

Pieces of the Puzzle, Volume 1 – Psychic Phenomena

Chapter 3 – A Mother's Touch

It was the middle of December 1991 and I had not yet finished wrapping gifts or decorating the house for Christmas. This year's gifts would be a little different. I had taken a trip to Australia earlier that summer and brought back a number of trinkets for family and friends. Most of them were various Aussie souvenirs, including some costume jewelry and small gold pins shaped of koalas and kangaroos. Nothing too costly, but they were something different that year for gift giving. I thought family and friends would enjoy receiving them. I had wrapped them in small boxes with holiday paper, and placed them in the corner of our bedroom floor until we could trim the tree. I had begun wrapping a few other small incidentals when I ran out of paper. I thought I would run down to the local store to buy more. The store was only about five minutes from the house and I knew it would not take me long to run the errand. I left a few unwrapped gifts on the bed and headed out. I had locked up the house and closed the shades in the dining room before leaving. The back wall to the dining room had sliding glass doors to a small patio and the backyard led to an open field and adjoining road. The single bedroom window was tall, but narrow and faced the backyard. New to the neighborhood, we were only renting the house until we became familiar with the area. The house was nice enough, but on a very busy and winding road. It was next to a small trailer park, yacht club, and an assisted living facility.

I believe the whole trip took less than a half hour. When I parked in the driveway, I grabbed my package and went up to the front doors. They were double doors with privacy stained glass inserts. As I put the key into the door lock, I felt someone tap me on the shoulder. I turned around quickly, as I had not thought anyone followed me up to the door. No one was there and it made me a little uneasy. My hand was still on the key in the lock. As I turned the key, I slowly pushed open the door. Peering cautiously into the house, I first looked left to the master bedroom. The room was a wreck, and I knew it was a robbery. I quickly closed the door, slipped the key out, and ran to the next-door neighbor to call for the police. This all took place in only a few brief moments, as if I had trained specifically for just an occurrence. It was as if I knew what had happened before it happened. For being so scared, I was impressed with my own quick reactions. The local police must have been close by, because they were there in only three or four minutes. After they entered to secure the house, I was allowed in. The robbers had come in through the back sliding doors, and left the same way. The sliding door was partially open and the blinds were still clanging together from their abrupt exit. The police detective said that my return must have startled them. They apparently ran out the back after hearing me at the front door.

The robbers had searched for gold, and for the most part stole only jewelry. They ripped open all the small Christmas boxes, dumped my jewelry boxes on the bed taking only gold and diamonds. They even took our daughter's jewelry, some of which was only gold tone. In addition to the real and sentimental items, they had taken a recent wedding favor, almonds wrapped in French netting and two gold colored plastic rings as its ornamentation. The officers said that they were probably looking for anything gold to pawn for drug money. How sad it was that they felt they had to take the contents of a little girl's jewelry box.

Our bedroom was a mess; things were everywhere, drawers pulled out and the closet ransacked. Then I noticed the bed's headboard drawers were open, and worst of all, empty. They had taken a gun. My husband had just returned late the night before from a hunting

trip. He was so tired that night that he placed his remaining cash in his sock drawer, rifles in the closet attic, and the handgun in the bed's headboard drawer. He planned to clean and empty the handgun the next day. Had he not taken the time to put the rifles up in the attic, they would have found those too. However, knowing the robbers had a loaded 9mm gun made me physically sick. Even though the police thought they would simply pawn the gun, the fact that it was loaded still upset me. Everyone should adhere to gun safety measures at all times, no excuses, please! I could have been shot with my husband's own gun had I entered the house while the robbers were inside.

Thankfully, I paid attention to that intuitive feeling and paused long enough for those critical few seconds, which meant the difference between leaving this earth then or later. I knew the tap on the shoulder had been spirit's effort at saving my life. It was an example of *clairsentience*, which is clear sensing or feeling. Spirit's touch had let me know someone was there. However, who was that someone in spirit that saved my life? While I had always felt as if my mother had been there that afternoon, I never really knew for sure until years later.

More than another decade passed before I would hear spirit's answer to my question, "Who warned me of the burglary?" Since that day, I have grown to know that I have many in the spirit world who watch over and guide me in this life, including an angel and Native American Indian. Perhaps it was one of them. I felt I would never really know for sure until a church service nearly fifteen years later. I thought of asking the question of a psychic-medium who was giving messages at a local Spiritualist church service. I rarely attended, but found myself in the first pew one Sunday afternoon. It was during the part of the service when a medium would give messages from the spirit world through written questions that I would learn who saved me. The Reverend selected my question on a folded slip of paper (a billet) from a basket of many others, paused for a moment, and simply said, "Your mother." I was so delighted to know it had been her. I sat quietly, reflecting on the moment while the Reverend finished her message to me. "She asks that you light a candle for her." It was the eve of her birthday. "Yes, absolutely, I will tonight." "She's happy you remember and I see lots of cake." I thought not, even if I wished it, as my husband and I rarely have a whole cake in the house. It is just too tempting.

On the way home, I replayed the message in my mind and was happy once again to hear from my mother. I did not know how to thank her for *a mother's touch* that day long ago. While we lost much that afternoon, especially my mother's diamond wedding band, I did not lose my life over stolen jewelry. I was so thankful to the Reverend for her message that I called her on my cell phone on the ride home from church. "How can I ever thank you?" She would not accept a gift of money, and more impressive yet, she invited me to her home the next day for another complementary reading with a few close friends. I was delighted and asked to compensate her once again only to her quick, "No, thank you." It was her pleasure to give back to others whenever she could. I accepted her invitation and then thought to offer the evening's refreshments, and of course, *cake* came to mind. I would bring cake as well as a candle for my mother's birthday. She cheerfully accepted with the cake as my donation to the gathering. After I hung up, I realized I would be having cake for my mother's birthday after all, and even better, on the anniversary of her birth. My wish had come true even before blowing out the candle.