

# My experiences with Jesus

by **Connie Brisson**

Jesus Christ.

I say that a lot some days... and not always because I'm praying. Sometimes it's because I'm frustrated or depressed, but other times it's because I know his name has great power.

The first time I remember Jesus was in a dream when I was about five-years-old. Earlier that day my Mom had carpet layers coming to the house and she specifically told my sister and I that she wanted us to be 'good' because it was going to be a stressful day.

And I don't know what happened next - I really think it was because she told us to be good that instead we acted like bloody monkeys jumping all over the place the whole time the carpet layers were there. We went crazy.

When they left she was very angry, told us we had been bad and because I knew she was right, I was overcome with guilt (my Mom never got mad at us so this was terrible for me). This situation affected me so badly that I later had a dream that night from Spirit to help me.

I dreamed that Jesus was at the top of a staircase, in a beautiful white, marble castle and he told me that I was good - that I wasn't bad. That dream profoundly affected me for all of my life. I've never forgotten it.

Although I grew up Catholic and later even became a born again Christian for a while, Jesus never came again to me like that until I was about 24-years-old and going to university in Victoria, B.C. I had graduated from Grant MacEwan the year before with my Journalism and decided to go to Victoria for their Creative Writing program. I thought that if I moved away, leaving behind the old (people, problems, pain), that my life would miraculously change and I would find the happiness that I was so desperately looking for.

But what I found out there in Victoria was just more of the same and when I realized that, that maybe this was as good as it got (that there was no escaping it or myself, no matter how I changed my supporting cast), I came to a place of deep despair.

One night, after an especially hard day, I was very depressed, wondering if this was how my life was always going to be and

in the darkness of my room, I prayed to God. I told him that if I mattered then he needed to send me some help.

And then, that night, I had the most amazing dream. It was the end of the world and we were all being raised to the sky. I was so scared, but as I was being lifted I came towards a 'Being of Light' that was brighter than the sun. I quickly realized it was Jesus. And as I passed through him, I felt the most incredible pure love that I've ever felt in my life. That feeling of immense love immediately burrowed itself deep inside of me, into every cell of my body, changing me instantly. Even after the dream, I buzzed for days. It was a pivotal dream for me and I've never had a dream like it ever again.



Strings of Angels © Moncia Castro

Many years later, when Marcel and I bought our first house, we had some art on the floor that we had not yet had a chance to hang up. What happened next, I'll never forget. Our little granddaughter, just two-years-old, surprised me when she walked up to an icon of Jesus (that was sitting on the floor), lifted it up, kissed it and then put it back down before carrying on to play. I know that she did not know who Jesus was (no one in her family was religious, at all).

Then when our daughter Gabrielle was very small, between two and three-years-old, she used to come to me, every so often, and tell me that she had just seen Jesus walking by our house. That was a great shock to me (that she even knew that name, because I'd never even talked about Jesus) and we had never gone to church. We did have a picture of Jesus in our house - the same picture that our granddaughter had kissed about eight years earlier - but I don't think I ever even told Gabrielle who that picture was.

Then one day, when Gabrielle was about three-years-old, we did go to a church for a meeting and as soon as we walked into the church, she said to me, in awe: "Mom, Jesus lives here." It was one of those moments you never forget because you know you've heard something so innocently profound.

I believe there is a part of us that remembers Jesus or the energy of what Jesus represents (by whatever name we call it), when we come down here. And then as time goes by, we forget. But children and our dream-worlds can help to remind us that we have great help from the enormous energy of Jesus and many others from the Other Side. We just need to remember to ask...