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2013 October Newsletter

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It's True!
Life & Relationships
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Falling Into Fall



To be sure, Fall is my favorite time of year! Having grown up in New England, where fall colors are brilliant, and trips to the orchard for crisp apples and Vermont cheese, bring delightful memories and even a wish for a repeat performance. There's just something extremely enchanting about a high, deep blue sky, punctuated by bright leaves of varying hues, that is a foretaste of heaven to me!

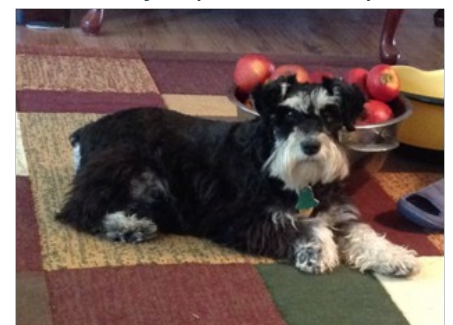
But by the title of this article, you can no doubt detect an alternate meaning. The words "fall" or "falling" do have different connotations, depending on the context. Let's look at them. First of all there's falling, such as in careening down a set of stairs, tripping over an unseen object and landing uncomfortably, possibly causing

bruises, pain and worse yet, broken bones. There's the expression, "Falling in Love," which I did in the "fall" of 1964 and have every day of my life since – with the same, dear man. Spiritually speaking, there's a "Fall from Grace," when one turns their back to God and turns toward pleasing self – one's own desires and plans coming before His or anyone else's. That is one "fall" that no one wants, but most do not know how to avoid.

Then there's the famous "Fall Cleaning," which if you are an old-fashioned New Englander, even displaced to the Southwest, you want to do. It means washing windows, inside and out, changing spring and summer curtains and bedspreads for heavier Fall and Winter ones, reorganizing closets and drawers, and making sure that your summer stuff is put away and your sweaters, turtlenecks and heavier slacks and dresses are easily accessible. And there are some outside chores as well, but I'll have to admit that I leave the cushions on our outdoor chairs just as long as I can. You see, this mountain air is so crisp and

fresh, that I like to sit out until the snow flies!

This year however, I really took a tumble into my favorite time of year! It wasn't one that landed me on the ground or floor, but landed me in the hospital instead. I had been experiencing chest and upper back discomfort for some time, but like most other nurses, even though they should know better, I had excuses for the pain. 'Oh, it's just the leftovers from my shoulder surgery and that incident with our "stout" Schnauzer, Missy, when she was determined to get into the front seat of the car rather than the back, where I was trying to put her. She braced herself against the back door frame, and then jumped out of my



arm, sending me into excruciating pain in my left arm. With help, I got her into the back seat, but the pain in my arm lasted nearly two hours of the eight hour drive home, and was only relieved partially by a left-over pain pill from my right shoulder surgery. It has bothered me ever since. Seems like a twisted and contracted muscle has trapped a nerve there. So you see, between both the surgery and the doggy event, I had a great excuse (cover-up) for the chest and upper back discomfort.

After several weeks of feeling like I had a five pound sack of flour on my chest however, I called my doc to make an appointment. The nurse, who I know quite well, asked, "What's wrong, Nancy?" "Oh I have just been having some pressure in my chest and want Dr. Mary to check it out," I answered. She loudly protested with, "No! You go right to the Emergency Room!" "Aw, Ruth, I just need to see the doc. Can't you give me an appointment?" "Wait," she said, "Here comes the doc out of a room now." There were a few seconds of silence, and she came back to the phone to repeat her previous order, adding that the Doctor had said so.

A phone call to our daughter, Manager of ICU at the hospital, and a quick shower later, and Ron was driving me to town. I was met by my daughter and an entourage of ER workers, and had five nurses working on me instantly. Well, five hours later, I had two normal ECG's and two normal sets of blood enzymes, so they let me go home with instructions to call Dr. Mary first thing in the morning.

