

Great – the leg would have to get a cramp in it just when . . . that was a .22 . . . the northern is going to get off the line if . . . you're falling on her. Where did the blood come from that's on the ice?

She has to let me fall. She needs to get it that I don't care if I fall over the hole. Tell her to stop holding you up? What doesn't she understand about your leg not being able to hold you up any longer?

Why won't my leg . . . it hurts – it really hurts. Why?

She has to believe me that there's no way that I can stand – that everything starts spinning when . . . she needs to let go of me. Why won't she listen to me. She needs to go away. Come on leg – stop hurting.

Let her help you lie down on your back on the ice. You can't let her know how much your leg hurts.

I'm shot? How does she know that I've been shot? Where's she going? Why is she getting the car hood? I need to get on the hood? What's wrong with me lying on my back on the ice? How does she know that I'll become hypothermic if . . . you know that you need to let her help you so . . . you're going to have to use your other leg to push yourself on the car hood as she keeps the hood from moving. There's no way that I'm going to be able to . . . there's no way that she can know that . . . she has to see that I'm trying.

I hope that she's happy now that I've finally somehow gotten myself on the hood. If she only knew how much my leg . . . how does she know that if she doesn't stop the bleeding right now that I'll for sure die?

Oh no – some of your blood has gotten on her parka. Tell her that you're sorry that . . . that's your Leatherman. Why does she have it? She can't do that. You need to stop her from cutting a hole in your coveralls. How does she know that the bullet that sliced into your leg must've nicked the femoral artery by the way that . . . guy – come on – just let her do what she thinks that she needs to do. She's probably right that you'll bleed to death if . . . tell her though to stop pushing on your leg – that it really hurts when . . .

God – after everything that took place at the conference – are You really going to let me literally die now? Just close your eyes guy – maybe the pain will go away. It's not working God – where are You?

Who'd she just tell to set the rifle up against the minnow bucket? Bubby? Good – Bubby was able to shoot a cottontail. The rabbit and some of the fish that . . . what does she mean that Bubby didn't mean to shoot me? Why is she accusing Bubby of shooting me? That's wrong of her to do. It's wrong for her to make Bubby cry. Tell Bubby that everything is going to be okay – and that he doesn't need to stay.

Cell phone? You don't have it with you. You left it at the house that you're housesitting. Ask her why she wants your cell. She can't call for an ambulance. Tell her that she can't. Moeder can't know that . . .

Of course Bubby's mother would make sure that Bubby had a cell with him. Tell Bubby not to call 911. Tell Bubby that he's not to listen to her – that you'll be okay if . . . tell Bubby to help the gal pull you to the house on the car hood. Tell her to stop telling you to stop talking. Tell her to stop pushing down so hard on your leg because . . . she has to listen to me. Tell her that you're going to get up and walk to the house. What does she mean that I don't have any choice – that I'm to stop talking – that I need to listen to her?

You told Bubby not to call 911. He needed to listen to me. How does she know the name of this lake? She can't be from around here. She'd be a gal who you'd definitely remember meeting.

Why did she have to tell whoever she's talking to that a guy has been shot – that he has lost a lot of blood – that . . . you know that the 911 dispatcher will call Sheriff and . . . it won't take long before everyone will know that . . . you can't let that happen. Moeder can't find out.

Good – she's done talking. Tell Bubby to call Derk. Did you really expect Bubby to have Derk's number? You should be able to remember by now Derk's number. Think guy – what is it? Pops has Derk's number. It's a good thing that Pops has had forever a wall phone otherwise . . . have Bubby call Pops to get Derk's number. Tell Bubby not to tell Pops what happened. Derk is there with Pops? Do I want to talk to Derk?

Who does she think she is? Bubby was giving me the phone. She had no right to take the phone from Bubby. You didn't tell her that she could tell Derk that you've been shot. She had no right doing that. Tell her to tell Derk not to tell Pops. You know that if Pops finds out that you've been shot that . . . moeder can't know. You know that Pops will tell moeder if he finds out that you've been shot.

If Derk is at the house, moeder can't be home. Church must have something going on as that's about the only place that moeder goes to outside home. She has long ago worn out her welcome everywhere else.

Tell the gal to please stop pushing so hard on your leg. She has to believe me that I know that the bleeding has stopped – that I'll be okay. How does she know that I won't be okay? You're shaking like a leaf guy. You're freezing. The sun is about to go down. It won't be long and . . . where did the wind come from?

Where's Bubby going? Don't let him leave without his gun. Why is he climbing up the bank? That was a beep. The gal must've parked her car on the south point's turnoff. She must've locked her car before . . .

Why did she put her hand on my chest? Is she praying? Why is she praying? Tell her that you didn't ask her to pray for you that . . . everything is going to be okay? Who said that? You know that she didn't because . . . she was thanking God for His love for you and for what He has allowed to just happen – that she's thankful that your life is filled with the Holy Spirit's presence, power and passion – and that . . . how can her keeping her hand on my chest make my whole body feel so warm?

She must've had blankets in her car as . . . poor Bubby – the kid still looks like he's about to cry. Let him help you sit up so that the gal can try to slide one of those blankets under you. Use your good leg to . . . you know by now that she's not going to stop trying to push her fist through the top of the leg that . . .

That's a tied quilt. How did she end up with a . . . you need to thank the gal for having Bubby get the quilts. The wind was beginning to go right through me. Having a quilt under and over me will hopefully keep me from . . . why does she want something that'll work for a tourniquet? Ask her why? Your hand would get tired, too, guy if you had to continually . . . it'd be like Bubby to have a bungee cord in his backpack.

Now she has Bubby trying to stick his fist through your leg. How many times is she going to wind the bungee cord around your leg? Tell her that . . . she has to know that the bungee is cutting off all the circulation in my leg. Okay – she's going to loosen it every few minutes.

As tight as she has that bungee cord around my leg, how can there still be blood coming out of where it was bleeding? I hope that she's right that the blood isn't pulsating out like it was? At least my leg isn't hurting like it was when she was pressing down as hard as she was on it.

You need to tell the gal that the world around you is beginning to spin again – that you're feeling like you're going to . . . this isn't fun God. Why are You letting this happen to me? What do I need to learn?

How does she know that I'm going to be okay? How can someone look and stay so calm? Why do her hands always feel so warm when . . . why didn't she keep them on my shoulders? The fiery, throbbing pain in my leg . . . and the dizziness, nausea . . . they're back again. Please God – have her put her hands back on me again.

Why is she asking Bubby how old he is? She needs to know that Bubby is a really good kid – that he's doing his best to help put food on the table while his dad is on another deployment.

Tell her that you were catching fish for Bubby to take home with him after he checked his traps. You caught enough perch, walleyes and the saugeye this afternoon for several meals for his family plus a couple of meals for yourself. There's really nothing that tastes as good as filets from a freshly caught walleye.

What's the matter with the gal – the kid's mother is already doing everything that she can do to feed her four kids while Bub is gone again. Tell Bubby not to call his mother to tell her what happened because . . .

Good – she’s loosening the bungee. The way though that she immediately stuck her fist into my leg again you need to be okay with having that bungee cord around your leg until . . . why did she have to call for an ambulance to come out here? You should’ve insisted she and Bubby drag you on the hood to the house.

The gal is right – the temperature is really dropping. The sun is right on the horizon. Those heavy looking clouds that’re coming from the northwest are probably going to bring some snow. She has to be freezing.

Where’s she going? Why is she going to the other side of the point? Good – she’s coming back.

We’re going to go to the other side of the point? Here’s hoping that the car hood will slide on the ice with me on it. There’s no way that my leg will let me walk to the other side of the point. It’ll be good to get out of the wind. It has really started to blow snow around. It’s already hard to see the other side of the lake.

It’s definitely a lot better being here on this side of the point even though there’s snow still being swirled around. The cold doesn’t feel quite as bitter. The point is definitely stopping the wind. That felt good to have the bungee loosened again. You need to ask her why she keeps saying that she wishes that she had a stop the bleed kit.

You need to give the gal your gloves. Her hands have to be frozen stiff. You know that she wasn’t wearing gloves when she was taking all those photos. And that lightweight parka that she’s wearing – it looks more like it’s for dress than for . . . she’s going to freeze to death. She needs to put on your gloves. You’ll keep your hands under the quilt. Have her put on the stocking cap that you’re wearing. The hood of her parka isn’t doing her any good. Why do you need to keep the stocking cap on when . . . this can’t be happening? I don’t want this to be happening. This is so wrong God. Why are you doing this to me?

