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## MISSING MIRACLES

So this weekend I prepared for another wonderful birthday celebration with Jack! It's been six years since we welcomed our first miracle into this life, and our lives were changed forever. As many of you know, birthdays are hard on me being a mom with a child with severe allergies. Each year, I try my hardest to prepare something special for Jack for his birthday since he can't have cake and all the goodies most kids have for their birthdays.

With all our recent life changes, we decided it best just to do a small party with grandmas and grandpas, but I wanted to make it special. So as we prepared for his birthday, I assembled his "cake," which consisted of homemade PJ Mask characters on a tower of bowls filled with fruit. I planned our meal around things we hoped Jackson could eat and decorated the house. He had a blast and told me thank you many times for filling his day with wonderful things he loved which made all the hard work so worth it.

As we got ready to go to bed, I was exhausted but thankful it was yet another successful party of making memories. During the day, though, I had seen an advertisement for the new movie, "Miracles from Heaven," coming out about a little girl who God heals from a disease the doctors say there is no cure for. It hit close to home, but I was busy and didn't have much time to think about it.

But as we said our night time prayers and Jack fell asleep, my day was darkened by the silence and then the gurgle. He's not okay... Jack's in a seizure. "BRYAN," (I yelled as I knew I couldn't leave Jack's side) and he was still up with the baby. He came rushing in and like clockwork, we started the

process of reviving our son...only this time it wasn't working like normal.

We had pushed the meds...check... He's gonna shake violently... Get the covers ready, check... He's going to be incontinent as his body violently tries to get toxins out...extra pull-up and wipes check... Towels in case he throws up, check... Grab the pulse oximeter...check... But the eyes are still unfocused as he is trying to get a breath. I finally get the pulse ox positioned long enough to read and we are diving... Heart rate is decreasing... Pulse ox, 77%... He's trying to throw up and aspirate... Gotta clear his airway and reposition... Lifting dead weight... Got him turned, airway positioned... AND prayer because he's not coming out!! God save my baby!!! Suddenly pulse ox is on...the heart rate increases, and oxygen is back stable. Praise the Lord, I can breathe! The seizure stops, and his eyes close...we are resting comfortably. Awww... I can rest.

As I get up off the bed, Bryan takes watch; and I enter my safe haven, the bathroom. I can't help it. The tears come from nowhere, and I can't breathe I'm crying so hard... Bryan came in and said, "What's the matter?" (I know most of you are wondering why he asked after all that just happened... But this is our normal (and most days I don't have a horrible meltdown like this), but immediately the movie, "Miracles from Heaven" entered my mind... And I was angry! I turned through the tears and, with all the energy I had left, yelled to Bryan, "Why won't God heal my baby!! Where's my miracle?!!" To which Bryan quickly reminded me that we don't have time to worry

Life is a series  
of tiny little miracles.  
Notice them.

Spiril Science

about that question; and he gave me the look of, come on, pull it together (which, for those that don't know me, is what I needed at that time and Bryan knew that).

So with a deep breath, the tears were gone and the waiting beside Jack to make sure he remained stable started....and with that, many prayers and crying out to God for strength. 'God please help me to trust you with this plan. Please help me to trust you with this child. Please help me to not believe Satan's lies that you aren't here and don't care. God rescue me and my family.'

Then it hit me... I was jealous because I felt I had a "missing miracle!" If God heals other children, why is mine missing his miracle? So time for more prayer 'cuz we can't be jealous (lol). Then this morning as I'm still praying, it hits me like a ton of bricks when God revealed to me that by concentrating on "the Missing Miracle" I felt I didn't have, I was missing all the other miracles he had done during the night. He saved my son from another horrible seizure; he gave me a husband—and not just a husband, but the best, loving and Christian husband I could ever ask for. He gave me a family I quickly called and I knew we were being lifted up in prayer. He gave my child a warm bed in which I could nurse him back to health. He gave me the avenue of prayer to rely on him, and... You get the picture. By concentrating on my missing miracle, I was missing miracles God was already doing!!

Maybe you are waiting on and praying for a miracle in your life. Maybe you've waited a long time and you're still waiting. Please know that God's timing is always the best. Find those miracles He is already doing in your life! Hang on to His promises. Hang on to His love!!

I write all of this, not for pity, as God is constantly growing my faith and teaching me lessons through my life experiences that I am so grateful for—I write this to share that I am but human and struggle just like everyone else. People ask us, how do you do it?? The answer is, we don't! God does!! So don't miss the small miracles in your life. Cherish your children, their smiles, their touch, their laugh, and their cry! Remember that God cherishes you as His child just the same!! Praise God for that miracle! May you have a week full of miracles and blessings!! Love you all and thank you for all of your prayers as

we continue to pray for Jack and his healing in God's time!

