

A Testimony by David Young (a Mother's Day Honor).

Mom had come to me in my dream, just before her passing. She said "I need to see you" and as I woke up there was this strong feeling that I had. That I needed to drive back out to see her and I still owned vehicles but just wasn't driving them, after an accident I was in.

Now awake after having the dream, I began to try and think of who could maybe drive me 90 miles to Mesquite. Then I thought I would ask one of my neighbors to drive me and he said yes. We then drove in my truck and we arrived in time to allow me to visit with mom. Her eyes were closed now and this was a difficult thing for me to witness. I also wasn't sure if she could hear me, but I began talking to her anyway.

Reminiscing on the time that my father had gotten upset at me for popping caps on the porch. He was home on leave from the Navy and finally got angry with all the noise and he must have alerted me that he was coming to get me. Because I was poised to run when he came through the door and he did come through.

Glancing over towards mom as I talked and reminisced, I now could see her rocking and smiling. I continued to describe how dad had chased me over two fences, with me looking back at him in disbelief. With the both of us ending up back at the house in laughter, as we tried to catch our breath.

My friend who had driven me out to see my mom, now needed to get back home. So I said my goodbyes, thinking I would be back again to see her. However, just minutes after we had driven away there was a phone call from my oldest sister to let me know that mom had just passed. So, we turned around and drove back to see her. Then a strange thing happened as I gathered my breath and chose to go out back to get some air. It began snowing heavily and as I looked over towards the power line

or telephone pole, I thought I could see a person standing there. Now, I believe that it may have been my mother's escort.

I am in tears as I continue to write this about my mother. How she was a faithful woman of God, who was able to let me know that she needed to see me. She was a kind and strong person, who had raised 6 children. All while the husband was mostly away on a Navy ship somewhere.

She also was very smart and could give the definition of most of the 10-word challenges that the Readers Digest would have. I would be proud to get my 4, 5 or 6 and she would always get 8,9 or 10.

She was a published poet and after her passing, I had gotten back everything I had given to her as a child. Plus, my report cards and photos from my elementary school and thereafter. It was all fun to read and look at as I reminisced and finding a mother's day card that I had given her when I was maybe 6 or 7, was a pleasant surprise. Then, upon a closer look through everything, I found poems that I had written to her and I had at times referenced God.

It was so hard to lose the one person, the General who had kept the entire family together. Now, the siblings who are left, seem to be further apart than I think she would have wanted. Some are not speaking to others and I hope and pray that this will change. The youngest child, also is no longer with us and God Willing, she is now with Him.

Forwarding to 2025 and just months ago, there was this woman who appeared in my dream. She looked to be in her late 20's or 30's and she was looking down at me. She also seemed to be happy as she gazed my way and this was confusing, since it was at a time that I was downstairs and being held down by something.

She began to come downstairs, smiling and it became obvious that she

was happy to see me. But why I thought? Did she know me?. She then got close enough to reach over to the attacker and with her one touch, I was free. Now walking away from me, she looked back and told me to "read the Bible."

Days later my daughter was visiting and I was describing the dream to her and then realized that I had a photo that looked just like the woman I was describing. I had it sitting on one of the floating shelves in the living room, so I had a closer look of that black & white photo and confirmed the young woman in my dream was my mother.

Praise God.