Saint Patrick’s Day and Ever After
By William Standish Reed, M.D.
President and Founder

Christ, if you will give my little son back to me, I will serve you all the days of my life.” (I had long acknowledged the fact that I was a Christian whose worship was primarily doing surgery and making rounds). Amazingly, Robbie took in a breath and rallied back to life and normalcy!

Subsequently, I analyzed all that had transpired through these dark hours and began to rationalize that perhaps my son really had not been deceased. I even concluded that my promise to God was actually unnecessary. My life as a dedicated surgeon was all that I was agreeing to do. However, a few days later, I responded to an urgent announcement resounding from the hospital intercom, “If there is a doctor in the hospital, please come to Pediatrics.” When I arrived on the Pediatric Floor, a nurse handed me a stethoscope as she explained that a little girl had just died and they needed me to verify the nurse’s impression. I entered the patient’s room, pulled back the oxygen tent and listened for the child’s heart sounds and respirations. There was no heartbeat nor were there respiratory sounds. I reached up, turned off the IV and was about to officially declare the little girl dead when a stark realization pierced my brain and soul. I stopped in my tracks as it occurred to me that the little girl was just like my young son a few days earlier. I thereby gently placed my hand on the precious child’s brow and prayed, “O Jesus, as You gave my son back to me, would You give this little girl back to her mother?” Instantly, the child began to breathe and her heart sounds were present. We rejoiced in the gift of life as the little girl’s mother stood praying and weeping at my side.

Since that eventful moment in time, I have attempted to be an authentic man of God, a believer who trusts in Christ and a committed seeker who walks in love all the days of my life. I have seen what being a physician, a psychiatrist, a nurse, a caretaker and anybody who attends to one who is broken is truly a person in high calling -- a calling to help all we meet to regain hope, healing, love, and life.

Dr. Wm Standish Reed’s book of poems has been published. They can be ordered from www.xulonpress.com or CMF, 601 W. Emma St., Tampa, FL 33603 cost $15.95 plus S/H $2.50

Faith Home Ministries
Left to right: Ralph & Diana Stinson, Rob Reed and Dr. Bill, Bishop Hank and Pastor Allison.
COPPI’S ENCOUNTERS

Romans 8: 16-17: Says the Spirit Himself testifies together with our own spirit, assuring us that we are children of God. And if we are His children then we are His heirs also: heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ – sharing His inheritance with Him; only we must share His suffering if we are to share His glory.

When one lives as long as I have, you experience many encounters in life some joyous, others not so wonderful but they happened so they are mine to file away in my memory box.

I am an artist and my interest is in drawing people. I have found in observing the faces of people, you can find a lot about who they are. Expressions and character lines are a good source. Years ago, I became very interested in doing an art exhibit on abused women and homeless people. I wanted to have an exhibit on the life of the not so privileged and give the monies to their cause. I set out with my camera and headed for homeless shelters and the less fortunate part of Dallas – the “seedy” part as some called it. What I found saddened my heart but I had a goal so I proceeded on this adventure with my camera in hand and took many pictures of the down-and-out people of this area. I will share one particular incident that captured my heart. I was in an abused women’s shelter. The person in charge was aware of my reason for being there so she took me to several rooms where abused women lived. I was able to talk and visit with them. They have very sad lives but thank Jesus that they are out of the abused homes they were in. This one particular room I entered was very small. It had four small beds crammed in it plus a small kitchen tucked to the side of the room. The occupants that dwelled there was a young lady with three children. One was hers the other two were not. She was the teacher of the children. I took a picture of her teaching one of the children – he was a darling black boy approximately nine years of age. She was teaching him to count. He was able to count to ten and was so very proud. This picture is now hanging in a very dear friend of mine’s home.

I wish I could say I was able to have completed this exhibit but my own life took a downward turn – I guess one would say my life was in a total mess. I had completed nine of the paintings some of which I do not know where they are. Too many moves and not caring what happened to neither me nor the paintings.

But – Jesus. He is faithful and He is the same God of the valley as well as the God of the mountain. And, as my favorite song goes – “You raised me up so I can stand on mountains. You raised me up so I can walk on stormy seas. I am strong when I am on your shoulders. You raised me up to more than I can be.” That is what He did for me and can do for anyone as He is not a respecter of people. He loves the homeless, the abused, the privileged – he loves everybody.

We will experience the storms of life but remember no matter how big something or somebody is Jesus is bigger. They/it are little nobodies if Jesus is allowed to operate. Trust Him and He will carry you through from the valley to the mountain top.

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