

The Ambulance

Cool and refreshed from our swim, I went to my parents' house with the boys. As I drove up my parents' driveway, my dream that would wake me when I was a teenager suddenly became my reality. Instantly, I knew why I had been so sad in my dream. I knew that I had lost my dad before I even ran past the ambulance. The moment I saw it, I parked, unbuckled my son from his car seat, and ran to the front door of the house.

Once inside, I saw numerous EMT's in the living room. An EMT told me to calm down and to breathe. My dad's empty shell was still upstairs. In recent years, my former bedroom had been converted into his office. My mom asked if I wanted to see him. It was a normal question. We have funerals so that loved ones can have closure. I already had my closure. Not thinking about how insensitive I might sound to a woman who had just lost her husband, I asked her, "Why? What would be the point? He's not there." I realized that I did not want to remember his lifeless body. I wanted to remember his eternal spirit. I wanted to remember him alive, talking on the phone, and checking on me as I played in a little pool and he began his next and greatest adventure. Luckily, my mom completely understood my feelings.

As his flesh had failed him, his spirit soared. My mom reminded me that we never know when these things are going to happen. My dad was not sad. He was finally free! He knew Jesus was waiting for him. He was ready to celebrate with awe on his own personal Independence Day!

It has been about nineteen years since my dad "moved on." Mr. Hallberg... who you will learn more about later... asked me if I could see how the dreams were helpful to me. Helpful? I had never thought of them from that perspective. I could only see the sadness. I didn't understand that God was trying to prepare me for the loss of my loved one leaving the physical realm. When Mr. Hallberg

asked me the question, I needed time to think about it before I could reply. With reflection, now I can easily say that it was rather obvious. God was trying to ease the pain He knew that I would later experience. I cried many tears that day, week, and months to follow. I never cried for my dad. He was and is surrounded by perfect love. I cried for my own loss.

Don't worry. I asked God for forgiveness. Even before I could see how the dreams were to help me, I told God that I was sorry for being ungrateful and for not wanting His gift. God has given me more glimpses into my future. In my dreams I'm in an unfamiliar place. It is only when I see these places in real life, that I perk up, try to use my spiritual eyes and think to myself, "What is significant here? Why would I have been shown this place at this moment?" From what I can tell, it is to encourage me along the way... to give me hope and faith for when life may seem tough or unreasonable.

Because I can directly relate the ambulance dreams to the physical death of my dad's body, I have greater spiritual eyesight and faith when I'm given another dream. When I face hardships, I can remember what God has shown me. The physical reality will eventually come around to match the spiritual. I have been blessed with hope, when others would have none. I'm not special. The Holy Spirit is available to all of us. That is special.