Now where’s Bubby going? Bubby can’t leave. He has to stay here. Tell her to tell Bubby that you want him to stay here. Bubby is going to pull my lines? Tell her to tell Bubby to just leave the lines in the holes. The holes are probably already closed over with ice. You were scooping ice out of the holes all afternoon.

Tell her that she needs to go up to her car and . . . it’s obvious that she can’t stop shivering. You’re shivering and you’re under a quilt and there’s a blanket between your body and the metal hood.

Tell her that if she doesn’t go up to her car to warm up, that you’re going to make her help you stand up and then help you walk to the house that you’re housesitting. Face it guy – talking to her is like talking to the wind. I’m going to have to . . . why does it feel like a knife is cutting the inside of my leg every time I try to move the leg – especially when I try to get up? Stop thinking about standing up as all it does is make you really feel dizzy and nauseous.

That’s the statement of the year – you’re stuck with me whether you want to be or not. I’m glad that her hands are getting some feeling back in them again. Her fingers are going to do some tingling while they’re getting some circulation moving in them again. The gal’s feet though . . . those boots that she’s wearing don’t look like they were made for snow. Her feet have to be really hurting.

Does she really believe that – that everything will work out for the good for those who love the Lord? She knows the Lord? You know that she does. When she was praying . . . how can it be that after spending no more than a half an hour with her that you already know that she’s the most amazing gal who you’ve ever met. You need to find out who she is and where she lives before . . .

Looks like Bubby was able to get your lines out of the holes. You need to thank him for pulling up your lines. Good – one of the lines had a walleye on it and there’s a huge northern on another line that he needs help to . . . tell Bubby to put as many fish as he can in his backpack to take home with him. What? Is it okay if she goes with Buddy once she loosens up the bungee again so that . . . tell her that you’ll be okay.

You really didn’t want her to go with Bubby – did you? Why do I feel so alone? They can’t be more than a hundred feet away. It’d be so easy to just close my eyes and . . . God – I know that your eyes are running to and fro throughout the whole earth to . . . if you’re looking for me, I’m over here – waiting for you.

*That whir . . . that sound – I’ve heard . . . that was a gunshot. I know that it was – and it was close.*

*Why didn’t he keep pulling the fish through the hole? He’s falling over the hole. Let go of the line. Grab him. Keep him falling across the hole. Let him lie down on the ice on his back.*

*Where did the blood come from? It’s all over the ice. Tell him that he has to stand up. He can’t stay lying on the ice. Why won’t he listen to me? He has to stand up. His left leg won’t . . .*

*What’s it that the guy doesn’t understand about needing to stand up or . . . it’s not working gal. He obviously can’t stand up. The blood – that shot . . . check the top of his left leg to see if that’s where . . . that’s a lot of blood that’s oozing out of that slit in the thigh area of the thing that he’s wearing.*

*You need to do something – now. Ignore him. If he thinks that I’m going to leave him lying on the ice just because he told me to . . . he looks like he’s going to pass out at any moment. You need to do something. He’s going into shock. Drag him over to that whatever it is over there. Lying in that thing will . . .*

*You may be strong gal but pulling a guy who is half again your weight – don’t even try. Get the thing. It’s a car hood? He must be using it to pull his fishing gear around. It’s going to have to do.*

*You need to get him on this thing before . . . he’s probably already going into hyperthermia. Try shoving the hood under him. He’s right – the hood isn’t going to help – but . . . you can’t let him stay lying on the ice. The bleeding has to be stopped before . . . good – he’s finally trying to cooperate. Quick – slide the hood under him. At least he has most of his body on the thing. This isn’t good. He’s really hurting.*

*There has to be something in his tacklebox that . . . a utility tool. The knife in this thing will work. He needs to believe me that he’ll die if I can’t stop the bleeding. It makes sense that he’d have on blue jeans and long-legged underwear under whatever this one piece thing is that he’s wearing.*

*If I’d known how cold it was going to be out here on the ice . . . come on gal – stop thinking about how cold that you are and . . . cut the underwear, too, so that . . . tell him to stop worrying about me – that . . . that’s a small cut in his thigh – not a hole. That’s a lot of blood though spurting out of that cut. Push your fist down on the cut as hard as you can.*

*The whirring noise and then the sound of a shot – it’s maybe a bullet fragment . . . the femoral artery in his left thigh must’ve been nicked by . . . and then whatever it is got stopped by the femur. He had his right knee on the ice as he was reaching down to grab the fish’s head while he kept his left leg . . . the bullet had to have passed right over his right leg and . . . the bullet might’ve hit you if . . . gal – stop the what-iffing and focus on putting pressure on the slit because you know if you don’t . . . you can’t let him die. I don’t want him to die.*

*Where did he come from? It’s a kid. He must be who you saw walking across the lake as you were slipping and sliding down the bank to get to where the guy was fishing. That’s a lever action .22. He doesn’t have a clue that he just shot someone the way that he’s holding up a rabbit. You just ruined his day. Tell him to set his rifle up against the thing that has minnows in it. Ask him his name. Tell Bubby that it isn’t fault that . . . you know that you’d feel and look awful, too, if . . .*

*You need to get help. You know that the guy is going to bleed to death if you don’t. And there’s no way that you’re going to be able to stay out here in the cold much longer. Your feet feel like stumps. Your cheeks are probably already frostbitten – and your ears . . . this isn’t good.*

*Why did I leave my cell in Yellow Mini? Maybe the dude has a cell. The guy is so out of it that he probably didn’t even hear you asking him if he had a phone with him. And did you really think that he’s the kind of guy who’d always have to have a cell stuck to his ear? And what kind of guy do you think that he is? You’re curious – aren’t you? Great – Bubby has a cell. Have him call 911. Why is the dude telling Bubby not to call 911? Ask him if he wants to die. He needs to get it that if I can’t get help out here – like now, that he’ll die. The way that blood is still coming out of the cut on top of all the blood that he has lost . . .*

*You've got to get him to get it that there's no way that he's going to be pulled anyplace. There's no house around here. Tell the dude to stop talking. Keep pushing down on his thigh. That'll teach him for trying to sit up. He has to be feeling lightheaded after losing the amount of blood that he has already lost.*

*Take Bubby's cell from him. I need to tell the gal who Bubby is trying to talk to at the call center that she needs to tell the EMTs who she's going to send out here that the injured guy is on the east side of the south point on Lake Copper Smith – that he has been shot in the upper leg and that he has lost a lot of blood.*

*That couldn't have just happened. You need to dial 911 again. Whoever answered the phone at the call center was supposed to stay on the line until . . . let it go gal – you need to keep on focusing on stopping the bleeding before . . . here's hoping that an ambulance shows up – like real soon – otherwise . . .*

*Call a derk? Why would the dude want Bubby to call a derk? Derk is what – a friend? Just give Bubby his cell phone back to him so that . . . how much worse is this situation going to get? No one ever forgets the phone number of a friend – do they? The dude apparently has as . . . the guy now wants to have Bubby call who? Pops? What's a pops? Okay – Pops is the dude's dad. Great. The dude's father is home as . . . Derk is with his father? Take the phone from Bubby and . . . the dude's father needs to know . . . this is Derk? What? Just tell the guy that a young guy who he knows has been shot and that you want him to get to the south point as quickly as possible because . . . good – this Derk guy is decisive. This we'll be right there must mean that the guy's father will be coming with him. They must not be that far away if . . .*

*You can't stop pressing down really hard on the cut no matter how much he . . . the breeze has picked up. No wonder the guy has started to shake. Get Bubby to get the quilts that're on Yellow Mini's back seat. I hope that I can press hard enough on the key fob to . . . good – a beep.*

*Okay God – I hear You – pray for the guy. Put your other hand on his chest and . . . thank God for the guy's life and for the perfect will and plan that He has for his life. And thank God, too, for filling the guy's life with the presence, power and passion of the Holy Spirit. I know that he knows You God. I just know. Claim the healing power over him that's in the blood of Jesus Christ. Thank God that He has promised that all things will work out for the good of them who're called for His purpose because they love Him.*

*Also – don't forget to ask God to have the ambulance get here quickly – and that the guy's father and that friend of his will get here quickly, too – that Bubby will have God meet him right now through having the Holy Spirit take away the fear that he has to have and to give him a peace in spite of what just happened.*

*That didn't take Bubby very long at all to get those quilts. Oh no – you forgot gal that the quilt that was on top has always been your sister's favorite quilt. Sus always had it on her bed. Sus made your day when she said that you could take it with you as you finish out your final semester of underclass studies.*

