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

Years later in a prayer meeting at the OSL meeting in Philadelphia at St. Stephens' Episcopal Church, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit when a group of doctors and nurses prayed for me. At that time this "Eagle Christian" had become a thirty-seven (37) year old surgeon at the University of Michigan.

At age 10 when I was saved "It would have been enough". In Hebrew I could have said "Dayenu" - "It would have been enough." But God in His "Hased" ("Loving Kindness") gave me the primary ingredient which I needed for my surgical life, His Holy Blessed healing virtue. He anointed "my blessed holy healing life". Thank you, Blessed Savior; it has been a wondrous "Dayenu life".

The Eagle

She wasn't very large, a small sturdy Braque,  
The little group who boarded her was sad  
To think of leaving friends and launching into the dark  
Leaving security and safety - "Christian folks gone mad"  
The ship was called Mayflower, a powerless name  
But Eagle she had been with heart of courage, strength, determination.  
She'd carry forth the stranger, the weak,  
the faith filled band  
Into Atlantic's storms and gales as these few would form a nation.  
Through stormy days and nights across the frightening waves,  
They prayed and read God's Word there in the hold—  
The Eagle carried in her wings the Bible's God who saves  
And keeps courageous men, His sheep, protected in His fold.  
Years later as our nation came forth from minds of men  
The eagle became a symbol of our nation's power.  
The Pilgrim's Eagle held hope beyond man's ken  
Still gives His strength and hope through every stressful hour.

William Standish Reed, M.D.
Coppi’s Encounter

In God I Trust

The above picture of a broach represents a journey of difficulty I was going through in 1997. There are many kinds of deaths we experience in life – the death of a husband, wife, child, mother, father, family member, animal, etc. I will say, I have experienced many of those but there are other deaths that happen to us that also cause grief. The death of a marriage, financial reversal, sickness, illness, disappointments, rejection by friends and family to name a few, these also cause pain and grief. And, again, I have experienced most of them but somehow by the grace of God I made it through the grief and pain. In 1997 my marriage of thirty-two years ended. I liken it to an explosion of unbelief and unknowns. I was totally in the dark and had no idea of the wrongs my husband was involved in. All I know was one day my life was light and the next day total darkness. After thirty-two years I had to return to the work force without any experience in the technical world of computers. However, I was blessed with two wonderful friends in Oklahoma who owned a business there and they so graciously moved me to Oklahoma and put me to work in their company. During that year, I remember very implicitly, when I would get off work and go for my nightly walk in the neighborhood the cold Oklahoma winds blew forcefully and harshly. I still remember how utterly cold I felt inside and out. I walked, prayed, and cried – then it would happen out of nowhere, I would look down and there would be a penny. I would stop and pick up the penny and hold it tightly in my hand repeating “In God I Trust”. This happened frequently during my year in Oklahoma. My pennies were my life line to God. “In God I trust, In God I trust” I would say over and over. It was my mantra. A year later, I moved back to Texas and found work there. I was relating this experience to a friend of mine in Texas who is a jewelry designer and she said to me “Do you still have the pennies, I would love to design you a piece of jewelry with them as a memento of that time in your life”. I wasn’t sure I wanted any reminder of that time, but I treasured my pennies so I agreed to allow her to design a beautiful and meaningful broach for me – the above picture is the piece she designed with the pennies “dropped from Heaven”. She placed among these pennies an antique cross which represents the crucifixion but also the resurrection of our Lord! Without the resurrection there would be no Gospel and therefore no HOPE!

Yes, in God I do trust as without Him where would I be?

Note: Above article was written before the loss of my dear husband but once again pennies are being “dropped from Heaven”.

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