By William Standish Reed, M.D.
President and Founder

quietly sit back and listen to Mozart or Bach or perhaps an old record of Glen Miller or Tommy Dorsey. I even tuned up my violin recently and played my instrument with thankful mental quietude.

ALONE OR TOGETHER – SINGING OR IN SYMPHONY

We try to sing our singular ways but somehow We are sharp or flat – or our sound is weak, Inadequate – but altogether as a group our Songs are quite on key, harmonizing – beautiful and blessing to our souls.

So with our lives, we walk and fall – stumble here and there. But when we come together with our friends their strength is ours and ours is theirs. Sorrow flees and weakness goes. We feel Christ's joy and soon His power. The sense of Jesus' presence grows and grows and leaves no room for scars of sin or selfishness.

His life becomes ours and we become His body – vibrant, real, renewed and whole. Sitting in the midst of choir or great orchestra, playing, and listening is thrilling truly spiritual. The harmony, the swelling of the sounds, the times of quiet – like life with beginning and ending – but ever echoing on and on like the effect of our lives which linger on even after we are gone.

William Standish Reed, MD
February 24, 1993
COPPI’S ENCOUNTERS

I Cor 3:6-8 says I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one: and every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour.

In my other life as I often say, I was an avid golfer and played in many tournaments around our beautiful country – even though my fear problem made it difficult to compete. I was privileged to have many golfing buddies because of the game of golf. I was known as a religious fanatic among my golfing friends but they liked me so I was included in the so called “golf world”. One incident I want to relate to you – there were many others – but this one was special because our Lord let the seed I planted come back to me. We all plant seeds, others water but God makes them grow. We may never see the fruits of our labor but there are times when our God allows us to get a glimpse of the seed we planted. Following is one of those times:
The wife of a couple I played golf with came to me one day and asked me if I would go to the VA Hospital in Dallas, TX, and pray for her husband who had been admitted a couple days before and was diagnosed with cancer. The VA Hospital is located in Oak Cliff and I lived in north Dallas so it was quite a drive there but I agreed to go. When I arrived at the VA, I went to Al’s room. I noticed a young boy being with him and figured this was his son. I also noticed that Al had a lot of fear which reflected on his face. Being a guy, Al was trying to be brave and funny but somehow it came across as fear and worry. I sat down and we made idle conversation – how are you, why are you here, how do you feel, etc. Finally, I said to myself, “Coppi you are here because his wife asked you to come and pray for her hubby” so I said Al do you know Jesus and do you know that He can heal you of this cancer? We talked about our Lord and His grace, mercy and love. I prayed for him and left. I wish I could report that Al was healed but the Lord took him home to be with Him. However, the seed I planted in Al’s heart must have germinated in his son’s heart also because years later I went to a podiatrist to work on my feet – golfers need that! The podiatrist was Al’s son. When he walked into where I was seated, he said “Coppi, I know you and I want to tell you something”. He related to me about the time I came to visit his father at the VA Hospital and how much my conversation about Jesus meant to him and his father. He said his father and he needed to hear about Jesus and His love, mercy and grace. Praise be to our Lord, Jesus Christ.

After leaving Al’s room that day at the VA Hospital, I looked around the lobby and noticed all the sick and sad people there and I decided they needed to know HOPE and the One who gives us hope. I spoke to the receptionist about what I wanted to do; however, she told me that wasn’t allowed but she would call the Chaplain with my request. He said for her to send me to his office as he would like to talk with me. He was interested in my message of love and hope and allowed me to work as an “undercover” volunteer and assigned me to the critically ill floors where I was able to minister hope and love. I found that when people are facing death they no longer pretend but are open and honest in their conversation about their fears, doubts, concerns, etc. I thank God that I was able to bring Hope and Love to them but I am also grateful for what they taught me.

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November 2009
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