*You should be able to with Bubby's help push the other quilt under the dude. Ask Bubby to help the dude to lean forward enough to . . . now ask the dude if he can push up with his right leg so that you can shove the quilt under him. That's going to have to work. Now put Sus' quilt over him. There's plenty of quilt to be able to double it up and then tuck it in around him from his waist up and around his right leg.*

*There has to be something around here that can be used as a tourniquet. You could send Bubby back up to the car to get something out of the suitcase that . . . where did Bubby get that bungee cord? Asking him if has a kitchen sink in his backpack . . . you should've known by now that he'd take you seriously.*

*Tell Bubby to push the palm of his hand as hard as he can against the slit while you . . . pull the bungee cord as hard as you can around the dude's leg as often as you can to get the bleeding to stop. The dude's thigh feels like it's solid muscle. You'll need to loosen the bungee cord every few minutes so that . . . here's hoping that there's some blood getting through the femoral artery to the rest of his leg and to his foot. Where's the ambulance? It needs to get here – like right now.*

*Gal – come on – it's not going to do anyone any good if you start to act agitated. He needs to know that you know that his leg is hurting him big time – that it makes sense that he's feeling dizzy and nauseous.*

*You need to also keep on keeping Bubby from thinking about what he did. Ask him how old he is. Good – the dude is still alert enough to let me know that Bubby is a really good kid – that Bubby works hard to help his mother put food on the table while his dad is deployed again. Deployed again? How many times has Bubby’s dad been deployed? There’re four kids in Bubby’s family – and he’s the oldest? And the fish that he was catching he was going to give most of those fish to Bubby to take home with him?*

*Keeping him talking would be good but . . . you need to loosen the bungee cord. Now tighten it again around his thigh as . . . he has lost too much blood already. He needs to believe me that I didn’t have a choice but to try to get an ambulance out here so that he can get the kind of help that he needs right now.*

*With the sun going down, the temperature is sure dropping and the wind is really starting to pick up. If I can get the dude out of the wind . . . why don’t you find out how strong that the wind is on the east side of the point. The way that your feet are feeling right now – and your ears, cheeks . . . gal – you’re really asking for some serious frostbite. The sunset though – if they’re always this beautiful around here . . .*

*Get Bubby to help you pull the car hood to the other side of the point. The hood is sliding a whole lot easier on the ice than what I thought that it would. Now loosen up the bungee again. And you were hoping that the bleeding . . . you need to start putting together a first aid kit that you can take with you wherever you go. Having a Stop the Bleed kit right now . . .*

*Why does the dude want me to take his gloves? I can’t take his gloves. He needs to keep his hands warm. Come on gal – just take them. He’s right that he can keep his hands under the quilt. His gloves feel so good. His stocking cap, too? You need to tell him no way – that he needs to keep his head warm. Tell him to stop worrying about you – that you’re fine. Sure – right away – you’ve never been so cold in your life. This will teach you gal to think first before . . . you should’ve gone directly from home to your dorm room. You would’ve been there by now. This detour to . . . and what really were you trying to find out anyway? You do know that you’re going to have to get a room someplace to stay tonight – and then it’s going to take you all day tomorrow to . . . you need to find someplace tonight that’ll leave your sister when she calls exactly at the same time when she always calls that’ll leave her thinking that you’re in your dorm room.*

*That’s a good idea to pull up the dude’s lines. The kid needs to be doing something. So what if the holes are already frozen over. It wouldn’t be a big lost to the dude though if the things that he’s using to fish through the ice got left on the ice. Who cuts up what looks like broomsticks into three foot lengths, pounds in a nail at a forty-five degree angle at about three inches from each end and wraps monofilament back and forth between the two nails? Guess it must be okay to fish with four poles at once here in this state as . . .*

*The dude needs to stay quiet instead of . . . so I’m shivering. You know that he knows that your parka isn’t doing you any good – and you know that he’s right that you should go up to your car and . . . he needs to get it that there’s absolutely no way that you’re going to leave him – that he’s stuck with you whether he likes it or not. Tell him that you’re glad that he’s more alert now than he was five minutes ago.*

*Why does it have to be so cold? Gal – it’s wintertime – it’s supposed to be cold at this time of the year in this part of the country. This is sure leaving me with a greater appreciation for the weather back home. You’re never going to complain again are you when the temperature on those few days when it does get close to freezing.*

*Good – Bubby is back. There’s a really big fish on a line? Ask the dude if he’ll be okay if you go with Bubby to . . . first loosen again the bungee cord. Take a photo or two of the fish. You’re going to have to recharge the battery tonight that’s in your point and shoot after all the photos that you took earlier of this lake, the guy catching fish through the ice, the fish on the ice, the . . . this really is a beautiful, serene place.*

*Be glad that your fingers are working again. The poor fish isn’t having a good day. The thing’s mouth looks way too scary for me to do what Bubby is trying doing. Do what he asked you to do – hold the line up while he gets his hand under the fish’s gills to . . . hurry up – you should’ve had your camera ready. Where’s Bubby going? A tape measure? The fish is almost three feet long. That’s the biggest fish that Bubby has ever seen caught out of this lake? Wow. Why is Bubby staring at the other side of the lake?*

God is looking for me. I know that He is. I saw His eyes looking in my direction. I need to tell her. Maybe His eyes are looking for her, too. You can close your eyes. You know that God will arrive in His time and not before. He has to be getting closer and closer. I know that He has to be. Open your eyes guy and . . . you were right – His eyes are heading straight towards you. Tell the gal that God is going to be . . .

Guy – you're being shaken. Why is the gal telling you that you can't sleep? Tell her that you closed your eyes while you wait for God to arrive. Tell her that you know that He's coming because you can see His eyes heading for you. Ask her if she can see . . . tell the gal to stop telling you that you need to stay awake.

Why is she . . . what's she doing with your leg? Where did she come from? Who is she? Tell her to stop hurting your leg. She just loosened what? Your leg is still bleeding? What's she talking about? Tell her that you don't want her to stay because God is on His way right now to tell you what He wants you to do next. Why won't she leave? Maybe God wanted her to shake you. If God wanted her to shake you, you need to let her. This telling me though that I'm to tell her your name . . . you know your name – so tell her.

Mumbling? You need to tell her that you aren't mumbling. Tell her that you're speaking loud enough and clear enough for her to hear you so . . . it's her problem that she isn't able to get it what you're saying.

Why is Bubby here? He really looks worried. Why? You need to tell Bubby that he doesn't have to look so worried. Why did he ask the gal if I'm going to be okay? I'm going to be okay – God is coming to . . .

You need to ask her what she just told Bubby. She needs to believe you that you're awake – that you can hear what she's saying. Why does she think that she always needs to shake you and then tell you that you need to stay awake? Bubby must've told her your name as . . . you need to tell her that you haven't been asleep, that you're not going to go to sleep and that she needs to stop telling you that you've to stay awake.

Why does she want me to tell her what day it is? Doesn't she know? Guy – just appease the gal and . . .

Figure it out guy. The conference ended Monday night at midnight with a communion service. You left right after the service for home – getting home somewhere around two in the afternoon on Tuesday. You needed to get home because you promised the Hykema's that you'd stay in their house and take care of their chickens and livestock while they went on a cruise. They left on Wednesday. That was two days ago. Today must be Friday. Tell her that today has to be Friday. I hope that makes her feel better knowing that.

Now what? Why does she want to know where I am? She had to know that this lake is Lake Coppersmith as . . . just tell her the name of the lake. Make her day and tell her that the lake is a glacial deposit lake and that the lake's water covers almost three hundred acres and that there's a lot of fish in it.

What was I doing? What kind of rhetorical question was that? The gal has to know that you were fishing because . . . tell her that the fish that you caught are . . . come on – it won't hurt you guy to tell her that you caught about a dozen perch, four walleyes and a saugeye – and that you were about to pull a northern pike through one of the holes when . . . something happened to your leg – remember?

Why does she want to know now how you're feeling? I sure hope that I'm having a dream as . . . it has to be a dream because you've never met a gal who's so different than . . . why though is Bubby in the dream?

Do gals in dreams tell their names if . . . ask her. Ang? Okay – everyone knows her by Ang. You maybe should tell her that she can call you Eggy – not Eggert, because . . . I don't want her to call me Eggy either.

