



## Pastor's Page

### *Thumbs Up*

Tuesday was the day that the plaster was due to be removed from my hand. Having experienced a mini miracle as evidenced in the x-ray that showed the thumb had realigned itself perfectly making it unnecessary for me to have an operation, I had worried that the removal of the plaster would reveal that it hadn't worked! I dreaded being told that I would need surgery after all. So it was an encouragement to be told by the plaster man (What do you call those men who put broken thumbs in plaster?) as he led me to his plaster room "I've been reading the bible" "Good" I said, which I thought was the right thing for a Baptist minister to say in those circumstances. Then he said, "I'll just go and get it!" He returned to where I was sitting with my plastered arm on the table and with saw in one hand and bible in the other he read part of the 'Sermon on the Mount' to me (Do these kind of things only happen to me?!) He then started asking me questions about it. What an opportunity! But with his saw now making a quite menacing sound the only thought going through my head was "Don't upset him!" Well, with our short bible study over the man in the white coat began the job of removing my plaster. It actually turned out to be quite harmless and not an unpleasant experience at all. And so surgically separated from my old pot arm the plaster man bade me farewell adding "God bless" as I left.

Next I had a couple of x-rays, and was then seen by the hand specialist who said it had healed well. What a relief. But with my thumb feeling really weird and pathetic I was relieved to get one of those splint things put on it by a young nurse. Suddenly it felt all secure and supported again. I was then booked in for Physiotherapy and told to return in two days time. I did just that only to have another young nurse hold my hand (it makes it all worth while!) and explain what exercises I had to do. So far so good. But then over the next couple of days I became increasingly aware of how limited the movement was in my thumb. Playing the guitar was difficult (and painful) and I suddenly realised that if my thumb didn't loosen up I'd never be able to play at least one of the three chords I'd grown to love! This really got to me and I felt quite depressed.

It was in this discouraged state that God had to reminded me of a few things. Firstly: He reminded me of how much I'd been blessed in my life. How many great things he had done for me, and even if I couldn't play the guitar as well as I used to do (no-one would notice!) did that really matter in the face of eternity? I'd already had more than 40 years of strumming the instrument to my heart's content. (Count your blessings) Secondly, he reminded me that I must trust him. Only weeks ago I was marvelling at the miracle he had worked in realigning the bone without the need of surgery (most unusual according to the hand specialist who also added "someone's looking after you") God hadn't suddenly changed. And lastly He reminded me that he is in control. How many 'plaster men' get out a bible and read it before they remove a cast? And of course the Sermon on the Mount says; "**Do not worry about your life....Look at the birds of the air; they do not sow or reap or store away in barns, and yet your heavenly father feeds them. Are you not much more valuable than they?**" (Matthew 6:25-26)

If the hairs on our heads are numbered then I reckon thumbs are important to God too.

11<sup>TH</sup> March 2007