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EDITORIAL: A doomsday prophecy saves my life

A very strange thing happened to me last week. I was sitting in Subway eating lunch with my three boys. The kids, on a PA day from school and excited for a lunch away from the kitchen table, were hyper and in the way of the line up. I sent them to pick out a table, and get straws and napkins along the way. Once seated, they tore into their subs like they've never seen food before. I reminded them to watch their manners and asked them to ?slow down, and enjoy their food?. Two other guests were seated in the table in front of us. They got up to leave, and one of them came over, put a hand on my shoulder and said, ?I just wanted to compliment you on the fine job you're doing with your boys. You seem like an excellent mother and it's nice to see the parent doing the parenting, not the children trying to parent the parent.? I was completely taken aback ? in a good way. Usually, when people want to speak to me about my parenting skills, there's some sort of lecture involved ? especially since my special needs son likes to draw all kinds of attention to our family while in public.

The person went on to say that my aura was quite large and asked if I was psychic. I said that I wasn't, but I believed that it was certainly possible that others were.

Over the next hour, the person stood at our table-side and predicted the future ? not just mine, but for my boys as well.

He said Brodie, my 13 year old, needed to learn to express his emotions and that if he would apply himself, and finish what he started, he would be a brilliant mind, with a possible future in medicine. He also said that he foresaw no major health concerns for Brodie, or chronic illnesses.

Braedon, my 12 year old, would be tall, athletic and slender ? despite his current battle with the bulge. He was compassionate, he said, and able to express himself easily ? crying when necessary. So true.

Logan, age 9, my only biological child, would love hard in his life and be easily hurt. He also said he would travel the whole world. ?Does this mean I get to go on a plane?? Logan asked. ?Yes,? said the stranger, chuckling. ?Lots and lots of them?. Logan was also going to change as he entered manhood, overcoming many of his current special needs.

When it was finally my turn, it was suggested I have my thyroid gland checked. It was also said that I was coming into a period of time known as my ?Death House?. Apparently, I would lose one or more people that were close to me over the next two years ? affecting me greatly and terribly. I was shocked by the information initially, but happy to have the opportunity to make peace and create final memories.

The psychic shared more valuable tidbits, of a less serious nature, with us before departing.

The kids and I left the restaurant in silence. Halfway home, Braedon said, ?Wendy, what if it's dad that's going to die?? Reflecting on the people in my life that are close to me, my new husband (Braedon's father), would be the worst person to lose. Having never loved, or been loved like this before, I would lose my mind. ?We would get through it together,? I replied. ?But what would happen to us? Would you ever speak to us again?? he continued. A brick hit me in the heart when he asked this question. Although I knew I loved my stepchildren very much, it wasn't until that very moment that I knew we had become one. Carefully, and with regard for how my young son must be feeling, I said, ?Baby, I would not want to lose my husband and my kids all at once. If you wanted to stay with me, you could stay with me forever.? Relief, sadness, panic, fear and immense love flooded our car and our hearts.

When we got home, I texted my husband to tell him what had just happened. He was shocked too, and nervous that it would be him that died.

When he got home, I told him what the children had asked, and how I handled it. We hugged for a long time that night, happy to be safe, and in each others arms.

I don't know what the future holds, or who I might lose in the coming years, but I do know one thing ? this experience has drawn me

to the absolute conclusion that every day is precious, every moment is to be savored and to never live with regret.

Who knows, perhaps the psychic knew that I was in need of a wake-up call in regards to living my life in the present moment, grateful for the people who surround me. Maybe no one is leaving. Maybe I'm just going to live hard from now on and be surprised when the bottom doesn't drop out after all.

Or maybe this person is just a jerk with an agenda.

Either way, another day of life won't be passing me by, and I'm not sorry this happened.

By Wendy Soloduik