

# A bushel and a peck

by Connie Brisson

When I was growing up, no one in my house EVER said: "I love you." We didn't even hug.

In fact, it wasn't until I had moved away after high school and worked in Edmonton for a while, that I realized how much I appreciated and loved my parents. It was then that I decided I would make a conscious and consistent effort to tell them how much I did love them whenever I could.

So the next Sunday, as I was leaving to go back to Edmonton, I told my Mom I loved her and I then gave her a big hug. I'm not sure what I was expecting back but it certainly wasn't the reaction that I got. In fact, I was really shocked by how uncomfortable she became, totally stiffening up.

Her reaction bothered me, so I asked her why she would never say she loved us. She got all flustered and said it was because she didn't grow up that way, ever expressing love verbally or hugging.

And, although saying we loved each other became something we did after that, she was never comfortable with it and there were even times I'd tell her I loved her when she would not say it back. That hurt me, almost always, but I tried to pretend that it didn't matter.

Then there were other times when she would say she loved me, but would add in "a bushel and a peck." When I asked her what that meant, she said it was a famous song by Doris Day in the 1950's. It was a way to say: "very much" or "a lot."

A bushel and a peck was an old measurement, mostly for grain, or other dry volumes. It equaled between 31 to 36 litres (depending on U.S. or Imperial) or eight dry gallons. A peck equals eight dry quarts (four pecks in a bushel).

It seemed that my Mom *could* say she loved me, if she added that song part, to make it more playful. Sometimes, she even sang the song.

I haven't even thought about her saying that - not for a long time now. She's been gone for over six years.

But when I wrote my last article about Dumbo and how I realized that my mother had never loved me the way that I love my daughter, Gabrielle, it bothered me afterwards.

It didn't bother me as to whether it was the truth, or not, because it was the truth. But what bothered me was that I

didn't want to make my Mom look bad. In fact, my guilt over my article even woke me up at nights and I wondered if I should not put it in the next Mosaic.

Then one night (after the magazine came out with that article in it), and I felt the guilt again, I got a little angry with my Mom. I wondered, why (after over six years being gone) she couldn't send me a message from the Other Side to let me know that she "sees me now." Yes, okay, she couldn't do it when she was alive, but I asked her: "Why can you do it now, from the Other Side?"



Often when a new issue of Mosaic comes out, I get my cousin, Annabel to help me pack up all of the magazines that I send (to various towns) each issue.

When she came over this time, she brought a present (as it was also my birthday). She said it reminded her of something my Mom (who was her aunt) used to say.

I opened the package, curiously, and as soon as I saw what it said, I immediately started to cry. It was a piece of artwork that said: "I love you, a bushel and a peck."

I cried because it was a clear sign... My Mom was sending me a message to say that she loved me, a bushel and a peck. Or moreover, she had loved me the best way that she knew how, to the widest extent of her abilities.

I feel my Mom was trying to communicate to me on a number of levels with that artwork. The first was that she gave it to me as a gift, through Annabel. In Feng Shui (and Disney ©), a gift is very important. If someone gives you a gift, it is a million times more powerful than if you would have bought it yourself. Also, because I spoke about the power of gifts in my last article, I felt like my Mom (and Spirit) wanted to specifically make sure her message to me was a gift - to make it more meaningful.

Lastly, it's a little funny because I'm really not big on songs and yet in my last article I was writing about the power of the lyrics in Dumbo and here I am now writing about the power of the lyrics of "A Bushel and a Peck." For me, again, that's my Mom and Spirit telling me that no sign, no matter how small, is unimportant. Even the lyrics of a song can impact your life.

I am always in awe of Spirit. I am always in awe of messages that I get from the Other Side.

Thank-you Mom. I love you too, a bushel and peck...