

HOWe THINGS ARE... November 2010

The day I found out that I no longer had to have my hand in a splint AND I no longer had to go to physical therapy (still had to DO physical therapy, but the free kind I do at home on my own) AND there would be no further doctor appointments in my future... That day I was ecstatic.

However, I figured, give me two or three days, I'd be back to normal. The feeling of unbridled joy just doesn't last. It's a mountain top experience and then you return to the valley and a week from now, I'll be complaining about some trivial thing, completely forgetting the feeling of being released, being set free...

As it turns out, one month later... gratefulness can last.

Seriously, numerous times a day, I do something small and I think to myself, "this is so much easier with two hands". In fact, everything is easier with two hands. And everything is easier without pain. And everything is easier when you've learned because you've been painfully forced that you cannot do everything alone and you have to accept help from other people and have an ever deepening reliance on God.

All this has me wondering, can this last? Am I destined always to return to ungratefulness or complaining or whatever other mean and trivial versions of me I've been?

The Old Testament Israelites are in this constant, abandon God, turn back to God when under discipline, abandon God when things get better, back to God when things get worse. Is that the picture of the Christian walk?

And I decided, why now should I worry about whether or not this version of me I am now will last? Why not enjoy this ride? There's no reason God couldn't transform me into this for permanent. It isn't that each of us is granted a limited quantity of joy and we need to conserve it so we can spread it out over the course of our lives.

While I'm in this place though, I am trying not to annoy people around me because I recognize "the world is a happy, shiny place where birds sing with rainbows, etc" attitude could definitely get on people's last nerve.

Interestingly, the week I got the splint off, I had to switch my cell phone contract (it's a long boring story about why). The new contract is for the same service as the old one but it costs more. Also, to get the new contract, the cell phone carrier demands every piece of identity information I'd rather not give them. Then, they switched the service to my new phone while I was out of town. The new phone (sitting at the office) has service. I'm a four hour drive away from the office and the phone I'm carrying has no service... I learn when I attempt to make a call. A frustratingly long call to the carrier later, I learn nothing can be done. Then I got the bill for the new service. They bill me for the new service for all of November and part of October when I'd already paid for all of October. Second frustrating call to the carrier. I'm googling for "I hate <carrier>" and getting angrier. It occurs to me I would be way less mad with them if I actually could use the phone at my house (the cell phone dead zone). Third call to the carrier. This time it's a fairly pleasant call with my improved attitude.

So when I stopped being angry with the cell phone people... was that because I'm still feeling residual happiness because of the hand thing ("I have two functioning hands. How can <fill in the problem here> bother me?") or because the entire hand experience finally got me to figure out what's actually worth getting angry over?

Doesn't really matter because end game, not angry is way better. Highly recommend not angry and happy shiny world attitude.

To contact me:

Sheryl Howe
sahowe@wbt.org
6114A Webster Way, Waxhaw, NC 28173
704-243-0208 or
704-243-3562 (home aka cell phone black hole)

Home Office/Financial Contributions:

(Check payable to *Wycliffe Bible Translators*
Enclose a note stating: *For Sheryl Howe*)



Wycliffe Bible Translators
PO Box 628200, Orlando, FL 32862
1-800-WYCLIFFE (800-992-5433)
www.wycliffe.org