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DAD, PLEASE GIVE US A SIGN

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Sunday night we had to say goodbye to our dear little Sammi.

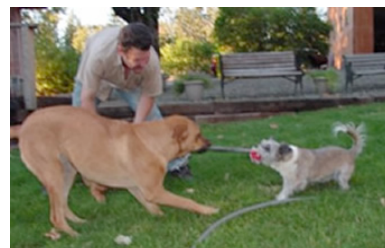
We had found Sammi in a pet shop a little over fourteen years ago. She was quite a sight, this tiny puppy that had very short hair, and longer snips of “feathers” sticking out randomly over her body. We were told she was a mix of Boston Terrier and Shi Tzu. She was a little bundle of energy! We originally purchased her for my Dad, who was taking care of Mom at the time. Mom was very ill, and we felt Dad needed a companion. As Mom became worse it became apparent that he could not take care of a puppy at that time, so we took Sammi into our home – and hearts.

From the moment we brought her home, Sammi knew she was 'boss.' She slept anywhere she felt like, only responded to us when she felt like it, and refused to do anything unless it was her idea, at her convenience. As she grew older, her hair became very long, but the most charming part of her appearance was her ears and tail. One ear stood up straight, and the other bent forward, giving her the look of a real scamp. Her long tail ended in what we called her 'flag'. When Sammi was happy, her flag waved proudly; when she was not feeling well, her flag drooped. We could always tell when she was coming to the front door, as we could see her little flag through the window – of course we always knew when she was ready to come in, as she would 'knock' at the door.

Sammi won our hearts completely. If I was sad, she would comfort me – she hated to see me cry, and would sit with me till I felt better. She had no favorite person, and split her time among us. She only showed a preference was when she was hurt or ill; then she would instinctively come to me. I guess she knew that moms could fix anything! If she wanted to play, she would go to my husband, Bryon.

She was the first little dog we have ever known that knew for a fact she was little. She would bark to let us know someone was at the door – then hide behind us, as if to say “I have done my job, now protect me!” The only time she showed any type of aggression was the one time when she was about a year old; we were visiting with my parents, my sister with her one year-old son, and their puppy. The baby reached for a toy, and the puppy made a move towards him – and Sammi, fearing the baby was in trouble, jumped up and pinned the puppy to the ground, she wasn't going to let this puppy (who was bigger than Sammi) cause any harm to this baby! Needless to say, Sammi got a lot of praise for that brave action.

We also have two very large outside dogs, Buddy and Pal, who are part Australian Shepherd and Boxer. We found them when Sammi was about six. She let them know from the start she was the boss. It was quite a sight to see these two huge dogs follow her around like puppies! I still adore the memory of the time she played tug-of-war with them – with one end of a rope in her mouth, they had the other end, and they let her pull them around the yard!





So funny, yet it showed the influence she had over all of us – human or animal. We were all very well trained by this little girl! Her favorite time of the day was when the grey squirrel she made friends with would come to the window for a nose to nose visit with her. What a picture that made!

Sammi was a 'people person'. She loved going to town with me, as she knew that everywhere we would stop, she would get attention. Of all places, she loved going to her veterinarian the most. When we

were within a few blocks of the office, she would get very excited and start yipping and trying to get out of the car. Everyone who knew Sammi loved her, and she returned that love; she stole more hearts than just ours!

We take care of Tang, our son's Rat Terrier, as he works odd hours. Sammi and Tang were the best of friends.



Sammi was a very unusual dog in that she did things that made me think she was part cat! She loved sleeping on unusual surfaces – bubble paper, wrapping paper, in cardboard boxes (especially small ones); she loved sleeping in unusual positions – with her head hanging off the bed, laying on her back with her ball beneath her; her body twisted one direction and her head in the other, the more unusual, the happier she was. She adored her baths. All we had to do was mention a bath, and we would find her sitting in the bathtub waiting for us! She would actually ask us for a bath by standing at the bathroom door and barking until we gave in to her demand! Flowers – oh how she loved flowers! Any time I brought flowers into the home, I would have to set them on the floor so she could sniff each and every one of them, and it didn't matter if they were wild flowers or from the florist, she had to smell them before I could put them up. The same with packages, when a package would come, or when we came into the house with anything in a box or bag, we had to set it on the floor so she could inspect it to make sure it wasn't for her! The only time she tore anything up was at Christmas, when she had to help us open our packages, that is the only time she ever destroyed anything, but she wouldn't destroy the present, just the paper. I take that back, one time she did, for some odd reason, rip up an envelope. The mail had come, and I had placed it on the coffee table. I came back into the room after a while, to find the envelope completely torn to shreds – but the bill inside was not touched! We still don't know how she did that!

