

**THE BELLS**

“A medical doctor tells this moving story of a wonderful Christian mother and her five-year old son who was in the hospital, dying of a painful cancer. One morning, before the mother arrived at the hospital, a nurse heard the little boy saying, ‘I hear the bells. I hear the bells ringing.’ Over and over again the nurse and the staff heard him.

When the mother arrived, she asked one of the nurses how her son was doing. And the nurse replied: ‘I think he’s hallucinating today. It’s probably the medication. He keeps saying he hears bells.’ Whereupon the beautiful mother’s face came alive with understanding. She shook her head and spoke to the nurse and said, ‘Please listen to me. He’s not hallucinating. And he’s not out of his head because of the medication. I told him weeks ago that when the pains in his chest got bad and it was getting hard to breathe, it meant he was going to leave us. It meant he was going to go to heaven, and when the pain got really bad, he was to look up in the corner of the room toward heaven and listen for the bells of heaven, because they will be ringing for him.’

With that, she moved down the hall into her little son’s room, gently lifted him out of his bed and rocked him in her arms, until the sounds of ringing bells were only echoes, and he was gone.

His doctor said later, ‘That great mother, in her act of mothering, left the hospital a different place as the result of her inspiring presence.’”