

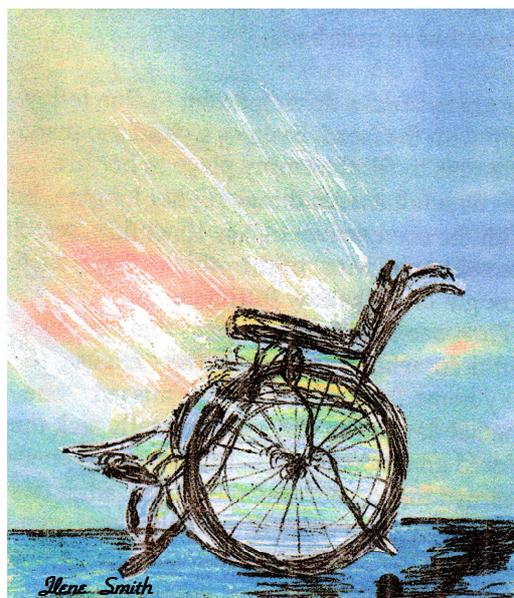
# Released!

## Homecoming Celebration

*Iris L. (Laur) Scott*

*1915 -2009*

*Written by her eldest daughter,  
Mrs. Ilene Smith*



Written in loving memory of my wonderful mother,  
the best mentor and friend that I ever had.

Choose you this day whom you will serve... but as for me and my house, we will serve  
the LORD. (Read Joshua 24:2, 13-18.)

Iris Scott always had a driving desire to find fellowship with the Lord. Even as a child,  
she made attempts to fill the empty place in her life.

As an adult, she turned to things to fill her longing, but they brought only shallow  
fulfillment. With the arrival of her first child, the search started again.

Then one day, she discovered that her children, who usually used every excuse to stay  
home from school, never missed one "special" day. Even if they were really sick, they  
would still go to school on that day. Iris found out that this special day was when the  
Bible ladies came to the school to teach stories and songs from the Bible.

Mother went to the school along with her daughters and, for the first time, heard the  
simple plan of Salvation. She was invited to go to one of their Bible study meetings.  
That invitation was the doorway to what she had been looking for all her life.

Our family did not change all of a sudden, accept the Lord, or switch churches, but after  
two years of really seeking and praying, we started to attend church with a close family  
friend. This was in 1950.

From that day on, Mother never looked back; she kept going forward in her Christian  
walk and became one of the best Bible teachers and prayer leaders that I have ever  
known. I still have over 200 short stories that she wrote, and a head and heart full of  
wisdom that she shared with me.

After Daddy passed away, Mother continued to live in their little house in Wisconsin, not far from my younger sister. She remained alert and clear in her mind, with a driving desire for all of her family to get saved and serve the Lord.

In her 90<sup>th</sup> year, Mother fell; when she tried to get up, she tore a small hernia that she had had for over 50 years. Her doctor said that, at her age, she could not continue without surgery, but she probably would not survive surgery.

Mom spent several days talking and praying with as many of her grandchildren and other loved ones who would listen to her, as she expected that, when she went into surgery, she would wake up in Heaven. The morning following the surgery, however, she was surprised and upset to discover that she was still very much on planet Earth.

It took her a good number of days to accept that she was still with us and that she had to recover from the surgery, and then go into a nursing home. She wasn't happy about these developments.

From the time I left home to attend Bible college, continuing when I married and went into ministry with my husband, my Mother and I wrote each other at least one letter a week. Sometimes we wrote two or three. She continually backed our family in prayer for fifty years, and our ministry, as well. We saw many answers to her prayers and many of our needs were taken care of. She lived miles away, but she was always with us in spirit.

In one of her many letters, Mother told this story: She was 91, living in the nursing home, and very unhappy about being tied to her chair. The doctor said it was to keep her from falling. She could still walk, however, and move around on her own.

One day, when Mother was in her little private room and finishing her devotions, she prayed aloud, she said, "Lord, why didn't You let me go Home when I had that surgery? I am tired of this place! I'm not doing anyone any good tied in this chair!"

Then she heard a voice behind her. It said, "Shut up." She had been making a lot of noise and she thought a nurse had sneaked in. She turned her chair around, expecting to really bawl someone out, but no one was there! Unfazed, Mother said, "Well, Lord, if that is You, and now that I have Your attention, why am I still here?"

The Voice came again and said, "I am not finished with you, yet; you have more to do." Mother said, "Oh, and just what is it that You want me to do?" The Voice spoke again and said, "Look around." And that was the end of the conversation.

Not to be outdone, Mother wheeled her chair out into the hall, but it was empty, so she went down the hall to the corner. She saw an elderly lady slumped there in her wheel chair, probably sleeping. Mother knew that lady and that she had stopped talking six months earlier. She said within her heart, "Okay, Lord. Ha!"

She rolled up beside the lady and put her hand on her shoulder, then said, "I have come to tell you about the Lord." The lady woke up and straightened up. Mother witnessed to her, told her about Salvation, and led her in the sinner's prayer. After the lady prayed with her, she looked Mother in the eye and said, "Well, that is what I have been waiting to hear. What took you so long?" She then slumped in her chair and went back to sleep.

The next morning, Mother learned that the lady passed away in her sleep in the night. She talked to the lady's family and learned that they were all believers, who were more than thrilled to hear about their mother's salvation.

During Mother's last year in the nursing home, she prayed with and led many to the Lord. Then, one morning, after she had her second cup of tea at breakfast, she folded her hands and settled down to listen to what the rest of the ladies were talking about, pretending to take a nap. (She told me in a letter that this is what she usually did.) Only this morning, while she was praying for those ladies and waiting for an opening to witness to them, the Lord called her Home.

My husband and I were at a Missionsfest in Edmonton, Alberta that morning when we got the phone call. We could not drop everything and rush off to Wisconsin, which was a long distance away. Besides, there was no point; Mom had taken her leave and was no longer with us.

That night, in our room, I was thinking about Mother and the Lord gave me a vision of her passing. I saw her sitting in her chair, I saw the table, and I saw the other ladies. I saw Mother fold her hands in her lap and relax. Then she lifted her head, as if she heard her name being called. She looked sleepy, but then her eyes opened, she raised herself up and stood. Suddenly, a look of surprise came on her face... there were no more restraints!

With a look of pure joy, her eyes opened even wider and a beautiful smile broke over her face. She lifted both of her hands, like a child waiting to be picked up, and her spirit body left, while her worn out, earthly body stayed slumped in her chair.

I know that this was from the Lord. I know this was how Mom left this Earth. There was no fear, and she was not sick. It was just time to go Home!



The following prayer is an example of one that you can use to come to God:

"Dear Heavenly Father, I come to You, confessing that I have sinned and broken Your laws. I am sorry for my sin, and I believe that Jesus Christ came to Earth to die for me and my sins, and that He rose again from the dead, that I, too, might have eternal life.

Please forgive me. I invite You into my life and give Jesus Christ the right to take control of the rest of my life. Please help me to be what You want me to be. I thank You for saving me, and accepting me. I pray this in Jesus' Name."

Amen!



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