Tell Ang that God should be here in a few minutes – that you see His eyes getting really close – that she can talk with God when He gets here. It'd really be great if she'd stay but . . . you still haven't caught up on your sleep after those five activity filled days that you spent at the conference. You couldn't wait to get up each morning – and there wasn't a night when you didn't get to bed until well past midnight.

Ask the gal if she has heard of the name of that conference? If she'd been there though, you know that . . .

Why is it taking God so long to get here? I know that He knows where I am. I know that He knows that I'm waiting for Him. I hope that Ang will be glad to see God when He gets here. Why does she always have to do that to my leg? Tell her not to do that anymore – that it really hurts when she does. You know that the pain in your leg will go away if you just close your eyes and go back to sleep – so do it.

What does she mean that help will be here soon? She can hear the sound of a siren in the distance plus it won't be long and my father and my friend will be here? How does she know that Pops will be here soon? And who's the friend who she said that it won't be long and he'll be here, too?

Why is she telling me that there're lights coming across the lake? I knew that. What? Why would Bubby want to tell the gal that the lights that're coming across the lake are from the snowmobiles that . . . they're not lights from snowmobiles – they're God's eyes looking for me. Tell her that. She has to believe me.

Tell the gal to stop shaking you. What does she mean that you're not to . . . you're having a dream. You can't have any gal in your dream. Roll over and . . . why can't I roll over? You'd be able to roll over if you took the blanket off. And when you do, you need to check your lines. Maybe if I stay here a few more minutes in bed under the blankets . . .

Tell the gal that she needs to get out of your dream so that you can sleep. Tell her that you don't want her to stay in your dream – and tell her to stop telling you to call her Ang. You've never met let alone know an Ang so . . . tell her, too, to stop telling you that you need to hang in there – that once help gets here . . . I don't want to go anyplace in an ambulance. Moeder will find out. That wouldn't be good.

What's the matter with the gal? Why won't she leave like you told her to do? If she doesn't stop shaking your bed . . . tell her to stop telling you that you're lying on a car hood and that you've been shot? What's Buddy doing in my bedroom. Ask him to turn up the heat as it's freezing in here.

The first thing that you need to do tomorrow is talk to moeder and Pops. You need to tell moeder and Pops that when you graduate from the U that you're going to . . . you need to tell Derk when you see him again that he's not to let Pops go into Hykema's house. You know that Derk will understand because . . . Derk has a decision to make, too, on whether or not he's going to re-up again or be a contractor or . . .

There's that gal again. Why doesn't she do jumping jacks like Bubby is doing to keep warm? Tell her that if she's cold that you're fine if she decides to leave? She has to stay with me? She has to keep me awake? Why? I don't want to stay awake? How does she know that because I've lost a lot of blood that . . . how does she know that I'll die if I don't stay awake? She can't know that – can she? Maybe she's a . . . she sure looks like one.

Tell the gal that you're glad that you'll be seeing God real soon. I'm not to talk that way? Of course Pops and moeder would be really sad if . . . you need to tell God just as soon as you see Him that He doesn't need to have you die because you told Him that you're ready to do and go wherever He . . . you should ask the gal if she'll go with you and do whatever it is that God will have you do. You probably should ask God first though if the gal is who He wants you to . . .

That sound . . . that can't be the wind blowing. Open your eyes. It's God. He's almost here. That's not God. Those are Ski-Doos. Why is Pops . . . and Derk? Come on Derk – you, too – this I've got to hang in there – that help is just minutes away. Ask Derk why he can't help me. Why won't Derk listen to me? Why is Derk acting like he didn't hear me? Tell the gal that she doesn't have to show Derk my leg. Tell her to stop showing Derk how she pushes down on your leg to make it really hurt. You need to find a way to somehow make him know how much she's hurting you when . . . everyone needs to leave you alone. It's so nice and cozy under the blanket. Now that it has gotten dark, ask Pops if he'll let you go to sleep.

Why is Derk leaving? Okay – you now have a Ski-Doo facing you. Tell the gal that you don't want the lights from Derk's Ski-Doo shining directly at you – that . . . the look in her eyes, the smile, her hand on your shoulder again, her voice – she's right – you're going to be just fine. You now know that you're going to have a helpmate and you know who she is. Tell her that you're going to marry her when . . .



Why did she have to take her hand off my shoulder? I wish Pops didn't look so . . . that sounds like a siren. The ambulance is almost here? Tell Pops to tell whoever is driving the ambulance not to stay. Have Pops and Derk pull you to Hykema's house using a Ski-Doo. I know that Derk will stay with me.

Why is he here? Who called Sheriff? He's sorry that . . . what? Be glad guy that Sheriff is here. Sheriff was already the local cop before you were born so . . . he'll find a way to get you out of this mess. You need to tell Sheriff that Bubby didn't mean to . . . there goes the world again – around and around – it needs to stop before . . . just keeping looking in her eyes. How can someone's eyes have so much hope in them?

Where's the gal going? Tell her that she can't leave. I need her to stay here with me.

Whatever it was that the gal just told Sheriff must've been about Bubby as . . . why is Bubby giving his gun to Sheriff? Did Sheriff really think that Bubby would have a bullet in the chamber? Sheriff has to know that Bubby's single shot .22 is just a BB gun on steroids. Good – he gave Bubby his gun back to him.

Who're . . . that's a stretcher that they're carrying. Why are they carrying a stretcher? What're they going to do with it? If they think that they're going to carry me on that stretcher through the snow up the bank to wherever they parked their ambulance, they need to forget it. I sure hope that I'm dreaming as . . .

Okay – there're EMTs. Like I hadn't figured that one out by . . . what's the gal doing? Why did she just tell them that there's a bullet lodged in my upper leg? How does she know that? How does she know that the bullet clipped the femoral artery – that it may be lodged against my femur? What's it to the EMT what number you'd rate the pain in your leg while she's pushing on it? Tell the EMT to stop. She needs to stop. Can't the EMT tell that she's really hurting me? Why did the gal tell the EMT that you've been more or less incoherent the past fifteen minutes or so – that you're either in shock or it's from the pain – or from both. What's the EMT thinking that she has to do now? Why is she . . . my pulse is weak? What does she mean by that? Why do they need to get me into the ambulance as quickly as possible? Tell them that you don't want to be moved – that you're okay with staying right where you are.

What're Derk and Pops doing now? They must be pulling you to the back of Derk's Ski-Doo as . . . if they think that I'm going to be able to ride on the back of Derk's Ski-Doo to . . . , that's not going to happen.

Why did the gal just say that she's not sure that I know what's happening? She has to know that I can hear what she's saying. Tell her that you understood what she said – that Derk is going to pull you on the hood using his snowmobile to and up the boat landing to the ambulance. She has to see that your eyes are open – that you're looking at the most . . .

You're moving? Whoa – where did the wind come from? And the snow – Derk needs to turn around. I don't want to go to the ambulance. Guy – come on – the boat landing is only a couple of hundred yards to the west. Derk can just keep right on going to Hykema's place. It only takes a couple of minutes to get to the house from the landing.

I need to go to the house. All the brochures – handouts – notes from the conference . . . you promised me God that . . . tell Derk to slow down before . . . where did she come from? How can it be God that every time that she puts her hand on me that I'm suddenly warm – that that feeling of being dizzy, nauseous . . . this sense though that what's happening is the start of the greatest adventure that you're ever going to have. Who is she? No one just shows up out of nowhere? One minute she wasn't here and the next . . . why can't I just close my eyes and . . .

Derk has to be pulling me up the boat landing now the way that his Ski-Doo is . . . Derk needs to stop. The pain . . . I can't take it anymore. He has to stop. The EMT has to listen to me before . . .

That's a stretcher. What're they going to do now? Why did they . . . tell them that you don't want to go anywhere in an ambulance. Tell them to take you to the house. Tell Pops not to get into the ambulance with you.

