

Chapter 7

A Farewell to Arm

July 2000

I know when I die and cross over to the other side, that if I so desire, my angels will take me to my own funeral where I will see my loved ones gathered together to honor me one last time.

On July 31, 2000, I was attending a dear friend's funeral at a little country funeral home in Red Bud, Illinois. I was there along with a hundred other people, who were family, friends, and co-workers of Roger Myhre. As I sat waiting for the service to begin, I thought about all of the fond memories I had of Roger.

Roger and I had worked together, and we had become good friends. Roger was a really nice guy with a great sense of humor. He had been in his mid-50's, had a wiry build, and was around 5'7". He also had a grizzled gray beard. I used to tease Roger, telling him that he looked like a "mountain man" from the Daniel Boone era. In fact, my words were close to the truth. Roger loved that time period so much that he belonged to a rendezvous group who dressed up as mountain folk.

I once asked Roger what people did at a rendezvous. He told me they liked to sit around the campfire at night, spin yarns, and sing songs accompanied by fiddle and banjo players.

Roger also liked to play practical jokes. For instance, when I was sitting in my cubicle, he would quietly sneak up behind me, put his hands on my shoulders and try to scare me. He got a kick out of it when I would jump up and act surprised. He never realized (or maybe he did) that I had a mirror planted, facing my cubicle entrance, so I could see everyone who entered. I never got mad at Roger, though, because he was so nice. I knew he liked me and was only having fun.

Then tragedy struck. In 1998, Roger was diagnosed with colon cancer. He was a fighter and refused to let cancer beat him. Then, even though he won the battle with colon cancer, within two years he was diagnosed with liver cancer. But he still wouldn't give up. This time he made a special trip to the Mayo Clinic, but the cancer was finally beating him. Roger was dying.

When Roger was in the hospital in the spring of 2000 with liver cancer, I visited him several times. Funny, Roger would patiently listen to me as I rattled on about what was happening in my life (my spiritual awakening). I believe Roger really enjoyed hearing about reincarnation, though. Maybe my words helped convince him that he had once lived a past life in his favorite place, the Smoky Mountains.

You see, Roger loved to fish and also loved to hunt bear and deer. He said when he was in the “Smokies,” he would get “*dejà vu*,” meaning he felt as if he had been there before. Laughing, I told Roger he had been there before and probably was a mountain man in a past life. I smiled and added maybe he had even known Daniel Boone.

As time passed, Roger grew weaker and weaker, until finally he couldn’t hold on any longer. He died the last week in July 2000.

So, here I was in Red Bud, Illinois on Sunday, July 31, along with one-hundred other people who had also braved the heat to come out for Roger’s funeral on this hot, humid summer afternoon.

As I was listening to Roger’s eulogy, I was surprised to hear that he had served in the Vietnam War as a Green Beret. Even more amazing, Roger had volunteered to be a “tunnel rat.” The Vietnamese hid in underground tunnels, and Roger, who was skinny and agile, was perfect for the job. From my understanding, tunnel rats crawled through the underground tunnels in search of the enemy. When the two met, Heaven only knows what Roger experienced as he fought hand-to-hand combat with an enemy he could not see. Very few people knew of his bravery, because Roger was a very humble person. He never once bragged about himself to me.

During the service, my two bosses, James and Claude, were seated to my left and on the right side of me was an exterior wall. Since it was so hot that day, I had worn a short-sleeve dress.

As the service was nearing an end and we were sitting solemnly through the *Green Beret Song*, I could hear people sniffing and softly sobbing. “I was in their shoes once,” I thought to myself, “I know exactly how they feel.” In reality, not only were they crying for Roger, but they were also crying for themselves, because they were afraid of the unknown (dying). On the contrary, for me there was no doubt in my mind where Roger was. His soul had never really died. When his human body bubble suit finally gave out, he had just discarded it and went through the “white” tunnel into another dimension—Home, or what most of us call Heaven. In fact, I was absolutely sure he was

right there at the funeral parlor watching and listening to us pay homage to him one last time. He could see and hear us, but we could not see or hear him. In fact, he could hear (telepathy) our every thought!

So, in my mind, I began talking to Roger, “I know you’re here Roger. Roger, look how many people are here who loved you!”

Just then, I was distracted by the feeling that something had landed on or was touching my right arm. Naturally, thinking it was a fallen hair or a gnat or a mosquito, I reacted by looking down to see what it was, but there was nothing visibly there. As I sat perfectly still, staring down at my bare arm, it felt as if something definitely was there, but I couldn’t figure out what it was. I could see that it wasn’t a hair or a gnat or a mosquito, but nonetheless, I was absolutely sure something was touching my arm. Captivated and still keeping perfectly still, I kept my eyes glued on my arm. Now my senses were telling me that it felt as if a hand was gently resting on my wrist! As I sat there hypnotized with my eyes wide open, unable to move or speak, I swear I could feel each individual finger of the hand! Then suddenly, without warning, I got goose bumps as I felt the hand slowly slide up my arm.

Right after the incident was over, I immediately realized what must have happened. It had to be Roger!

Oh my gosh! This time Roger had pulled off the ultimate practical joke and I finally got caught completely by surprise!

Thinking back, there is no doubt in my mind now that Roger had probably gotten a real thrill and a big kick out of the entire “hair-raising” episode.

But maybe this was Roger’s only way of contacting me from the other side and letting me know he was okay. Or maybe this was Roger’s way of getting even and at the same time getting the last laugh by letting me know, “I finally gotcha Linda!! See you later!!”

AUTHOR’S NOTE: Nevertheless, there’s a saying that each one of us is supposed to receive 15 minutes of fame in his/her lifetime. So, Roger, if you didn’t get that 15 minutes of fame you deserved, you’re getting it right now—courtesy of me. In exchange, I got to be touched by an angel!