

Maishela

Even now, the memory of that strange dream is vivid and real. It was more than a year after my father died, and I was still in the sadness of mourning, with a sense of irreparable loss. I had gone to bed as usual, and lay between sleep and waking. Without introduction, my father was there in the room, clearly visible. I had no sense of fear, only a strange delight and wonder that he could come. He said to me “It’s time to stop,” and I understood at once that he meant I was to stop mourning. He went on “I am happy here, now. You have a husband.”

I awoke sitting half out of bed, with a heart from which a heavy weight had been lifted. In its stead was a determination that some day I would write these memoirs of my father. He had often said, “Write a book. I’ll tell you my story.” But while he lived he was so busy with the doing that he had little time for the telling.