Hi dear ones!
I think if we can "*find the funny*" in bad situations,
we survive better 😊

WAITING IN THE RAIN



Hein dropped me off with an umbrella, in the still darkish early hours of Tuesday morning, at a local government hospital where I was booked to have more skin cancers removed off my legs.



People in the queue were huddled together under the small awning to avoid raining wet. **I** could at least SIT on the wet bench because I had my thick, square sponge pillow which I always take with for the long hospital sits.
(The hips suffer when I stand too long on one spot, or sit on the hard wooden benches.)

A hospital staff member comes out to tell us, she'll **let us in out of the rain**, **as soon as the cleaner is finished cleaning**😊

During the thankfully only about 7-minute wait, my head was kept dry under the small awning, and the umbrella kept my legs dry😊
The scene made me smile and I wish someone could have taken a pic of all of us😊

THE LITTLE ROOM

The little room, which we are all normally packed into like sardines after standing outside, <u>sometimes for hours</u>, in the weather conditions of that day, has several joined chairs which are <u>without seats</u>, and men and ladies need to share the one working toilet **in the little room**;

Getting **to** the toilet and back to your seat, if you **had** a seat, through the "**packed to capacity**" **little room** is quite a feat!

There **are two doors** in the **little room** leading into a long passage with long benches on either side, on which **we could all sit** comfortably while we wait hours for our files, but those doors are only opened much later on in the morning for some reason.



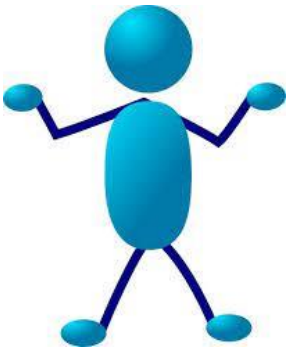
People usually start expressing their frustration after a while with loud words that are not in the English dictionary 😊

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*If the hospital office staff, **in the afternoon,** would bring the next day's patients' files when the patients of that day have all received their files …

*If the cleaner, **in the afternoon,** would clean the little room after all the patients of that day have received their files …..

*If the nursing sisters would let the patients in to **the little room, AND open the double doors** leading to the passage with the long benches …



NONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO STAND OUTSIDE IN THE WIND AND RAIN,
ALL OF US WOULD HAVE A SEAT TO SIT ON,
and people would have no need to express their frustration with loud words that are not in the English dictionary.

UPSTAIRS

Nobody in sight once I reach the wards upstairs where we wait, but I hear voices in what I presume is the staff room.

In my friendliest, most cheerful tone,
I "sing" "*good-morning*😊" no response.





So, fearfully and carefully, I pop my head in the doorway and repeat the friendly, cheerful "*good-morning* 😊".

I have to laugh people – the nurse doesn't even rise slightly from her reclining position, nor does she greet – but her LOOK asks me, "*what do you want*?"

"*I'm here for a procedure, what do I do, where do I go*?"

"*go sit on a chair next to a bed and wait there.*"

Hoo-boy – "it is what it is," as the expression goes 😊



But I leave there with a grateful heart – I received excellent medical care from excellent doctors, I don't have to sell my house to pay for it and **THE "LIPSTICK PROBLEM NURSE" –** from last time, didn't mind my lipstick this time 😊

CAPE TOWN

My heart still wants to go to Cape Town from about the 26th May – to have time alone with God again in the same place where I went to mourn my husband of 32 years last year.

A time of **reflecting** on my first year as a widow and how God has brought me through – a time of **thanksgiving** for bringing me into a place of wholeness, and of course I want to **finish writing my book**.

There are so many demands and distractions in daily life at home, that I'm not finding time to write. I'm more than halfway through.

I already have and "appointment" to meet with someone in Cape Town who will advise me on how to get my book published myself.

I "*gave the whole desire of going to Cape Town to God*" trusting that He will make a way if I'm meant to go – if not, I'll wait peacefully.

Financially it didn't look possible – so, while I am waiting, I can't just sit still – so **I bought my first two pieces of ministry equipment –** a Bluetooth speaker and a mic.

MINISTRY

I'm ready for ministry – I think 😊 But I'm not yet equipped.

Over the 5 years of Gj's illness **I sold everything that could be sold** in order to have money to pay the carers, to buy nappies and all kinds of aids to help him breathe or eat or drink or sit comfortably, doctor's visits etc.

My overhead projector, mic, speaker, music and mic stands etc. **I sold them all** and I'm struggling with my voice – so if I'm going to minister in the frail cares again, I need this "Bluetooth speaker" so that I can play songs through it and just sing along. Now I need to get educated on downloading songs, using my phone with this "Bluetooth speaker." No idea how all this works, but I'll learn and start getting programs/playlists ready in time.



Thank you for spending this time with me. I hope I didn't come across as "**complaining**" about my hospital visits 😊 I'm trying to express <u>James 1</u>,

"*count it all joy when you fall into various trials knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience.* 😊"



MUCH LOVE,
Judy