

## WHAT DAY IS IT?

The Bible tells us that we must trust God. He is always with us to help us and give us courage in times of troubles, in times of adverse circumstances and when fear covers us like a shroud of death that we cannot shake off, He is there!

*Psalm 46:1-3, 7 says, God is our refuge and strength, always ready to help in times of trouble. So we will not fear, even if earthquakes come and the mountains crumble into the sea. Let the oceans roar and foam. Let them mountains tremble as the water surges. The Lord Almighty is here among us; the God of Israel is our fortress.*

*The Lord hears his people when they call to him for help. He rescues them from all their troubles. The Lord is close to the brokenhearted; he rescues those who are crushed in spirit. The righteous face many troubles but the Lord rescues them from each and every one. Psalm 34:17-19*

The Sunday service ended, the pastor closed in prayer and we gathered in the kitchen for some fellowship and lunch. I had preached that morning and was enjoying a cup of coffee when suddenly I felt strange. I knew where I was, sitting in the kitchen with friends, yet I felt like I was supposed to be somewhere else, but I couldn't wrap my mind around where. I struggled with trying to figure out what was happening and finally told the ladies that I was feeling really strange and asked for them to pray for me. They did and I felt somewhat better, but still couldn't shake the strange feeling.

My friend and I went into the other room and talked with some of the kids and then people started leaving. I was desperately trying to return to normal and shake off the strange feelings. I remember going outside and standing on the front porch to tell them good-bye, yet I remember thinking, "What are you doing out here?" I felt I was supposed to be somewhere else, but didn't know where. It was all so confusing and frightening. I was in control and yet I wasn't.

Later the pastor and his wife walked me to my car where we said our good-byes and I headed home. I remember the drive. I knew my way, that was no problem, but as I approached the Thunderbird store, I kept thinking, "What day is this?" I couldn't remember. It seemed imperative to me that I know and yet it escaped me; that scared me. I knew I had just preached, so I knew it must be Sunday, but I couldn't get it straight in my mind. I pulled into the parking

lot, parked and started praying. I remember thinking, “I’ve got to get a handle on this. I have to remember what day it is!” I cried out to the Lord to help me get it all straight in my mind.

Quickly I pulled my telephone out of my purse, but it only showed the date, not the day. I could feel the panic start to rise up within me. Knowing what day it was became a matter of life and death to me. Yet, I couldn’t get a fix on it. I called my prayer partner in Washington to ask for prayer. Getting her voice mail, I told her what was happening and to pray for me. I then drove to my best friend’s home in the hopes that they would be home from church. They weren’t home, so again I asked God to help me and fighting the tears, I headed home.

Upon arriving home, I went inside and shared with my daughter and granddaughter, the bizarre happenings of my morning. I was still pretty shook up and confusion was still clouding my mind. My daughter assured me it was Sunday and I had just returned home from preaching at a friend’s church. She encouraged me to rest while they went to town and leave the whole crazy situation in God’s hands, as I couldn’t make heads or tails of it at this point. I dozed off and when I awoke it all seemed like a bad dream and I forced myself to put it all behind me.

My friend called and said it sounded like a mini stroke to her, but I quickly denied that as I had never had any heart problems before and I didn’t want to even think about that. Besides, I was doing fine and had no visible after effects and I was trying to put it behind me. I pondered over it for about a week then decided to let it go and move on, as no answers were forthcoming.

Two weeks later I went to Yreka to preach. I ended up in the ER in Medford and the next day had to have a pace maker inserted to monitor my heart and keep it beating at the right pace. When asked what had caused the problems, the doctor told me I would not like the answer—old age. During the course of conversation with answering the doctor’s question, my daughter shared what had happened to me when I could not remember what day it was. He looked at me and said, “You had a mini stroke and were a very lucky lady as you never called a doctor or sought out help.”

I did seek out help, the best help I knew to call upon; my Lord Jesus Christ and he was there for me. In my ignorance, He kept me safe, yet allowed my heart condition two weeks later to be revealed so as to get the proper help for my work on earth is not finished. I know that in everything God works for the good of those people that love him. The Lord sees what happens everywhere. “Jesus said, ‘Don’t be troubled. Trust in God. And trust in me.’” John 14:1