# Mommy Do You Have God’s Phone Number

Brice Adair died of Liver failure at age 51 survived by his 5 year old son Lucas.

When I first met Brice he had a Cheshire smile from ear to ear. Our dance on this Earth was passionate and brief. Brice suffered from a mental illness known as BiPolar disease and he was an addict. Brice helped hundreds of alcoholics and addicts along his journey of recovery. Unfortunately he could not stay clean and sober himself.

This collection of writings have been harvested from a journal that I kept for one year following Brice’s death. They are the gift of seeing death through the eyes of a 5 year old.

In the movie ***Land Before Time***, a young dinosaur named Little Foot’s mother dies and goes to the spirit world. Disney does a wonderful job of portraying the young dinosaur’s diseased parent ability guide his life along a safe passage by appearing to him in the clouds and in tree stars. Death is portrayed as a natural part of the great circle of life.

In bed one night after watching the movie for the first time

Lucas asked,

“Mommy is your Mommy in the spirit world?”

“Yes, Lucas.”

“Do you talk to her in the sky and the trees?”

“Yes, Lucas I talk with my mother whenever I want to.”

“When I die I’m going to ask God to put me in the same spirit world as you.”

When I woke up at five o’clock the morning after Brice died I spent one of the longest hours of my life waiting for Lucas to wake up, knowing I had to tell him the sad news. I will be forever grateful to Walt Disney. I used the Land Before Time movie to tell Lucas that his Daddy died.

“Daddy is in the spirit world now like Little Foot’s Mommy. Your Daddy is dead and you won’t ever see him again.”

Lucas burst into tears and I knew he understood as well as any 5 yr. old could comprehend.

Lucas is like his Dad in many respects, especially in his way with words.

When Lucas was beginning to discover language and Brice and I were saying M is for Mommy and D is for … Lucas said “D is for derailment.” We knew then that Lucas was bright. However, I am continually learning about his spiritual wisdom.

As a family spirituality was at the center of our lives. In this little book I share some of the wisdom gleaned from dialogs with Lucas that have been and continue to be part of my spiritual journey.

Following church one Sunday we created a God box. While decorating the God box, a place to bring prayers and or troubles to God, Lucas at age 3 turned to me and said,

“but Mom God doesn’t live in a box, God lives here in our hearts.”

When Brice was in the hospital for six weeks, Lucas then four years of age came to me and said,

“Mom I think my heart is broken.”

When I asked him why he would say such a thing he said,

“because when I talk to my heart my heart is not talking back.”

After recovering from the realization that my four year old was having regular conversations with his heart I told him, “broken hearts can be mended.”

He asked, “What does mended mean? ”

I said, “to get better.”

Lucas asked, “How do you mend a broken heart?”

I answered, “you mend a broken heart by doing what makes your heart happy and remembering all the people that love you.”

After Brice died Lucas and I received much love and support. Toward the end of the day following Brice’s funeral the phone rang yet again. Lucas shouted, “don’t answer it.” Recognizing his need for some undivided attention we cuddled together on the couch. Lucas turned his eyes up to me and asked, “Mommy do you have God’s phone number?”

The next morning in the car I turned my attention to Lucas and said,

“You know your Daddy was a big kid.”

Lucas got angry and said,

“No he wasn’t. He was my Daddy.”

To which I replied,

“He was a Daddy and a Big kid.”

Silence.

“Mommy, I think Daddy was a teenager who never grew up to be a Daddy. He stayed a teenager.”

I hope Lucas grows up to understand just how accurate these words were.

The hardest question I’ve had to face, as a parent was when Lucas asked,

“If God is magic can he make my Daddy come back alive?”

After trying my best in simple terms to explain the difference between the worlds of spirit and our life on earth Lucas said,

“My Daddy will be with me always in my heart?”

I was told by a counselor for the center for grieving children that a childs experience of grief is episodic.

Out of the blue while playing happily Lucas asked,

“Why is my Daddy dead?”

