

## IT WAS A BIG DEAL

My daughter Jessie had surgery the other day. Rhinoplasty. I don't know why they have to call it that. Makes it sound hideous. She had a deviated septum and some trauma from sports injuries but they did a bit of cosmetic stuff too while they were in there poking around. Wanted to give her more of mom's nose and less of dad's. The surgeon said that, not me.

Outpatient stuff. No big deal. In at 7:00 out by noon. Except that it *was* a big deal. The last time one of my kids went into surgery at the pink hospital on the hill we had a funeral three days later. I know, I know. You can't compare chronic rejection of a five year-old heart/lung transplant, a worn out body and a torn artery to nose surgery, but I was completely unprepared for the level of anxiety I experienced. My heart was in a vise the minute I walked through the revolving door.

The sights, the sounds, the smells. So familiar. So overwhelming. So nauseating. Like going over Niagra Falls in a kayak. When they called a "code blue" my blood froze. I knew it wasn't Jessie, but I also knew some distraught family was losing someone they loved. As I sit typing this they are most likely trying to plan a funeral while devastated by grief and numb with shock.

Even with all the emotional distress of reliving so many memories, the thing that troubled me most was my lack of trust in the Lord. Again and again I urged myself to, "take every thought captive," and not let my imagination run away with me. I struggled to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." I wrestled with doubt as vigorously as Jacob wrestled with the angel of the Lord. Over and over I placed my daughter in His care. And over and over again I begged Him to give her back to me. Safe. Whole. Well. As if Jordan isn't? Like him, wouldn't she be even more so with Him than with me? What was I afraid for? Myself?

In one stunning instant I realized my understanding and trust in the goodness and faithfulness of the God I professed to love was as fragile as hand-blown glass. If He dropped me I would shatter.

But He didn't drop me. Or rebuke me. Or chastise me.

When they finally let me see Jessie she reached out for me like a child and laid her head on my chest seeking comfort. Just as Jordan had done countless times. I held her body to my chest and gently stroked her hair. I kissed the top of her head. I told her I loved her. And in those simple, spontaneous acts, I knew in my heart I was only imitating what the Lord was doing to me.