

S. R. LEWIS

# *Falling Into Place*

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Touched By Divine Inspiration

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## **In Memory**

In memory of my parents, Frank and Estella Lewis, who left us too early when I was far too young...I will always be thankful to you for bringing me into this world...though we didn't have much time together, you taught me to survive...I will never forget you....

In memory of my brother, Bobby...you will always hold a special place in my heart...we were always together when I was young, and you took care of me and ate my creative recipes, even though they were probably terrible...you too left so early in my life, and I truly miss you so much...I know God gave you a special "job" up in Heaven...The "Gate Keeper"....Meet me at the gate....

In memory of a special person who came into our lives and left us far too early...Tyler...you touched so many hearts with love and friendship... thank God for the time we had with you just before you passed...you will always hold a special place in our lives.... Stay within our hearts, Hummingbird...never forgotten....

In memory of my grandmother, Florence... you can tell by my writings in this book...I admired you so much for being the person you were...strong and relentless...I saw on the day your daughter died how much you loved her, even though you never spoke...I will always remember you as a strong woman with a strong heart....

In memory of Walter...the person who made me feel like I was important, and showed me love and care. You will never be forgotten...you gave us meaning in life and were always there to pick up the pieces. Thanks for teaching me to bake...I'll always remember the cream puffs....

In memory of all those taken from this earth who hold a special place in my heart...I know that I will see you someday in a different way — just know that I am the person I am because of you... you each made a difference in my life....

In memory of Michael...you will always be a part of my life, and I will never forget you....

In memory of Mary...you will always have the special place in my heart that will be touched with grace. I admired you so much... for being who you were and for your humor... I loved your stories and your devotion to God.

## **And I Thank Thee...**

My sisters and brothers, for always being there at some point in my life when I needed you the most. I will always cherish our memories together. I love you all so very much. You helped me be the person I am today....

For those “caregivers” who came in and out of my life.... When I needed to talk...you were there and listened...you didn't know at the time how important that was, but you made an impact on my life....

For my bestie, Lori...thanks for always standing up for me when I needed you, and for being my friend for all these years...I love you like a sister....

For all of my nieces and nephews, for loving me as I am...for being there at the time I needed you...for the love that you have freely given me....

For my grandchildren...Kailey, Maleyah, and Liberty...and for the future if I am blessed again...thanks for the unending love and care you give to Nana...I love you all so, so much!

For my two daughters...Jessica and Casey...you mean so much to me...I am truly blessed to have had the opportunity to be your mother...God has richly blessed me with you. Thank you for loving me and being the strong and caring women you are. For my son-in-law...thanks for taking care of my baby girl...thanks for being there at a moment's notice when you are needed.... We love you....

For my extended family... my in-laws... thanks for loving me as I am and showing the care that you have given me throughout the years. You have treated me as your own daughter, and I thank you for that. To my sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law... thanks for the love... and may you always have peace and love in your lives, and may God bless you and your families.

Last but never least... my husband Thomas... Thank you for all that you do for all of us. You work hard to give us the special life we have. You understand the meaning of life, and you are so loving and thoughtful in your ways. You have been beside me through all of this, and will be for the rest. We are truly "soul" mates here on earth. I love you like no other. Thanks for being who you are, and letting me be who I am. Thanks for making room for God.

For all those who are in this book... for the steps in my life that you took with me and some still today. Names are not necessary... you know who you are that hold a special place in my heart.

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# Foreword

**Y**ou can relate, I know. So many people have similar stories and similar circumstances every day, but I needed to relate to you through this story of incidents. I needed to try to understand the anger, hurt, and tears. I needed to understand the unusual events that have happened to me and still do — but now I know what they are; I know that other people have the same events. I do not feel afraid anymore, and I do not have to keep it a secret. As you read on, I hope some of your hurt will subside, even if it is just a bit. I learned to have faith and to rely on the one thing that gets me through the hard times: God. One may not know God or even have heard His name, but He is there, waiting for you to reach out for Him. When you feel that you cannot possibly go on, He will carry you through it. I know, easier said than done — that’s when the faith comes in.

From a young age, it was not easy for me — even though if you speak to my sisters and brothers, they may tell you a different story. They may say I was the youngest of the children, so by the time I was born, it was pretty easy for me. They had to endure physical pain, and they worked very hard on the small “farm” we lived at in a small town where it began for all of us. The accounts of the deaths are what I saw and remember — they may know different, but these incidents in life are mine to remember, and

nothing I said or wrote was meant to intentionally hurt anyone in this story. These accounts are real and true and happened at different stages in my life. I do not know why they happened to me or what the people were thinking who were involved in some of these incidents.

