



## Who is God When Life Stinks?

### Too Much Excitement...!

It's an obvious fact to any astute observer that our bodies are intricately made. As I fervently sought to understand Bob's medications, conditions, and complications, added to my own cancer research, it also became obvious that I would never be smart enough to grasp all the many interconnections of the human body! How incredible to peek into just a few of the details of the body's amazing design. How can anyone NOT be convinced that we are made by an Almighty Creator?!

I did begin to understand a bit of how important our adrenal glands are. They have several functions, and they help us in the "fight or flight" times of life. You have experienced it—an emergency or event will occur which requires your immediate response. Your adrenal glands secrete hormones that instantly provide that extra energy and focus for the challenge at hand. Later, you wonder, "How was I able to be so strong, or so quick, or so smart?"

Day by day, I was grateful for the resources that my body produced to face more emergencies. Yet, in our typical modern pace of life, we call on our adrenaline too often—due to stress, excitement, disease, and even extreme sports. We enjoy the "high" for a while, but the adrenaline rush wasn't designed to last long. It needs time to rest and refresh itself between demands.

After the cancer diagnosis, I had vowed to slow down the demands on my body and my adrenaline. Ironically, those first few days at our local hospital in June, with Bob's initial blood clotting events, it was quite restful as I sat with him there (and all my evening meals were hand-delivered by precious friends). How lovely!

But for the past six weeks, the stress was unrelenting. How would this reflect in the cancer growth of my tumor? Despite the success of this alternative cancer medication in many people, the requirement ALWAYS remained that each person must find ways to let their body rest and restore itself. Many studies have documented that cortisol, a hormone secreted by the adrenal gland, will reduce the responses of your immune system. Oh my! This is exactly NOT "what the doctor ordered"!

Yes, I could cry about it, but I just had to smile. At least it wasn't my obstinence or disobedience that stressed me out, but rather it was God's choice of events. Since he de-

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signed my body, and knew about the cancer, he could handle the consequences of all this excitement that kept the stress levels high and my adrenaline pumping.

Today would be another example. I headed to work this Monday morning, prior to my rescheduled PET scan appointment. Our daughter Crystal was interning at an Art Center about two hours away, but wanted to join me at the imaging center to be my support through the scan. She had received permission to be off for the afternoon, and was now en route to my office. Our school was closed for the summer, but another staff member and I were meeting together this morning. I apologized to her when the cell phone interrupted us. Since it might be Crystal it was important to answer.

“MOM!” Her voice was shaky. Her route home required travelling through the Ocala National Forest and cell phones do not work there. I wondered from where she was calling. “Um...My car just hydroplaned off the road in the forest and ran into a pole. I’m okay, but my car is wrecked and needs to be towed!” This solitary road sometimes has very little traffic and I could picture our daughter, there by herself, with her car wrecked, deep in a ditch on the side of the road.

“How are you able to call me?” I suddenly asked. Crystal explained that within minutes of flying off the road into the ditch, another car had come along and stopped. Out stepped a man, who just “happened” to be a volunteer on the fire-rescue team of another county. He had a type of portable phone that could send signals where the average cell phone could not. Crystal had already called our auto service, and they had a towing company contact her. Over the stranger’s phone, the tow truck driver explained to Crystal, with very little compassion, that he would require CASH before he could tow. Crystal did not have enough cash and was still 25-35 miles away. I could not come rescue her because of the PET scan appointment.

What to do?

My co-worker and I quickly prayed and started thinking through possibilities. How to get to Crystal before the tow truck did—which was already en route? How to gather enough cash, when I usually carry just credit cards and a few dollar bills? How to be sure Crystal was SAFE, riding in the cab of the rude, tow truck driver? Once again, the adrenaline started pumping. This was our “little” girl, alone in the forest, and in need.

We finally scrounged up cash and decided that my co-worker would drive it to the local station where Crystal and her car would be delivered. We hoped the driver would accept

that idea. Then the pastor and another man at my work heard our plight and immediately set out driving to the forest—to intercept or oversee Crystal’s ride back into town, as they, too, were concerned for her safety.

Crystal would not be able to join me today, but my concern right now was for her safety. Yet I had to entrust those issues into the hands of caring friends. God, who designs all the details of our bodies, could send people to care for all the details of my daughter’s safety.

And me? I now had to head to my appointment, appearing relaxed and worry free?! SURE! That would be possible only if my Designer took control.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, unknown to me, more drama was unfolding...

**I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made;  
your works are wonderful, I know that full well.**

**My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place.  
When I was woven together in the depths of the earth.**

**Psalm 139:14, 15**

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