



I remember sitting at the Hospice Care center watching the news following the horror and tragedy of 9/11. Scenes of collapsed buildings and brave rescue efforts played constantly on the TV. We were at the center because Rod's mother was dying after a hard fought, year long battle with lung cancer. Sadly, she passed away on September 15, 2001. She was the strong and loving matriarch of her family, the first of our parents to go, and the one we expected to be last.

With all of the attention on his mother, we didn't notice that Rod's health was declining. It wasn't long after she died that we noticed the whites of his eyes were almost mustard in color. Something was terribly wrong. He returned to a liver specialist he had seen years before. Early in our marriage, he had issues with his liver enzymes being elevated and was diagnosed with gallstones and an enlarged spleen. Both were removed, along with his appendix and with medication, his health had been good. Until now. Soon after the new year, Rod was diagnosed with liver disease; Primary Sclerosing Cholangitis. PSC for short. He was told it was caused by a narrowing of the bile ducts which caused the bile to back up and poison his liver. He would need a liver transplant or he would die. Without the transplant, it was likely he would live no longer than a year. Like the world after 9/11, our life was changed forever.

Had we not been through enough? Was this fair? Why us, again? And yet, God had a great plan for us in this storm. I just couldn't see past the wind and waves of fear and doubt that crashed over me. Many times I, like Peter, would cry out to God for my husband, "Lord, save me!" And just as Jesus extended his hand to Peter on that raging sea, he would extend his hand to us. The waves were high and the current strong but through this storm, we would learn to say, "Truly you are the Son of God."

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Matthew 14:22-36 Christian Standard Bible (CSB)

"Immediately he made the disciples get into the boat and go ahead of him to the other side, while he dismissed the crowds. After dismissing the crowds, he went up on the mountain by himself to pray. Well into the night, he was there alone.

Meanwhile, the boat was already some distance from land, battered by the waves, because the wind was against them. Jesus came toward them walking on the sea very early in the morning. When the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were terrified. "It's a ghost!" they said, and they cried out in fear. Immediately Jesus spoke to them. "Have courage! It is I. Don't be afraid." "Lord, if it's you," Peter answered him, "command me to come to you on the water." He said,



“Come.” And climbing out of the boat, Peter started walking on the water and came toward Jesus. But when he saw the strength of the wind, he was afraid, and beginning to sink he cried out, “Lord, save me!” Immediately Jesus reached out his hand, caught hold of him, and said to him, “You of little faith, why did you doubt?” When they got into the boat, the wind ceased. Then those in the boat worshiped him and said, “Truly you are the Son of God.”

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