



Who is God When Life Stinks?

We belong to YOU!

A shiver shakes my body as Bob's stretcher is pushed out of the back of the ambulance. Shaking off sleep, I am walking numbly behind the stretcher as in a daze. When Bob arrived at this hospital by ambulance several weeks earlier, I had not been with him. (I had gone home to pack for staying overnight.) Tonight, in the quiet, dimmed lights of the night shift, it seemed that we were walking through endless mazes of halls. When would something look familiar, and when would I recognize any faces of the highly trained specialists in this hospital's cardiac intensive care unit (CICU)? Bob was not attentive at all by now, and although his eyes were open, he had not responded to any conversation.

It was hard to keep pace with the hurried steps of the EMT's as we raced down a hall that led to a wing that I recognized. As the door swung in, I was shocked by the starkness and seriousness of the first empty cubicle in this pod. It was clear of all furniture but this tiny, sterile, curtained area was filled with over a dozen people who were waiting for us. These medical experts would hold my husband's life in their hands.

I recognized several faces from Bob's earlier stay here. As they slowly recognized his ashen, lifeless body, both shock and urgency etched their faces. I hurt with the seriousness written in their emotions, yet felt warmed by the compassion in their words and their actions. Immediately, every person went to work and Bob's body was quickly stripped and completely exposed. Wires and needles seemed to be attached to every limb and section of his body.

I sat in the one chair near Bob's bed, as I had through all of Bob's earlier days of surgery and recovery. But never had the conversation surrounding him been so hurried or so hushed. Medical professionals were feverishly at work, trying to find a pulse. One of Bob's favorite professionals came rushing into the room, and looked in complete shock to see Bob laying there. She had been the team leader during Bob's earlier surgery, and loved joking with Bob on her daily rounds. Bob enjoyed her professionalism and her personal care. As she came to Bob's bed, the glaze on his eyes cleared up for just one moment. He looked up at her and called her by name, flashing a big smile! Then his eyes glazed over again. With a professional urgency, she began to give directions and a breathing tube was inserted.

I was surprised when, in the midst of all this frenzied activity, my secluded corner was interrupted by an outstretched hand. It held a styrofoam cup of steaming hot coffee! Looking up, I saw one of Bob's former male nurses. He had heard the commotion, and left his own as-

signment in another room to check on us. He held out the hot coffee to me, and said he knew it would help to keep me awake. Then, without a word, he found a small cloth and quietly placed it over Bob's exposed private area. What a bold statement that God was whispering to me in this desperate place. ***"I am here. I am caring for you and for your husband."***

Now I could hear panic creeping into the team leader's voice – she could not find a pulse, could not even find a vein open to insert the life-saving lines. Only one more procedure remained to be attempted—to cut into Bob's groin and find a pulse there. They asked me to step into the hall as it was an urgent, uncertain move.

In the emptiness of the night hours, the hall echoed loneliness. My husband was dying, and there was nothing I could do. We had faced life and death before, and God had graciously filled our arms those times with each other and with life.

Miraculously, in these quiet, alone minutes I felt no urgency to make a plea for my husband's life. Instead, an assurance from somewhere deep inside affirmed – "He belongs to You, he's in your hands. You are God and I acknowledge that you get to do anything you want!" I stood alone, waiting for word, and trusting in the truth that God was there, regardless of the outcome.

"I am God, even thy God."

Psalm 50:7

From: Kim M.
Date: Tuesday, July 10, 2008 7:21 a.m.
Subject: Urgent Prayer

Dear Friends of Bob and Ruth Bell,

I received a call at 7:00am from Ruth at S. Hospital saying that Bob was rushed to the hospital in the early morning hours with a low heart rate. Upon arrival it was found that he had many clots in his lungs which blocked circulation, which ultimately shut down his heart.

They brought his heart rate back with many strong drugs but they feel he will not survive. Please pray for him and Ruth. Friends from church are arriving as I write. It does not look good but Ruth said, "Bob does not belong to me, he belongs to the Lord."

Ruth's friend,
Kim

[Next Chapter](#)