Some will argue that I am wrong about the angels. They are real to me, they are everywhere to me; so many incidents have happened that cannot be explained, but by faith alone. God has plans for our lives, and gives us different gifts to conquer those plans head on. I can feel good and evil within the souls that walk this earth. These are gifts that cannot be explained unless they are part of your life. Unless one has and understands these gifts, there will be opposition. I come to realize that everyone has their own opinions, and that is all right between people. You really shouldn't force your opinions onto people who do not relate to them. I have related some of the incidents that have made an impact on my life, and how my life turned in every direction.

I am not a scholar of the Bible or someone who has a degree to teach, but I am a child of God — we all are, whether you believe it or not. I hope someday you will believe it, whether by choice or circumstance. Let's just hope that you obtain Him on the road of your life. Maybe some of the incidents in this story will help you see that God is with you always. No matter what you may have done or said, He will forgive you. My hands of healing are a gift from God. They were not taught in a classroom, nor were they taught by any doctor. I do not use this gift every time. I cannot use this gift all the time. At times, I have heard the whispers of the messengers guide me to what I was to do. Open your ears and you can hear....Feel the intense love that cannot be felt here on earth by another human being. I tried to explain how it felt in

some of the incidents. It is so deep that it makes one cry — not because it hurts, but because of how it is felt.

If I can touch just one person with this story, I will have done my work for the Glory of God. I hope that I touch many, who will know that even though they may feel like they are drowning in despair, there is someone who will be there.

Yes, I see the spirits — not all the spirits, but the ones, I guess, that I need to see. I am not afraid anymore in their presence, nor do I question them. When I was younger, I thought they were just people that were lost. I do not know all the answers to all of the questions that have been asked of me. I do not claim to be “special” or different from anyone else. Learning throughout the years how to deal with these issues, I guess one can say I developed an understanding of what they are.

One can say that the many experiences I have been through have been extraordinary, so I share these events because in reality, some incidents are not that extraordinary, but are similar to many events that happen to many people. It may be in different ways or events, but done by the same person.

Remember the “gut feeling” or intuition that you may have from time to time? Remember the way you wanted to go, but instead did it another way, and it worked out better for you? Remember the loved ones you have lost, and had that one final meeting with them in your dream because you never had the chance to say “goodbye”?

I had watched vivid movies in my dreams of events that have happened in the past being revealed to me before they happened. I

have written in journals for twelve years of different things that will happen on this earth that have to happen. I have spoken to people about the many things they can do to prepare themselves in these trying times to come.

When my parents departed in 1968, I was only eleven years of age. I cannot recall their voices or how they looked without looking at a picture to remind me. Still today, I often cry on their anniversaries of their deaths. I can say I am a stronger person now, but still I am that emotional, sensitive person who feels so strongly about important issues that arise today.

I often stand up for what I believe in, and I am passionate about the moral and ethical values of my Catholic upbringing. I am a visual learner, and I often need some kind of proof as to life's circumstances. I know some issues that I believe in are not the same as others' beliefs, and I respect their opinions. All I can do is tell my story and pray that it can have some kind of meaning in your life.

## A Freaking Nightmare

It was a crisp September morning, and I awoke hearing my mom's voice, which sounded as if she were in distress. I heard another voice and quickly recognized it as my mom's friend who was trying to console my mom, but she was having an asthma attack. It sounded like a severe one, so I jumped out of bed and I saw my mom gasping for air. I could see my mom's frightened face as she headed for the front door to go outside, thinking that the cool air could comfort her. She quickly ran back in and grabbed her friend's arms and said, "Take care of Susan," and passed out. As she was lying on the floor, I stood watching her labored breathing, and her friend ran to the phone to call the ambulance. I felt so helpless, and I started to cry. It seemed like forever, and still no ambulance — so I decided to call myself. I do not know how I knew where to call, but I got through and told the operator that we needed an ambulance. They said they would send one over immediately. Thinking back, they never said they had already received a call.

The ambulance showed up in a matter of minutes, and they gave my mom oxygen and put her in the ambulance. Her friend followed with his car. I watched as they drove out of sight. I felt so lost and alone, even though my older brother was in his room sleeping. He never woke up when all this was happening. After a while, I just lay on the couch, clutching my mother's purse and smelling the perfume that was permeating through the opening. There were angels there, sitting amongst the mess that was all around me. I could see, but could not hear. I was in another world, surrounded by a maze of greens and blues swirling about in my vision.

My mother, the one who brought me into this world, was on her way to the hospital, and here I was in the living room on the couch with all these angels, and I felt so protected. I would start crying, but then felt so much love from these beings that I felt at peace. I just stared into the television screen and thought to myself that this might have been the last time I would see my mother.

