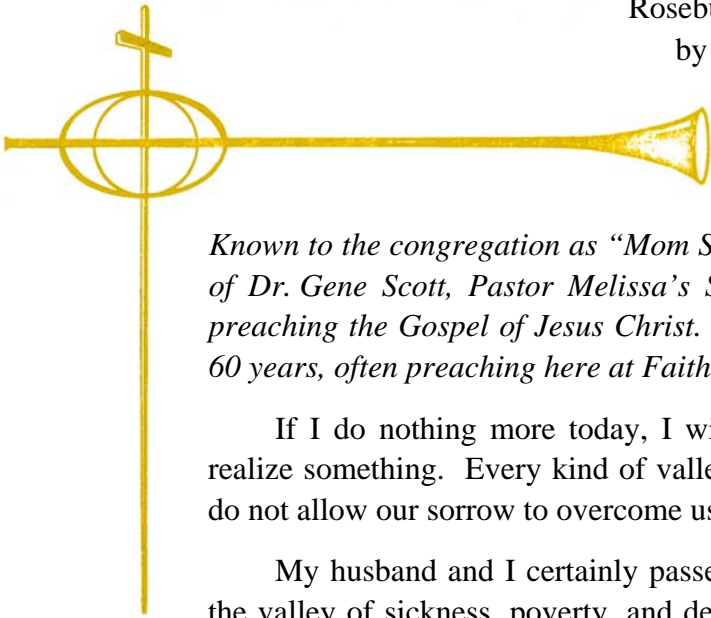


Rosebuds in Heaven
by Inez Scott



Known to the congregation as “Mom Scott,” Inez L. Scott (1911–1999) was the mother of Dr. Gene Scott, Pastor Melissa’s Scott’s late husband. Her life was devoted to preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She ministered alongside her husband for over 60 years, often preaching here at Faith Center.

If I do nothing more today, I will be abundantly satisfied if I can help you to realize something. Every kind of valley we are in has its divinely-given waters, if we do not allow our sorrow to overcome us.

My husband and I certainly passed through a valley of weeping in 1936. It was the valley of sickness, poverty, and death. My husband lay paralyzed with rheumatic fever, not for weeks but for about 3 months. He had lost so much weight but I could only get a little soup down his throat. There was a time he could not move anything but his eyes.

In the midst of this, I had to leave his bedside and be taken in to give birth to twin babies, two months premature. The little girl died at birth, and the little boy lived for seven weeks. I want to talk to you about the day our little boy died.

He was a tiny, beautiful boy, with big blue eyes and black curly hair. On that day, my husband had taken a turn for the worse. Our son, your pastor Dr. Gene Scott, was six years old at the time. He was also terribly ill. He had had three hard convulsions that day and had not regained consciousness. My father sat by his side with a pan of ice water, keeping ice on his head to keep his fever down. I was exhausted. Finally, my mother and father said to me, “Inez, you’ve got to lie down. We’ll take care of things tonight.”

So they put two beds in one room, my husband was on one and I was on the other, because he could not bear anybody to be on the same bed he was lying on. They put Gene at my feet, with his face toward my face. They took our little baby in a tiny basket and set it by the side of my right arm, and in just a moment or two, I went to sleep. I’d been up for many days and nights, and was very weak from the ordeal we were going through.

In the night, I saw the most beautiful sight my eyes have ever looked upon. To the east I saw a beautiful blue cloud, and all of a sudden, I saw a white stairway trimmed in gold begin to unroll. It unrolled right down by the side of Gene and stopped there. I saw two angels come down that stairway, and when they got to where Gene was, they stopped and looked long at him. I cried, “Oh! No, Lord! You can’t take Gene. We have dedicated him to You to carry the Gospel around the world!” They went around the bed to the little baby, picked him up, and went back to the stairs. They stepped on the stairs, and it rolled up behind them and went out of sight.

I woke up and said, “Mother, something’s wrong with the baby.” She said, “Oh, no Inez, the baby’s alright; I just looked at him a moment ago. You’ve been dreaming.” And I said, “You look and see.” She looked, she called my dad, and he said, “Inez, the baby is dead.” I said, “I know.” I knew he was.

The next few days were full of us arranging for the funeral. We were very poor, but the doctor who attended me was sweet and kind enough to buy a little casket for the baby. He also bought one headstone for the two babies he had delivered. At the funeral three days later, I was so numb from everything that was taking place. I looked at that little white casket in the sunlight, and I began to think about that vision God had given me of the ladder, but I didn’t tell anybody about that.

I went back to my sister’s home after the funeral. I went into her bedroom and sat down on the bed because I wanted to be alone. I just felt numb from all the things that had happened. Very soon after, she knocked on the door and I said, “Please, sister, I don’t want to be bothered!” And she said, “But I’ve got something I have to read to you.” And one of the kindest women I ever knew, who was in our church, had pinned a little note on the flowers she had brought to the baby’s funeral. She had written these words on the note:

“This little life was given to you to bud on Earth and to blossom in Heaven.”

My sister laid the note down, went out and shut the door. I looked at the note with my head down, and when I looked up, the room lit up with a brilliant light. I saw a beautiful rose garden, as far as my eyes could see: row after row of nothing but tender rosebuds.

Then I saw Jesus walking between the rows of the rosebushes. As He came to each rosebud, He would touch it and it would open up. And as each bud opened, it would be a baby’s face. Then He would close the bud.

Jesus kept doing that until He came to the last bush, the one that was by me. He put His finger on a bud, it opened, and I saw my little baby’s face! Then I said, “Now I understand. Jesus came down that morning to walk in His rose garden to pluck a bud for His Father’s throne! And the most beautiful bud that He could find was mine. So He took it away.”

When I came out of that bedroom, nobody could understand my feelings. I had so completely changed. The Lord had turned my heart from weeping into real joy, because He had so graciously painted a picture for me of what actually took place. I remember telling my sister that my baby will never know sorrow or disappointment. No weapons of war will ever stain his hands.

Even then, I didn’t understand like I understand now. My husband and I have now been in the ministry for more than 50 years. I have been able to put my arms around many young mothers whose little baby has been taken, and tell them that Jesus has plucked another bud for His Father’s throne.