

# It Feels Like Home

By Steve Leasock

There it was again. A flash of white light followed by three glowing colored lights. I experience this again and again. Strangely, it only happens in my bedroom just before I fall asleep. The recent global virus outbreak as resulted in a global lock-down. People, especially high-risk individuals, are to remain home except for getting groceries or medical reasons.

I have a heart condition and have been home the last few weeks. Or, was it longer? It seems like I have been in my apartment forever. This is one reason why the flashing, glowing light show didn't seem so unusual. Why you ask? Well, I literally thought that I was going bonkers. Actually, I dismissed the lights to brain and body relaxation just before drifting off in deep sleep. This, I assumed, caused me to see lights that were not there.

Little did I know what was really happening. But, everything changed five nights ago. I had been awakened by something. There was something different in the bedroom. But what? It felt different. There I laid quietly for a few moments. My mouth was really dry. So, I decided to go to the kitchen for a glass of water. The water was in the frig. Brrr, it was cold as I drank it down...



A young man sits next to a patient. A nurse is hanging up a fresh IV bottle next to a man lying in bed. She visits twice daily to change the bottle and check his vital signs. The nurse slightly increases the saline drip before she leaves for the day.



...Wow, I was thirsty. The water tasted funny but it was very refreshing. Still, I should consider buying another type of water. A few more hours of sleep should do me good. But, it seemed warmer than usual in the bedroom. It was almost hot although the weather for April has been normal. A cool breeze caressed my face as I opened the window...



It is early morning and the nurse arrives to check on the patient. The young man has been next to the bed throughout the night. The nurse notices that the man in the bed has difficulty breathing. She adjusts the ventilator oxygen mixture as the patient's breathing relaxes.



...There it was again. Just as I was dozing off. The soft glow of lights was back. But, I was awake and not imaging it. There on the wall at the foot of the bed. Three colored lights glowing with a white light in the middle. But, there was more than just lights. The wall seemed to be moving within the circle. Moving is perhaps not an accurate description. The wall was vibrating as it faded in and out. My curiosity got the best of me and I got out of bed to examine the wall more closely. The area within the light circle was softly pulsating. The surface became more and more transparent as I moved closer. Suddenly, there beyond the wall. I could see my son playing as a young boy on the playground. The image is very colorful and real. I instinctively reach out to him. My hand passed through the wall with ease.

Fear overcomes me but I continued to move forward into the wall. My bedroom disappeared and I am standing on the playground next to him. He looks up at me smiling and giving no indication that anything out of the ordinary is happening. Was I really here?

How is this possible. My son is a young man of twenty-nine. We had just talked on the phone. Was it yesterday or a few days ago? How can he be here with me as a young boy? Is this my imagination? It has been difficult to focus on anything over the last few weeks. I must be getting old. Maybe I am having a lucid dream. But, I know that I was awake before touching the wall within the light circle. Or, was that just part of the dream? This moment with my son feels very real. I could smell the spring flowers and hear the birds singing. My son is here standing before me young and carefree.

He laughs as we play our own special version of volleyball. We use a balloon to play this game. It is always fun. We laugh, all the while, hitting the balloon back and forth. My son tapped the balloon hard and it flew over my head. I turn around to catch it before it hits the ground. (This is a rule in our game. The balloon can't hit the ground.) The other person gets one point if it does. I catch it and spun around quickly to hit it to my son. But, he is gone. Then the playground starts to dissolve around me... I am back in my bed. It is as if nothing had happened. This must have been a vivid, lucid dream. I rested and abruptly became very sleepy. This is very confusing, I told myself as I slipped into a deep sleep.

I pondered the next morning about what had happened. Had I gone through the wall? Was my son with me in this magical place? I was thrilled and yet I doubted myself. It felt like my mind was just playing tricks on me. Perhaps the virus lock-down isolation is taking its toll on me.

Why does it seem that the global virus lock-down will never end? I have lost track of the days. The calendar mocks me as I read the date as if to tell me that what I am reading is not true. On the other hand, I have always enjoyed silence and being alone. Furthermore, I have never really understood the concept of

loneliness. Everyone is always talking about how terrible it is to be alone. But, to me, this type of behavior seems so strange. Oh well, I am rambling on and on. But, this doesn't help me to clarify what is happening to me every night.