*Ask Bubby what those lights are. They sure seem to be bouncing around. They're Ski-Doos? Okay – snowmobiles. That's Derk and the dude's father who're coming on their snowmobiles?*

*Ask Bubby where they're coming from? They're probably coming from the house that's across the road from the property that was homesteaded by whose father's great-grandfather? Ask Bubby to repeat what he . . . okay – this Derk who is on one of the snowmobiles is staying in the old house that's still on the homestead while whose father lives on the farm across the road that his grandfather bought for whose dad? Ask Bubby how he knows all this. Eggert told him? Ask Bubby what an Eggert is. That's the dude's name? Egbert was his mother's grandfather's name but when Eggert's mother . . . you know gal that you just turned on a spigot. Keep Bubby talking as it'll take his mind off what happened. Ask Bubby why he thinks that Derk must've gone over on his snowmobile to Eggert's house. Eggert's house is more in the direction that they're coming from? I hope that Bubby is right that they should be getting to the lake in a couple of minutes and . . . gal – it's time that you check on Eggert again. Eggert sure doesn't look like an Eggert. So gal what does an Eggert supposed to look like?*

*I wish that my feet didn't feel like solid blocks of ice. At least you can still feel them. You know that being out here on the ice isn't the smartest thing that you've ever done. You could've put an extra sweater under your coat before . . . Eggert has his eyes closed. Shake him. Check for his pulse. He's still alive. Shake him harder. Thank goodness – he's finally coming to. You can't let Eggert . . . you need to keep a better eye on him. The dude was definitely out of it. His pulse seems steady enough. The dude's face though looks really pasty. An ambulance better be on its way here – and it better get here soon. And what're you going to do if . . .*

*I wish that I knew what the dude is trying to say. Just let him think that he wasn't out of it. What? He's waiting for God to arrive – that he can see God's eyes as God is heading this way – that . . . the guy has to be hallucinating. He has probably gone into shock. You should've never left him when you . . .*

*You need to do something. Check Eggert's leg. Loosen up the bungee cord and . . . it looks like the small slit still wants to bleed. Push down really hard on the slit. That woke him up some. Something inside the entry wound definitely is causing some serious pain when you're pushing down hard on the leg. My bet is that it's the bullet – or a fragment from the bullet.*

*If the dude really thinks that I'm going to go away just because he keeps telling me to go away . . . there's absolutely no way that I'm going to leave here without first making sure that he's on his way to a hospital.*

*I wish though that Eggert would stop saying that he's waiting for God to arrive as . . . God's going to tell him what he's to do next? It must be nice to believe that God will just show up and . . . you need to shake him gal – you need to keep the guy awake and as alert as possible until the ambulance gets here.*

*Ask Eggert questions. Ask Eggert if he remembers his name. Tell him that he needs to stop mumbling – that he needs to speak more clearly – that you're not understanding what he's trying to say.*

*You need to find something else for Bubby to do. The dude doesn't need to see the look that Bubby has on his face right now. You'd probably have that look on your face, too, if you were Bubby's age. You need to keep assuring Bubby that Eggert is going to be okay.*

*By how quickly that it's getting dark, you should ask Bubby if he'd mind getting Eggert's fishing gear together in one place so that when . . . what you're going to do with Eggert's fishing stuff once the ambulance leaves is something that you don't need to think about now so . . . once Bubby gets all the fishing stuff together, have him go up to your car to get the flashlight that's in Yellow Mini's glovebox.*

*Now get back to trying to keep Eggert awake. Ask him if he knows what day it is. You know that he . . . Conference? Communion? You're going to have to piece together what he's saying. Tuesday? He's right – it's Friday. You'd be in your dorm room right now if . . . you just had to make a full day detour to . . . you knew gal that there was a possibility that you'd find out more than you'd want to know by just having to check out . . . why gal – why – why? You aren't like your big sis – you don't ever do adventure.*

*You need to keep asking Eggert questions even if you're only going to get garbled answers from him. You can't let him crash. He has to stay awake. Ask him if he knows where he is. The dude seems to be understanding what you're asking him as . . . that's the name of the lake that he's on right now. If he thinks that I'd know what a glacier or whatever has to do with . . . and per a site that you checked before you left home, the lake does cover two hundred and eighty-eight acres.*

*Ask the dude what he was doing on the lake. Good – he still has some spunk in him – telling you that you should know what he was doing because of the different fish that're . . . gal – this isn't good – he's talking like he doesn't remember that you took photos of the fish that he caught and . . .*

*Just because he asked you if you'd watch . . . you should've told the dude no. Gal – you were so ready to find out what it felt like to pull a fish through a hole that had been cut through what has to be at least a foot of ice. Sus had to have fished through the ice here on this lake when she was a kid. She had to have otherwise . . . this always checking the fishing channel for ice fishing segments – then recording the segments and . . .*

*What? My name? Be glad gal that he wants to know your name as . . . tell him that your name is Ang. Just because Mammy and Pappy wanted to have a houseful of . . . you've been really blessed gal with having Mammy and Pappy as your parents.*

*What's he trying to say now? Why did the dude ask me if I knew that God is going to be here real soon? Doesn't the dude know that God is everywhere and that he can talk to God anytime that he wants to talk to Him? He's going to talk with God when God gets here? He can't be thinking that God is coming on one of the snowmobiles – can he? Check his leg again. Eggert needs to understand that you need to make sure that the bleeding is slowing down.*

*A siren? It sure sounds like one. Help is going to be here real soon. The snowmobiles are about halfway across the lake. They're sounding closer and closer all the time. Ask Eggert if he heard the ambulance's siren and hears the snowmobiles coming across the lake.*

*Gal – the dude really does think that the snowmobile lights are God's eyes – that God is looking for him. If Eggert doesn't know that God is here right now with him – that God knows exactly what has happened to him . . . gal – you need to listen to what you're thinking. Thank God that He's here right now – that you've every reason to thank Him for having you here right now because before you came into being, He knew that this is where He'd have you be for whatever reason that He only knew and He knew that this time now will ultimately lead you to want to thank Him and to want to reflect His glory back to Him even more.*

*Stop thinking about yourself. You've done way too much of that the last couple of weeks while you were home over the holidays. Keep doing what you have to do to keep Eggert awake. Keep telling the dude to hang in there – that the ambulance is almost here as well as his father and . . . and tell him to stop telling you to go away as . . . why did he just tell me to tell Derk to not let his father into what house?*

*Now what does he want? Why does he want to know why I'm not doing what Bubby is doing? All Bubby is doing is jumping up and down while waving his arms forwards and backwards. Ask Bubby why he's . . . he's trying to keep warm? Just keep on telling yourself gal that you're not frozen stiff even though . . .*

*You can't leave Eggert. You know that he'll . . . you need to keep shaking him and talking to him.*

*Maybe you shouldn't keep telling Eggert that he's going to die if . . . if he really doesn't think that he's going to die then that's good. But thinking that he's going to talk personally with God because God is almost here and that he's going to tell God that . . . did he really just ask me if I'll go with him and do whatever it is that God . . . what – will I be his wife?*

*Gal – stop thinking about what he just said. There's a really good chance that he won't remember much – if he remembers anything, that has happened let alone what he has said the last twenty minutes or so. You can at least say now that you got one proposal to . . . stop it gal – you need to keep you focus on the dude.*

*The snowmobiles beat the ambulance here. Okay – you now know Derk. Show Eggert’s leg to Derk. I did the right thing? He’s glad that you . . . you need to tell him that the bullet wouldn’t have hit Eggert if . . . Where’s Derk going with his snowmobile? Ask Bubby. He’s going to shine his snowmobiles lights on who? Eggy? No one should ever be called that. Eggert is . . . you need to keep assuring the dude that he’ll be okay. There has to be a reason why he’s not more alert than what he is. You know that he has to be in a lot of pain – especially if the bullet ended up where you think that it did. Keep your hand on his shoulder. He’s less restless when . . .*

*Good – here comes the dude’s father. You need to tell his father that he’s not helping his son with the look that he has on his face – that he needs to . . . gal – when are you going to learn to keep your mouth shut. The guy is really hurting for his kid and you’re telling him to . . . where did he come from? Who is he? He’s sheriff who? It’s okay for me to call him just Sheriff? The guy definitely has been around for a while. Gal – if you get the chance – he’d be a good guy to ask about . . .*

*It’s obvious that Sheriff knows what he’s doing. You need to fill the guy in on what happened. Eggert seems to know that Sheriff is here. The look though that Eggert had in his eyes when he looked at you . . . he can’t die. God – You can’t let Eggert die. Why are you putting him through this? Why?*

*Gal – you need to stay with Eggert while . . . good – Sheriff is heading for Bubby. Did you really think that Sheriff wouldn’t know Bubby? You would’ve been surprised if Bubby had a live round in the chamber of his little lever action Winchester. It’s the same kind of .22 that Pappy used to teach you how to shoot.*

*It’s about time that the ambulance got here. The EMTs better be glad that there’s a couple of big dudes here who can help carry that stretcher up the bank. It sure wasn’t easy coming down the bank. I know.*

*Tell the EMTs that you were here when Eggert was hit by a bullet. They’re going to want to see the wound. Here’s hoping that they’ve a Stop the Bleed kit with them. The bungee has done its job. Here’s hoping that some blood has been getting down to his foot. Good – they do have one.*

