Yes, yes, I knew Suzy Hart. My God. She had a similar impact on the whole town that Jimmy did. She was the female side of Jimmy...the most popular girl in school...in town...the prettiest girl...and so kind." The crying got harder, the tears flowed faster. "Forgive me, Detective, this is a lot to take in. I don't know how I didn't hear about any of this... the town being so small and all...when on Earth did this happen?"

"We found the body of Miss Hart quite recently, but kept it out of the news because we couldn't locate all her family, and needed them to be informed of it. There was indication of blunt trauma to Miss Hart from what we think was a wine bottle, located near the body. That bottle had two sets of fingerprints...one hers, the other belonging to Mr. Beldar, which is why we have him in custody. Had you seen or heard of those two getting together recently, by any chance?" he asked with some of his compassion slipping away from the forefront.

"No. Absolutely not; with no hesitation or doubt. I see Jimmy all the time; we're the best of friends. I had no idea Suzy was even in town. It's not like



we traveled in the same circles anymore. Jimmy and Suzy were very close when we were all in high school. They were your typical power couple, the alpha male and prom queen, you know? They broke up after graduation since life was taking them in different directions. Both were crushed by the breakup, but it was amicable, Detective, and a long time ago. Jimmy met someone in college and got married, and has been married happily for a long time to his wife, Janet. I saw firsthand and consistently that the marriage is a happy one for them both. I mean, we're guys, you know? Guys talk about these things. He hasn't mentioned Suzy's name for many years, so it comes as a complete shock that you think he'd be with her, let alone kill her. I'd like to think I would know if they'd seen each other and I think I'd certainly know if Suzy were dead!"

The Detective instantly reacted to that statement, his head snapping up from his notepad to meet my eyes on that one. "What's THAT supposed to mean, you'd know if she were dead?" he asked forcefully in seemingly judgmental fashion.

I immediately sensed the weight of my verbal mistake. "Oh, yeah, sorry. That didn't sound too good. My answer likely won't please you much, and forgive me for this, as it's not as silly as it sounds. I work as a spirit medium. I'm one of those who talks to dead people. Look, I'm not a creep or an idiot, I take the work very seriously, and I help people cope with loss. It's basically grief counseling taken to the next level. I'm very good at it, and know it makes me sound a bit off or stupid to you, and I'd understand if it does. But I'm not an idiot, and it really is a caring and loving process. Suzy was the first person who didn't think me weird, back when we were in school together. Because of her popularity, and her having my back early on, she is likely the person who kept

me from being teased, mocked or laughed at. I owe her a lot for that. And for that reason, believe strongly that I'd sense her passing, and I haven't.

I know sometimes law enforcement uses psychics, but often not...so I don't know where you stand on all that. But it's my life. It defines me, defines how I live my life...and I do it to help others... not to make myself look special, or scam people for money. Not like that at all." I said in strict defense.

"Actually, Richie, I have worked with mediums before, and sometimes off the job. Some of the fellow officers are into it, even. Some mediums have even been helpful to me." He said casually.

"Because of your Father?" I asked.

"How did you know that?" the Detective asked, stunned.

"It's what I do" I said. "Your situation with him is not as uncommon as you may believe. People say things or think and believe things when they're alive that shift after their passing. This is one of those instances and I don't mean to be so personal here, but it's clear to me. When your Father was alive, his telling you he's proud of you did not make sense to him in the scheme of things. He saw it motivate you to want him proud of you, and it seemed to work. What you do, what you've become, who you've become... it's something he feels you wouldn't have had without the need to make him proud. It no longer serves the same purpose, for either of you. He almost needs for you to know how proud he really is of you, how proud he's always been. Some of it was the alcohol, some of it was to instill toughness, and none of that applies anymore." I paused to see if my words had real impact. They did.

"I guess you know your stuff." He said, hiding his affect as best he could. "As I mentioned before, this is an informal visit, part of the preliminary

investigation. If we need to contact you further for any follow-up questions..."

I interrupted, "You can call me anytime, Detective. I want to be as helpful as I can here, but of course I don't believe my close friend could have done this. Something has to be off here, 'cause it just doesn't make sense. Anything you need from me, Detective Locke, anything, please don't hesitate to ask."

"Do you think you'd ever have interest in consulting on cases, if the need arises, Richie?" he asked with a forceful kindness.

"If I could be of help, perhaps. It may be a little while, though. It is going to take me a bit to process what you've brought me today. It's a lot to take in and it hasn't really sunk in yet, but I don't see why not...at least at some point, and anything with this particular case I intend to be as helpful as possible." I continued, "I hope it isn't what it seems."

"I always hope it isn't what it seems, Richie. We see a lot of bad things. This one isn't looking too good for your buddy, though."

"Well, I'll keep hope alive, Detective. It's simply not in him to be violent. I know him better than anyone, and I stand behind that." I said, shaking his hand at the same time. "Have a nice day, Detective. I hope you find some quiet in the near future...some peace." I remarked in concluding our encounter.

"I hope so too, Richie. That would be nice. Thanks for your time. I'll be in touch if need be. You try to have a nice day too." At that, he broke our handshake politely, and left. And I sat down and cried, for a long, long time.