

I HAD AN INTERESTING DREAM A FEW DAYS AGO

This dream was special.....my father who had passed away October 31, 1958, over sixty-four (64) years ago, visited me in spirit. Yes, I am an Applied Scientist by education and now a retired Civil Engineer and



General Contractor; however, Quantum Physics is still being studied and continues to provide, phenomena that cannot be totally explicit even to those who witness the evidence.

This is a photo of my father, Bill Verigin, a few weeks before he died on the left.

The photo on the right is me (Elmer Verigin) taken about the same time as I came home from University at Saskatoon for the Thanksgiving holiday weekend.



My last visit with my father was a very trying and unpleasant as our discussion was not very positive.

His health had deteriorated somewhat, and I was not aware of the extent of his actual heart condition and so I was not privy to his personal knowledge of his condition. In my walk behind the barns, he met me and surprised me with a request: "will you stay back for awhile so that we can liquidate all the assets so that Mother and I can move into town as I cannot continue with farming."

I was unprepared for this admission from my father and perhaps I was shocked to partly explain my response.

In past years, it was understood that the entire family was required to maintain the farm and as my brothers before me, we became accustomed to make ourselves available as required when seeding, harvesting and other operations were taking place. It was normal practice that the two (2) hundred-day school year requirement for student attendance by the Ministry of Education (MoE) usually averaged 120 days or 60% for me. My brothers suffered with their absent schooling, but I was fortunate to be able to maintain a reasonable B average. Letters from the MoE addressed to my father, inquiring why my attendance lacked the normal 200 days, were passed on to me to answer as my father could neither read nor write.

He recognized the government stationary and would ask "what do they want?" and pass it to me to read. I realized that it would serve no useful purpose to stress him and so I would answer "well they just want to know how many horses, cattle, etc., that are on our farm," I distorted the truth. "Can you answer them?" he requested. I would take the letter to my teacher, and he would smile and say, "I can deal with that for you." I never knew what he did but no more letters were received after grade seven (7).

So, my father would not understand that a university program was entirely different and attendance was essential to keep abreast of the information that came at an Engineering student for 44 hours a week as compared to the high school program averaging about 28 hours a week.

So, my answer probably shocked him as I explained that I had worked two (20 months that summer with my brothers in British Columbia and was able to save \$475 and that I was successful in receiving a loan of \$500 from the Saskatchewan Government. I had already spent over \$475 for books and tuition and needed \$55 a month for Room and Board for 8 months. I did not expect any funding from the farm as I knew that wasn't any.

"No, it will not be possible for me to stay back at this time as the time frame would be too long for me to be able to accommodate my classes successfully."

He bowed his head and I saw tears in his eyes as he walked away from me. It was the last time I saw him alive.

I suffered with disturbing nightmares for years after that. In my dreams my father would be standing aloof with head bowed and never look at me. Of course, I would wake and be very upset.

I would get other dreams where I would come to the farm and my mother would be living in the cellar of the original house that had collapsed over her. The farm had been sold and a housing subdivision established around allowing my mother to live there. (In actuality, the live assets were all sold after the funeral and the farm sold some 3 years later. My mother had moved to Benito and was working at the Benito Hospital).

These dreams carried on and were part of my eventual depression.

A week ago, I had this experience (I cannot confirm whether it was a dream or something else): I was in the house that we last lived in at Pelly, with my father and mother. My father was leaving the house when I stopped him with "Dad I want to tell you something".

He stopped with his hand on the exterior door.

I walked up to him and said: "Dad, I love you".

I then kissed him on the lips as he responded with: "I love you too!"

I felt the kiss.

To those of you who will smile and suggest, that this was all a fantasy, I respect that.

To me it was real. I now feel that I have been forgiven albeit perhaps it was not my fault, in the first instance but I suffered as if it was.

That was my dream and I feel much better now.

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