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## DECISIONS, DECISIONS

Things got a little tense in my house recently when my husband made a decision that I did not agree with. To be honest, I thought it was a very bad decision that could have negative outcomes, and things got a more than 'a little' tense. When I sought godly council, my friend advised me to pray, calmly make my plea, and accept my husband's decision for the sake of peace in our home. I tried to follow her advice, but the situation deteriorated as the issue became less about what was right for our family and more about my pride. Pretty soon, I was making snide comments about the decision, and was doing everything I could to let my husband know I wasn't happy. Proverbs 29:11 says, "The fool uttereth all his mind, but the wise man keepeth it in until afterwards," and I was being the fool. Instead of being a sanctuary and place of rest, our home became a miserable battleground as a result of the way I decided to respond to the situation. I had deceived myself into believing I was more 'spiritual' and knew what God wanted in this circumstance. In reality, I was not being the help meet God instructed me to be, and therefore was not doing His will for my life.

One morning I woke up feeling totally defeated and miserable. I guess you could say I was at 'rock bottom'. I couldn't stop crying and just wanted to crawl in a hole and hide. Then, I happened upon something that lifted me up out of the pit I was in. I read about the Last Supper and was *completely convicted*.

John 13:26 says, "Jesus answered, He it is, to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon." Sop is not a term we use very often today, so many people don't realize the importance of Jesus' actions here. Sop was a morsel of food dipped in the common bowl at banquets and it was also a custom at the time for the host to feed it to a special guest. When Jesus fed the sop to Judas Iscariot, others present realized it was an act that showed great love and favor. We must assume that if Jesus was able to give the sop to Judas, Judas must have been sitting close to him, which would have also been an honor. Honestly, if I had been

there, I would have probably felt a little jealous that Judas got to sit near Jesus and receive the sop and would have wondered what Judas had done to deserve this special privilege.

Remember, Jesus knew about Judas Iscariot's betrayal and the suffering he would endure as a result of it. He knew Judas' decision had been made. But, Jesus decided to show him love and honor. Christ didn't just command us to "Love thy enemy," he did it! My husband certainly isn't my enemy, and I knew my husband's decision would not have the dire consequences that Judas' decision did, yet I was acting worse than if it did! Jesus treated Judas exceedingly better than I was treating my husband. I was in no way acting Christ-like. Now I had to make a decision – would I respond to my husband with a Christ-like attitude, or would I respond with a Samantha-like attitude? What was more important, peace in my home, or my pride?

Thankfully, this story has a happy ending. I immediately called my husband, confessed and repented of my pride and rebellion, and told him I loved him. We once again have peace in our home, and I have learned a valuable lesson.

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Rolla, MO



## Eyes of Faith

Tonight I witnessed total faith on display. A young girl from our congregation is very sick and is in the hospital. The diagnosis is not a definite one yet, but she is being given powerful antibiotics intravenously now.

When we were there, two very compassionate staff members were trying their best to do an IV puncture in order to start the antibiotics. This little girl's father held her hand and said, "You've got this. Just keep your eyes on me." But the phlebotomists were having great difficulty getting the right "stick."

I watched this girl gaze intently at her dad while the whole effort was underway. She barely flinched one time. Other than that, she kept her eyes intently on her dad and focused solely on him rather than on the rather unpleasant procedure. Her total faith and trust in him spoke volumes!



That's the way to handle difficult situations in our lives. If we, like this child, keeps our eyes and hearts focused on our heavenly Father just as she did, our anxiety levels

and doubts will be greatly diminished. Just as she knew that her father was right there with her through the ordeal, we know that God is right with us in our struggles. Too often, however, we take our eyes off Him and see the storm around us. Just as Peter sank when he took his eyes off Jesus, we "sink" spiritually when we focus on the storm rather than on our shelter in Him.

Her total faith in and focus on her father spoke volumes to me. May her example help us all to focus on who is the most important when storms come in our lives.

Evelyn Waite  
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## THIEVES!

We have a neighborhood watch program. The other day, we received an email that someone had been going through cars at night and stealing items left in them. We were warned to make sure we locked our cars.

Items, of course, can be replaced - but there is such a feeling of being violated. Someone has gone through your belongings and even stolen some of them!!

