

Fall 12-3-2017

Tickling Toes

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Recommended Citation

Burdett, Alyssa, "Tickling Toes" (2017). *USU Student Folklore Fieldwork*. Paper 108.
https://digitalcommons.usu.edu/student_folklore_all/108

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Logan, UT
December 3, 2017

Tickling Toes
Memorate/Legend

Informant:

My informant's name is Mrs. B. She was raised in Springville, UT and currently resides in Gilbert, AZ. She is a stay-at-home mother, but has attended both SUSC (aka SUU) and BYU in the past. Some of her favorite hobbies include sewing, learning new cooking techniques, and going on "foodie adventures."

Context:

We were emailing back and forth. My informant was sitting at her desk working on some projects for her church when she got my email and I was sitting in my room working on various homework assignments. This story begins by her relating a journal entry her father wrote. He speaks of his hope to be with his wife again after death if he's true to the promises he had made in an LDS temple. My informant then told me how she'd had a similar experience to what he had where she too felt like her mother was watching over her. With the personal nature of this story, she would be more likely to share it when with family, or people who share the same faith as she does in a more personal setting. She would share them with friends, but probably not strangers. She also might share the stories if she felt like the person she was talking to needed some reassurance that they are being watched over.

Text:

I just read an interesting entry that he [her dad] wrote:

Beth [her dad's wife] I think of you every day, but some days pretty much all day. I pray that you are happy and busy. I hope that you remember me and are looking forward to our being reunited to be together forever, for always for all eternity. Experience let me know you are watching over me. One night someone was tickling my feet. I raised just as you vanished. Another I was dreaming you came leaned over and gave me a kiss. Once again as I awakened you vanished. These experiences give me hope that we will be together if I can live faithful and true to my covenants.

The reason I found this so interesting is that I had an experience one night when I felt someone tickling my feet and I awoke with the impression that it was grandma [her mom, Beth]. Even more interesting than that is Dad [her husband] had woken up not too long before that thinking one of the kids was at the end of the bed waking him by tapping on his toes (but there was no one there). We both went right back to sleep. When I awoke because someone was tickling my feet, and I didn't see anyone there, I just got up and turned lights on in the family room. I wondered if mom was trying to warn me that we could have an intruder (there had been a couple in the neighborhood - I found out later). It surprised me that this experience didn't scare me. I felt completely calm and at peace - I guess knowing we were being watched over.

So reading that dad experienced tickling of his feet too sort of verified to me that my impressions were probably right. It's good to have a little validation now and then.

Texture:

This story was told with a sort of reverence due to the sacred nature of the topic. It also has a tone of love and peace because my informant felt like she was being watched over by her dear mother. There's also a tone of reassurance due to the fact that my informant was not the only one to experience something like that.

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Introduction to Folklore/English 2210
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Fall 2017