

Just a stone rabbit?

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Some of you may recently have read in the newspaper of a pet rabbit that saved the life of its owner. Apparently the 42 yr old man, whilst watching television slipped into a diabetic coma. His wife was unaware of this until the rabbit jumped onto the man's lap and started to thump his chest. She then realised what had happened and was able to call the emergency services, which saved his life.

This news item coincided with my reading of "Just a Thought" in the last Newsletter, where Lisa movingly wrote of the events surrounding her brother's death and how small things that happened at the time reassured her that he was with her and around those he loved.

I thought that following on from that article some of you might like to hear of similar experiences surrounding the deaths of my parents and how rabbits played a great part in bringing me such comfort and reassurance

My mother died four years ago in Canada, where she had lived in retirement. She had been ill for some time and was a shadow of her former self. I went to Canada for her funeral, and to be with my sister who had lived there for most of her adult life. Despite being a time of sadness it was also a very special time for both of us. We received so much support and love from my sister's friends and many signs that Mum was still around us. After the funeral, some of my sister's work colleagues gave her a gift of a large stone rabbit for the garden, in memory of my mother. We did not take to this rabbit at first and found it rather a strange gift! However by the time I came to return home, we had both become quite attached to it as it sat looking at us through the patio doors! We were certainly not aware then of just how important it would become to us.

When I returned home I chose a 'Mayan' card for my meditation. The one I had picked was called Lammat. On looking up its meaning I found to my surprise that it represented the rabbit! Having recovered from the initial shock, I continued to read the meaning of the card and this is what it said, "To the Maya, Lammat represents the rabbit, whose softness and tenderness is the path of ever-expanding love and whose

dimensional rabbit hole is the portal into which you now enter... Acknowledge your connectedness with the earth and then free yourself to leap into the star portal. In the 'brush' of this busy world, rabbit offers to be an ally, as you leap into the next octave of self."

I immediately phoned my sister to tell her and from then on the rabbit took on a new significance.

Five months later my father died. He had been in hospital for three years, gradually losing his faculties. He had in many ways been a difficult man, but I had always had an inexplicable bond with him throughout my life. He had always proclaimed himself to be an atheist. Despite this I was, as I suppose many children were in those times, sent to Sunday School. Here I was taught that if I didn't believe in God I would go to hell when I died. Although I have long since stopped believing that, the fact that I



was at a very impressionable age when I was taught it, has meant that it has been very difficult to let it go. So when I heard that my father had died, the fear raised its ugly head once more.

Immediately I wondered what would happen to him, and I remember saying out loud, "Please Dad give me a sign that you're alright."

We had had rabbits around our house ever since Mum had died. The new estate had been built on what had previously been a rural area, so this was not surprising. I had planted a rose in memory of my mother and decided I would plant another for my Dad after he died. A few days before this happened a rabbit came into my garden and was sitting on the place where Dad's rose was to be planted! On remembering this I followed my request for a sign by saying to myself

"Dad if you're there let me see a rabbit." Shortly afterwards, my husband, who knew nothing of the rabbit story called to me "Joan, come and see this." I went and there in front of the house was a rabbit! I went outside to see it and as I did so it began to rain with what I can only call a 'gentle' rain. That description came into my mind as I was standing there and I knew it had some significance for me but could not remember what.

Later, when I talked to my sister on the phone, she told me that at the point when my father left this life, she and the hospice worker, who was there at the time, looked out of the hospital window and saw two rabbits. The hospital was situated in the town and neither of them had seen rabbits there before.

Towards the end of the day I remembered the rain and its significance suddenly came to me.

At my mother's funeral I had read out a 'Sufi' legend which I thought very aptly described her going. It talked of how a stream came to the desert and could not continue because it realised it would be swallowed up by the sand. It did not know what to do. Then the wind spoke to it and said that if it remained in its present form it could go no further but that if it surrendered to the wind its essence would not be lost. It would then be lifted up over the sand to fall as gentle rain again on the other side of the desert. The stream did this and realised that it had then realised its true identity.

This was all I needed to know that my Dad was with me and would always be. Just one more incident added to my story. I was reading an article on Chinese Astrology and discovered that my late husband was born in the year of the rabbit. He was really the only person, apart from family, that my father had been close to and was certainly the only one I knew of with whom dad could discuss problems and concerns. This told me that he had been there to meet Dad on the 'other side'.

I am sure there are those who would write all this off as mere coincidences, but to me they will always remain as very special messages.

If you have an interesting story or experience you would like to share, we'd love to print it! Contact info inside front cover. You can remain anonymous if you prefer.