



*He remembers his covenant forever, the Word he commanded, for a thousand generations, (Psalm 105:8 NIV).*

Greetings dearest Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

As I am able to talk about and wrap up the last few days of July, I am here to admit having just spent taking the month off and giving my Editorial Board of five very special folks a well-earned “staycation!” So far no one has missed me nor harassed me, because I really was, admittedly, on a personal dive into a health challenge that I had never faced before. That of meeting head-on, the “big C,” for men and women, loosely referred to as skin cancer! Not a ‘biggie’ you say? But, halfway through year 82, I was stunned, assuming I had dodged that bullet! How arrogant of me!

I was knocked off the road just leaving the Southern Zone’s fabulous Spring Rally in Grants Pass, when the biopsy Dr. called me and shouted: “Your biopsy is positive and you need to get right in here for the Mohs Surgery!” I knew how to spell it, as several friends had gone through it. Did I really claim exemption?

It keeps you awake. It ravages your imagination. It renders you sometimes weak and sleepless, all of which I have painfully regretted since. BUT with reality, a date on the calendar, and a confirmation night out with four besties who were there to pray me through it, I was reassured I was in good hands. The next three weeks of mini-miracles and mostly changes in my spiritual practices found me house-bound, as days turned into weeks of real rest, deep sleep, reflections, and several quiet but productive projects to fill up the miserably hot July days outside, and ALONE, a neon word... A confirmation to be still, and heal, and conscripted to “Doctor’s orders.” In getting there I was often brought to my knees, but the fatigue and the waiting in line for the phone call: “We have a cancellation, get in here tomorrow morning at 8:00!” Things came together so well; the procedure went well and the assurance from Dr. P, a close family friend who worked me into his schedule, was SO convicting. Why all that worry?

I’d created a few weeks of “me time,” digging deep into my Portals of Prayer scripture, no phone calls or card club but twelve fine friends in a summer, early Tuesday Bible Study group digging deep into Ephesians. Mostly people left me alone and did not call attention to the pitiful huge bandaging on me. It hurt to talk and wiggle my face! The teacher in me chose to focus then on all the words in the Bible that started with the letter “C,” as I was so conscious of the calm and comfort that I felt encompassed me from the minute I arrived at the surgery site at 8 a.m. and was covered under that warm blanket. I was clothed in a fatigue resembling hypnosis. And the pure Calm and Courage and Compassion from our Lord just engulfed me! Psalm 105 is such a promise of living with the Lord in our lives!!! Wrapping our heads around a **Forever Covenant Promise... commanded for a thousand generations**, it’s almost hard to get one’s head around!

But my word-search and thumbing my way through the peace of the Psalms themselves, in-filled me with the promise in His scripture and the peace I feel in getting ahead of any further health scares. **BUT most of all??** Being loud and able to shout of my JOY: being a beloved child of God, sitting at the foot of his throne, bathing in the so many **encouraging C-words, that we are all:** created, called, calmed, charged, confessing, courageous, comforted, convinced, convicted, concerned, chosen, cherished, compassionate, commanded & committed as His beloved children, God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. May He continually convict you in His love and peace, and the healing in so many instances that touch ours & others’ lives...

**May our loving Lord Direct your footsteps according to His word!**  
Respectfully Yours... ☺ Pat Reck, HUG Author