

We often hear of experiences where a deceased loved one will make their presence known to the living. Sometimes strange things will occur in the home such as electrical appliances being turned on or off and items being misplaced such as car keys or other personal items. There are even rare examples of a full apparition appearing and speaking with the living, often to comfort them or give them a message. Lost items and important documents have been found as a result of some of these appearances.

Most of us are not sensitive enough, or we close off to the possibility of these encounters. However everyone is capable of dreams. Little is truly known about dreams and the meanings behind them despite the extensive research that has been done regarding them. It is believed that dreaming is the mind's way of unraveling the endless amounts of input it receives during the awake conscious state. These dreams are often humorous and make little sense to us sometimes even resulting in nightmares. Other dreams are more direct and relate to a specific event.

Perhaps the most interesting type of dream is the communication dream. These dreams are often describe as being very vivid, detailed, and realistic. The conversations they have with the deceased are detailed and relevant and don't really feel like dreams at all. I have had several of these dream experiences but one touched me so emotionally that I have never written about it before.

I was feeling extremely tired one evening and decided to go to sleep around 7:30 or 8:00. As anyone who knows me will tell you, I rarely go to bed before midnight. My entire family was still awake and doing normal evening activities. At some point my wife rushed in the room and frantically ask if everything was alright.

I wasn't sure. Everything was such a blur and I felt like I had just traveled at high speed from somewhere and ended up in an unfamiliar place. I should have felt very familiar in my own home, but I felt disconnected.

"I, I don't know," I replied. "How long have I been asleep?"

"About an hour, but you were screaming for help. It was scary. It sounded like you were fighting to get the words out." she told me.

I lay there confused and in a daze as the dream came back to me vividly.

I was in a house that I did not recognize though there seemed to be something familiar about it. At first I believed myself to be alone but after a few minutes a young woman entered the room. She seemed to know me, though I did not recognize her. She appeared to be in her early thirties. She carried herself in a confident manner and seemed excited about something.

"Hey, Russ," she said to me. "We just need to wait for the others to arrive."

I wasn't sure who 'the others' were but I waited along with her. A few moments later another female, slightly older than the first, came into the room. She seemed very sad and didn't seem to notice the other woman in the room. She said nothing to me but gave me a look that said 'Help me. I hurt.'. I had no doubt that I knew this person very well, though by face I did not recognize her. Next a young man entered the room. He too looked sad and I realized that I knew him also but not as strongly as I knew the woman that he had gone to sit with. He seemed not to be able to see the other person in the room either. I felt that I had known them for several years and I knew they were married, yet I still did not recognize them by face. I don't recall any words being exchanged, but the look of sadness on their faces said a lot.

After a few more moments the first woman spoke to me.

"Come with me," she said excitedly. "I have something to show you."

I followed her through parts of the house to a door in the kitchen. It wasn't a secret door, yet

was not as obvious as most doors would be.

"People don't go down here very often," she told me. "Most are scared and don't understand."

She still seemed very excited about something and my own curiosity kept me following her. The doorway opened into a stairwell and at the bottom of the stairwell was a long hallway. There were doors on either side of the hall and it was very well lit. I noticed that all the doors were closed except for the one at the very end. The woman quickly headed for that room, looking back to make sure I was still following her.

A few feet from the entrance to the room was a projector of some kind in the center of the hall. My impression was that it was a slide projector but I could not tell for sure. We had to jump over it to gain access to the open room.

She looked back at me again. "Hurry," she said. "We don't have much time."

I followed her into the room where she shut the door behind us. It was not a very large room, but I had the feeling it had the capability to hold as many items as it would ever need to. My eyes fell on things that I could not comprehend. What I saw I can only describe as history. Not historical items, but history itself. As I gazed around the room trying to take it all in, the woman motioned for me to sit on a couch with her, which I did.

I saw wars. Not being fought, but just being, as if they were books you could hold. Old lamps and books were on shelves and tables. Swords, tapestries, and calendars with no beginning and end covered the walls. In a way it looked like a very cluttered and cramped antique store.

I glanced at the woman that had brought me here wanting to question what I was seeing. With out words she gave me a look of encouragement, much like a parent might give a child that is discovering his first playground. I knew she wanted me to get a very good look around but I was still unsure of why, or what I was seeing.

On a table next to me was what appeared to be an 8x10 photograph. Because of the positioning of the couch, and the height of the table, it brought the picture level with my line of sight. The man inside the photo was of a slightly heavy build. He had a short gray beard and a small cap on top of his head. I got the impression of an old salty seaman, perhaps a captain. He spoke to me.

"Hey," He said gruffly. "What are you doing here? You can't be here. You need to leave."

The woman I had come with laughed at the man and told him my stay would be short. He quieted down but seemed no more pleased than he previously had. After a few more minutes of admiring the articles in the room, two female entities came into the room. I could not see them but felt them as strongly as if I had seen them with my eyes. They questioned why I was there but did not seem bothered by it. The room began to feel as though it were caving in on me and it was getting hard to breath.

"You know if he stays he can't return, right?" One of the entities asked the woman.

She replied that yes she did know that and said that she would make sure I got out. One entity addressed me directly.

"You must leave now or stay here forever," she said. "You have seen your share and never should have come."

I got up to leave the room but the woman that had brought me remained seated.

"What about her?" I asked of the entities.

"She is free to come and go for now, she is not bound. But your being here is wrong. It is late and you must now stay here with us."

"That's not so," said the woman I had arrived with. "But it is true that you must leave now. I should not have allowed you to stay here so long."

I remember trying to leave the room through the doorway but being unable to open it.

"You can't leave that way," I was told.

I did not understand. It was the only entrance or exit into the room. I could feel myself being sucked into something and hopelessness was setting in. I began screaming for help. At first the words would not come. My energy was being drained rapidly. I tried to scream again but seemed only to produce a whisper. The third time I was able to make it more audible, but still not loud enough to match the panic I felt.

This is the point where my wife woke me up and asked if I was ok.

It took me several hours to come back to reality, and a few more to go back to sleep. When I was finally able to sleep again, my dreams were uneventful.

The next morning I got on the computer as I usually do. I decided to check the Salt Lake Tribune online. I didn't normally do this but figured catching up on the news couldn't hurt. After browsing the stories, I was about to close out the window and go check my email but, for whatever reason I clicked on Obituaries instead. I browsed through a few and it didn't take long for the whole scene from the previous night to come together. I was in total shock. The name of a good friend's sister popped up on a list. I clicked it hoping to see a picture of an aged woman, though I knew better before the obituary pulled up on the screen.

Though I had never met the deceased woman, I knew her through her sister, and had on several occasions met one of her children. My friend spoke of her often and I know that she knew of me. I am not sure if she knew of my paranormal involvement or not, but for some reason she felt compelled to visit me. Somehow she knew that what she had to show me would be of personal interest to me, and she seemed very excited to share it.

I tried to contact my friend several times after reading the obit, but with all the funeral preparations and helping with her nephews, I was unable to make contact. I decided that I would drive the one hundred miles to the location of the funeral. My friend was very surprised to see me and glad that I had come.

During the eulogies, accounts that friends and family gave of her confirmed her adventurous nature. It seems that the excitement she had for life itself was not left behind. In my dream she did not seem confused or lost, but rather at peace with her situation and ambitious to explore her new destination.

I feel honored that she chose to give me a glimpse of her present state of existence. Most of what I saw and felt, I still cannot comprehend or describe, but I appreciate the opportunity I was given. It will never be forgotten.