

# Painted Blossoms from Heaven

(A Story of God's Gentle Miracles Across Generations)

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My sister died from brain cancer in 1999. About a month later, my mother and I visited two of our ailing aunts who couldn't make it to the funeral. They related a sweet story about my grandmother after *she* had passed away in 1987.

The summer after she passed, one of my aunts was watering her flowers. As she rounded the corner of her house to water her hollyhocks, she was shocked to see that they had turned from white to red—grandma's favorite color. She dropped the hose and ran into the house to call her sister to come quick and see this miracle. They were in awe and just knew that it had to be a sign from God that Grandma was okay and she was happy.

About a month later, my mom was watering *her* flowers and those that she had planted in my sister's planter box across the street from her. To her surprise, they had gone from white to purple—my SISTER's favorite color! Could this have been a coincidence? After discussing this, we concluded that perhaps my sister's spirit had been in that room with our aunts when we talked about our grandmother's flower miracle, and she wanted to let us know that she too was happy and at peace.

Now fast forward to five years later, in 2004, when my own sweet mother passed away. Before she died, she told me to be sure to plant some flowers in her yard, instead of buying flowers for her funeral. I didn't plant any, as her house was a rental and since it was fall it wouldn't give them much time to bloom and we probably wouldn't see them anyway. My mother was not to be discouraged, however, to have her own turn at talking God into painting flowers on her behalf also.

The following spring, just after Memorial Day, I went back to the cemetery and brought back 3 Chrysanthemum plants from my mother's grave-- one yellow, one

white, and one pink, and placed them on my front porch. They sat there for a few days until one early evening I went out on my porch to sit on my porch swing. I glanced down at the flowers and to my shock and delight, I saw that all 3 flowers had turned purple, which also was my mother's favorite color. Not only had they turned purple, but the white one had taken on the shape of a heart. I picked it up and turned it every which way, but it didn't look like there had been any broken or cut stems from the plant to make it that shape. It was by far the best flower miracle of all!

Now I am getting older, I sometimes think about my own mortality and how much longer I will live. Should I too plan on asking God to continue this flower miracle for my posterity? I think I shall! It's God's way of reminding us that He loves us and wants us to be happy too—and our departed loved ones are just fine.