

Angels

When I first thought of writing an article for this issue it was my intention to write about turning not-so-good things into positives through attitudes and actions. I try to stay pretty positive (though I still have my 'days') and it's all attitude and the steps you take that make a good day.

Most days I can whack the ball outta the park, but Sunday, September the 15th life pitched me a couple of curve balls that put me right back into the peewee division! The morning started by the phone waking me out of a wonderful sleep, my mother on the other end in a small, weak, quivering voice saying, "Uncle Ray... paa...passed away in the night". Uncle Ray was mom's brother. He was not a young man, he would have been 86 this November, but still he was my mom's 'baby' brother. It's always sad to lose a family member; the memories of happier times seem to somehow make you sadder in the moment. She said that the day before he had a really good day and was really upbeat. She thought he was feeling better. So, I told her it was for the best as he was ready and had really wanted to go for months. She agreed saying that really deep down she was happy that he was finally free. Still, I knew it was going to be a hard day for her. Out of a close family of 12 kids, there were suddenly 6... then 5...and now just 4. I invited her for dinner but she said she would rather spend the day alone. Sadly, I could do nothing but respect her wishes.

Not much later she called to tell me that she had changed her mind and wanted to come. She could come and spend the day with two of her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren and maybe feel a little better. It was then that I received a text message from my daughter 2000 kilometers away. Five months pregnant with a little boy, her message started with... 'I don't want to worry you but...'



Exist...

Through the many texts that followed I could hardly bring myself to tell her what she was experiencing wasn't a leaky bladder. Her man was already on his way home to take her to the hospital.

So I had to do my best to be positive with my mom, with what she was already going through. Now I had to tell her that there was likely going to be more not-so-happy news! All I could think was... Seriously

Universe!?!? This is what you're bringing our family!?!? Why!?!? What good could possibly come of this I wondered!?!? Then just as I was leaving to go get mom, my phone buzzed, and the words 'We lost our baby' flashed across the screen. "How could this be happening", I screamed in my head! Driving to get mom, all I could think was I must remain calm and cool. I can't lose it and upset my mom even more! When she got in the car I broke the news to her as gently as I could. She was devastated! An old man, who had lived a long, full life was one thing but why would a baby be taken...and on the very same day!?!?

How, I wondered, could this day be at all positive?

Then I realized Uncle Ray was really an Angel. He left us just in time to be waiting at heaven's door for that dear sweet baby boy who never knew life. He gathered that tiny boy in his arms and showed him the way.

Suddenly, there is Light at the end of the tunnel. While we grieve, they are together in peace and joy. Uncle Ray, Mom's 'baby brother', is teaching that little one pound baby boy, Anthony James William how to be an Angel.

I can feel them! What could be more positive than that!

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