

In your dreams...

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Last summer I had an amazing dream about my mom. It was only the second time since she died that this has happened. However, this was the first time she talked to me. It was vivid and cloudy, fast and slow and she told me a lot of things. Some I didn't know, like how happy she was and others I knew, but will choose to keep private.



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What was so strange about this particular dream was my sense of urgency. I wanted to tell her everything about my children, especially my youngest who was just a baby when she left. Every time I would try to speak, she would cut me off and say things like,

"I am so proud of Laura. She worked so hard." Of course she was speaking of my older sister who, after being a stay at home mom for more than 15 years, went back to school and received a degree in nursing.

"And Christy, married. She even took Brian's last name. She really needs her sisters, even though she won't ask." This time she was talking about my little sister who married just three short weeks after our mom died.

"What about your brothers? With nine children between them, I think they're doing their part to prevent a population shortage. They must get that from their mama."

Exasperated I said, "Mom I want to tell you about the kids. Don't you want to listen?" Again she cut me off.

"Oh and Kathy. She is so busy taking care of everyone else she's forgetting herself. She needs her sisters too."

"Enough! I want to tell you something! I miss you. I miss your voice. I keep thinking that one day I'll forget what it sounds like."

"You're so dramatic. I know you miss me. I know all about the boys. Your boys, Laura's boys, my boys and my girls. I've seen everything. I saw Jackson take his first step. I saw Evan graduate from high school. I saw Karli play soccer. I even saw you go on 16 different diets in the past year and can't wait to see you stick to one. Now listen to me I have something very important to tell you."

In my fuzzy dream state I waited for what seemed like an eternity. Then she said, "Mama, I'm thirsty. Can you get me something to drink?" I was beginning to come out of my dream state because something was poking my face. That something was my 5 year old. With his little hand, he was trying to pry open my sleepy eye. We both groggily shuffled to the kitchen for water then upstairs to his room. Snuggled under the covers, he rolled over and whispered, "I love my mom." I kissed his forehead and said, "I do too."

I wonder what she was trying to tell me? Maybe the secret Dunkin Doughnut Diet? One can dream can't they?

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