

FRIDAY GOD COMFORTS - THE STORY OF THE HAND

One day when our eldest daughter was ten years old she said to my wife, "I think I've got a lump in my stomach." Audrey thought she should check this out so went down to the doctor's (this was in the days when you could just turn up). The doc immediately phoned the hospital, made arrangements for them to be seen and off they went. A lump the size of a grapefruit was identified in her abdomen.

Two days later she was in a specialist regional hospital having surgery to remove ... who knows what they were removing?

Our daughter remained calm throughout but my wife and I were terrified. We stayed with her all the time.



I went to find some quiet in the hospital's chaplaincy room. There I found this photograph. It's a child held in a hand.

As I looked at the photograph I saw the child held safely in the hand of God. At that moment the child was my own daughter.

It was also myself, held safely in the palm of God.

Framed, on the wall of our house we have a word from God which aptly fits this. It can be found in Isaiah. Apply it to yourself. Imagine God speaking these words to you.

(Insert your own name here) "I have called you by name. You are precious in my sight and I love you."