

## Unusual Doctor's Appointment

The Medical Provider I was scheduled to see had received word that her father was gravely ill. Thus the appointment had been cancelled to be set at a later date. As events unfolded, the appointment was made the following day.

As the Provider entered the examining room, the usual greetings of friendliness and cordiality were exchanged along with my saying she was in my prayers during this special time. There was a short exchange of conversation related to her concern for her father's condition and her strength during this struggle.

The normal questions and examination took place with everything being in the acceptable range, indicating I was in good health. This was followed by my sharing how I felt and sensed my condition and attitude were outstanding.

At some point the conversation turned to her feelings concerning her father's health. I began sharing; not imposing my religious beliefs, but noting such beliefs under girded my thoughts and reasoning. Experiences were shared of my father's and mother's deaths and how I had reacted by my prayer standing by my father's bed and praying, "God, your will be done." Many years later, being notified of my mother's hospitalization, as I left home and pulling out on the highway, I sprayed my tongue with Nitrolingual spray as a precaution against angina pain, which did not appear. My prayer was, "God, be merciful."

Later in the conversation she indicated she would use that same prayer, "God, be merciful." There was a relating of my feelings previously shared with two doctors, that following my first Heart Bypass Surgery, I knew God has spared me for something. This was about 25 years prior to this date. Following other remarks and sharing of experiences, she replied, "God isn't finished with you yet." It is for this reason, I feel I cannot afford to not serve the Lord in some capacity, and await my next Interim Pastorate.

One thought shared was, even though I had worked in hospitals as a military hospital corpsman, and in a civilian hospital, it is different when the patient is our family member, especially a parent or child. It is through these events we learn to appreciate life.

She thanked me for my words, and listening as she shared from her own pain, expressing she needed this visit and was appreciative of all that had taken place. Prior to leaving, I placed an arm around her shoulders and prayed, "Lord, bless 'Angel'."

This visit which was to be a routine visit became an opportunity to touch another life at the point of pain and during a difficult experience, wanting to be with the family member, but yet miles apart.

She had earlier related her father was chairman of the deacons in the church in which she grew up. She requested further prayers. She responded her father was 77 years old.

As we left the room, she thanked me again, and humorously I responded, "I will send you a bill." The Good Lord knows that will never happen, for how can we charge one for the privilege of being a ministering servant to a fellow believer in the time of need, remembering the words of being careful to take care of those of the Household of Faith? This was indeed an experience I will remember and cherish. The relaxed atmosphere brought a sense of peace and confidence.

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