

Visitation Dreams Script (Narration)

What are you doing here?

Your dark shadow had just curved around the corner of the dining room table. You faded only for a moment, emerging into the archway of light. You have been gone for almost three years now. I sat there huddled at the kitchen table with my sister, brother, and mother. You encircled us in silence leaving us in anticipation of your words.

I came back for you. I didn't expect to see your arm extended and your finger pointed, directed at me. Me, why me I said? I never felt love from you. You never once told me. I didn't even think that you liked me.

You aren't happy. You don't appreciate life. You need to appreciate life she said. I couldn't believe she was saying this to me. My grandmother never appreciated life, she fought it, she complained about it, she hated it and now she's telling me to appreciate life. Despite the contradiction, I heard truth in her words. I wasn't happy. I was scared.

Grandma, what happens when you die? Her face lit up, her mouth hooked at one end and she said with assurance. You don't need to worry about a thing. Everything is going to be ok.

I sprung from bed, opening my eyes in the darkness and a quick wave of water filled them. It took me a moment to realize where I was. I felt humbled by what had just happened. I can't say things have changed much. I go through moments of deep appreciation and despair. I want to believe my grandmother but I'm still trying to make sense of this dream.