

Lessons Learned From Faith

By
Thomas E. Ray

The sound of snapping bones echoed throughout the small gymnasium. As I lay on the floor, my mind refused to accept the severity of the injury I had just suffered; but the piercing pain emanating from my leg belied my confidence. I knew my leg was broken.

On the way to the nearest emergency room my mind was filled with fear of what the future would hold. Recently divorced I had no health insurance, my savings had been totally depleted and my house was listed for sale. My family was split, two children with me and two with my ex-wife. My life had lost all semblance of direct control. I was at the mercy of outside influences all wanting a pound of my flesh. However, there was one thing they could not take, my ability to work and earn a living.

Within the next few days I learned the awful truth. I could possibly be in a cast from my hip to my toes for the next six to eight months. I couldn't even drive a car. My last vestige of hope was gone.

My prayer life to this point had been to acknowledge God and to tell Him I had gotten myself into this mess and I could get myself out. My despair grew even deeper but I was still reluctant to ask God for help.

A few years earlier after my daughter had been diagnosed and healed of cancer, I had committed my life to Jesus and I was ecstatic. I couldn't do enough for God and somehow I was going to pay Him back. Soon after such a strong start, I began to coast. In about two years I quit attending church altogether. He was a good God and I had failed Him. So now I was too ashamed to ask Him for help.

I soon returned to work. Unable to perform as before I felt I was a burden to everyone around me. During this time the pressure was intensifying. What I had used in the past for inspiration wasn't working. I had reached empty.

Waiting to be picked up for another day's work, I stood slumped over my crutches. In desperation I cried out, "God if You're there, please help me." Through the door that had been cracked opened, Jesus came in. His tender mercies wrapped themselves around me, soothing all the anxieties that had been attacking my mind. I wept uncontrollably, pouring out my shame, and soaking up His rejuvenating love into the emptiness of my emotions.

I look back now and see the long days that lay ahead, but I never once felt alone or helpless. I faced each day with hope and knew my strength would equal the task of the day. The divorce is now far behind me. I am remarried and live in the same house and all my children eventually came to live with me. My leg and my finances became stronger than before. My life has never been the same. I know that what ever we're going through, He will never forsake us to go it alone. He will see us through.

The End