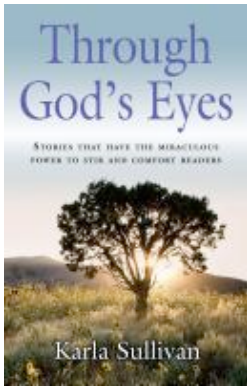


# Through God's Eyes

STORIES THAT HAVE THE MIRACULOUS  
POWER TO STIR AND COMFORT READERS



Karla Sullivan



*Through God's Eyes* is a compilation of personal and inspirational stories that are the foundation of established values. This anthology and manual for life focuses on love, gratitude, spiritual guidance, laughter and heartache all revolving on parents, children, grandparents and even our workplace lives. There is something for everyone while shedding a tear despite yourself. It is one of those rare books that you can pick up any time and enhance your faith.

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# **Through God's Eyes**

Karla Sullivan

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## Quieting the Storm

After grabbing the key that had been securely hidden from the eyes of most, I unlocked the door and stepped inside. She would wander the streets if the doors were not locked from the outside. At first, it was quiet; maybe Emily was asleep and then I heard it.

“I don’t remember, you should know where Dennis lives; her voice angry and desperate, “That’s why I called you,” she pleaded.

Knowing Emily was on the phone, I followed her anguish to the bedroom. She was pacing back and forth, the cordless in her hand. I noticed that directory assistance was talking to her. Emily had a son who lived in town named Dennis. Her husband of over 60 years was still alive but recovering from a stroke and currently in a rehabilitation facility. His absence played more havoc with her dementia especially shortly before the hours of sundown. Besides Alzheimer’s, Emily was a victim of Sundowners Syndrome; her symptoms of memory loss and confusion were much more enhanced during this time of day.

Gently taking the phone from her hand, I quickly apologized to 411 and put the phone on the receiver. Simultaneously, I grasped her arm, and looked into her eyes.

“I have Dennis’s phone number and waited for some recognition before I continued. “Let’s call him.”

“Hi Mom, he said and assured her that Dad would be home soon. But she would forget in a matter of minutes and it would have to be repeated. She may not be sure of the time, date or even season. After she hung up, it seemed she had not been

satisfied and started to become more agitated. Emily needed constant stimulation.

I got up and removed the painting from the nearby wall. Maybe she could tell me about the majestic movie house styled in acrylic called the Chicago Theatre with 1941 written on the marquee. Built in French Baroque in the 1920's, the theatre was one of the most lavish in the country; remodeled in the 1980's. As I brought the picture closer to her eyes, the tension began to fade.

“Oh my, she started as she began to search for the answer, “My first date with my husband. Oh, he was a such good looking man”. The line of people, that night, reached all the way around the block to see *The Lady Eve*.”

Emily couldn't remember if he was in the military or his involvement in World War !! but how she could remember how he held her hand in that line that seemed to stretch forever.

Giggling and moving closer while grasping my hand, she said, “I could tell he just didn't have too much experience with the girls like I had with the guys.”

“How could you tell? I asked

“His hand was perspiring and shaking,” she laughed again.

“And you hooked him for sixty years...I imagine!”

“I knew he was the one the first night. He gave this painting to me for our anniversary.” She responded tenderly.

“Which anniversary?”

“I have no idea,” she giggled, “there were so many!”

Later, I found her wedding picture; a breathtaking bride with large eyes, dark hair and beautiful smile. But Emily seemed more interested in talking about her mother after eyeing this photograph, who could not see her dressed in white because she had passed away before her marriage.

“My mom passed away just a few years ago,” I commented.

“You have a Dad,” she stated matter of fact.

“No, he is gone too.”

“Brothers and sisters?”

“Only child.”

And Emily just couldn't fathom a 50+ woman to be the only one and parentless.

“I do have two children. I am a Mom like you too.”

That didn't matter much to her; it was about who was going to take care of me. She asked if I was hungry...most mother's do. And this she would remember as well. Her vivid heart and mind remained cognizant, regardless of the disability, of her partners love and parental obligation.

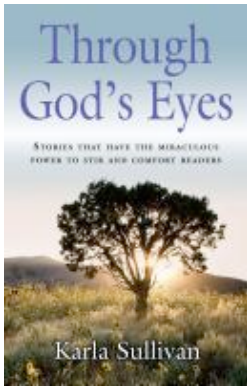
Love always somehow survives in the end. And every time I visited as her caretaker, we did it all again, sometimes the phone call, the Chicago theatre and their wedding. And always before leaving, she asked if she could cook me something to eat.

However, one Monday the routine had changed; allowing an astounding new journey to begin. Her son had told me that his daughter had just gotten married and because Emily was not in the best condition to attend the wedding, they brought the party

to her the Saturday before. Emily dressed in her finest while receiving the wedding party between the service and reception in her living room. New pictures were shared in front of the family fireplace; cake was cut and served along with dribbles of champagne. As I viewed the new pictures, the bride and grandmother shared the same tears.

And on this Autumn afternoon with brilliant color that shaded the home that day, Emily, too, displayed a new color in her cheeks and vibrancy in her eyes. And this time she remembered every exciting detail of blossoming new love in front of her own fireplace that weekend; just like her own in first encounter in 1941.





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