

Here are some thoughts I'm jotting down while I wait for my mother to finish her visit to the doctor. She's 81-years old, tough as nails and broke a bone in her foot Christmas Eve as we were getting in the car to go to church. I'm very thankful it wasn't her hip. She's doing pretty good; walking and healing. Please keep her in your prayers.

Being in a doctor's office reminds me of a story I heard back in the 1970s. I don't remember who told it to me but I do remember being told it was a true story. It took place in Vietnam during the war. Some civilian casualties were coming into a MASH unit that included a young girl, maybe 11 years old and her little brother. The girl was fine but her brother had injuries which would require a blood transfusion.

As it turned out the sister was a perfect blood type match for her brother and readily agreed to donate her blood. The doctors set up a transfusion with both lying on adjoining tables. The girl was brave when the needle was inserted and things were going well; the transfer of blood was smooth and the brother was responding favorably. Part way through the girl began crying. The doctors and nurses were puzzled because she'd been stoic up until then and the procedure shouldn't have been all that painful. An interpreter-nurse was called over to try and find out the problem.

The lady who spoke both Vietnamese and English asked the little girl why she was crying and if her arm hurt where the needle was inserted. Tearfully, the little girl said the pain in her arm wasn't bad at all. She said she was crying because she was sad she was going to die. The lady told her a blood transfusion wasn't fatal and she would be just fine. The little girl had misunderstood and believed she was going to have to give all her blood to her brother and would die to save him.

There are some people in my life I believe I would gladly die for – but not very many. But I know someone who gladly died for me. And he died for you too. He died for all of us even though our sins nailed Him to the cross. Not only did He die, He rose from the dead so we also can come back to life. I'm a sinner, I know better but I continue to sin. But God's love is greater than my sin and Jesus' blood continues to redeem me.

