

## Old Memories

I do not know why or what triggered this memory, perhaps the snowy roads but I recalled witnessing a horrific accident brought on and compounded by the innocence and sometimes carelessness of children. We were walking to school and a truck passed us either a coal truck or a fuel oil truck. The roads were slippery and perfect for hitching rides and a truck was a great way to do this. My best friend's brother, 2 years younger than us and we were about 7 or 8, was ahead of us and attempting to hitch a ride on the truck and was running beside the truck. He went under the back wheel. I remember running up to the driver as he slowed to turn down a street and telling him to stop, he had hit a child. He came back immediately, and we told him we would take Bobby to the school nurse. Now there was no reaction from Bobby, and I know now he was unconscious. We picked him up by his arms and legs and carried him to the school. As we approached the school the principal came running out and he had no coat or hat on, and he was yelling at us to put Bobby down. We did and he told us to go into school that he would take care of Bobby. Now we were never questioned any further or chastised for picking Bobby up. Bobby was in the hospital for a long time, he had a crushed pelvis, he was in and out of hospitals from then on and was not around. I often wonder how much damage the truck did and how much we did. I had previously joined in the game of hitching rides but never did again. That Bobby lived was a miracle all by itself, that our principal was watching out his window and saw us and interceded was another blessing. I do not know what happened to the Truck Driver, but I believe I unknowingly saw my first case of shock as he took orders from 7-year old's who trusted the school nurse to fix a broken body. God was with Bobby that day although he was seriously injured, he lived and somehow made it to adulthood. I recall seeing him years later as an adult and he was the same happy, laughing adult that he had been as a young boy although he limped and still used a crutch. There was no bitterness at being alive and maimed but still that same joyful little boy that delighted in teasing and having fun. That school Nurse would later mentor me in High School and help me form a Future Nurses Club and I would visit her when I graduated as a RN. Christ made the lame to walk and the blind to see.

Matthew 11:4-6 Jesus replied, "Go back and report to John what you hear and see; The blind receive sight, the lame walk, those who have leprosy are cured, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good news is preached to the poor. Blessed is the man who does not fall away on account of me."

Lord, we thank you for those times when you were with us, when you protected us and helped us. Be with those who are grieving and those who are ill. Bless them and heal them. Be with us as we seek out the souls that do not know your love and compassion. May they find you waiting. Be with our church, may we be the hands and feet of Christ. Watch over Pastor Don, bless his ministry and be with his family. Be with our staff and leaders, guide them and protect them. Lord be with our country; may we truly be united and care for each other. Lord, we ask you for so many things and sometimes we forget how very much you have given us. We thank you for the life we live, may we remember those who have less, for the food on our table, may we remember those who hunger, for the family that surrounds us, may we remember those who are alone, for the shelter of our homes, may we remember those who have no shelter, for the great country we live in, may we remember the refugees who seek a better life. In Jesus name, Amen

Grace Epperson