*Ask the EMT what she’s gotten for a pulse reading. She’s right – they need to get Eggert to the emergency room. You knew that his vital signs were . . . what? Why are they . . . okay – they’re going to tie the rope that’s on the front of the hood to the back of Derk’s snowmobile so that he can pull the hood to where – a boat landing? The way that the EMTs . . . Eggert must be in a whole lot worse shape than what I thought.*

*You need to get moving, too, gal. Tell Eggert what’s happening. Good – he has his eyes open. He seems to know what’s happening. Ask him how he’s doing? Just be glad gal that he’s not closing his eyes – that he’s looking at you like . . . tell him that you’re not going to leave him – that you’re praying for him.*

*Come on feet – cooperate. Tell them to stop telling you that they can no longer be used for walking. The insulation that’s inside your boots that’s supposed to keep your feet warm . . . even the heavier socks that you put on this morning at the motel aren’t helping. You deliberately dressed warm knowing that . . . it never gets this cold where the university is located.*

*Gal – come on – you’re not helping yourself thinking about what it’d be like if you’d gone directly to the university this morning instead of . . . so – start walking. Come on feet – you don’t have any choice so . . .*

*You should’ve stayed where you were. You’re not going to be able to keep up with Derk as he pulls the hood to wherever he’s going. You’re heading almost right into the wind. Snow is being blown everywhere. At least pull your hood up over the top of your head. And did you really think that was going to help?*

*Who just . . . what’s Sheriff doing? Come on gal – he’s trying to block the wind from blowing you over. Let him. Let him help you stand up, too. At least your feet have given up fighting you and have decided to start cooperating again. That boat landing or whatever it is better be close as . . . this must be it. That didn’t take very long to get here. Thank you God.*

*Why is everyone heading now to where you parked Yellow Mini? Gal – stop thinking and keep walking.*

Don't let whoever she is close the . . . she needs to let the gal get in first. The gal has to go with me to . . .

You have to be dreaming guy. You have to be. You must've been sleeping on your leg wrong the way that it hurts. Get out of bed guy and . . . why is Pops telling me not to move? Where did he come from?

What's happening? Who is she? An EMT? What's she doing? You just let her stick something in your arm. That hurt. Where am I? Who's taking who to the emergency room? I've been shot in the leg? Just go back to sleep guy. This can't be happening. This is what a nightmare must be like.

It's wrong for her to want me to stay awake. I need sleep. You knew better than to stay up until well after midnight each night of the conference. Blame it on the old rep that . . .

Why do I feel like I'm moving? What's the deal with the bag that . . . what does she mean that in a few minutes that I won't be feeling any pain in the leg? What's wrong with my leg?

Why is Pops holding my hand? Tell him that you don't want him to hold your hand. Tell him that you're having a nightmare – that . . . just shut your eyes guy and . . . why won't everything stop going around and around? Don't open your eyes. You know if you open your eyes that . . .

Whoever is shaking your shoulder needs to stop? You need to pull up your lines and get back to the house. It's time to start to get the chores done. Beds don't move – do they? The one that you're on sure is.

Come on guy – think. You were fishing. The fish were biting. An angel showed up out of nowhere. You had to get away from her because . . . so you decided to open up another hole a hundred feet or so further out into the lake. Then while the angel was pulling up one of your lines, you . . .

What happened to the angel? And how do you know that she was an angel? The way that she talked with God, how it felt when she touched me, her confident demeanor . . . she was an angel. I know that she was.

God – come on – what're You doing me? Please stop it. I told You at the conference that . . . I know – I'm to build my house first. I was working on God before . . . You know that I was.

Where could the angel have gone to when . . . guy – the quilts. The gal had Bubby get a couple of quilts from someplace. Ask Pops what happened to the quilt that was covering me? Why did Pops ask whoever she is that what I'm saying sounds like gibberish to him? That's not true that I'm semi-conscious.

Okay – finally – a blanket was left in the hood when . . . God – please help me to think – please help me to know what to do – please help me in the name of your Son – Jesus Christ. Thanks.

Ask Pops if he knows what happened to the quilt that was . . . the EMT took it off me. She needed to get to my arm to do what? She needs to keep an eye on my leg, too? Why?

Tell Pops to take care of the quilt – that he has to find the angel – that the angel will need her quilt. She definitely didn't have enough clothes on to stay warm yet . . . do angel's get cold? How can someone disappear as quickly as she appeared? Come on guy – there's no way that you can believe that . . .

Tell God that you're waiting for Him to tell you what He wants you to do next. You know that He knows that you're getting together again tomorrow with Derk to talk more about your time at the conference.

You need to tell Derk that he needs to stop asking you what you think that he should do now that he's up against having to either re-up or . . . seeing him as a contractor – which sounds way too much to me like being a mercenary, even though it'd mean that he'd be getting a paycheck that'd be at least three times larger than what he has been getting from Uncle SAM just doesn't seem to me to be Derk. Thinking though that re-upping will have him being assigned to do recruiting . . . the guy has been on too many frontlines in too many countries to . . . where'd Derk go? He was just here. Why was he here? Tell Pops to get Derk so that . . .

Ask Pops if he saw the angel. Who did the EMT say was hallucinating? It can't be me hallucinating. There was an angel – I know that an angel was with me. Tell Pops that she was wearing a white parka.

Close your eyes. You're in the middle of a bad dream. You know that you are.

Tell the EMT in your dream that she has to stop shaking you – that you want to go back to sleep. What does she mean that what she gave you should be starting to kick in? What did she give me? What does she mean that everything is going to be okay – that I need to keep still – that we should be at the hospital in about fifteen minutes? Who's going to a hospital? It can't be me. I need to get up and do the chores.

Why won't my bed stop moving? You're going to . . . it's a good thing that the EMT in my dream had a plastic shopping bag as . . . everything just needs to stop going around and around and around . . .

What is it that she doesn't get that I can't keep my eyes open? I need to keep my eyes closed otherwise . . .

What is she doing now? What did she mean that my leg . . . I was shot? Guy – you were shot – remember? And there was a gal there. She had a little camera. She was taking photos of everything. She couldn't have been a mirage as . . . after about five minutes of her watching you fishing, you decided that you had to get away from her because . . . you went out another hundred yards or so into the lake to open another hole. She acted like you really made her day when you told her that if she saw a bobber disappear that she'd be doing you a favor if she pulled up the line. It just had to turn out to be a big northern that'd get itself hooked while thinking that the minnow that you had on the hook would make for a snack. When you realized that there had to be something big on the line by the way that the gal was . . .

We're stopping? Why? We're moving again. We've to be on the highway as . . . the next time that you see old man Charlie you need to tell him that he needs to run the grader down the gravel roads around the lake. They're spots that've become way too washboard like. At least my leg isn't hurting like it was.

Ask God if He's trying to get your attention because . . . does He have me dreaming or . . . stop thinking guy that you're dreaming – you were fishing. You were shot. Why would God have me die now after . . .

You need tell Pops and moeder – like now, want you promised God. I need to tell Illie, too. You should've told Illie long ago that you didn't see her anything more than a friend. Calling Illie a friend is stretching it bit don't you think? Pretentious should be Illie's middle name. This thinking that just because we've been classmates since forever and because our parents think that we'll make a perfect couple . . . you've known for a long time that marrying Illie would have you ending up in a worse marriage than what Pops and moeder have. All you're doing guy by hoping that Illie will just go away is continuing to leave her thinking that you and her are going to get married one day.

No one should ever have their folks deciding who their kids are to marry. Just because Pops now has more land that he'll be putting into soybeans than anyone else in these parts and Illie's folks have more milking stock than anyone else in these parts, it's wrong that they'd think that . . .

And what do I do with that undergrad degree in ag science if I . . . you need to keep checking out those agencies that're doing whatever in other countries. Is digging wells, doing soil sampling, helping with heifer projects and on and on – do you think that's really something that God would want you to do?

And what'll Illie do if . . . guy – come on – you need to stop thinking about her. You know that she's still really bent out of shape with you – and that she's going to stay that way until you . . . it's your fault guy. You've been letting her tell you what to do ever since you were babies together in the church's nursery.

You should've insisted that Illie go with you to the conference. And do you really think that she would've gotten anything out of her time there at the conference if she'd gone. She would've dominated your time and you wouldn't have gotten what you did out of your time there. You knew over three years ago when you started going to the campus' Christian Student Fellowship's chapter that you and Illie weren't on the same page when she didn't want to have anything to do with spending time with a bunch Bible freaks.

