

Blessings Abound

2/9/2022

Driving to work this morning, I was feeling a familiar bout of anxiousness again as I kept looking at my phone to see what time I would arrive at my workplace in Nashville. As I feared, I was going to be about five minutes late. There was no way to avoid it. That may not seem like much, but after the hassles I've been dealing with due to the bus driver shortage, getting my two grandsons on their bus on time has been nothing short of a miracle. After numerous close calls with tardiness and even missing a day, my new boss allowed me to change my schedule to accommodate my little guy's schedule. I feared this added five-minute delay would scream negligence on my part. I just didn't want to be late. I am so grateful for my boss's flexibility and understanding.

Resolved to accept that I would arrive late again, I decided to turn on my podcast that is always so calming and helps me refocus my thoughts. I guess I was in a dead zone, because it refused to start playing. My phone is on my dashboard, so I was growing more frustrated as I tried to retrieve the podcast, watch the road, check my minutes and miles on my phone, watch the road. Ahhhhhh! Then I heard that all too familiar voice that said, "Peace, be still."

I turned it all off. I stopped trying to listen to my podcast, I stopped watching the minutes and miles on my phone play tag while I tried to gain one or two minutes by driving too fast. Somehow, I thought it would make a difference if I arrived only two minutes late, instead of five. Gracious. Sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? As I drove on, I took in a few deep breaths, calming myself as I tried to be quiet and still, just as the voice told me to do.

If you've followed my blogs, you know I've just recovered from shoulder surgery from September last year. Just as some live paycheck to paycheck, I seem to be living sick leave to sick leave. I gain a few hours leave just to have to use them again, either for myself or for the boys. I learned at the beginning of the year that I need to have full knee replacement surgery, scheduled for March. Trust me, the frustration is real for this single grandma. But I am still so grateful that I have not been forced into debt over my medical issues. I've met my deductibles and have wonderful insurance so my costs have been minimal, and money has always seemed available when I needed to pay for a doctor's visit or other unforeseen expenses. I am in awe.

Aside from being in constant pain from my knee every day, last week we had freezing weather, so the heating unit at my house was making a horrible grinding and whacking sound. All I could think about was having to take another day off for a technician to come out and look at it, not to mention the bill that I would have to pay. Thankfully, after a quick phone call to my service company, all I had to do was change the thermostat to Emergency Heating until temperatures were warmer. I immediately thought, "Thank you, Jesus."

After work on Monday, I spent my entire evening plunging and scooping water out of the kitchen sink, trying to determine if my garbage disposal was broken. Realizing the disposal seemed fine, and deciding instead that it was a clogged pipe, yesterday I bought some super-industrial type clog cleaner at Home Depot. After work, I spent the entire evening scooping out the water so I could pour this stuff down the drain. After three different tries, it didn't work, so I put everything away and laid down on my bed, exhausted. So now I have a plumber coming to the house on Friday. With all of the doctor appointments I have coming up prior to my surgery, I did not want to ask for any more time off. Lo and behold, my dearest friend has come to the rescue and will wait for the plumber for me. What a blessing.

When I finally arrived to work this morning, I scurried into the office, made my standard but sincere apologies to my boss then sat at my desk. As I put my things away to start my day, I felt myself decompress from the stress of the drive in. Thinking back on all of the events that have happened in just the last week, I shook my head and could do nothing but laugh to myself. Yes, it has been a tough week, but after each situation, there was a blessing at the end. Each and every time. Oh, God is good.

If you and I had the time to sit and share our stories, I could go on and on about the blessings I have received from above, and in a very short span of time. These treasures that have come to us in so many different and amazing ways. Amid tears of heartbreak, God's blessings came down like sweet rain. Moments that caused a bit of worry, which is really just a lack of faith, were wiped clean by small miracles that I'm sure I didn't deserve. What I'm trying to share with you now, reminds me of a verse that I absolutely love.

In the book of John, in the last chapter and the last verse (21:25), John says,

“And there are also many other things that Jesus did, which if they were written one by one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that would be written. Amen.”

I guess that's my point for this week. There have been so many things that Jesus has done for me and my loved ones in this past week, that if I tried to tell you what he has done in my life alone, there just aren't enough days in the year that could contain them all. I am truly grateful.

