

My Glowing Heart

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645 words

One chilly, wet, March day, our kind, compassionate, gentle son passed away. Although he suffered from schizophrenia and had related health challenges, his death was a shock. Mike was just 38 years old.

My heart was shattered. Waves of grief and regret washed over me stinging my soul. I had no idea how I would live without him.

It's said that when one is in mourning, sleep is plentiful. That was certainly true in my case. My slumber each night had been sound. That is, until one pre-dawn morning, four days after Mike died.

I sat straight up in bed. I was desperate to hear my son's voice just one more time. Tiny rivulets of perspiration ran down my body making me shiver in my cotton pajamas. The house was dead quiet; the darkness of the night fueling my fear. There was an ache in my chest where my heart should be.

Padding downstairs in bare feet, I dialed into voice mail on both the landline and my cell phone, checking for a voice mail message from Mike. Even though I had checked before, I was

hoping I'd missed one. Mike always called us several times per week. We always had at least one saved voice message from him. But not now.

My husband walked downstairs to see if I was alright.

“Can you please check your cell phone again for a message from Mike?”

Dialing into his phone, he said, “No. Nothing.”

I put the kettle on the stove and paced the floor until it boiled. Honestly, at this point, all I could think to do was to make tea. Rick and I sat on the sofa in the darkness, speaking softly and drinking some herbal tea.

Although my heart still ached, I'd calmed down. Since it was still hours before sunrise, we decided to go back to bed and try to sleep.

Laying down on my right side, curled up in a ball, I closed my eyes and clasped both of my hands in front of my heart. Almost immediately, my cool body felt warm – heat rising slowly from my toes to my head. It was as though I were submerged in a steamy eucalyptus bath. My shoulders, hunched up to my ears, fell naturally to a place of relaxation. Squeezing my eyes tightly, in my mind's eye, a heart emerged before me, suspended in mid-air. The heart was pink and smooth and glowed around the edges. Unlike a human heart, it was perfectly symmetrical. Afraid to open my eyes, lest the image would disappear, I lay very still. There in the nautical

twilight I felt an overwhelming sense of peace, the likes of which I'd never known. My breathing was free and easy, my body relaxed and calm. But, best of all, my heart didn't hurt! From head to toes, I was felt wrapped in the glow of healing. . . . in the glow of love. Miraculous healing, over in seconds.

Feeling blessed, I told my husband what had just happened.

He said, "Awe. Mike just paid you a visit." He took my hand.

Like me, my husband knew that our sweet son was there with me that morning. He was my angel. In an instant, he mended my broken heart and gave me hope for the future. I felt his encouragement. He wanted me to heal and move forward with my life. I felt Mike's boundless love and God's heavenly healing. It was extraordinary, beautiful, stirring. A few seconds in time that I will treasure and remember forever.

Years later, I still long to hear my son's voice. I still long to hug him just one more time; to touch his face or kiss his forehead. But, I know Mike is home. I know he is okay. I know that I will hear his voice again one fine day.