Those five days at the conference that CSF has every couple of years . . . having ended up beginning last fall being the chapter's President, you really didn't have a choice as the university CSF representative but to make the long drive due south. You're never ever going to forget those five days – and especially the five nights that you were at the conference.

It has been great talking to Derk about your time there but . . . there's no way that Pops and moeder are going to understand anything that you experienced while you were at the conference. And then there's Illie – you know that once she's past being really mad at you because you went to the conference after she told you not to go that she'll talk your ears off talking about herself and what you and her are going to do once you're married.

Why is the EMT shaking me again? She needs to believe me that I wasn't sleeping? I know that I wasn't sleeping. Tell her that you were thinking about . . . why does she want to know if I can feel her pushing on my leg? Did she really think that that wouldn't hurt? Guy – come on – she's just doing her job.

Why does she want to know if I still feel nauseous? Tell her to stop asking you questions. Why can't she be that angel who . . . talk about beautiful sky-blue eyes and hands that radiated warmth all through you whenever she touched you . . . do angels always wear boots, pants and a parka that's white?

God – why did you have me go fishing this afternoon? I know that You knew that this was going to happen to me but . . . you know what my plan was God. Okay – I know that You knew that my plan was to finish out this semester at the U for my degree and then it's to trust in You to prompt me in the direction that You've already planned out for me to go. It sure would be nice God to know in advance what it is that You're going to prompt me to do next as . . . and God – please let me being shot be a dream as . . .

I know God – I should've spent the last couple of days building my house instead of . . . thanks God for not giving me a choice but to go to the conference. You could God prompt Pops and moeder to want to ask me about the conference and . . . and I know that You can easily have Illie find someone else to marry so . . .

There's no way God that I want to do what Pops did. Just because Pops was more than happy to take over the land that granddad had accumulated as well as to add acreage, Pops needs to get it that working land the rest of your life just isn't going to happen.

Be glad guy that granddad and oma are on a cruise. You know that Pops and moeder aren't going to be happy when you tell them that . . . this retiring when they hit sixty-five like granddad and oma did so that they can do whatever they feel like doing . . . I really don't see Pops retiring for years.

You're kidding yourself guy if you think that Pops and moeder are going to make it another twenty-five or so years living together. When is the last time that you've seen them in the same room together holding a normal conversation? Why does moeder think that she has to find fault in whatever it is that Pops does.

You should've spent the last couple of days catching up on your sleep instead of spending hours on the web checking out the felt needs that are in different countries and what different agencies are doing in the countries. It'd be so easy right now to just close my eyes and . . . I know God – I hear You – finish the year out at the U, build my house and then . . .

Why are you God making me go through whatever it is that You're having me go through when . . . and why would You have a gal show up who's more beautiful than any gal . . . the pain though that You had me have in my leg – why?

I've to be dreaming. Pops has never hugged me and he has never told me that he loves me. Why is Pops crying? He never cries. Tell Pops to get out of my dream? Tell God that you don't want Pops in your dream and that you want the angel back in your dream.

Who said that? What does she mean that we're almost there? You need to open your eyes. You need to ask whoever she is if we're going to the house. I need to feed the pigs and check on the chickens.

*It makes sense that the ambulance stopped in the turnoff where you left Yellow Mini. The cruiser that's parked next to Yellow Mini has to be Sheriff's as . . .*

*You need to get your quilt and blanket before . . . too late. The blanket that you were able to get under Eggert is still in the hood but Sus' quilt that you used to cover Eggert . . . the call has been made for you as to what you're going to have to do – you're going to have to follow the ambulance to wherever it's going and claim that quilt before it gets lost or . . . you know that Sus will kill you if you lose her quilt.*

*Tell Sheriff that you're going to leave to catch up with the ambulance and follow it to wherever it's going.*

*You need to do what Sheriff has just suggested – or more like told you, that you need to stay here for now until . . . you don't have a choice gal. It won't hurt you to wait to head for the hospital seeing that the hospital is less than twenty minutes away. Sheriff is right that it's going to be at least an hour or so before anyone is going to know anything about Eggert's condition. The guy sounded pretty adamant that hanging out in the hospital's waiting room to wait to hear from a doctor on how Eggert is doing wouldn't be a good place to be at this time.*

*Tell Sheriff that you'd be glad to help him figure out how Eggert ended up with a bullet in his thigh. I just wish that my feet weren't hurting so much. You can do it gal. It's not every day that you're going to have the chance to experience frostbite. This is definitely one experience that Sus is never going to hear about.*

*Gal – come on – this isn't a real-life Nancy Drew mystery that . . . interesting thought – would I rather be right now curled up in a cozy chair in the library back home or would I rather be traipsing on ice and through snow in below freezing weather with feet that're telling me to stop mistreating them. In another words – would I rather be doing make believe time or would I rather be following Sheriff and Bubby to where Bubby shot the rabbit? There's no way that make believe can imitate or describe real life.*

*That's one bright searchlight that Sheriff is using. I hope that Derk is okay with going with Bubby to the hole where Eggert was just about ready to pull that big fish – whatever it was, through the hole and then to stay standing next to the hole with the flashlight that Bubby had in his backpack.*

*Here's hoping that Bubby remembers where he shot the rabbit as . . . you need to tell Sherriff that we're not going in the direction from where you think that the shot came from. We're going this way because it's the easiest way to get up the bank to get to where Bubby shot the rabbit? You need to stop asking questions gal – you need to focus on trying to keep up with Sheriff and Bubby. I sure hope that Bubby knows where he's going as . . . it's really getting dark around here in a hurry.*

*I need to thank Sheriff when this is all over with for being so patient with me. The poor guy probably wishes now that he hadn't asked you to tag along to where Bubby shot the rabbit. Here's hoping that Bubby remembers where he shot the rabbit as . . . all this snow on the bank above the lake is sure making it hard for walking.*

*Why are we stopping? This is where Bubby stopped when he saw the rabbit? If this is where Bubby stopped and that's where the rabbit was sitting that he shot – that can't be more than . . . of course Sheriff would have a tape measure with him.*

*Now I know why Sheriff was really wanting to do what he's doing now instead of waiting until morning. The way that the snow is being blown around, Bubby's tracks from when he shot the rabbit are almost completely covered. It's good that his tracks can still be seen from where he said that he shot at the rabbit and where the rabbit was. This must be the place where he shot the rabbit as there's blood in the snow. Do what Sheriff says – hold tight to the end of the tape while he walks to where Bubby shot at the rabbit. What was the rabbit thinking to let Bubby get less than twenty feet away from it – like eighteen feet and seven inches to be exact. Gal – you know that rabbits think that they're invisible if they sit totally still.*

*Now what? Sheriff is right – where Derk is standing with Bubby's flashlight isn't in a straight line from where Bubby was standing when he shot the rabbit.*



*If the bullet had gone straight, it wouldn't have crossed the shoreline. Somehow the bullet ended up heading at about a thirty or so degree angle in the direction where Eggert was trying to get the big fish through the hole and where Derk is standing now holding Bubby's flashlight.*

*If it was a through shot, the bullet would've hit the boulder that's directly behind it and . . . Bubby was probably using a hollow point in his .22. You've shot your .22 enough times using hollow points to know that the bullet can do weird things and make whirring sounds if it hits something hard and ricochets.*

*If this is the line from where Bubby shot and where the rabbit was and if it was a through bullet . . . the bullet did hit this boulder. There's an obvious fresh nick near the side of the boulder. Show Sheriff.*

*Sheriff is right – the bullet could've fragmented or it could've simply flattened out into a mini Frisbee like mass and . . . it's amazing that it made it through all the brush that's lining the lake shore and then somehow making it all the way to where Eggert and you were preoccupied with . . .*

*Is that thing that Sheriff is using what I think it is? It is. Sus would be lost on the golf course without hers. This always needing to know exactly the distance to a hole . . . poor Sus – nothing is going to help her golfing game. It has to be a truism that librarians can't golf.*

*Three hundred and fifty-six yards to where Derk is standing – that's well over a thousand feet that the bullet or whatever was left of the bullet had to travel before it sliced into Eggert's inner right thigh. It makes sense that the piece that's in Eggert's leg is a flattened piece – that it's up against his femur. Sheriff is probably right, too, that the bullet or bullet fragment skipped off the ice before . . . am I ready to head back? Guess that means that we're done here. Heading back the same way that we came makes sense as it looks nightmarish to get through the trees and brush to a bank that has to be over ten feet above the lake.*

