

Grandma's Dream
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This true story has given Sheila help and strength through the her own loss and has been a great help to those parents facing a loss with whom she has shared the story. It would not necessarily be shared with young children.

Grandma's faith was a personal one, built not on doctrine, but on her own experience. Her dreams held the deepest significance for her, and conveyed to her a certainty both of life beyond this physical one and of the bonds of love which transcend death. But these fruits came to her gradually in her life and not without great anguish.

My grandmother was a happily married young woman when she delivered her much-awaited first child. The baby was breech, and she was in labor for many long hours. When, after great difficulty, he was finally born, his umbilical cord was wrapped around his neck so tightly that it had strangled him. It was a terrible tragedy - the army doctor, who had done his best to assist her, sat down on the bed and wept. A year later, she and her husband found the courage to try again, and my uncle Sandy was born, assuaging the sharpest of her grief. Still, the memory of that first little boy never left her.

Years after she had borne and lost her baby. she had a dream. She was in the midst of a wonderful procession, at the side of her sister Blanche (who had died years before, as a young woman). It was glorious - everyone was singing joyfully together as they walked --but Grandma was a bit puzzled. "Blanche," she whispered, "Where are we going? "Don't you know?" Blanche answered. "Were going to see God."

Just then a radiant little boy ran up to Grandma and threw his arms around her knees. He seemed familiar, but she couldn't quite remember from where. "Blanche - he's so beautiful, but who is he?" "Oh Maudie, don't you know? He's your little boy that died!"

As Grandma told me this dream her eyes overflowed with tears. "I don't know why it always makes me cry," she said. "It was the happiest dream I ever had."