

A MESSAGE FROM JEANETTE SCHAFER
PRESBYTERIAN OUTREACH DIRECTOR

CHRISTINA

For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, declares the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts. (Isa. 55:8-9)

Phew! Life happens, and it sometimes knocks the wind out of us. In moments of crisis we may face the challenge of whether or not we will trust God even in the storm. As I write this I think of this past weekend that was very emotional for me. My daughter, Christiana, had a terrible reaction to her seizure medication and it almost robbed her of her life. I can not imagine anything more traumatizing then watching your unconscious child writhing in pain while struggling to hang on to life as medical personnel frantically work around her to help keep her alive. It cut so deep inside of me that even though I consider myself a strong person, I could not find the emotional fortitude to stay in the room with her. I was not able to bear seeing her in that critical state, and I was unable to be by her side as I should have.

Yet..... in that moment of deep despair and helplessness, the faith that has built up inside of me over the years of walking with God sort of crept up and tugged at my heart. I had a decision to make. Could I trust God when my child's body was being ravaged from the inside out by a medication that was supposed to help her? Every instinct inside of me wanted to give in to a mixture of anger and pain at the circumstances. Butthere was a little drop of faith that remained. A stubborn little drop of faith. It refused to allow me to give up. It was a reminder that the Rock of Ages was and always will be my firm foundation. It allowed a glimmer of light in what was otherwise a very dark moment for me. It helped me know that even this, yes even this heart wrenching situation, was in God's hands. A glimmer of hope crept in and I realized that God would never ever abandon Christiana, because even if she had died, she is HIS.

As hard as it was in the moment, I chose faith. It truly is the more excellent way. And faith does not mean to be brain dead. It is a very intelligent choice to put your confidence in something you know to be true. I absolutely know Almighty God is the life giver, and He gives and takes away. I trust Him completely, even if I do not understand why some things happen, because what I do KNOW is that He is faithful, He is kind, and He cares more than our hearts can grasp. And He is bigger than ANYTHING. That is enough for me. So last

weekend when everything was swirling around me during the emergency, I trustingly put Christiana in God's hands and allowed a bit of His breath to enter my lungs. And the despair, though it did not go away completely, ebbed away in measures and the strength that comes from hope slowly made its way back up into my heart. And then I was able to go on, and back into her room to be with her, even though she was completely unconscious. You see, I knew a part of her knew I was there with her. And more importantly, I knew God was there in that room with us. He had it covered!

O Lord, you have searched me and known me! You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from afar. You search out my path and my lying down and are acquainted with all my ways. Even before a word is on my tongue, behold, O Lord, you know it altogether. You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me, it is high; I cannot attain it. Psalm 139:1-6

P.S. Thank you for all your prayers! She is recovering and doing great now.

Jeanette Schaffer
Presbyterian Outreach