When Sammi turned twelve, she developed kidney disease, liver problems, and a heart murmur. We had to put her on a diet of fish and potatoes, as this diet would keep her healthy, and was not hard on her organs.

She managed to live a very productive, happy life on this diet until about a year ago, when she started going downhill rather quickly. We had to keep her on the diet, but at times we had to force feed her. She had started accumulating extra fluid in her abdomen, and if she ate anything she would vomit it up. She was smart enough to figure out it was the food that was causing her to get sick, so if she didn't eat – she wouldn't vomit anymore. She went from twenty-two down to sixteen lbs., so she was put on low doses of prednisone to counteract her anorexia. This diet, along with her prednisone and other medications worked pretty well, but we would have to occasionally have to put her in the hospital at the vet's office overnight for an I.V. to combat the dehydration she would get due to her kidney problems. Despite these problems her attitude was good, and she didn't let this get her down – until a few weeks ago, when she really took a turn for the worse. Our little Sammi once again dropped down to sixteen pounds, and her blood counts had gone extremely high. After three days of fluid therapy, oxygen therapy, and hospitalization, we realized that Sammi was not going to get better this time. We had to make the terrible decision to put an end to her suffering. It was both the most horrible thing we have had to do, yet the kindest thing for Sammi that we could do.

Over the past few years, my husband, Bryon, and I have been experiencing some unusual experiences, and have come to realize that we are becoming aware of the everyday miracles that so

many people miss because they seem to be so closed minded (or maybe they're just afraid to see them).

This started with the passing of my mom. I hope I don't sound too mean when I say she was not a kind person. She was very controlling over everyone, especially my Dad. I had a hard time feeling anything but relief, when after two years of suffering the ill effects of her smoking, she finally let go of her earthly body.

My Mom smoked for as long as I can remember, and because of that, I now suffer from asthma and chronic bronchitis. During the last two years of Mom's life, I didn't know if I wanted to scream at her or cry for her – I could do neither. All of my life I had, along with my two younger sisters, pleaded with her to stop smoking. My clothes and hair always smelled of smoke, and I was always sick from the effects of second-hand smoke.

Mom was diagnosed with pulmonary hypertension from her years of smoking. Her heart was half eaten up from the chemicals she continually inhaled. During these last two years of her life, she actually thought if she could quit smoking, she would get better, but it was impossible to tell her that it was too late for that. Mom had my Dad take her to every major hospital they could find, hoping for that miracle cure, but everywhere they went, they were told the same thing: not even a heart transplant would work, because her veins, arteries, kidney, and heart were too far gone to warrant one.

Even with her fear of dying, she refused to give up those smokes, which to this day I still don't understand. How could someone who wanted to live as strongly as she did continue with the one thing that was killing her?

Mom was not a Christian. When we were little, she sent us to Sunday school and church, though she never went with us. She loved to dress us up at Easter and Christmas, and those were the only times she attended church with us – and I know it was only to show us off. Dad had a hospital bed set up in their bedroom, and for the last year of her life, Mom never left it. As I would sit by Mom's bed, Mom would ask me if I thought she was going to Heaven. I was at a loss of words, I knew what she wanted me to tell her, but I couldn't lie to her. I also knew it wouldn't make any difference if I told her how I really felt, that it would only make her feel bad, and I knew she wasn't going to change. She wanted nothing more for me to say, "Yes, you are a good person, and you will go to Heaven."– So I told her that God loves her, and that she should read the Bible and allow us to call a minister to come in to talk with her. She refused, her vanity popping up again, saying she looked too awful for anyone to call on her. She wanted an 'easy button'. Then, a few weeks before she died, she was drilling me about how scared and tired of hurting she was, and would she really be committing a sin if she were to take an overdose of her pain pills to end her life. I knew better. Mom didn't have it in her to end her own life. She was again trying to manipulate me to get me to have sympathy for her, and once again have control over me. Dad was going through this same thing. We wanted to give her the peace of mind she so badly wanted to have, but she was not willing to give up anything at all to get it.