My answer,

“Parts of his body stopped working.”

“What parts?”

“His Liver and his Kidneys.”

Lucas hearing the word kidneys as ‘kid needs’ said,

“My Daddy died because he needed his kid.”

One morning in January I received an email from a friend that told me it was Elvis’ birthday. I laughed out loud and Lucas who was in ear shot wanted to know what was funny. I told him it was Elvis’ birthday and he asked, “Are ya going?” If there is a birthday there must be a party. Reflecting on the spirit world Lucas asked, “Does God have birthday parties in heaven?

Will Daddy be a baby again? When he has a party for Daddy will Daddy be one year old, then two, then three?” I told Lucas that when people are born again on earth they always start out as babies but that I really don’t know if Daddy will be one on his first birthday in heaven or 52.

Friends who gave me much needed breaks told me of how open Lucas was. Here are some of the sweet thoughts and feelings they recorded.

Another single Mom overheard her children saying that the next weekend was a Daddy weekend for them. Lucas said “all my weekends are Mommy weekends now.”

Lucas was wearing two hats one day. One of his own and one of his Dad’s. I overheard Lucas sharing with a friend of ours that he could smell his Daddy on the hat. Lucas said he always liked the smell of his Dads hair and how soft his hair was to touch.

Lucas found a Scooby Doo photo album in the grocery store and begged me to buy it for him. When we got back to the house he said he wanted to begin a photo album of pictures of him and his Dad. Then he wrote a letter to his Dad asking me how to spell most of the words.

His letter read Dear Daddy; I hope you have a good time in heaven. Love, Lucas

Lucas asked, “Was God a person before he was God?” I said I don’t think so. I think God is bigger than that. Lucas asked, “How Big” I said, “really Big.” Lucas asked, “Mommy if God is really big is he really strong.” “Yes, Baby God is really strong.”

Prior to Easter Lucas said, “Daddy will get an Easter basket before me.” When I asked him why Lucas said, “The Easter bunny lives with God that’s how he can go to every house all over the world in just one morning to bring Easter baskets.” As if putting this all together, God is magical, God is in Heaven, Daddy went to heaven after he died. Lucas said “Mom, does that mean the Easter bunny is a dead bunny?”

“Mom, you know I talk to God a lot?”

“Yes, Luke.”

“Did you know that God talks back to me?”

“What does God say?”

“Do you want to know what God told me today?”

“Yes.”

“God told me that God has never made a mistake.”

Our friend Lisa was caring for Lucas. He was playing alone and looking a bit sad so she went to sit beside him and this is what he said. “I have so many feelings inside about my Dad being dead (pause) and I’m not going to let any of them out.”

Lucas is so beautiful
I (friend Patty) asked him if he would like to go out for breakfast sometime with me.
He told me he would only go with me
AND mommy and he wasn't planning on doing breakfast with anyone until that time!
He also noticed that there was no "hot zone" on my speedometer
and that he was a "Maine boy" so he was good with the cold
and that his tooth was "weird" and another was trying fit it's way into his mouth, and how he lost his first tooth at school on a see saw and that I must have been mixed up about the tooth fairy cause she gives a dollar per tooth per birthday year equivalent and I couldn't possibly have gotten only quarters when I was a little girl
and that we would only gently and sweetly ask you to get all better
no yelling he said, cause that wouldn't be very nice.
He is an absolute love..

To my sister Meg Lucas said,

“I have a secret life”

“What is it?” Meg asked.

“I can’t tell you. If I did it wouldn’t be a secret anymore but you can guess.”

Meg guessed, “You are a fireman, an astronaut, a doctor?”

To which Lucas replied, “It’s not a community helper. Have you run out of guesses? I’ll tell you, I have a spirit I talk to in my heart.”

Lucas “Are we looking for a new Daddy for me?”

“Why do you ask Lucas?”

“I want a new Daddy.”

“Why?”

