

PERMISSION TO LEAVE

Five years ago my mother was very sick. She had already been in a convalescent home five years and some months. She was so sick they had to put her in the hospital.

Winter was always hard on her. But this time seemed to be different. There was no relief for her suffering.

Betty, one of my close friends that knew Mom, and went to see her often, said to me, "You need to tell her it's ok to go."

She had been a wonderful mother, always there if I needed her. I think because I was an only child she always felt like she needed to be there.

So one afternoon, Betty, and I went in to see her. Betty said, "Edith you don't need to stay here. I will watch after Elsie." I kissed her head and touched her big toe and told her I loved her and would see her.

They called two hours later and said she passed. I now think sometimes you have to give people permission to leave.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His faithful ones.

Psalm 116:15

Precious in the sight of the Lord
Is the death of His saints.

Elsie Springfield
