

HANDS THAT HEAL

Both our sons have chosen professions that administer healing and restoration. Our oldest, a degreed nurse, reminds me of my approaching old age (it's only his broad smile and continual kindness to me that spares him a kick in the shins). The youngest son opted to follow his heart and now works as a skilled craftsman instead of pursuing his earlier career as a certified diver and diving instructor. Len's hands minister to seniors; John's lovingly restore the latent beauty of heritage homes.

I often have the privilege of playing the piano at the two seniors' residences in our town and I admit it fills my heart with joy to see Len's concern for the folks he's charged with watching over. There's healing in a loving touch and an encouraging word.

I'm also blessed to see how John brings life to a block of wood. I've marveled at how a neglected heritage home springs back to life and beauty in the hands of someone who sees the hidden glory in what some would discard.

As I contemplated this coming year my thoughts leaped from topic to topic: Afghanistan, terrorism, a still-stumbling economy and, never far from my heart or mind, our family. Apart from the usual questions of how we will fare and how we will face the bad and bad times that inevitably cross all our paths, I found myself asking God what he had in mind for us in terms of serving him and others. It wasn't long before these words - healing and restoration- came to mind.

No more resolutions – I have a lifetime's worth of broken ones – but my one request is that broken hearts and broken lives may catch a glimpse of the life-giving love of Christ in me.

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds." (Psalm 147:3)