

CROSSING THE GHOST LIGHT



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CHAPTER ONE



Born to Perform

Two-year-old Jonah put his sticky fingers on the littered tabletop and pushed himself up. He nearly knocked over his mom's iced tea and his dad's soda in the process. He didn't notice, of course, and the grown-ups didn't notice either. They were all busy talking and laughing as they celebrated Nonna's

birthday. *But when you have to sing, you have to sing*, Jonah thought. At least, he would have thought it if he knew the words for it!

Toddling toward the center of the table, Jonah was ready to go. He held a spoon to his mouth and tapped it twice. “This on?” he asked, just like he’d seen his Aunt Jilly do the last time he saw her sing. He opened his mouth wide and stretched out his arms. “Life is a highway—!” he started to belt from his favorite movie.

“Jonah! What are you doing up there?” Mom and Nonna cried out at the same time—Mom with her “mom look” and Nonna smiling and clapping.

“Get down from there, bud,” Dad said, laughing, but Nonna stopped him.

“Leave him alone, Carlo.” She stretched out her arm to her adult son. “He’s a performer, and this is his stage.” Dad shook his head and chuckled.

Jonah never missed a beat, singing the entire song before taking a bow



and clapping along with the whole restaurant. Everyone was charmed by the fearless little boy belting out a tune like a true showman.

And Jonah loved every second of it!



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