Either my mind has constructed a well-orchestrated lucid dream that repeats itself. Or, I really have gone off the deep end. I continue to see the lights on the wall every night. But, it has been three nights since I had been transported through the wall. Oddly enough, I am always thirsty and it is often difficult to breathe. This usually always happened when I am in bed falling asleep. Or, when I had been sleeping deeply and, for some reason, wake up. Tonight, is the night. I will check out the wall again to see if the lights start to glow. Sleep came to me quickly but, not long after, I was awakened by something. Was it the lights? I checked the wall. The lights were indeed glowing brightly. They seemed to be more intense and clearer. It was as if the lights were calling to me. Additionally, there was a type of static in the air. My body and, more so, my senses seem to spring to life. Throughout the weeks I have felt numb and dislocated. Now it felt as if I have awakened from a deep hibernation.

There I stood in front of the wall. It beckons to me. Small electrical charges surround me as the air becomes thin. I can see my son sitting on the couch. He is older than in my last experience two nights ago. He is eating popcorn and watching Hogan's Heroes. We both love the show and always laugh at the actor's performances. This time I don't hesitate as I reach out to touch the image in the wall. As with previously, my hand passes through the wall without resistance. I plunge, with anticipation, into the light circle. My son gives me the bowl of popcorn and laughs about the show. It feels like I have always been sitting here next to him. His behavior gives no indication that being with him in this moment is unusual. We laugh and make jokes about the antics in Hogan's Heroes. My son gets up to leave the room. He and the

surroundings are very vivid to my senses. The popcorn smells great and tastes even better as he tells me that he will be back soon. What does he mean? Where is he going? I get up to following him. He and the room fade away with each step I take. A second later I am in my bedroom looking at the bed. The light circle on the wall is no longer pulsating but continues to slightly glow. The image cannot be seen and the wall is solid as I touch it.

I had difficulty sleeping after this experience. It really feels as if I have slept too much over the last few weeks. I am tired of being tried. I awoke early the next morning. I can't really recall how long there has been a global lock-down. The isolation doesn't bother me but I do miss my son. The experiences within the bedroom portal have felt so real. Stranger still, the lights around the portal have been constantly glowing the last two days. The wall continues to pulsate but I can not pass through the circle. The day was filled with my usual routine of writing my current book manuscript and answering emails. It was early but I decided to go to bed. Actually, I want to sit at the foot of my bed and examine the wall portal. It must be real. I have gone through it twice. I have had many lucid dreams but the experiences beyond the wall are real. Aren't they? It would be impossible for me to dream such detail. But, why is my son always there waiting for me. I blamed this on contact deprivation because we have not shared time together since the virus outbreak started. But, again I must ask myself what is happening. Either I am dreaming about the portal or I have lost my marbles. I don't feel insane. Still, this inner-dialogue might suggest that I am not completely aware of my mental state of mind...



The nurse arrives and the young man enters from an adjacent room. How is our patient? The nurse asks. Fine he replies. However, I have a question. Why has my father been smiling the

last two days? Is this an involuntary nerve or muscle reaction? Or, is he aware of me and what is happening? The nurse explains that this is often a sign that the patient's body is healing. She continues by saying that the symptoms and healing process of coma patients is always unique for each person. Your father has suffered a severe heat attach and the brain was without oxygen for several minutes. She adds. But, his chance for a full recovery is good. I know that he will come back to me one day is all the young man could say.



...So here I sit starring at the wall. Oddly, I don't feel bewildered or sleepy such as I have been over the last few weeks. I bow my head to ponder over the experiences of the last few days. I am surprised by the sudden intense glowing coming from the light circle. The hair on my neck and arms stands as strong energy impulses ripple out from the wall portal. I glance at it and see an image of my son sitting next to someone in a bed. A nurse is there talking with him. Who is the man in the bed? What has happened? These, and many more questions raced through my head. I see tears in my sons' eyes and I start to cry. I reach out to him through the portal but can't stop crying and rub my eyes. I then move my hands from my eyes to see more clearly. My son is sitting next to me holding my hand. I knew that you would find your way back to me he said. You are the light that guided me through the darkness is all that I could quietly reply as tears once again filled our eyes. It feels good to be home.