It seemed like an eternity until my mom's friend drove into the driveway. I just lay there, knowing in my heart that she was gone. The expression on my mom's friend's face as he entered the door revealed what I felt. He said they did everything they could, but she did not make it. I started to scream, and cried my heart out. I had not told my mom I loved her last night. She would never know. I thought, *I want my mommy back, and I want this morning to start all over like every other morning.* The angels were gone. Were they with my mother? Where were the angels?

My mom's friend grabbed the phone and started to call neighbors and family to tell them what had happened. I was in shock, and

did not say or do anything until my aunt came over. My aunt took over making sure things were in order and the proper people were contacted. My sister arrived with her twin girls who had been born just two months before. I was thinking that at least my mom got to meet them, but they would never know their grandmother. I would never know their grandmother. Soon other friends and family arrived, and the house was filled with people. It was strange to be with my brothers and sisters all at once, because I never really lived with them and did not know most of them too well. They were all older than me and lived in another town. Now here we were, all together, because our mother died.

Not many things are very clear to me, but I remember that my brother-in-law and sister took me shopping for clothes because I had nothing decent for the funeral. I got this pretty light-blue blouse with a navy wool jumper, with tights and new shoes. I just could not believe I was getting all these brand-new clothes all at once. I was not the only one getting new clothes. My sister was shopping for a dress for my mom to wear. I remember her saying it had to be green because that was her favorite color. She ended up buying a dress that had mostly green in it with blue swirls. In the back of my mind, I could not understand why my mother was getting a new dress because she had died, but I found out why later. Looking back, I did not have much, but I did not really care about what I looked like or what kind of clothes I was wearing. We were happy just going outdoors all day and playing in the fields. I guess what I had was not proper enough to go to a funeral. My parents did their best with what they had. They did only what they knew and learned in their lives.

My sister's husband was a take-control type of guy, and if it had not been for him and my older brother, I do not know what would have happened. He was always so kind and compassionate, and he will be remembered for all that he did for us and the love he always gave to us. They both managed to get things in order, even though they were hurting just as much as the rest of us. This was the first time in my life that I remember not having to worry about anything. Everything was being taken care of, and it felt so comforting.

When my grandmother arrived on a bus from Boston, she seemed to be at peace with her daughter gone, but I caught a glimpse of her while she was sweeping the floor. She was in the kitchen with her signature cigarette hanging from her mouth, sweeping away, going around in circles to one side and then to the other. She looked like a little girl, so lost and alone, hanging on to that broomstick with a tight grip. Every now and then a tear would fall from her eye and make its way through the cracks in the wooden handle, evaporating before hitting the floor. Florence was a woman of wisdom, and seemed so strong to me. I admired her so much, and loved her in a special way.

She worked very hard all her life. She made a living shoveling coal into huge furnaces that were in the basement of apartment buildings so she could get a break on the rent. She used to take me sometimes when I was visiting her. I remember going downstairs into the big buildings, and I thought it was so cool. She always had the basement looking comfortable, with well-worn chairs and old ragged rugs on the cement floor. The basement was so big, and always warm and cozy. She would open these big steel furnace doors and shovel many pounds of coal into the wide opening. I was wondering how she felt, losing her only daughter.

It was hard to realize her emotions. She was always the wise, bold woman who seemed so tough in expressing her emotions; I cannot remember ever seeing her cry. She had to be devastated and broken into pieces.... sweeping, sweeping away her hurt. One could see the love she had for her daughter in her blue eyes that seemed to be gray now. The love between a mother and a daughter never ends, and it seemed unnatural for hers to go before her. She and I were in the same way, her daughter, and my mother. We were both broken and wondering why this had happened.

The days moved ahead and seemed hazy to me. I was still in shock and did not know what was coming next. I have never been through the end of life called death. I had no idea of what was to happen next. The night we were to attend what was called a “wake” was the first time for me and my youngest brother.

We arrived at the funeral home and entered through the front door. A man standing at the entrance told my brother and me to go to the left. We proceeded to the left and entered a room filled with chairs and the smell of fresh flowers. We looked to the right and caught a glimpse of our mother lying in a gray box with her arms folded. I screamed along with my brother, and we could not believe what we saw. Quickly my brother and brother-in-law came to our rescue. I could not stand, and I felt so weak. I had not seen my mother in a few days, and the last look on her face went through my mind. Here, she was, in the new green and blue dress, and looking so unusual. Her face was puffy, and it appeared to be bruised. This was so much for me to handle, and I could not bear the thought that my mother was lying there dead. I would never talk with her again here on this earth. What the heck was going on? *Why do they do this?* I thought. It was confusing to me, and it took a while to get up the courage to go closer to her.

