

## THE VISIT

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Sometimes we see or hear from loved ones after they've passed, and they give us signs and a spiritual link from beyond. That knowledge was a comfort my mother knew was there, but in grief, needed the guidepost to get her through.

Sometimes that connection is our link to continue on:

My mother was having a painful time after the death of her lifetime best friend ... two women first sharing a bond as close friends, they also married brothers. Three days after passing, my Aunt Frances gave my mother a very specific message to reassure her that they would never be separated. And . . . she chose me to deliver something that made absolutely no sense to anyone but them.

“Oh My God ... you look great, Aunt Francis!”

When we met that night, I don't know if I said this to her or just thought it. But then, either form of communication is correct when you're speaking with someone who's no longer bound by earth's gravity.

It had only been three days since my Aunt Frances had passed over — and my mother was still mourning the loss of her best friend. But more than best friends, my mother and Frances were also sisters-in-law. Two women sharing a powerful bond long before they married brothers. So, for decades they shared *everything* - including a strong sense of spirituality. Growing up, I was told over and over again by both women, “*There is no such thing as time or space between people who love each other.*”

Right now, however, my mother's having a painful time finding her way past the sheer physical loss of her life-long contemporary. Needing refuse, she and dad drove several hundred miles to our home.

The night, after saying good night to my parents, my husband and I were in our guest room. Minutes after we turn out the lights, I feel my husband go into a deep sleep. I lay there snuggled next to him, trying to comprehend the depth of my mother's hurt and why her spiritual tools were coming up short. I've never seen her grappling with loss this way. It's soul-wrenching for her and painful for me to watch. How can I help her?

As my mind gazes outward, looking for options, I feel my body relax. Then, in the still and quiet night, my Aunt Frances is there.

Eyes still closed, I slowly roll on my back and open my eyes. She is still there. Her ageless face is only a short distance from mine. Her widow's peak is defined beautifully against her smooth face, and her lips are once again tinted within a soft red that I remembered as a young child.

I am in awe. And something is filling me from within ... peace; contentment?

She speaks to me, I responded to her. It's as active as if we're actually "talking" by moving our mouths — only easier.

Still feeling my mother's sorrow, I ask her, "Do you want me to tell mom not to hurt?" Aunt Frances frowns slightly, shaking her head, *no* — "Tell her that I miss her too. That's the way it's supposed to be."

Immediately there's a new vision in front of my opened eyes. I vividly see Aunt Frances and my mother. Each is crossing a street in a different city. When one thinks of the other ... it is received *instantly*. Each acknowledges communication across vast geological boundaries.

So, everything they've always said was true: Love transcends all dimensions — there is no separation. At that moment, while watching that vision, I understand *exactly* why my Aunt is reaching through the veil — to me. My mother is hurting too much to allow anything in.

With that, my Aunt returns — and makes it very clear there's something important she wants me to tell my mother:

*“Tell her not to forget the wildflowers.”*

A bit dumbfounded, I nod in the affirmative. And then she's gone. Simply, quietly, immediately, gone. I try to communicate again. Nothing. There is nothing in that room except the dark of night and my husband's soft breathing.

I take a moment to lie there, *realizing* what just happened: I have bridged two worlds.

Ah ... but now the reality of facing my mother. I feel my way through the house to the master bedroom, where my parents are sleeping. That short walk feels like the 1000-mile march. My mind is swirling: “My Aunt Frances' simple message makes no sense — and way too poetic. Is my creative mind weaving what it wants? Do I *really* know what I'm doing?” As I approach their door, I accept that this will be a hit or miss — there's nothing in-between.

I knocked softly. “Come in, sweetheart,” my mother responds. As I enter the room, she continues, “It's just past midnight ... and today begins the third day of Frances' passing.” I know that this is significant to both of them. I sit on the bed beside my mother as my dad quietly reaches across her to touch my elbow.

Feeling a slight dryness in my throat — I realize there's only one way to say this, and it's straight on. “Mama ... I have something to tell you.”

I explain that I saw Aunt Frances a few minutes before and what her youthful image looks like. I quickly moved on, repeating Aunt Frances' shared feelings with my mother of physical separation. I then relate the strong image my Aunt had produced showing each of them crossing a street miles apart — demonstrating the connection the two of them have always shared on an earthly level. Even in the dark, I could see my mother begin to smile.

I relax. I feel that peace again. Quietly but firmly, I continue, “It’s extremely important to Aunt Frances that I tell you something very specific — and honestly, mom, I have no idea what it means.”

Sitting up, my mother looks closely into my eyes as I speak, “Aunt Frances said, *you’re never to forget the wildflowers.*”

A short silence lingers; I didn’t move, and I don’t remember breathing. Then, my mother leans in and engulfs me with a big hug. She releases a long, gentle sigh — as if she were finally unstrapped from the bondage of grief.

When she speaks, her voice is calm and filled with assurance, “Shortly before Frances passed, we were walking on the cliffs above the ocean, completely absorbed in our conversation. Frances suddenly sits down and puts her hands around some wild, vibrant flowers swaying with the wind. She looks up at me and says, *‘Oh Muriel, let us not -ever forget the wildflowers!’*”

Mama leans gently back on her pillows and continues, “She collapsed the next day and was taken to the hospital. She hadn’t been well for quite a while.” There’s a brief moment of silence as my mother catches her breath, “We truly believed we’d have more time together. And now she’s letting me know ... *we do.*”