

# Synopsis

×

**Title:**

Snapdragons and Tea Leaves

**By:**

Lorrie Trotter

Have you ever snapped a Snapdragon between your fingers? It makes a sound POP! Grandma would yell out her window every spring, "You girls don't snap my Snapdragons. That's where the fairies live!"

Grandma Eloise has hundreds of them along the side of her house where she couldn't see my sister and me as we would sneak across the grass alongside the house and snap every last one we could find each spring... we still do!

Grandma's house was a dark but friendly place. One day I was taking a nap, I think I was about seven years old at the time, and what seemed like hundreds of tiny gnomes came inside from the window holding hoes and shovels, brooms, and wearing floppy hats. They just kept coming and coming.

They walked up over me like I was a mountain and then down and out of the room towards the stairs that went up to the second floor, where we were never allowed to go. I just lay there still as I could for fear that if I moved, it would startle them, these tiny old men all but an inch tall.

When I was about 13, I mentioned this to my cousin, his eyes lit up, and he said it happened to him exactly the same, so how could it not be true?

When I was 16, things really started happening, like every day, multiple times a day...these daydreams that came true. I call them "interruptions" because they are different than just regular daydreams... more vibrant and about things you were not even thinking about or aware of.

I didn't know what to do with the information and, at that age, just went with it, but Grandma knew... she knew all along that my sister and I needed to know the family secret, but she didn't say anything for a long time. She wanted to keep us young, innocent, and protected, I guess.

The bad thing is I felt like I couldn't say anything to anyone, "Oh, I saw that happen, or yeah, I knew that was going to happen."

I couldn't share it with anyone until I knew I had to when I was well into my 40s. I shared it with Grandma, she was in her 90s now, and that is when she read us The Tea Leaves and told us about the family secret of many generations just before she passed.

My sister Cally and I never talked about it until one day when we had the same daydream at the same exact time. We looked at each other, and I brought it up first, and she said, "Oh my God! Yes, me too!"

It doesn't discriminate. It could be about good, funny, matter of fact, bad, or sad things. I am thankful it is never about so-called "evil" things, but sometimes it is about sad things like the space shuttle blowing up, which it did, and what was I supposed to do with that, call Cape Canaveral and tell them to stop the launch that day? You see my dilemma.

You just never know, but the art is in knowing if it is just a daydream or part of something bigger...part of "The Seeing"!

What happens next is a lifetime of interruptions and daydreams that I did learn how to tell people that they were meant to be shared with ...in my own way and to help people.

Now I am going to share these fantastic insights with you, each an amazing story of its own, and with just a little help from the fairies.