If we were to stop and think about it a moment, this type of event happens every day of our lives. The devil and his cohorts are out there every day stealing from us. What do they take?

Did you get up early this morning and talk to your Father in prayer? Why not? The devil took that time from you by telling you how nice and warm the bed was and that it just wasn't time to get up yet.

Did you send that encouraging note to a friend to let them know how much their friendship means to you...or did the devil steal away that good intention?

Did you give to the Lord as He prospered you this week...or did the devil convince you that something else was more important?

If we don't have our hearts firmly locked in the love of our Lord and His ways, the devil will do all he can to steal them from us. Beware!

Lorna Smith, Lubbock, TX  
©July, 2015



## HOW FAR IS IT TO CHURCH?

"Today at work I was told that my budget is being cut in half...and my output will have to double! I looked at them for a few moments, then said, 'I'm going to church.'" Which he did.

He went on to tell about a minister who went to visit a family that rarely attended services after a recent move. When asked what had happened, the father of the family explained that they now lived a number of miles further away from the church building and that the distance had made things far more difficult in attending. After a pause and careful consideration, the preacher questioned if the man's attendance to work had also suffered?

**How far is it to church?** It will always be a long way for the person whose heart is not into worshipping God. But

it is a short distance to church for those who have made their lives a spiritual sacrifice (Romans 12:1) for the Lord

during the week. They truly understand the privilege they have in being a child of God and when the time comes for assembling with the saints, they exhibit the attitude expressed in Psalm 122:1, "*I was glad when they said to me, let us go to the house of the Lord.*"



**How far is it to church?** It's always a long way for those who don't enjoy and appreciate the fellowship of Christians. But it's a short distance to church for those who seek the fellowship of those whose faith has weathered the storms of life and have truly come to know God.

**How fare is it to church?** It's always a long way for those who seek as many of the material things the world has to offer. Long hours of weary service are given so that a larger house, a nicer car, better clothes, and wonderful vacations to faraway places can be obtained under the guise, "I just want to provide for my family." But it's a short distance to church for those who have learned the value of the spiritual over the physical. They truly understand the admonition given by Paul in the Colossian letter, "*If then you have been raised with Christ, keep seeking those things above, where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God. Set your mind on the things above, not on the things that are on the earth. For*

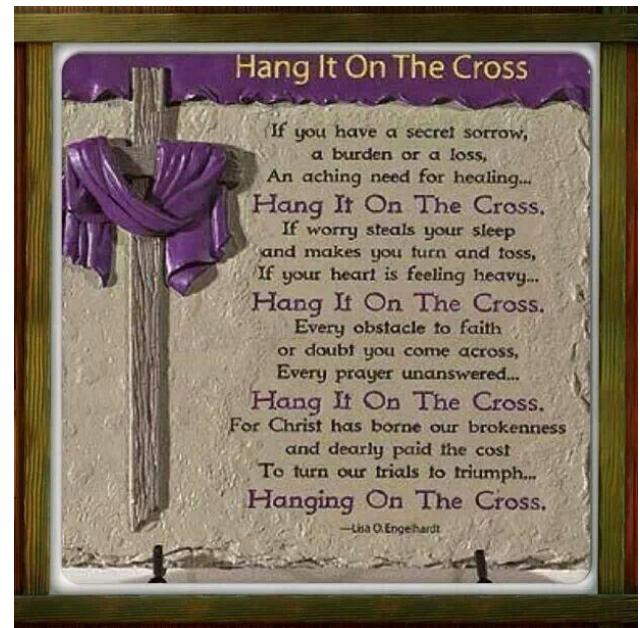
*you have died and your life is hidden with Christ in God,"* (Colossians 3:1-3).

**How far is it to church?** It's always a long way for those who feel the study of the Bible is dull and boring. An hour or two is just too long to keep one's attention on one subject; unless, of course, it might be a concert or a ball game where three hours pass by in a flash (even on a cold, hard bench). But it's a short distance to church for those who truly hunger and thirst after righteousness. They know the study of God's Word provided the spiritual food that their soul silently craves. They seek the godly truths that other share in their Bible classes and sermons.

**How far is it to church?** The distance is not measured by how far you live from the church building, but by *how far you live from God!*

Derrick Fane, Rolla, MO  
March 30, 2016

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*Sunrise* is a monthly newsletter written and/or assembled by members of the Rolla Church of Christ. All previous issues can be accessed by going to <http://www.seekgrowservelove.org>. Click on Resources, then on Sunrise Newsletter. You will find the current issue plus all previous issues.

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