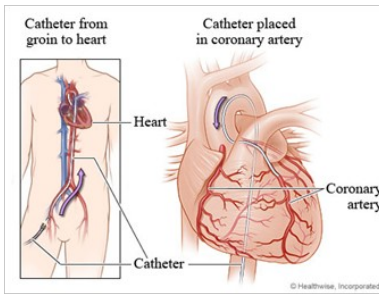
When Ruth answered the phone that Wednesday morning, she informed me that I was scheduled for a Stress Test on Friday at 11:30 AM, and was to be there – no excuses! Well, that was my Waterloo! I flunked it royally! Out of 6 phases, I flunked in Phase One! The Internist who always attends Stress Tests here, hollered "STOP!" and the staff helped me to a chair. "Nancy, you have Coronary Disease. Sara, get her to Albuquerque immediately. Go to the New Mexico Heart Hospi-

tal Emergency Room, and we'll give you her records from here to take with you!" To say that I panicked is putting it mildly! So off we went, Ron, Sara and me.

I was admitted at the Heart Hospital in Albuquerque, and before I knew what was happening, there were numerous interviews, blood tests and others, and I was in a bed and told that the next day I would have an Echocardiogram and a Cardiac Catheterization. I remembered just enough from my nursing years to be apprehensive, to say the least! Sweet Sara kept reminding me of the modern medical advancements, and Ron would comfort me by saying that I was in the best hands there are – God's. What I would have done without the two of them, I do not know.

Friday night was NPO after midnight (nothing by mouth) and around 12:30 or 1 PM, I was being wheeled for both tests. I don't recall being as cold as I felt on that hard operating table since I was in early pregnancy for Sara. The doctor was kind and thorough, as he explained the procedure. As I laid there, I signed the consent, shaking from the cold, and maybe a tiny bit from fright. I was hooked up to monitors, shaved and prepped with a green anti-bacterial scrub, and they were off and running. I glanced to a huge monitor to my left, and there was my heart – in full color, just a pumping away. I couldn't believe that while my heart was doing its thing, I could watch it. The tears began to pour and down into my ear, so I chose to turn my gaze away from the screen, as the catheter was inserted into my right wrist..

"Help me Jesus! Guide the nurses and this experienced surgeon, and please give me peace," I prayed quietly. The procedure had begun, and I was as still as possible, relaxing in God's arms, until . . . Oh my, the pain was far beyond even those 2nd and 3rd degree burns I suffered thirty years ago. "Doc," I almost whispered, am I supposed to be having horrible chest pain?" "Nancy, I am sorry, but this pain will last another 15-20 minutes and then it'll be over. Hang in there, OK?"



A fleeting thought came to me; ‘Will the pain be gone because the procedure is over or because I am dead?’ Oh well, a great time

for a conversation with God!

“Lord, I want to thank you for a wonderful life! (Even now as I type, the tears obstruct my vision of the keys and screen on my laptop) Thank you for a Savior who gave up all He was so that I could have these 70 years of life and love. Thank you for my precious Ron, who you gave me and who you commissioned for a ministry that has filled us with joy. Thank you for the miracle conception and birth of our firstborn, Sara. What a blessing to us and now to her family and all of her patients. Thank you for our Naomi, who I would rather have given birth to and was willing to die in the process, to see that Sara was not left as an only child. “Our pleasantness” – as her name means, is loved and adored by her husband and children and by her employer and all her clients. Thank you for Christopher our first-born grandson. What a life transformed and a blessing he is to all of his family and customers! Thank you for sweet Joshua, Naomi’s boy. Thank you for the plan you have for his life and for his willingness to follow it. And then there’s sweet Abby – our songbird. Thank you for giving her the voice of an angel, and for her determination to pursue a musical career, that we pray she will use to bless Your Name. There’s vivacious Hannah, who has been a little nurse since she was a toddler. I can hardly believe that she will be generation four of nurses in our family. And there’s Bobby – please bless him with your presence in His heart. As only you can do, Lord, prick his conscience by your Holy Spirit, that he will be able to overcome the wounds he’s experienced and the results of them in his life. And thank you Lord, that you have blessed our girls with great husbands! Sara seems to have married my Dad – her Bumpa. They even look alike. And Naomi seems to have married

Ron, and both she and her Bob recognize it! And how wonderful, that in a few months, Bob and Naomi will move to where we are, and we’ll all be together in the same neighborhood. What fun times are ahead for us all, should I live to enjoy them. I am assured that in either case, they will tenderly watch over Ron.

And Lord, thank you for the calling you placed on our lives – Ron and me. Through the years, there has been no greater thrill than seeing men and women receive the knowledge for positive change, and then get busy doing the required work, as they rely on Your power and strength for the process. Should I live, you will have continued work for us to do, but probably at a slower, less stressful pace.

