



## **St. Therese, Kelly, & the Rose**

In 1982, I entrusted a special prayer to St. Therese, asking for a good husband—a man to share my life with. I wrote my request on a piece of paper and asked St. Therese to send me a sign: a single pink rose from the man who would become my husband. It was a secret hope I held close to my heart, sharing it with no one.

Years went by. I dated different men and received many flowers, but never a single pink rose. At times, I wondered if my prayer had been heard, but I continued to trust in St. Therese, believing she knew the right time.

Then, in 1989—seven years after I had first entrusted my prayer to St. Therese—I met Kelly, a wonderful young man from Anchorage, Alaska. (We met through an Alaskan newspaper ad for singles, but that’s a story in itself!) We began talking on the phone for hours, getting to know each other from a distance. Our conversations felt easy, and I found him to be passionate, sincere and very kind. Soon, we started writing letters, sharing more about our lives. By the time we met in person on November 3, 1989, I already felt a strong connection. Meeting face to face only deepened that feeling. Before long, I decided to move to Alaska so we could be closer to each other.

We set our wedding date for November 3, 1990, exactly one year from the day we first met in person. Two days before the wedding was my birthday, and we were busy with last-minute preparations. As we drove back from getting our marriage license, Kelly suddenly pulled over to the side of the road. I watched him curiously as he got out, opened the trunk, and came back with a package wrapped in delicate pink paper.

“What’s this?” I asked, feeling a mix of curiosity and anticipation.

He grinned, his eyes sparkling. “Happy birthday, Colana,” he said. “We’ve had so much going on with the wedding, but I wanted to give you a little something.”

I slowly unwrapped the paper, eager to see what was hidden inside. As the wrapping came off, a small box was revealed. I opened the lid to find a glass snow globe nestled inside. Within it, a

single pink rose stood, its petals just starting to unfold. I gently turned the globe, and snowflakes began to swirl around the rose, catching the light with a soft, shimmering glow.

For a moment, I just stared. My breath caught in my throat, and my eyes filled with tears. I felt a rush of warmth flood through me, as if St. Therese herself were whispering, "See, I have not forgotten." She had answered my prayer in the most beautiful way, waiting until my birthday—just two days before my wedding—to give me the pink rose I had dreamed of for so long.

The snow in the globe spoke to me, too. I was about to begin a new life in Alaska with Kelly, a place where snow blankets the ground for months. I also remembered another story—a story of St. Therese. She loved snow so much that, on the day of her First Communion, she prayed for it to snow, even though it was early May. Her prayer was answered; a gentle snowfall blanketed the ground, a precious gift from heaven.

Could it be mere coincidence that St. Therese is the Patroness of Alaska as well? It seemed unlikely to me, as if her presence was woven into every step of my journey. I couldn't help but feel that her hand was guiding me all along, offering gentle reminders that I was exactly where I needed to be.

From my very first novena to her, St. Therese has answered my prayers in her own mysterious ways. She promised to shower roses after her death, and she has kept that promise. This time, with a pink rose inside a snow globe, she gave me a sign wrapped in beauty and meaning—a sign I will cherish forever.

Moved by this blessing, I felt called to do more to honor her and share her message with others. In 2016, I started the Shower of Roses Shoppe to spread St. Therese's message of love, faith, and trust in divine timing. Designing products for the shop became my way of continuing her "Little Way," and passing along the blessings I have received. Each card, print, and keepsake I create carries a piece of her grace, meant to inspire and comfort those who seek her intercession.

And now, whenever I see a rose—whether in my designs, in a garden, or in the hands of a customer—I am reminded that St. Therese still listens, still answers, and continues to shower us with her love from above.

If you'd like to learn more about St. Therese or explore the range of products I've designed that honor her and many other saints, please visit the Shower of Roses Shoppe. ([www.showerofrosesshoppe.com](http://www.showerofrosesshoppe.com)) May you find inspiration and feel the gentle presence of the Little Flower—and all the saints—in your life.