

### His Mother Was Here

Just then, the Rosary the dead man had been holding fell to the ground. "How did that get back in his hand? I took it out once already". Maybe his mother put it back in his hand," said the nurse, as she bent down to pick up the Rosary beads.

"His mother?" asked the wife. "Yes, she was here a few minutes ago. I thought she would still be here when you came, but she must have gone," said the nurse.

"She had put these in his hand before he died and was back later after he died. I think she must have put them back in his hand then." "His mother has lived overseas for a long time. She doesn't even know he is...he was ill," said the wife, not sure who had visited her husband.

### You Could See She Loved Him

"Well, she said she was his mother, and when he first saw her, he was smiling and tried to sit up to greet her, but he didn't have the strength. He called her 'Mother,' " stated the nurse, worried in case she had made a mistake.

"What did she look like?" asked the priest.

"Well, she was dressed in blue; she had a beautiful face, so gentle and warm. You could tell she loved him, for she held his head in her arms like a baby; it was very moving. I heard her say to him that his Father was waiting for him. It was then he smiled, closed his eyes, and I knew he was dying, so I called the doctor.

When he came, the mother had gone. She must have moved quickly, for I didn't see her leave. Then, after the doctor went to meet you, she came back again. I'll look for her if you like," suggested the nurse.

"No, it will be all right," said the wife, smiling broadly. "His Mother Mary was here."

The priest sat silently, amazed at what he had just heard.

"I'll come back later, then," said the nurse, as she left the room, wondering why a wife would be smiling like that when her husband had just died.

Back in the room, the woman sat smiling, rocking back and forth, saying over and over, "**His Mother Mary was here,**" while the priest got on his knees praying and thanking God for His merciful Mother. *\*(from Stories of Love. p. 94)*

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## He Called Her "Mother"



*....she was dressed in blue;  
she had a beautiful face,  
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## ***He called Her "Mother"***

\*The nurse called out, "Doctor, come quickly, I think he is going!" The doctor came rushing into the room with his white gown flapping behind him. "Let me see," he said, as he leaned over the man lying in the bed, while looking into his eyes and placing a stethoscope on his chest to listen to his heart.

"I don't think there is much we can do now; it is in God's hands," said the doctor, sadly. "Surely you should try something?" questioned the nurse, with surprise in her voice. "He is riddled with cancer; it is throughout his body. We have not been able to do anything for him except ease his pain. Unfortunately, there is nothing more we can do: it is his time to go, I think," replied the doctor, as he gently stroked the hair of the dying man before him.

"It seems such a waste. He is so young and so good-looking," stated the nurse. "Yes, he is young and it is sad, but if he dies, at least his suffering will be over," replied the doctor, gently.

Just then the man in the bed opened his eyes and looked at the doctor above him, then smiled weakly, as he whispered, "Doctor, please tell my wife I was thinking of her, and that I will love her for eternity." "I will, I promise," replied the doctor, smiling back at the man. "Thank you," whispered the man, as he closed his eyes and took his last breath.

The doctor examined the man and confirmed he was dead, then asked the nurse to make the necessary arrangements. The nurse nodded silently, and the doctor could see a little tear rolling down her cheek. "It's not the end, you know," said the doctor. "He has gone to a better place, where I am sure he will be happy in the arms of God." The nurse looked at him, and said, "I hope so; he suffered a lot here."

At that moment, another nurse came into the room, saying, "His wife is here, Will I send her in?" "No, I will come and speak to her first," replied the doctor, as he made his way to the reception area.

## ***He Is Not Dead Yet, Is He?***

"Doctor, how is he?" asked the wife, as she saw the doctor approaching.

"Maybe we can speak in here," suggested the doctor, opening the door to a side room. The wife stared at him with a solemn face. "He is not dead yet, is he, Doctor?" she asked. "Come in here, where we can talk privately," beckoned the doctor. "Oh, no!" wailed the wife, as tears welled in her eyes. "Please don't tell me he's dead. Please, please." she begged, as the doctor took her hand to lead her into the room. Then, as the realization of her husband's death came upon her, she called out, "He is...he's dead!" As she said this, her legs gave way underneath her and she fell to the floor, sobbing. The doctor reached down and gently lifted her up then held her close to him, as the wife cried on his shoulder.

Two nurses came to help, and with the doctor, took the woman into the room and placed her in a soft chair. "It was a peaceful death...just a few minutes ago. Before he died he told me to tell you he would love you in eternity. Those were his last words: words for you."

"Can I see him now?" sobbed the woman. "In a little while; just take a moment to recover," suggested the doctor.

"I am all right. I have been expecting this for a long time, but now it has happened..." sobbed the woman. "He did see a priest before he died and received the Last Rites. I think the priest is still here, if you would like to speak to him," asked the doctor.

"Yes...yes, I would, but can I see my husband first?" implored the woman. "Yes, of course," replied the doctor. "Come with me." Together they walked in silence to the room. "Shall I leave you alone for a while?" asked the doctor. "Yes, please," replied the woman, quietly.

When the doctor had gone, she went nervously to the bed where her husband lay. "You look at peace, my love," she sobbed, as she fell on her husband, embracing and kissing his still body.

## **Holding His Rosary**

"At least you are out of pain now, my darling," sobbed the woman putting her cheek against her husband's. With her hand, she reached along his arm to place her hand in his. As she came to his hand, she found it was closed, holding tightly onto his Rosary. The woman smiled, and said gently, "I know Mother Mary is taking care of you. Let's say a Rosary together now for the last time." The wife began to pray the Rosary half expecting to hear her husband join in, but there was nothing. A few minutes later she heard the door to the room open and someone walk in, but she did not care; she lay there with her husband praying the Rosary. Then she heard the voice she knew to be the priest, joining in with her prayers. All of a sudden she felt a peace enter her body, and she knew everything would be all right; she knew her husband was happy.

"My dear, are you all right?" asked the priest, as he came to her and placed his hand on her shoulder. "Yes, Father, I am," replied the still-crying woman. "I know he is with God, and that Mother Mary is caring for him, and I know he is still loving me."

"My dear, I spoke to him just a little while ago, and I brought him Communion and heard his confession. I believe he went to face God with a clean heart, and his soul united in Jesus. I am sure he will be given eternal peace by God," explained the priest. "Thank you, Father, thank you," said the wife as she rose from the bed, stroking her husband's face, as she did. "Shall we have a cup of tea?" suggested the priest. "No, Father, if it is all right with you. I would like just to sit here for a little while with my husband," answered the woman.

"Of course. Would you like me to stay with you?" asked the priest. "Yes, please, Father," responded the wife, and so together they sat there silently in prayer and in their thoughts. The nurse, who had been with the man when he died entered the room, unaware the two were in there. "Oh, sorry, I didn't know you were here. Shall I come back later?" she asked. The priest nodded gently at her, and the nurse began to leave the room.

"Were you with him when he died?" asked the wife. "Yes, I was, and it was very peaceful. His last words were of you," explained the nurse to her gently. "Thank you," said the wife, as she went back to her thoughts.