

God's Intervention

The Smell Of Roses

True Story

Just the word, roses, conjures up a picture in one's mind, of a sweet aroma of a delicate flower. It used to for me, until it spelled death. Sounds odd, doesn't it? It is very odd, and it's another thing that I asked God to take away from me. It seems so innocent, but it isn't. You may ask why the big deal? I'll tell you. For me, it meant the death of a family member.

Just before any of my family died, the day they died, I would acquire the strongest smell of roses. At first, I didn't understand why there was the smell of roses, when there were none around. After about the second or third time of having smelled this aroma, I began to equate the smell with the death of part of my family, mostly aunts and uncles. I never had the olfactory challenged like that without finding out later that someone in the family had died.

I could be in a moving car with the windows closed when the smell of roses would be so strong that I would almost get sick from it. The smell would linger around for two or three minutes. Then it would disappear as fast as it appeared. It was like you had entered a funeral home or florist where only roses were.

After several of these periods happened and a relative died I would become scared of the sense that God gave me. I could not stand to smell roses.

I had asked God to take it away, and He must have, because I haven't smelled it again.

When my mother was dying of leukemia, my brother was with her during the day and I sat with her at night. Her last days on earth were hell. Her pain was off the chart. I went to her doctor asking him to please up her pain medication only for him to say, if he gave her any more it would kill her.

The hospital staff were like family. They treated Mom like she was their mother. Our mom came from a large family of brothers and sisters, yet I can only remember one time when any family member came to see her in the hospital or help my brother and me. It was like they were scared to visit her because they thought they may get it. One time her sister called me asking how Mom was, but I could hear in her voice she was not going to help nor anything else. She had daughter problems, for her young daughter had gotten pregnant out of wedlock.

The night Mom died she seemed to be doing better. She seemed to be stronger and in less pain. Upon my getting to the hospital to relieve my brother, so he could get some sleep that night, he told me that he was going to stay with Mom that night. Even when I told him that was not a good idea, that that could cause more problems if he got sick from no sleep. He was so adamant to stay with Mom that night, so I went home and got some much-needed rest.

Around four AM one of the nurses called me at home to inform me that my mother had passed. I asked how my brother was handling it, only to be informed that he was still asleep next to her in a chair.

Upon getting to the hospital I woke my brother up and informed him that Mom had died and was no longer in pain. The hospital staff had kept her in the room, allowed me time to get there and deal with my brother.

I thank God that I did not smell one rose!

True Story

If you have a story that needs to be told, write me!

Ron Willis

Love And Compassion Ministries, Inc.

P.O. Box 152636

Cape Coral, Florida 33915