

Being born psychic with premonitions I guess I should not be surprised about the signs I received for a few days surrounding my mother's death but I am glad I had a witness and took photos! My mother was very close to my cousin Diane (my mother's sister's daughter), myself and my daughter mostly.

From my arrival on 4/25/07 until her death at 5 PM on 4/28/07 my mother was lucid and consciously aware of everything going on. When we told her that she was going to die, she immediately signed all of the necessary paperwork such as Power of Attorney and her Health Directives. She had never formed a will due to not owning anything other than a checking account for her SSN check.

She told us that she would send us "signs" that she was still with us but she repeatedly was growing impatient saying, "How long is this going to take? I'm ready to go already".

She loved her junk mail and was a catalog queen. She bragged how everyday except for Sunday she received some kind of mail... and she did. Every time I would visit I witnessed her mailbox overflowing with junk. I talked to her several times a day for years and each time one of our topics of discussion is what she received in the mail. I do not ever remember her saying "nothing". She loved her mail so much that her "signs" started with the mailman.

Her mail came around 11 AM each day. On Saturday, April 28, 2007 she did not receive any mail. Several family members were over and we all watched the mailman walk right past her house.

I had a meeting at the funeral home about the arrangements and my cousin Lynn went with me. My mother did not want a funeral – was adamant about it – and when he asked "What about a funeral service" – that's when the bulb broke! The Funeral Home Director said, "Hmmm... that's strange". Later on that night, my cousin, who was with me at the funeral home, was having a quiet moment to herself thinking about the funeral and her light bulb broke - just like the one at the funeral home!

Several hours after my mother passed my daughter and I decided to get some takeout and eat it at the park. The park was packed so we decided to go to the cemetery and see where my mother would be buried. We turned the key for the radio to stay on – quietly just for background noise – and we were eating our hamburgers and talking about death. It was a calm, peaceful moment of chat. I commented that I was so glad she went peacefully and not suddenly – like driving a car, getting lost in music and then dying in a car wreck. As soon as I said that the radio went dead. The key was still on – the lights of the car still worked so the battery was not dead. I said, "Oops – seems like I hit a nerve on someone out here". We waited for a few minutes and it did not come back on. We started the car, turned the radio and on and it was still dead. We got out of the car and I said, "Let's find out who we irritated". One side of the vehicle was an open, mowed field with nobody buried there so we lined our bodies up to the radio (on the outside of the vehicle) and walked straight ahead to find two tombstones – one of a 21 year old father and his 1 year old daughter – killed in a car accident in 1971. Hmmm... 21 in 1971 – just the age to be driving along, drowning in music with his little girl when the car accident happened. I said, "I'm so sorry for being insensitive" and we walked away. When I got into the car to restart it, the song "Bridge Over Troubled Water" came on.... A 1971 song by Simon and Garfunkel !! **THIS WAS AN 80's ROCK STATION !!** We were thinking – cool but eerie and drove off – not even finishing our hamburgers.

We later went back to the cemetery to do what we wanted to do in the first place – visit the site where my mother would be buried. The father / daughter were fairly close to my parent's burial plot so we parked in a slightly different place. The town is small so the cemetery is too.

As we walked around the burial sites of my grandparents (both sets), my father, their infant son and where my mother will be I noticed something strange. At the site of my mothers parents there was a perfectly straight dandelion growing in the middle of their two names (Olive and Henry). There were NO OTHER DANDELIONS IN THE ENTIRE CEMETARY by any stones at all... just this one ! It was standing perfectly straight and looked almost fake – see below:



I said to my daughter – well, it looks as though they are happy – grandma made it home safely. My mother was the only one left to pass away to complete their family – her only sibling passed away several years prior.

THEN --- I mentioned the dandelion situation to my cousin Diane who lived a couple hundred miles away. She said, “You don’t know this because it was before your time but your grandma and grandpa (Olive and Henry) were famous for their homemade DANDELION wine and both your mom and Geri (my mothers sister) would drink and party with grandma and grandpa”.

The next day my cousin went into her bathroom (the same bathroom she went into every day for years) and, on her countertop was a pen from my parent’s HOTEL !! She has NO clue where that came from because it was not there all those days or YEARS prior !

The day of her funeral --- there were still NO other dandelions by any grave BUT my grandparent’s site (Olive and Henry) had a HUGE bouquet of them around their stone! I said, “I guess the whole family is celebrating their reunion and drinking a whole lot of dandelion wine!”



We walked the entire cemetery AND no dandelions! The rest of the pictures are below.





## **THEN....**

The day I left to return to Phoenix, as I drove out of the city for my two hour drive to the airport I said, "Well mom – are you comin' with me to Arizona? You love it there!".

I did not think anything more about it for the next 4 hours until I boarded the plane. The flight attendant announced it was her very first flight as an "official" flight attendant and that her name was AUDREY !! That was my indication that my mother came with me....

I just smiled.

Since that time, none of us have had any more signs but those signs made it soooo easy to place closure on her passing. I have not cried – instead I feel like she is watching and will send us signs again when we need "a mother" to guide us ;)