

Ash Wednesday - February 26

...give thanks in all circumstances; for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus.

1 Thessalonians 5:18 (NIV)

I spend a lot of time thinking about God and thanking him for all that he has bestowed upon me and entrusted to my care. I also spend a lot of time trying to see God in whatever happens in my life. Whenever I lose sight that God stands before me, beside me and after me, I start a downward spiral that leaves me in a pretty bad place.

On December 4, 2018, I took a tumble, landed fully on my right side and fractured my humerus (upper arm bone) in two places. I was in at a private charity event in an unfamiliar place surrounded by women, most of whom I did not know. Concern surrounded me – are you alright, can you get up, do you need the squad, how can we help? At first, I did not know I had broken anything but I DID know I was in pain lying on my right side, so I decided to turn over onto my back. When I looked up towards the ceiling, I saw that my head was half-way under the coffee table. **Thank you, Lord, for not allowing me to hit my head.**

I laid there quietly tightening major muscles in my body to assess damage. After I had determined that the right arm was the only thing that was hurting, I turned on my left side in preparation for sitting up. My right arm came with me but felt “detached” which is when I decided I needed EMTs by my side. Thank you, Lord, for first responders. My sense of humor was still intact: “I didn’t even have time for a glass of wine!” To the women that surrounded me I said, “You may not remember my name but you will NOT forget I was here!” **Thank you, Lord, for giving me a sense of humor to ease the concern of others.**

Arrival at the Emergency Room was typical in that there were nurses surrounding me immediately. **Thank you, Lord, for providing immediate care by trained staff.** My upper garments had been removed (cut off, at my insistence because I was not able to move the arm) and the hospital gown, one arm in, one arm not, appropriately installed. I was left alone in the room to await the doctor.

Ok Lord, why have you sent me here? Am I to witness to someone? If so, please send them in. Is there someone who needs to see my tattoo reminder that you are the reason I live? If so, please send them to me. I prayed. **Thank you, Lord, for opportunities to serve you.**

X-rays were taken, diagnoses were made, transportation was called, home was reached, and pain pills were taken. I was in contact with many people that day and in the weeks that followed and frankly, have no idea if my witness, my attitude, my thankfulness, or my composure, reached a single person. I have learned this lesson: it is not my job to change people. It is my job to tell others how Jesus and my faith have changed me and let the Holy Spirit take care of the rest. I don’t need to see the outcome; I need only to plant the seed.

Carol

Prayer: Father, I pray that any seeds I plant on Your behalf will grow into full worship and glory to You through Your Son Jesus Christ. Amen.