I was sitting in my chair at home a few months after she died, and I exclaimed to Bryon, my husband, that I knew mom was in the room because my head was enveloped in cigarette smoke! He kind of laughed, but took me more seriously when he saw my eyes watering and heard my coughing. He couldn't smell it at all - until about two months later, when it happened to him! It never happens to us together, just one at a time, but he believes me now that my mom is letting her presence be known. She can't let go of her life on earth. When she was here she was not only controlling, but tended to be very vain and greedy.

Then my Dad became ill, and moved in with us. We had a wonderful three years with him. He was in the Navy while I was growing up (I think to be away from home as much as possible - or I should say, from mom), so until he moved here with us I had never gotten to know him. The three of us became very close; he was the dad my husband had never had. Bryon had his father around but they were not close at all. When Dad was in the hospital, his kidneys shutting down, he said he wanted to go

home to die, so that is what we did. We set up a hospital bed in the living room, and my sisters and their kids, along with us and our son, were with him all day. Our little Sammi loved Dad dearly, and wanted to be up in the bed with him.— We told her to get down, but Dad insisted she be up there with him - and she stayed by his side until he died!

Well, starting a few days after Dad's passing, and continuing until now, we have firsthand knowledge that our Dad is with us. We have TVs turn on in the middle of the night, a light switch on a ceiling lamp over the sink flipped up, turning the light on – (we never use that light!). The light bulbs in my office have to be replaced weekly; my computer will turn on in the middle of the night; and so on. We just smile and say, "Hi Dad, so glad to know you are here!" or something like that.

For the past month though, our Sammi was seeing him! When we mentioned my dad to Sammi, we referred to him as 'Grandpa' so she wouldn't confuse him with Bryon, who Sammi knew as "Dad." She had been very ill with her kidney disease, and didn't move around much. She first saw him in his easy chair.— We saw her with her ears up, tail wagging, and 'talking' like she did when she used to see him and get excited, with her eyes riveted firmly on the chair. Then, a week ago she again acted this way, looking right at the couch.

When we were with her on Sunday night, holding and loving her for the last time, I told Sammi that I was sure that Grandpa was going to come to take her home, and would she like to see Grandpa again? At that time, she didn't even have the strength to raise her head to greet us when we came back into the area where she was in the hospital, which told us we were doing the right thing. When we asked her if she wanted to see Grandpa, her ears perked up, she sat up and turned her head towards a dark corner, and her eyes absolutely glowed; we KNOW she saw him, and that he had come to guide her home! This gets even better! She had comforted him during his last hours, and he came back to do the same for her.

Last Sunday night was awful for us, and Monday was worse; we were missing her so much. Our son's dog, Tang, wouldn't get off the couch because he was so depressed. Tang is only four years old, and considered Sammi his surrogate mom and best friend. He wouldn't eat, play, nothing.

I couldn't sleep that night, so I continued until 3:00 am, working on your index. I finally decided it was time to go to bed, only to find that Bryon couldn't sleep either. When we used to go to bed when Sammi was with us, it was her habit to lie against my leg, her head at my knees and her tail at my feet. Tang would lie exactly like that on the other side of me. I called myself a puppy sandwich. I couldn't move; I was wedged in so tight between them. Well, if Tang was already in bed, and I brought Sammi to bed, he would jump down because she intimidated him. He jumped down rather than have her get upset with him; then she would move down to her position by my leg, and he would jump back up on the other side.

Well, last night Bryon and I had talked a bit, and I was getting ready to go to sleep, when Tang jumped up and got off the bed - just as he had done when Sammi was with us. Then, I saw a flash of a white light, and I know for a fact that Sammi was lying in her usual position by my legs! Tang then jumped up on the other side into his usual spot. I know that Dad laid her beside me.]

On the ride home from the hospital on Sunday night I, asked Dad out loud to give me a sign that had Sammi made it across to him okay. Before we went to bed, the light between our easy chairs flickered. Bryon smiled and said, "There's our sign"! That light has never flickered like that. It flicked a couple times, then stopped.

