

After she told me what had happened to her, she was not at all surprised when I told her that Diane had died that afternoon.

### **Filled With Happiness**

I was filled with a great happiness for Diane. She was free of her illness. My sorrow was gone. I invited the woman to come inside to tell this occurrence to the five others present, and although she hesitated to come in, she did so.

The woman described to the group what had just happened. When she repeated the words she heard Diane speak, while saying, "I made it," our daughter Noelle had begun to cry.

Noelle explained, "Over the past several months, my Mom told me that she would try to let me know when she entered Heaven, by telling me that she made it." Mom had kept her promise in a most unexpected way.

At the Funeral Mass, Father Michael told of this experience. He said that he had mentioned it to his own family shortly after Diane had died, and his brother said, "But, isn't it sad to die just before Christmas?"

Father Michael pondered it, wondering in his mind, "Sad or glad ... or both?" But, arriving back to St. Anne's Church, as he saw the beautiful Manger Scene lit up in front of the church building, he seemed to recall Diane singing from the hymn, *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing*, "...Mild He lays His glory by, Born that we no more may die, Born to raise us from the earth, Born to give us second birth." ... He Knew.

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### ***A Shooting Star and a Message from Heaven***



***"I made it. I am free....."***

## *A Message from Heaven*

My wife, Diane, was in her late thirties when she began battling breast cancer. For the next six years, we continued to pray for a healing. All the while, she offered her sufferings to Our Lord, in union with His sufferings on the Cross, for all the poor souls in Purgatory.

Throughout the course of her battle with cancer, she was seen with an heroic smile on her face, and laughter in her voice. In the summer of 2002, the cancer stopped responding to chemotherapy, but she continued to play the flute at St. Anne's Church in Hampton, NJ, until she finally could not leave her home.

In late afternoon of December 16, she departed from this world. At the time, I was at home with our two children. Two of Diane's close friends had come to comfort the family, and our Pastor, Fr. Michael Saharic, had just arrived at our home.

Within a short time of Diane's passing, I noticed a woman standing outside the front door. The woman was weeping, and was visibly shaken.

### **An Unfriendly Neighbor**

At the door, was a woman whom we had not spoken to for several years. Diane had been praying for a restoration of relationships in the neighborhood, but nothing seemed to be changing.

There had been a dispute involving a neighboring farmer who had been receiving complaints from this woman and her husband. It regarded the noises coming from his farm and animals. The farmer had been fined frequently, despite the fact that he had made attempts to quiet down the noises.

Finally, we and some other sympathetic neighbors asked the township officials to stop penalizing the farmer. This act divided the neighborhood. The woman felt betrayed and a certain animosity had developed. Needless to say that, of all people to visit, I was very surprised to see her at the door.

## **She Was Thinking of Diane**

She asked me to step outside to talk to her. She told me that as she was driving her car, she began thinking about Diane, about death and dying, about God, and about the seemingly inconsequential passing of a soul from the earth.

The thought of one's passing, and that the world never stops, disturbed her. She began to petition the Lord, pointing out that the earth does not even flinch with the passing of a soul.

She suggested to God that perhaps it would be comforting if there were a sign that marked the event of one's passing from the earth into Heaven. There were certainly enough stars in the heavens for each one of us! Why couldn't a star fall from the sky with one's passing? This might be a comfort.

### **A Star ... and a Voice**

With that, she immediately noticed a falling star appear in the sky. She was amazed. Then she distinctly heard a familiar voice. It was the giddy and happy voice of Diane.

She heard Diane's voice as if it were all around her within the car. Diane's voice spoke these words: "I made it. I am free, and I am surrounded by an indescribable joy. Go, and tell William."

The woman understood that the voice had to be of a supernatural origin. She heard it, but no one else was in the car. Thus, she was even more shaken and although she was unaware that Diane had died, this message certainly suggested it.

### **She Had to Tell William**

She knew that she had to tell William, but what would he think? Would he think her to be insane? How could she even approach him after all the animosity! Yet, she knew that she must deliver this **m e s s a g e....**