

"GOD BLESS MY CHILDREN"

As the retirement home nurse made her final rounds before her shift ended. She went from room to room collecting the dinner trays from the evening meal. As she entered the room of the elderly lady that everyone called "Miss Sarah," she noticed her tray was still full. "Why Miss Sarah," you haven't touched your dinner. What's wrong? Don't you feel well? She asked.

"Oh no dear, I feel fine," was the reply from the elderly lady that lay on the bed next to the window. "I'm just not hungry. I'll eat something in a little while perhaps."

As the nurse tucked the sheets under the edge of the bed, she said, "Hasn't it been a beautiful Sunday, Miss Sarah?" "It certainly has," she replied. "I've been lying here all day looking out the window at the patients and the visitors strolling through the garden. I've been watching the little children playing games and running to and fro."

I was so hoping some of my family would drop by, but I guess they were all too busy. It's been a long while since they were here. I think it was mother's day or my birthday perhaps. Have I ever told you about my family dear?" "Why no, Miss Sarah, I don't believe you have," replied the nurse as she sat down in the chair beside the bed.

The old lady went on to say, "I have three of the most wonderful boys a mother could have. When they were little, they were rough and tumble and full of energy just like all boys are. I would patch their scrapped knees and bandage the cut fingers. When things didn't go right at school, I would always tell them that tomorrow would be a better day."

On stormy nights, when it was thundering and lighting and they were afraid to go to sleep. I would tell them stories about Jesus and about Heaven. How beautiful it was and how there would be no storms with thunder and lighting, just peace and calm. Then they would drift off to sleep, and sleep quietly the rest of the night.

On Sunday, Henry and I would take them to Church. Henry was my husband you know, he was a fine man, and he dearly loved those boys. He passed away several years ago, and I do miss him so. We would take the boys to Church, and they would sing in the choir. Why I'll never forget the Easter Sunday that our oldest son sang a solo in the choir. His father and I

were so proud, that our hearts almost burst with pride.

I guess they don't get to go to Church much anymore. They stay too busy. You see, they are all grown up now and have families and jobs of their own. Our oldest son is a business man. He travels from place to place making business deals and things like that. I guess that doesn't leave him much time to visit anymore.

Our youngest son, oh let me tell you about our youngest. I remember it like it was yesterday. He was just a teenager, and his father was trying to teach him how to drive. He would back over trash cans and my rose bushes and even the neighbors mail box. My Henry would say, "That boy will never learn to drive." Now he drives one of those great big trucks coast to coast. Isn't that something?" She said with a big smile.

The smile quickly faded when she said, "I'll never forget the day our middle son came home and told his father and me he had joined the military. I cried so hard. He said, "Don't cry mom. I'll be okay, I'm going to make a fine soldier someday, wait and see. I'll make you proud of me, mom. "I am so proud of him too. He's a Captain now. Sometimes he sends me little things from the places he travels. I haven't heard from him in a while now, but I know he's okay. I asked God to watch over him and keep him safe, and I know he does.

My grandchildren, oh I have the most wonderful grandchildren. My grandson plays little leaguer ball. Why just a few weeks ago he called me. He said, "Grand!" "He calls me "Grand" "I had two R.B.I.'s in today's game." "I told him that was wonderful, and I was very proud of him. Now if I only knew what R.B.I. was. But, it doesn't matter, I'm still proud of him anyway.

I have two granddaughters, twins you know. Both of them are going to be ballerinas in the school play. I do wish I could see the play, and I do wish they would all come for a visit. It's been so long, and I miss them so much. But, it's okay, I know they are busy and don't have time for an old lady like me.

"Now Miss Sarah, you know better than that," the nurse replied. "I'm sure they love you just as much as you love them. I'm sure they will drop by for a visit any day now you just wait and see." "I sure hope so," replied the old lady. "But if they don't, it will be okay, because I've ask God to bless and keep them and hold them in his hand. I know that he does.

"Miss Sarah, you get some rest now," replied the nurse as she pulled the cover up around her. The nurse leaned over and kissed her on the forehead and told her if she got hungry, just ring for the night nurse. As she turned to

leave the room, she said, "Pleasant dreams, Miss Sarah." then she was gone.

As the old lady drifted off to sleep, she dreamed of days gone by. She dreamed of her childhood and when she was a little girl. She dreamed of how she once ran through the fields and meadows, and how she loved to pick wild flowers after a warm summer rain.

She dreamed of once again soaking her bare feet in the cool clear stream that ran quietly behind her childhood home. She dreamed of catching lightening bugs on a hot summer night. She dreamed of lying on the front porch steps looking up at the millions of stars wondering just how far away is Heaven, and what does God really look like. Her dream was a calm and peaceful dream, and she slept quietly.

Later that night, as the doctor was making his rounds. He went from room to room checking his patients. When he came to Miss Sarah, he reached for her hand to take her pulse. He said, "Why Miss Sarah, you're as cold as ice. Let me get you a blanket." "No thank you, doctor," she replied. "Everything will be just fine. I'll be nice and warm soon. For you see, just a little while ago, I heard Jesus calling my name.

"Miss Sarah, you've only been dreaming," the doctor replied. "That's all it was, nothing else." "No, it wasn't a dream. "she said. "I'll be going home soon. Doctor, would you do something for me?" she asked. "Why of course," replied the doctor. "Anything I can," With a deep breath, she said, "Doctor, will you tell my children how much I love them?" as she drew her last breath and closed her eyes for the last time, her final words were...

**"God...
Please... Bless...
My Children"...**

Donald Henson
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