“Well Nancy, we are done. We can take you back to your room now. Just slide over on to this gurney and we’ll get you to a warmer place,” the doctor said. I felt nearly paralyzed from over an hour on that cold slab, so moving my legs and arms was a challenge, but with their help, it was accomplished. And I was taken back to my room, to my Sweetheart, and to our beautiful daughter. Out the window, I could see the deep blue autumn sky, and was assured that I still had work to do for God and for mankind, and that I would still be able to enjoy those Honey Crisp apples this very “Fall” season. My cholesterol is low, so the problem in my heart (2 strictures and a clot) was stress related.

I continue to experience the famous Ah-ha’s that recovery brings, and thank you Lord, for that process. I can’t imagine where the internal stress would have taken me a long time ago without healing. I shall continue, 2 stents and all, and so will Ron, Parkinson’s and all, to pursue our passion, our calling. God gave it and He has not removed it, just is giving it a new look. You might want to read the new “Free At Last” book – just out, so that you can see how unresolved early wounds can set you on a self-destructive path – emotionally, relationally and physically. It has fascinating stories of men and women whose

wounds have taken them into criminal behaviors. Think about it for Christmas gifts to folk you love and care for.

And pray for us, will you? This fall, and for springs and falls to come, we hope, by God's grace, to keep on, keeping on! God bless you as you revel in the Autumn beauty and determine to continue on your recovery path! May your "fall" be one with apples, winter squash and pumpkin, not of the physical or emotional or spiritually falling type!

Oh, by the way, have you ever had Pumpkin Pancakes? Michelle makes the BEST at the Log Cabin Restaurant here in our town! Better try 'em some day.



P u m p k i n P a n c a k e s – Michelle's needs no butter, no syrup. Just a dab of whipped cream with nutmeg! YUM!



Recovery Groups in Progress

El Paso, Texas – Anglican Church

Nanaimo, Vancouver – Prison

Denver Area, Colorado

Ruidoso, New Mexico Beginning Nov

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Portland, Oregon - **Beginning Oct. 10** - Men's and Women's Groups. **Informational meeting, Oct.**

3, For more info or location, contact Audrey 503-957-0809 or Paul 580-889-0232

St. Clements Church, El Paso, TX - started Sept 4 - 5 women's groups (6/group) & 1 men's group (9). Studying "*Binding the Wounds*" Hilda

FACILITATORS!!!

PLEASE . . . If you have a group of *Binding the Wounds*, *The Journey*, *Journey to Nai*, *Heart Connection* or *Created for Success* in progress, please e-mail us with your name, place of classes, and when you started. If we have the information, we can post it on the website and in our newsletters.

Schedule

Oct 5&6 - "Why?" Seminar

LaGrange Adventist Memorial Hospital,
5101 S. Willow Springs Road, LaGrange, Ill

Saturday: 2:30 - 6:30 PM

Sunday: 10 AM - 5:30 PM

Info and Reservations – (630) 277-3244

November 2013

Local Women's Group - TH evenings

Local Men's Group - TH evenings

Writing Book #2 in Shadow Series

December 2013

Men's & Women's Groups - TH

Writing Book #3 in Shadow Series

Video Taping

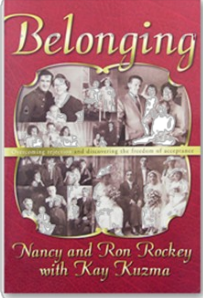


We are SURE that there are many more in progress, but to publish them, we have to be informed of where and when.




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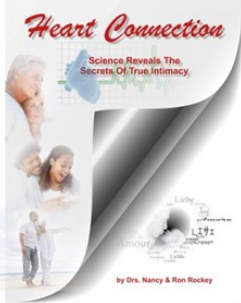
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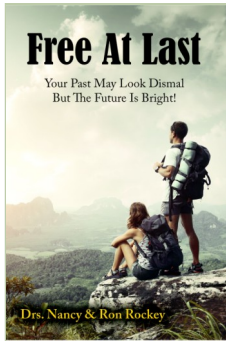


Understanding the Illusion



an expose' of rejections – its causes, resulting behaviors and the path out of its shadows to the light of acceptance. This 10 chapter book is ideal also for a book club and is not gender-specific for the small group experience. The book and the workbook will be used by prison Chaplains to work with prisoners, who are incarcerated as a result of their rejection wound and its results.

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