

"Oh, all right then," my Grandma responded as my sister approached the room and entered. By then, the angels left.

From that point, I believe, Grandma Lil's suffering became more bearable. At any rate, when she died, my sister, Kitty, who had been very close to grandma Lil, confided in her boyfriend, Randy, that she has asked for two signs from Heaven that Grandma Lil was okay. One was the scent of roses, which she readily admitted that in her grief she probably wouldn't even recognize, and the other was to have a butterfly land on her, as she had never heard of one landing on anyone.

The day of the funeral as they drove to church, she noticed Randy fumbling repeatedly with the air conditioning system.

"What's the matter," Kitty asked. "Don't you smell it?"

"Smell what?" At that moment the scent of roses washed over her, so powerful that it was almost nauseating.

"Where is it coming from?" she asked, rolling down the window. She stuck her head partially out expecting to smell roses outside the car, but immediately recoiled from the odor of diesel fumes filling the busy street. The powerful scent of roses grew even stronger.

Randy's eyes grew wide. "I think it's your Grandma saying good-by," he assured her.

The following day, as Kitty and my Grandpa stood in the backyard quietly reminiscing, a butterfly of a type she had never seen before flitted over to her and landed on her. It rested there several seconds, spread its wings twice, then rose into the breeze.

Kitty later described it to me and when I told her its name, she understood me to say "Morning Cloak." It wasn't until she looked it up in the encyclopedia that the full significance of its name really hit her. It was a **Mourning Cloak butterfly**.

The way I see it, I'd say we have a St. Grandma Lil in the family.



## *Grandma Lil's Guardian Angels*

by Judy Winter

Sometime in the fall of 1985, my Grandma was diagnosed as having terminal cancer, only she never accepted it as such until the very end. She continued fighting the disease, hoping and praying to beat this evil. Throughout her life, she attended daily Mass until truly incapacitated. Her Rosary was ever by her side and many a time we grandchildren would walk in on her praying.

Never one to make a big issue of things, she'd quietly lay aside her beads and start to visit. It went without saying that once we departed, she'd continue her prayers. She also maintained a great devotion to St. Theresa, the Little Flower and would often smile about the roses she received, especially yellow ones. "Another good novena," she'd giggle.

As time went by, Grandma Lil let it be known that she would not go to the hospital to suffer the indignities of being hooked up to useless machines designed more to prolong her misery than to better her life. When the Good Lord decided to call her, she'd be ready to go. To that end, we grandchildren took turns caring for her as she became bedridden. She seldom complained, but for the most part, maintained her normal cheerful, optimistic outlook.

When her pain became too great to say the Rosary by herself, she'd ask us to pray with her. Her lips would move silently along and her head would bow at the name of Jesus. One was always aware of her attention to prayer.

One day as my sister climbed the stairs to Grandma Lil's bedroom, she heard my grandma talking to someone, but could hear no response. Puzzled, Kitty stepped in to the room, only to find Grandma alone, propped on one elbow looking toward the foot of the bed.

"Who are you talking to?" Kitty asked, to which Grandma Lil responded, "Didn't you see them?" "See who?"

"Those two sitting on the foot of my bed."

By this time Kitty was mildly concerned that Grandma Lil was flipping out due to the influence of the medications she was taking, but Grandma explained. She awoke from a nap to find two men sitting on the bottom of her bed.

"Who are you?" she asked. "We're your guardian angels," one replied.

"We are here to help you," came the answer.