People were crying and feeling light-headed and saying how sorry they were. They could not believe that my mother was gone and how young she was. “I just talked with her this week,” someone said. “This is such a shame,” another said. They looked at me with pity, and some were wondering what was to become of me. Who was going to take care of me? I remember when I walked over to her casket it was so hard for me even to touch her. She felt so cold, and her watch was still on her. They left her watch on her, and it was filled with dew. I could see the numbers but not the middle of the face. This was so strange to me.

At last the night was over, and I slept over at my sister’s that night. The next morning we awoke early to attend the funeral. I had no idea what was to happen next. We went back to the funeral parlor that morning for a quick service, and then we were told to get into a limousine at the front of the building. We sat in the limousine for what seemed like an hour, but it was just about fifteen minutes. I looked out the window of the car and saw the hearse driving into the road with my mother’s casket in the back with the flowers surrounding her box. I started to yell for my mom, because once again they were taking her away, but I was calmed by my family. I thought, *Did they take her watch off?* Tears were just pouring out, and I felt so lost and alone even though I was amongst all my family members. We arrived at the gravesite, and someone said a few words, and that was that. It is called “the end” for a reason. It is the end of chapter in your life, and you have accomplished what God put you here on earth to do. So they say, but sometimes your life is cut short by the hands and will of others or yourself, through no fault of God himself.

I was falling into place at my sister’s and enjoying all the food that was around. I had never seen so much food all at once. The night

seemed so long, and saying goodbye to my mother wore me out. The next morning my brother and I woke to the sound of crying, and we went into the kitchen. We just thought it was the after effects of my mother's funeral, and we sat down to eat breakfast. When we finished, we were called into the living room and asked to sit down. This did not feel right to us, and we both felt anxious. Family members were sitting around the room looking at us and waiting for us to be told some news. We did not want to hear the words that were being told to us. No, not Daddy, not the man I felt so attached to, not the man that called me Daddy's girl. Not the man I loved so dearly. I remembered calling for my uncle because he looked so much like Daddy. *I cannot go through this pain again*, I thought, and now the two people who meant the most to me were gone. Many months before this, I had a vivid dream about my dad. It was as I saw my daddy walking toward God so he would not suffer anymore. He was in so much pain from rheumatoid arthritis, and so crippled from it, that he ended up in the hospital. He was in the hospital when my mother arrived in the ambulance just a few floors below.

Did he know that Mom had passed just a few floors below him? My grandmother use to talk, when referring to people, as "one." Her words came into my thoughts: "One never knows when it is their time." The days passed again, but this time it was different. Somehow I felt more at peace with this, but still was very upset. At the time of Dad's wake, my family would not let me go into the funeral parlor first this time. My brother and I entered after a while. As I made it to the coffin, I could see Daddy lying there as if he were sleeping. I had not seen him in a long time because I was not allowed in the hospital to visit. I was not afraid of him and my brother said I tried to lift him up, but I lost memory of that. I just know that a piece of my heart died along with him.

My family didn't let me attend the funeral in the days ahead. I was told to go over to a family member's home to make some food for the gathering at the house. I never knew it was his funeral until after the fact. Maybe they thought I just couldn't handle it; maybe they should have asked first. I never said my goodbye to the man who meant the world to me. The family did not realize that keeping me from his funeral would affect me for some time to come. Here I was, without the people that brought me into this world – my parents' time was together: the same year, the same month, the same weekend, their journey was over, and my new life was just beginning. Looking back, I can see how everything fell into place, and this was truly meant to happen in my life. I truly believe everything happens for a reason, and though one may not see why, eventually it will fall into place. Sometimes it takes years and sometimes one just misses the fact, but eventually you realize why. Two weeks after everything was finished, I entered a new school in a new town. I went to go live with my brother and his family. Considering the circumstances, it seemed I had adjusted well. On the inside, the grief still lingered on for years. God has given me the strength to carry on, and when I thought I couldn't go on, He carried me through it.

God has plans for your life, and it is up to you to figure out those plans. He gives us free will and shows you at different moments in your life what direction to take. It's up to you to take direction or to disregard the direction. Sometimes we do the same thing over and over again and realize the direction we need to take. I believe everyone born on earth has a purpose, and to find that purpose is to find your true journey in life. Some take side roads and never get back to where they belong. Some suffer most of their lives, and some eventually come back to where they should be and follow the path of their planned lives. Along the way, there

can be great suffering and hurt, but I believe this makes you a stronger person with a greater meaning of faith. God is not going to give you something you can't handle and figure out. He will always be there for you, ready to help when He is needed. Once you can see that He is always there, then you seem to realize the path is always clearer.