

Amy Sibley, Council Grove, Kansas (Feb. 15th, 1992 to May, 20th, 2009) 17yrs.

After Amy's first grade year, Amy recalls writing God letters. She said, "That summer, after school was out, Jeri (her sister) and I decided that we would make God a letter. It was a warm day and we sat on the cow pen in the feed bunk carrying our paper and markers. This had been Jeri's idea and I just followed along. I remember writing, "I love you God" in my card. It was a little windy that day and we both let our cards float through the air: I actually thought that they would float to heaven. I'm not sure why I remember this story, but I'm glad I did (It's cute)."



Amy recalled the great importance of her second grade year. She said, "This year was important to me because I was going to say my First Confession and Communion. I could hardly wait for these days to come. When I went to say my very First Confession to Fr. Boor, I was nervous. He had to help me along; however, I knew my Act of Contrition and said it all by myself. Our First Communion came later that year. We worked hard getting ready for this day and when it finally came it was exciting. It was on Sunday, May 7th, 2000 and 8 of us received this sacrament. That day each of us were given rosaries that some nuns had made for us. I was pretty proud that day."

Amy loved to receive Jesus in Holy Communion and despite her very ill health, would come to Mass to sit in the cry room, where Communion would be taken to her during Mass. When no longer able to come to Mass on the weekend, she longed to receive Jesus at home.

Amy was happy at home and especially enjoyed family "get togethers" and was always concerned about wanting everyone to be there, when the family got together. Her parents said she was the peacemaker of their children and got along with all of her brothers and sisters. She was always more concerned for the needs of others than her own. For example, after she would come down with cancer, she was able to receive a "Make A Wish" choice and said she wanted a camper for her family, rather than going to Montana, which she had wanted. "This way", she said, "we can enjoy the gift together". And she wanted to have a large family. She had said she wanted to have 9 children and she loved babies. This being said, Amy confided in her pastor, that she had thought about becoming a religious sister.

While in the hospital, Amy's condition was dreadful. Because of her inability to eat, she rapidly grew thin and developed a large opened wound on her right side. The tumor had busted through her side and was visible. A stench came from the wound as well as from the wound in back. Even her breath smelt like decaying flesh and within a week before her death, her entire body swelled from the infection. During all this time, Amy rarely wanted her pain medication (morphine). She said she wanted to suffer for Jesus. It is believed that Amy—never—not in even once complained about her pain.

The closer she came to death, the more strange experiences occurred. A friend aware that she appeared to be seeing something said, "Do you see an angel?" And Amy said, "No, I see all these people with hands out calling my name." She said to her mother, "Mom, who are all these people?"

On one occasion the pastor came to bless her with a relic of Mother Teresa, but had left it in the car. As the pastor went to retrieve the relic, he prayed that Amy would at least receive some consolation from Mother Teresa. And before he returned, Amy turned and looked at her father and said, "Who touched me?" But no one was there and it is believed to have been Mother Teresa, who patted Amy on the arm. On Monday, May 18th, she received her last Holy Communion and was anointed for the last time.

During her time in the hospital, she loved to pray the Rosary with whoever asked her. She daily prayed the rosary with her father. And the night before she died, she told him, that it would be the last rosary they would pray together (alone). She told her father, "Tomorrow all my pain and suffering will be gone." She later then told her father, "Tomorrow I will die."

Later that Tuesday evening, the family gathered to pray at her bedside and prayed the customary family rosary which they would pray every week.

On Wed. she began to have crucial pain and her breathing became labored. Her mother had previously indicated to Amy that she didn't think she could stand watching her Amy die. And as though Amy knew the exact moment of her death, she told her mother to go home. But her mother refused, saying she wanted to stay. But Amy was insistent, and a few minutes after her mother, Sharmon, left the room, Amy gave her soul to Jesus. Amy died at 6:02 pm on May 20th. It was the 15th day, she had asked her father to mark off the calendar.

It's interesting to note that prior to her death, Jim Anderson told Amy that when she gets to heaven, to help us on earth to find the killer of Carol Mould, the sister of Linda Stackly (wife of Jim Anderson). Linda had been married to Ernie Sibley (Amy's uncle), whom died years previously. Within one hour after Amy's death a man confessed to an EMT that he killed Carol Mould. The case had been cold for years. It's interesting to note that she died on the feast of St. Bernadine of Sienna, one of the greatest promoters of the Holy Name of Jesus. Amy had an aversion to hearing the name of Jesus said in vain. Her pastor asked her what caused her the most pain. He was referring to her physical pain. But Amy said, "What causes me the most pain is when my uncles take the name of Jesus in vain."

Her pastor asked her, "If you could tell the whole world something, what would you tell them?" Amy said, "To know Christ, to love Christ and to serve Christ." In a day and age people run from suffering and see no value in it and a day and age where God is no longer the center of family life, Amy's life boldly bears witness to the power and love of Jesus in the life of a simple young girl, who lived an extraordinary life of a farm girl from Kansas.