

The Parchment

*Volume 2, Issue 13
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April 25, 2010*

Living By Faith, Really!

I hope you've learned as much as I have in the recent series on Living by Faith from Hebrews 11 and 12. As with anything we learn, it is one thing to get the concept, it is a wholly other thing to put it into practice. For example, I tried making an omelet the French way last weekend (Lori received the Julia Childs book on French cooking for her birthday). I read the book, looked at the diagrams, and felt I could make the omelet no problem. I ended up flinging part of the egg onto the range and overcooking the egg! In the same way, we may get the concept of living by faith but may be amateurs at doing so in our daily life.

This past Tuesday God put a challenge before me to practice using my faith muscles. The day started as planned with reading a couple of books in preparation for my upcoming June class on leadership development. Then the fateful phone call came from the school nurse's office: our son Timothy injured himself during lunch recess while playing soccer. Lori and I needed to pick him up immediately.

When we first arrived at the school office I found Timothy a bit shaken, holding up his right index finger that appeared to be frozen in a crooked position. He couldn't move the finger though the shock of the injury seemed to mask the pain. Lori stayed behind to pick up the other two kids as I raced over to Baldwin Park Kaiser to the pediatric urgent care clinic. In the car, I

asked Timothy if I could pray for him. He meekly said that I could, but that he couldn't fold his hands properly to pray.

The wait at the clinic felt like an eternity. Over time my anxiety built up in my mind. I began to pray again for him and for our situation. After over an hour wait, we saw the pediatrician for about five seconds before she declared he dislocated the finger. She sent us next to see x-ray and orthopedics. The orthopedic surgeon said he would try to bend the finger back to the joint after injecting anesthetic. Unfortunately, ligaments tightened whenever he tried to put pressure on the finger to return to normal, so he determined Timothy would need surgery.

Another orthopedic surgeon came to give a second opinion. He bent Timothy's finger a couple times and then concluded, "This is a great way to cap a day!" Then he started to make the necessary phone calls to set up the surgery. I felt calm inside, focused on helping Timothy through the ordeal. The orthopedic surgeon returned to explain the procedure and have me sign the consent forms. As he did I noticed he wore a ring around his neck with an "Ichthus," the Christian fish symbol. God reminded me once more that we could face the developments by faith in His sovereign care.

Although the surgery went longer than expected, it went as well as expected. The surgeon told me that Timothy's hand will make a full recovery. I breathed a sigh of relief. As I look back I see how God reminded me of His presence at different times during the day. Living by faith, really living in God's presence, sustained me during that stressful, challenging day.