

Honoured

Written by Susan Hollingshead
Tuesday, 16 September 2003 00:00



Today is the 10th anniversary of Jim's death. I find it hard to believe that he passed over that long ago. I went over to Lindsay to have lunch with Helen and to give her a Reiki treatment. I picked up a couple of Wendy's Garden Salads on my way over so that Helen wouldn't have to fuss. She was getting around okay on her new knee but was experiencing a lot of pain still. After lunch I started her Reiki treatment.

I scanned her then placed my hands on her ribcage. I closed my eyes and immediately a man's face came in front of me. It was elongated; he was wearing a fedora hat, a white shirt, a suit jacket, vest and tie. I have never had anything like that happen before so I immediately opened my eyes and questioned myself. I closed my eyes again and he instantly appeared. At first I thought it was my imagination and wondered if I was just being wishful and was this man Rene, Helen's late husband who had passed away in January. Right away, then there was Rene, his white hair shining standing beside this man. As soon as I thought, "Wow, this is too weird" there was Jim. I could clearly "see" this man, Rene and Jim, in that order standing beside Helen. I then asked Helen if her dad wore a fedora. (Understand at that point, I didn't really even know what a fedora was!) She responded "Yes, all the time". I didn't know why I asked that; I just felt that this man was her dad and the word fedora formed in my thoughts. I wasn't going to say anything else but Rene was very persistent. I felt a tickle on my face but there was nothing there and finally I told her that Rene and Jim were there with her father. Of course, she cried but it seemed like I was to share that with her.

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When I closed my eyes again, Jim and Rene moved off to the background but her father remained with her. He was now standing at the head of the table, both his hands on her shoulders. He had removed his hat, jacket and vest and had his shirtsleeves rolled up to his elbows. I could clearly "see" that he had on suspenders so I asked Helen if her dad wore suspenders, to which she replied, "Braces, yes, he wore them all the time". He remained there for the duration of the one-hour treatment. After I was finished, Helen went into her study and retrieved a photograph album. There were photographs of her father throughout with a fedora on his head and many with his shirtsleeves and braces. I couldn't believe my eyes. He was the man I "saw". I felt that he came through to let Helen know that he was always with her, that he was with Rene, even though they had never met on earth, and he was with Jim. I believe that the reason that Rene stood in the middle of Jim and her dad was because he was like the new kid on the block and they were showing him how it's done.

I felt elated and honoured to have witnessed such a phenomenon. How blessed was I to have been a part of such loving experience and on the anniversary of Helen's beloved son's death!