

# GNOMES...

## A True-Life Rescue Story

Barbara Michael-Grover

**T***his is another personal story of how “Uncle Kenneth” and his gnome friend Eric helped me in a very big way....*

**A** distraught, familiar voice was audible when I answered the phone at 6:10 PM one fall evening in the late 1980s. My mother sounded frantic, because my father had taken the Chevy Blazer to the carwash at 10:30 AM and had never returned to their home in St. Louis Park, Minnesota. Dad had started to exhibit signs of dementia, so his absence was a fulfillment of a constant fear my mother had of living in a big city with its vast network of roads and side streets in which it could be easy for Dad to lose his way. After he had

been gone for an hour, she called the State Patrol and gave them the license number and description of the car in the hope that they would find him. That was six hours earlier.

Dad was a TV watcher, and I surmised that after he left the carwash, he was driving on “automatic pilot” and started day-dreaming and looking at the

scenery, perhaps looking out the windshield as if it were a TV screen and not thinking of where he was going. My parents had a lake cabin on Cass Lake, near Bemidji, Minn., so he may have just absent-mindedly started driving to that familiar destination and may have missed the right turn at the Clearwater exit.

I immediately drove down to her house, and realized I had to call Uncle Kenneth to see if he and Eric could help. When I called him, I said “Kenneth, this is Barbara”, but before I could get the rest of the message out of my mouth, his intuitive response was, “Your Dad isn’t in a ditch! Eric and I will go out and find him, and bring him back. Don’t call me tonight, but call me tomorrow morning.” Then he hung up.

At this point, my mother was crying. She had already called my brother in Bemidji earlier to warn him of my father’s disappearance, and to look out for him in case he arrived. I tried to comfort her and pray with her, in hopes that my father would return.

I had to report to my job as a personal care attendant by 10:00 PM. At about fifteen to ten, there was a knock on the door of my parents’ home, and there was my father, the color drained out of his face, who stated to me, “Oh, my God, I’ve had the scare of my life! I went through three tanks of gas!” I asked him where he had been since 10:30 AM, and his reply was “somewhere around St. Cloud.” Apparently, he had gone past St. Cloud to several gas stations along I-94 to fill up and get directions, but then couldn’t remember the directions given to him.

The next morning, I called Kenneth, and thanked him and Eric for saving my Dad. His response was, “Eric and I think your dad and mom should move to a smaller town, and that your mom



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should limit your dad's driving." And that's exactly what happened. Dad lived the rest of his life in their beautiful lake cabin, looking out at the majestic pine trees surrounding them and the waves lapping up on the shore of Cass Lake. "Reality TV" at its best! ■

*If you have an elemental story to tell, e-mail Barbara: [bgobione@gmail.com](mailto:bgobione@gmail.com). Barbara creates crafts reflecting her love of fairies and gnomes, with variations of bird houses, make-a-wish bottles, and other curios, including hand-made kits for children's parties.*

This is a picture of Eric, the gnome, painted by the late Lois Trussel of Emigrant, MT. Eric was a close companion with the late "Uncle Kenneth," a remarkable man known and loved by many. (Kenneth's story was included in our previous article on Fairies by Barbara, available in our Archives at [NaturalLifeNews.com](http://NaturalLifeNews.com)). In it Barbara states, "I was able to feel the presence of Eric on various occasions. I have never, to this day, felt such an exhilaration of positive, joyful energy as when he zipped through my kitchen about 5:30 pm one spring evening." Both Eric and Kenneth figure prominently in the rescue story of Barbara's father told here.

Lois Trussel, the artist who went by "El Patton," was also well known and loved by many. She had her own gnome garden and painted their images frequently. Barbara, quite by happenstance, came across this portrait when visiting the astrologer, Christine Barrere, in Livingston. (Visit [Starfires.com](http://Starfires.com).)

Christine, another close friend of both Kenneth and Eric, came into possession of his portrait when visiting the daughters of Lois Trussel. Apparently, Eric wished to remain quite active in our lives and not be forgotten with Kenneth's passing, by hopping a ride home with Christine and son Nathaniel. This occurring in the most synchronistic way, one wonders if it might have been planned by Eric all along! Maybe he will help YOU too, if you ask him to!