

Buckets of Grace

Tanya Moore

On February 28, exactly one month after his back surgery, I left my husband, Mike, alone so I could run to the grocery store. He was getting around so well and we were out of so many things. While I was gone, he fell and opened up his incision. When I get scared, I get mad. (Or I giggle, but this was not a giggling time). And I was very scared – scared that the fall had messed up everything repaired by the surgery and had undone everything we had worked so hard for – all the hard and tiring days in the hospital and in rehab and at home. I got very mad. I was mad at me for leaving him; I was mad at Mike for falling; and I was mad at God for letting it happen. Usually, I don't cry at life events; I cry at sappy movies and commercials, and when sweet things happen. But that night I sobbed uncontrollably and inconsolably. And I railed at God. I didn't hold back any of my angry words.

The next day when the home health nurse was checking Mike's wound, I went upstairs to freshen a room for incoming guests at the bed & breakfast. I was literally on the floor with my face on the ground continuing to tell God I didn't trust Him and I wouldn't trust Him. I had put myself in His care fifty years ago and I was taking myself back. If He didn't like it, He could strike me dead. It would be a blessing.

The nurse said we should go to the emergency room because the wound was still bleeding quite a lot. She called the doctor's office and told them where we were going. As I was driving us to the ER, I was still very upset and still railing. The doctor's office called to tell us to go to his office instead of the ER because Mike's neurosurgeon was there and would check the incision.

When the doctor opened up the incision to see what was going on, he discovered Mike had a blood clot. He worked long and hard to clean it all out – pouring peroxide in the wound and pushing on the opening to get all the old blood out. It was hard to watch but I couldn't not watch. He then stitched the wound and told us that if he had not gotten that out, it could have become infected. Apparently, germs love old blood.

As I sat there watching and listening to the doctor explain what was going on, I was undone. What if Mike hadn't fallen? What if he had hit somewhere besides the incision? He could have hit his head or his arm or his hip or anywhere besides the incision. What if the doctor had not found the blood clot? And finally, what if God had not allowed this to happen?

I know God could have prevented the blood clot and not allowed Mike to fall and none of this would have happened. But if He had done things that way, I would not have experienced the flood of grace He showed me. I was standing in line at the pharmacy, waiting for Mike's antibiotic, and telling God how sorry I was for all the horrible thoughts and words I had directed at Him. And I knew He forgave me and that nothing I did or said would make Him stop loving

me. He showed me in a new and powerful way that He was my Father – the Father who loved me in spite of my sin and who would continue to love me even when I told Him I was through with Him. I was humbled beyond words. And very thankful. I felt as if buckets of grace were being poured on me. Since then, my relationship with God has been profoundly changed. I can feel Him with me in a very real way. I have actually pictured Jesus standing next to me with His arm on my shoulder, letting me know He is with me, and would be with me, no matter how hard things get.

And things are hard. I need God every moment of every day and I know He is there. His Spirit lives in me. I don't know how people who don't know God live through the hard things of this life. They need God and we need to tell them that God loves them and wants them to be His – for the very hard things of this life and for the life they will live in eternity.

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