

The Dream by Wendy



I curled up tighter in my cozy chair, my cat Boots slowly blinking up at me from where he was curled up in my lap. The warm tea in my hands was relaxing, but regardless of how late it was and how cozy I felt, I knew I wouldn't be heading to bed quite yet. I'd been having trouble going to bed the last year, ever since my father passed.

Behind me, the grandmother clock gonged for the first time in years! Not only did it startle me, but Boots flew off my lap, knocking the book I had been reading out of my hands and nearly tipping over my teacup.

I turned to stare at the clock and saw the hands were at 12 midnight. I blinked to clear my tired eyes, but there was no denying what I was seeing and hearing.

The hair on the back of my neck stood up as I was transported back to one year ago...

I awoke in a sweat with my heart pounding and my throat strained. I had been trying to catch a train, but it was leaving without me. I was running, desperately reaching out to hop on and shouting for it to wait. I had awoken suddenly, sitting straight up only to realize it was just a dream. I grabbed for my phone to see what time it was, knowing I had to work in the morning. It was midnight. 'Ugh!' I sank back down under the covers knowing I probably wasn't going to fall back asleep.

... The morning after that dream, I found out my father had passed away in the night. He had been ill for a long time, so his passing wasn't a complete surprise. But my dream had unsettled me enough that from then on I often had a hard time falling asleep. I would curl up in my favorite comfy chair, drink herbal tea, and read late into the night before heading to bed.

That clock hadn't worked in years and it had gonged! At Midnight! On the one year anniversary of my Father's passing. I couldn't help but feel like my father was reaching out. I walked out onto the porch and looked up at the sky full of twinkling stars. I knew Dad was letting me know it was okay. He was okay. Let the train go. You can sleep now.