“So we can be a whole family.”

“You and me and daddy are really separated now that Daddy is in heaven aren’t we Mom?” “Yes honey.” “But we will always be a family even if we are separated.”

“Before when I was nothing, I knew everything.”

“Mom, Is Daddy watching over you from Heaven too?”

I brought Lucas to his first counseling appointment. I was of a mixed mind about the long-term stigma of bringing a child to a counselor at age 6. When I heard the stream of consciousness that came forth from Lucas when the counselor simply said, “Gee Lucas I’m sorry to hear that your Daddy died.” I was convinced this was the right course of action. I watched as Lucas responded to her comment. His face became so soft on the verge of tears he said, “The morning that my Mommy told me that my Daddy was dead I woke up and there were a lot of people in the house. I thought we were going to have a party and that I was going to be happy. Then my Mommy told me that my Daddy was dead and I was sad. Then there were more people and we had a service and there were a whole lot of people and I got to light a candle. It was my candle. When I got to light the candle it made me think of when my Mommy and Daddy and me were all together and a family. I still have my candle and I miss my Daddy and being a family.”

In bed ready for sleep Lucas often misses his Dad. One night he said, “I can’t wait for winter.” (It was August in Maine). When I asked him why he said, “I want to make a snowman.” Again I asked why and he said, “A snow Dad is better than No Dad.” This is a line from the movie Jack Frost. In this kid’s movie the boy’s Dad dies and comes back to life as a snowman. Lucas said he could keep a snowball in the freezer and have a part of his Dad’s spirit with him all year long.

Lucas had a blood infection in his hand. We had to go see an orthopedic doctor. After learning that the antibiotics were working and surgery would not be called for I asked the doctor about the leg cramps that Lucas had. He said they were normal for such a growing boy. He then turned to Lucas and asked, “How tall is your Daddy?” Lucas blurted out, “My Daddy’s dead.” The doctor said he was sorry and asked, “He must have been a young man. How did your Daddy die?” Without missing a beat Lucas answered, “My Daddy died from drugs, smoking and lying.” I nearly fell off my chair.

Lucas, “Mom do you ever cry on the inside without it showing on the outside?”

In Luke’s first grade classroom they have journal writing time on the computer. Lucas wrote; My dod did a fau yaz ago wn I waz 5 ura aol my mom taad me vat my dod did it waz sad and a latav pal war at my has and sam pal wr kaiing.

Translation:

My dad died four years ago when I was 5 years old. My mom told me that my dad died. It was sad and a lot of people were at my house and some people were crying.

Lucas was playing with his candy cane and said that he was going to break it mid way and then pretend it was a cigarette. I said I wished we lived in a world with no cigarettes. Lucas told me, “I dreamt there are no smoking signs and no drinking signs in heaven.” Lucas said, he wished there were no guns or bombs. Then he said, “if no one died God would be lonely in heaven with no friends to play with.”

At bedtime. “Mommy I don’t want to tell you this. Sometimes I think that Daddy is still alive and that you are going to die.”

I told Lucas that even though I was much older, 16, when my Mom died I sometimes forgot and looked for her when I woke up. I also shared that my Mom was a lot more fun than my Dad and that sometimes I wished that it had been my Dad and not my Mom that died. Lucas said; “We must be related. My Dad let me stay up as late as I wanted, sleep on the coach and eat sugar in the morning.”

Having a conversation about kids with my sister Lucas said that boys can’t have babies. Aunt Meg said when you grow up and get married you can have kids. Lucas said quite seriously that he might not get married. Then he said, “If I do get married when I grow up I’m going to marry my Mom.”

Going to bed Lucas said that he was going to make all his wishes on a star, on his birthday candles, one wish. “I’m going to wish that Daddy comes back alive again.” I felt so sad as I explained that that wish could never come true. Lucas said in a reassuring voice, “I know Mom. I just want Daddy to know how much I wish he could be here with me.”