

**Southwest College of Biblical Studies
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Bible College Director Update

FALLING OFF THE ROOF

The more I think about my accident, the more I see the hand of God all through the experience. People have asked me what the Lord wanted to teach me through all this. I am sorry to disappoint most but the spiritual lessons were not primary. The main lesson was to CHECK THE LADDER BETTER BEFORE STEPPING ON IT. If I have lost you, let me take a step back and say I fell off the roof of my house November 29, 1999 and broke BOTH wrists. You heard right. BOTH wrists. You guessed it! I was putting up Christmas lights. Save your comments. I have taken plenty of verbal abuse from everyone already. The chaplain of our prison sent me a card at Christmas time saying "I don't care who you are fatso, stay off the roof."

IT COULD HAVE BEEN MY SON

My 18-year old son, Bobby, was helping me on the roof that day. We were having a good time. Bobby

walked up the ladder; one-minute later I went down the same ladder; it slipped & down I went. All of you out there with kids - picture the horror if one of them was hurt by falling off the roof. I know God was gracious to me; He spared me having to see my son lying in a heap on the ground. I will take the two broken wrists anyday.

I DIDN'T REALLY FALL

The trip from the rooftop to the ground (18 feet or so) didn't take too long. I did not feel the impact but I did hear people talking as I sailed by the window. I felt a strange sensation as though I were being lowered down by two huge hands. My mother-in-law & another lady were in the diningroom and saw me fall. Both ladies said I did not fall, but rather I floated down to the ground. However I got down there, God guided my fall and kept me from more serious injuries.

WHAT MORE SERIOUS INJURIES?

Who knows? It could have been worse. My head was all scraped up on the right side, but only scrapes, not a blow. My left leg was scraped up even though it got tangled up in the ladder rungs. My head, neck, and back were protected from serious injury. The doctors & nurses all commented

on how in the world I escaped further damage. Thank you, Lord. You are the One who did it.

FAMILY BLESSINGS

Our family was drawn together. Even with the busyness in the lives of our children, they stood by my bed in the emergency room that day. It was embarrassing to be lying there, but I was surrounded by those who love me. What really moved me to tears was to see my father standing there looking at me with concern in his eyes. His expressions of affection & approval have been sparse over the years; yet, he was there by the bed. Bobby our son had quit his job right before I fell so he was available to help around the house & take over my many duties. Thanks Bobby. You did a great job. I think he got a kick out of my having to ask him to take the lids off a jars.

Then, there is Liz. She helped me do everything. What an act of love that was. She already was tired out from caring for her mother. She said I had a better disposition during this time of disability. I sure don't like being so dependent on others; it was humbling to say the least. I needed a time of dependence. The Lord has been telling me that for years.

WHAT ABOUT THE BIBLE COLLEGE?

Months before I fell, one on the staff of Southern California Bible College & Seminary became available to teach our next course (Romans). That was designed to free me up for some other projects. One of those other projects was to recuperate from the fall. What a relief to know that the college program would continue uninterrupted while I was unavailable to teach. Thank you, Lord, for ordering my steps & thank you, Clay, for being willing to teach.

MY FIRST CHECK-UP WITH THE DOCTOR

When Liz and I went in for the first check-up with the orthopedic surgeon, I expected to have the left wrist x-rayed & possibly recasted. My right wrist was smashed rather badly so I did not expect that anything would be done to that one that day. However, the x-ray tech decided to x-ray both wrists that day. When the doctor saw the two x-rays a few minutes later, he was surprisingly pleased - enthusiastically pleased. He hung the x-rays on the wall for Liz and I to see. I kid you not - the condition of the bones in both wrists looked the same in the x-rays. They were healing wonderfully.

THE EXTERIOR FIXATOR

This is the metal hardware that screwed into my forearm and hand to keep my wrist from moving. It looked rather disgusting but this apparatus allowed my wrist to heal while at the same time allowing my fingers & thumb to move. I was doing therapy on the hand even with the screws in my arm & hand. I found out later that most of the surgeons do not use this technique to cast a severe break; however, my doctor, guided by the Lord, wanted to do whatever it would take to ensure healing of the bones & the possibility of regained motion. It indicated this method to be considered risky by some. He told us that this method was the perfect treatment for me, and that the results are more than he could have expected.

He further shocked us with the news that if I had smashed my right wrist in like manner twenty years ago, it would have been untreatable. Back then, the doctor would have casted the wrist; 6-7 weeks later the cast would have been removed and there would be permanent movement loss.

WEEKLY THERAPY

I go to occupational therapy every week to stretch the tendons & ligaments that service the wrist

area. Yes, I do exercises at home all week too. Yes, it hurts. Those parts got stiff and do not want to stretch back where they once were. However, I am faithfully working at it, and am determined to regain as much movement as possible. My therapist told me last week that she did not expect me to regain this much movement; needless to say, she is pleased. So are we.

THANKS FOR PRAYING

None of this progress would be possible without the prayers of His saints. Thank you for standing beside us, holding us up in your prayers. I have learned that God allows things to happen to each of us to build our character & strengthen our faith. He also allows it so that the rest of the body of Christ (you all) can leap to their knees to support one in need (one of their own). Thanks for leaping to your knees. Liz and I are grateful to God & to you.

Continue praying for the rest of the healing process.