

Dad's already being a great angel

3/13/18 (Day after the funeral) - I'm sure Dad didn't keep his original WWII Army Air Corps jacket (1942-45) for 76 years, just to give it to Goodwill. I wanted to give it to the Army soldiers at his gravesite, but it was in my car at the church when we rode in the van to the cemetery. Today, I called the Army Recruiter, and he said they couldn't use it and didn't know of any resource for it.

So I started on my way to another errand. Dad had promised his iPhone to his grandson Steve, in appreciation for being a wonderful caregiver, having flown down from MA to spend the week to help grandpa. (Steve only had a flip phone).

So I went to the Apple Store at the mall and had to wait 1.5 hours for an appointment to check Dad's iPhone battery, making sure it was ok before I shipped it to Steve.

In the meantime, I saw 4 police officers, and a "gentle whisper inspired" me to ask if any of them had been in the service, and told them the story about Dad's jacket.

Yes! They walked me about 200 feet to the police office where one of their officers is the Florida rep and Director of Ground Operations for the Veterans Honor Flight of Central FL which goes to Washington DC each year! I wrote down artisticflair.org/george.html so he could have the photo and read the first article Dad wrote about guiding the planes through the fog with the new top secret radar.

We jumped in his police car and drove halfway around the mall to my car in order to pick up the jacket. He gently placed it on his back seat and said, "My mission is to always honor and remember the Veterans." I then got in my car and cried, thanking Dad for finding the right person for his jacket.

My next errand was to deliver to the church, the framed double photo of Dad wearing his jacket in 1942 and 2011. The KofC will be storing this photo and honoring him at meetings, since Dad was the oldest 4th Degree Knight in FL, having joined in 1936.

It was getting late, but I noticed that Dad's iPhone had some cracks on the screen which really needed to

be fixed. I dreaded going back to Apple again with a possible 1.5 hour wait, but made the trip, since Apple stores are few and far between. To my surprise, even though the store had over 50 people in there, the tech said it was only a cracked screen cover, and fixed it in 10 minutes.

As I left the mall and was at the stoplight, I called my brother Tom. When all of a sudden a beautiful "white Chevy Caprice" drove by in front of me on the main road. (My Angel husband Mike had a 1996 white Chevy Caprice, and always seems to communicate at special moments with this symbol. They don't make that car anymore.) I think today, Mike was conveying to me that Dad and he are fine and doing well, and Dad's getting the hang of being an angel. At least that's my interpretation ;-)



3/15/18 Driving home after closing Dad's apartment at Oakmonte Village.

Before Dad died, we chatted about the next dimension, and I mentioned that Mike and I have another cool way of communication - through license plates. I asked Dad to perhaps find ones with his initials, Mom's initials, or other known links that I would recognize.

Well - finally getting to go back home, Dad truly out did himself. At the stoplight just before entering the



Turnpike, a white Xfinity with license plate CAK-I51 was in front of me. I was in shock - "Christine Alice Kilbride - I (meaning me) - born 1951".

Then after making it home safely, as I was just about to enter the gate to where I live, the car ahead of me had this license plate - **GNEVA LK** alluding to "George Vincent Kilbride". Now I know he's just having fun!

~ chris