After I saw the flash of light in the bedroom, later that night, I felt Sammi beside me. I told Bryon that I could not only feel the blankets being pulled down tight, but I could feel her pushing into me like she used to do, with her tail hitting my leg as she wagged it! He could see the indentation in the blanket, and knew I was experiencing something very special. He commented that he wished he had been as privileged as I was to be experiencing this. I cried tears of joy, and fell into a light sleep. An hour later, I

woke up. I was coughing again and needed my medicine. I had a hard time getting out of bed, as I was still wedged between Tang and Sammi. I had to sit up and pull my legs out between them. I couldn't see Sammi, but I could feel the heat from her body, feel her chest rise and fall against my legs, and feel the pressure of the blanket where she was laying. When I came back to bed, Tang was back up at the head of the bed beside Bryon, and Sammi was gone.

I had the deepest, best night's sleep that I have had in over a year!!

The next day Tang was running around like his old self, almost as if to say that now that he knows where Sammi is, everything is okay!!

What an amazing experience! I honestly don't believe that five years ago I would have recognized any of this for what it was; I would have thought the light bulb was burning out, the flash of white light was car lights in the street, and the feeling of Sammi on my leg was only because I had the blanket tucked in tight – but both Bryon and I know better; we were given the signs I had asked for that Sammi is with our Dad, and both of them are happy and pain free.

I am writing the index to Dr. Benor's book, *Personal Spiritual Awareness: Science, Spirit and The Eternal Soul*. This article was originally a letter to Dr. Benor, expressing my gratitude for helping me, through his wonderful book, to be aware that what we are experiencing with our beloved Sammi, and our Dad is real.

Here is what I wrote to Dr. Benor: As I am working on your index, I also believe more and more that it wasn't just my good fortune to have been asked to index this book for you. The messages you have in it are amazing! I am getting such peace from what I am reading, and my beliefs are being strengthened more than any Bible study or church attendance had ever done for me. I feel that it was meant for me to have this book to work on; it is helping me through this tough time of the loss of our beloved Sammi by strengthening my belief in the things we can't see, the beautiful miracles that are there if our minds and eyes are open to them. I think this book was sent to me for a bigger purpose than just to write the index; it was sent to me for the spiritual healing that I have been longing for so long. I am sad, but not for Sammi; I am sad for myself, that I missed out on so much for so long. I owe you so much for giving me this new peace of mind, and the understanding of so many things that were confusing me. I was raised a Lutheran, and matters of spirituality were never taught to me, so I really didn't know if all these things that Bryon and I were experiencing were real, or were we really "losing it." This has enforced what we have wanted to believe; it is real, and it is a true blessing to have the privilege of knowing our loved ones can give us signs that they are not only with us, but are exactly where we believed them to be. Nothing makes us happier than to picture Dad there to greet Sammi, and the two of them enjoying being together - and healthy - forever! I can't wait to be with them again - when I am done doing what I need to do on earth.

I can't begin to thank you for accepting my bid for this job, indexing this book for you is more than just a job, it is a journey, and a joyous one at that.

I think I have had a lot of these feelings pent up for a long time, and I hope I haven't scared you off by what I have written. I feel like a huge weight has been lifted from my heart; Thank you for giving me this gift of knowledge. The index is almost writing itself I am putting my heart and soul into it, and I hope I do you proud.

In gratitude,
Bobbi

PS. I have to apologize for this note. I had no intention of burdening you with all of this. My intention was to let you know how the index was coming along, and it seemed as if I could not get my fingers to stop typing! The words started coming, and it was like I had to get this all down. I don't know why, but

I feel extremely happy right now, I guess because I have written this down, I have gotten it off my chest. It just feels so right as I was typing this, like this was something I really needed to do. Please forgive me for taking up so much of your time, but thank you, for reading this. I don't need a reply, I have taken up enough of your time - I just wanted you to know what I have been experiencing, and the impact your book and its message is having on me.

Also, the following Bible verse was at the end of one of the emails I received today, and I can't seem to get it out of my thoughts. I am going to do some research on it, but it must have a message for me, as I seem to be dwelling on it.

But the anointing which you have received from Him abides in you, and you do not need that anyone teach you.

1 John 2:27

I live in beautiful Southern Oregon on some acreage that can only be described as a little bit of Heaven on earth! I have been happily married to Bryon for 35 years, and have two wonderful adult children, Judy and Mike. Judy and her husband have given us the gift of three beautiful grandchildren, who are truly the light of our lives. I have been an indexer of books for four years now, and before that I worked with special needs children in a middle school for over seventeen years. Indexing gives me the freedom to work my own hours, thus giving us the opportunity to enjoy life as it happens!!



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