

Messages from the 'Other Side'

by **Connie Brisson**

Today, I turned 50-years-old. I awoke to my telephone ringing at 8:30 a.m. I thought my husband (who was diligently working in Fort McMurray) was having a bit of fun with me by calling so early, on my big birthday, on a Sunday morning.

So, I didn't expect to hear the message I heard.

It was from my Auntie Mary (my mother's only sister), who has never, in all my 50 years, called me on my birthday or really had anything much to do with me. I didn't even know that she knew when I was born. But today she left me a message, wishing me a 'Happy Birthday', telling me she thinks of me and loves me.

I couldn't help it - I cried. Her message was so out of the norm, so out of the blue, that I was stunned by it. In fact, I did not feel this message was from my auntie, even though it was from her. I felt this was a message from my Mom, from the 'Other Side'. My Mom ALWAYS called bright and early on the morning of our birthdays and I know that my Mom would have thought my 50th birthday was a big milestone.

One of the very few times I ever heard from this auntie (in my life) was on the first anniversary of my Mom's death when I mysteriously got a package in the mail. It was a beautiful doll with long, lovely curly hair (like my only daughter, Gabrielle), that was dressed in a Ukrainian dance outfit. When I called to thank her, my Auntie Mary told me that my Mom had asked her to make Gabrielle a doll like this (about a year before she died) because Gabrielle was learning Ukrainian dance.

This really touched me. I felt like my Mom had mystically orchestrated the whole thing, so that on the first anniversary of her death, both Gabrielle and I would receive such a special gift in memory of her. If you knew how fragile I was feeling at that time about my Mom, this was a huge gift for me.

I'm trying to remember the first time I realized that there was something missing between my Mom and I (on a deeper emotional level) but I think I always felt it. It wasn't that she wasn't loving, because she was. She was one of the kindest and most generous people I've ever known and I admired that very much about her. But she wouldn't let herself go to any emotional depths - not just with me, but with anyone. Now I see that it wasn't personal, but at the time, deep down,

I did take it personally. I thought there was something wrong with me.

While my Mom was alive I tried in my own way to change our relationship into what I longed for it to be. We had a big breakthrough one afternoon when I was 29 that literally changed my life. But 15 years later (just months before she died), when I thanked her for that day, saying it was the most important thing she ever said to me, she didn't even remember it happening. I suppose that was when I accepted 'it' wouldn't happen while she was alive.

Still, I hoped that in death, somehow God/Universe would help her and I to have a breakthrough that I would feel/sense (or come through my dream world). But, years later, I've only had one dream with her in it that felt significantly profound and even then, it was less than what I've always longed for.

And then one day, I thought... maybe she couldn't do it. Maybe I was asking for too much. Maybe she did the best she could with what she knew and it wasn't a 'statement' at all about how she felt about me. Maybe she was just wounded, and growing and learning, like me and everyone else.

I think that the most important relationships we have, honor both people's growth and learning.

While my Mom was learning her stuff, I was learning mine in unison; I believe I even picked her (and she picked me) for that exact reason. We were a perfect match, like all mothers and children.

The more that I heal and understand my Mom and her wounds, and my own wounds, the more wonderful signs/messages I've literally have gotten from the 'Other Side', including this last one from my auntie/Mom.

When I called my Auntie Mary to thank her for her most unexpected message, I asked her what made her call me. She told me that when she woke up, she 'somehow' remembered it was my birthday, and then felt inspired to call me.

I think the Spirit world often uses other people to pass along messages of love from the 'Other Side'.

Thanks Mom... I really miss you.

Connie



Ukrainian Madonna © Iryna Karpenko