



Notice the Signs

Something stirs in the corner of my eye

Catching my attention

Just out of sight...

Someone whispers softly in my ear

Almost loud enough to hear

Breathlessly inaudible

A whisper of a touch on my skin

A brush of angels' wings?

A wisp of sensation...

Welcome to the first article of Mirror Waters – where we meet in the mirror.

What prompted this article are the gentle reminders of the daily contact we receive from those on the other side of the mirror. Most times they go unnoticed, unrecognized, and under-appreciated.

Some of the everyday inklings we may receive might be a cool, soft breath on the back of the neck that causes the hair to rise on the arms and neck, or the thought that comes seemingly from out of nowhere, or even the glimpse of a movement out of the corner of the eye. How many of us pass these hints off as ordinary? How many of us never even notice them?

I want to relate a series of small events that have happened to me, personally, over the course of the past year. My grandfather, who died when I was only four years old, whom I never really remember knowing, very obviously remembers me and apparently considers it his duty to watch over me while I work through the daily struggles on this planet.

The first physical contact he made with me took place in my bathtub. It happened about six to eight months ago as I was sitting in my warm bath water, waiting for the tub to fill, so I could lie down and relax from the hectic day. Other than me, the room was void of any embodied people. Out of nowhere I was splashed on the back of the head with bath water. It wasn't a lot; just enough to get my attention.

I did a lot of my dowsing while in the bathtub. It was quiet, peaceful, and I felt more connected when I was relaxed. I wondered who was playing with me and suddenly remembered my mother once telling me that



my grandfather, my dad's dad, used to like to play jokes on people and had a fun sense of humor. I don't know what made me think of him – except *him*.

I grabbed up my pendulum and with my wet hand asked if the perpetrator of the water baptism was Grandpa Nelson? The pendulum gave a grand, large swing, as if to indicate he was both surprised and happy that I picked up on his thoughts. We began a long series of question and answer sessions on a regular basis and I've learned to recognize his personality all too well.

A more recent event happened while I was sitting at my computer. It was early morning and I was just starting to sip my coffee and sign on to my email account. Everyone else in the house was still asleep in their beds, including the dog. From out of nowhere came this small round piece of tacky putty used to hang things without using nails, which hit me on the top of my head near my forehead, then landed on the floor next to me. I was startled, of course, and then remembered my Grandpa. I asked later in the day if it was he who gave me that little wake-up call. It was.

Lately, however, he is more direct. I will feel him tap me on the head (what is his obsession with my head?) or will feel a touch on my arm or leg.

The most recent encounter I had with his antics was in my bathtub, again. I was once again trying to relax and wash away the day's stresses, had taken a fresh disposable razor from the package, and had it sitting on the edge of the bathtub for handy access. Out of nowhere (again) an older disposable razor fell from a ledge near the top of the wall above the bathtub, where there is a small window that opens to the back yard. The window is always closed, and was closed on this night. Knowing all too well my Grandpa's attention getters, I thanked him for the razor but reminded him that I had a brand new one to use. I removed the plastic cover from the new razor and began to shave my leg, when I noticed the razor was tugging and was not as sharp as it should have been for being brand new. Disgruntled, I grabbed the older one my Grandpa had just given me and began to use it. Low and behold it was sharp and worked better than a new razor.

Again, I grabbed my pendulum and a waterproof, laminated [ABC Chart](#), so he and I could talk. It had been a while since we had had a real conversation. I asked why he threw the razor at me, besides knowing that the other was not a good one. He responded, "I miss talking to you." Well, that's gotta warm the heart, but why not just visit me in a dream instead of risking my life and limb by throwing a razor at me? This generated a big swing of the pendulum, inducing a feeling of joy and indicating laughter.

He finally responded that in order for him to visit me in a dream he needed a "dream portal," which he did not have.

"How do you get a dream portal?" I asked.

"Imagination," he answered by spelling out the letters on the ABC chart. I asked him if I needed to have had a living relationship with him to have a dream portal. He replied that this was the case, and then

brought to my recollection the dream visits I have had from my Grandmother (my Mom's mom). She and I had a very close bond which was why, according to Mr. Nelson, she was able to visit me in my dreams.

I have had people respond negatively to this "dream portal" idea, but I would encourage you to keep in mind that this type of portal is far different than the portals we read about through which spirits enter and



retreat. A dream portal is simply an avenue by which a passed loved one can enter your dreams and visit. But, we'll talk more about dream portals in another article.

I suppose the moral of this story is this: Pay attention to the little happenings during the day, to the subtle clues that you may pass off as coincidence, and remember that there is no such thing as coincidence. Once you learn that there may be someone out there wanting your attention, a whole new world opens up. Let's honor them by allowing them to communicate with us.

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Lorilee Nelson; 12/28/2005