*That didn't take long to get to where Yellow Mini is parked. Ask Sheriff the name of the hospital where Eggert was taken and . . . of course he'd want a statement from me. Ask him if he's going to be going to the hospital and if he is . . . good – there's no reason at all that I won't be at the hospital in an hour or so if the place is less than twenty minutes away. Tell Sheriff that you'll see him there. Now head for Yellow Mini, start her up and turn on the heat as high as it'll go and hopefully, you'll be defrosted before tomorrow.*

*I can help Derk get the snowmobiles to the house? You need to tell Sheriff that you can't because you need to . . . there's a house around here? If there is, I don't see it. And how am I supposed to help Derk?*

*Where's Sheriff going? Ask Derk. That's good – taking Bubby to Bubby's house – and explaining to Bubby's mother what happened. Sheriff needs to tell Bubby's mother that it wasn't Bubby's fault.*

*It sure has gotten quiet and dark around here now that Sheriff has left. The flashlight that Derk has sure isn't helping much. I hope Bubby is okay that Derk kept it.*

*Tell Derk that you're going to stay here in Yellow Mini while he goes around to the boat landing with the hood to get Eggert's poles and other stuff. You can get into your car and turn the car's heater on full blast. It's going to take years for you to defrost.*

*He's got to be kidding. There's no way that I'm going to get on the snowmobile behind him and . . . just do it. Hey – this is fun. Tell Derk that you'd be willing to drive the other snowmobile to where he's going to take Eggert's fishing gear. A snowmobile can't be that much different to handle than being on Pappy's old 125 Yamaha. You need to tell Derk that you've never been on let alone driven a snowmobile so . . . that seems easy enough. Go for it. You don't have anything to lose. I can't believe it – I'm moving. I'm driving a snowmobile. Thanks Eggert for the gloves. My fingers no longer feel like icicles. But my feet . . . I hope that my ears and cheeks aren't frostbitten. Keep following Derk as he seems to know where . . .*

*Why is Derk slowing down already? The house must be someplace around here in this grove of trees. There's a house. That's not an old farmhouse. The place looks like a mansion. This can't be where Eggert lives – can it? No one seems to be home. I don't see any lights on in the place.*

*You need to go to where Derk is pointing. He apparently wants you to leave the snowmobile next to what looks like the house's front steps.*

*Now that you were able to get the snowmobile to whoever's house this is, tell Derk that you're going to go back to your car and . . . tell him that you'll stop someplace to get something to eat before you head over to the hospital. Where there's a hospital, there're always fast food joints. Ask Derk how you can get to the hospital. What? Talk about being presumptuous . . . why does everyone around here think that they can tell me what they're expecting me to do for them. The guy could've asked me if he could ride with me in Yellow Mini to the hospital instead of telling me that he's going to ride with me in my car to the hospital after he checks on the chickens and livestock? What? This place has animals?*

*You don't have any choice gal – follow him into the house. It's obvious that he thinks that he needs to be in control – including what you're going to do, so . . .*

*This place is gorgeous. It feels nice and warm in here. You need to take your boots off before you go in any further. Ask Derk if it's okay if you to sit in that chair as . . . it'll sure feel good to sit down again.*

*That was nice of Derk to help you get your boots off. Do my feet hurt? Talk about a rhetorical question – it has to be pretty obvious that they really do by how red and raw that they look. If the guy wants to fill up a pan of water for me to put my feet in, let him do it. He's being nice to you gal – so cooperate. But . . .*

*I need to get Yellow Mini before . . . tell Derk that you don't want to leave your car where it is. Your computer, books, clothes and more stuff than you need are in Yellow Mini – and you left it unlocked when you stuffed in the backseat the blanket that you'd put under Eggert.*

*Yellow Mini's keys are in your pocket. You're going to have to trust Derk to get Yellow Mini for you.*

*He asked so . . . think gal – you weren't on the lake for much longer than ten or fifteen minutes before Eggert . . . and then another twenty or thirty minutes before Sheriff, he and Eggert's father and the ambulance arrived and then another ten or so minutes finding the spot where Bubby shot the rabbit and . . . tell him that it has to be probably a little over an hour or so that you were on the lake.*

*Why is that good? How does he know that my feet probably aren't frostbitten – that they've just gotten very cold. I hope that he's right that they'll be as good as new in fifteen to twenty minutes – that the stinging and burning sensations that you're feeling is your feet thawing out and that you're going to live.*

*I wouldn't mind living in this place – that's for sure. I'd love to see what it looks like in the daytime.*

*You need to be praying for Eggert. Ask Derk how far the hospital is away from here. The ambulance should've arrived by now? Okay – that's good – Eggert's father told Derk that just as soon as he has any news on Eggert that he'll text Derk. Tell Derk to text Eggert's father if he doesn't hear from him in another ten or fifteen minutes to get an update on Eggert. The way that he's shaking his head no . . .*

*Why does he want to know if I drink tea or coffee? Something hot will help me warm up? Ask him to fix you a cup of hot chocolate. Gal – come on – you don't even know the guy. You should know by now that it just doesn't fly with some people when you try to mess with them.*

*There's a Keurig? Do I mind a chocolate K-cup? If there's powered milk, tell him to throw in a couple of teaspoons of the stuff into the cup and you'll be a happy camper. It sure feels good to be in a warm place again. How did he know that there're coasters in the drawer in the table next to the chair?*

*He asked you – so . . . your feet really are beginning to feel better – that you'll be okay if he wants to leave now to get Yellow Mini. Here's hoping that there's enough room behind the driver's seat for him to slide the driver's seat far enough back to . . . and here's hoping that . . . gal – what's your problem now? He'll come back. Just because Sus has this thing about guys, you really need to stop making her hang-ups your hang-ups.*

My bed stopping and starting has got to stop. Tell whoever she is that . . . this being told over and over again to hang in there is getting really old. Why does she and Pops think that they always need to tell me to hang in there? Are they thinking that I'm planning to go someplace? Can't they see that I'm in my bed?

I do need to go someplace. I need to first get my bed to stop moving. Why won't whoever she is let me get up? She has no right to not let me up if . . . we're almost there isn't an answer. Where's there?

Close your eyes guy and just maybe . . . tell whoever is shaking you to stop – that you're taking a nap before you do the chores. I wonder who the him is who she said that they're losing.

God – please wake me up from this dream. Please. Where's the angel? Ask Pops if he knows where the angel is. I know that there was angel here who . . . he has to believe me. Who said that? I'm not in shock.

Not again. I don't want whatever the thing is put around the top of my arm again? It really hurts. God – I don't like it that You've a really obnoxious gal in this nightmare that You're . . . those BP numbers really are low. Here's hoping that whoever the gal is who she was talking to will have everything ready so that just as soon as whatever arrives that she can begin giving a blood transfusion to the poor guy.

You need to find that gal tomorrow who you asked to marry you and marry her. You told her that you would so . . . Pops needs to cool it. There's no reason for him to be yelling at the EMT. She can't help it that I got shot in the leg – that I'm about to die. I'm sure glad that all this is a dream because . . .

If I didn't feel so dog-tired and lightheaded . . . and what would you do? Have you ever told Pops that you love him? Forget it. Pops knowing what love means . . . living with Pops and moeder is like being caught in the middle of a battle zone with Pops invariably trying to defend himself from moeder's verbal attacks.

Nothing like being the family's prized possession. That's what you are. You know that they can't wait for you to finish at the U so that they can move into town and . . . that's their plan – not mine.

God – why? Please stop everything that's spinning around me every time that I try to open my eyes. What's happening is way too real. Please let me keep my eyes closed and . . . better yet God – please back up time to before you sent the angel to . . . to do what? Why did You send me an angel?

What is it God that you want me to do? Where do you want me to go? Tell Derk to tell me what you want me to do. Tell Derk, too, what you want him to do. Why isn't Derk here now. I know that I just saw him.

It really is kind of cruel of You God keeping Derk from being able to pull the trigger on what Your plan is for him to do next? You know that he needs to know within the next couple of days so . . . thanks God for keeping Derk faithful as a Christ-follower in spite of all the temptations that he has had to face over the years that he's been in the army and in the countries where he has been stationed. Where's Derk anyway? Derk should be in my dream instead of Pops. Derk genuinely cares about what You're doing in my life. You know that Pops doesn't really care what I do with my life as long as I take over the farm when . . .

As much as I want to keep my eyes closed, I better open them before . . . I've got to somehow tell whoever she is that you know that you'll be okay – that she doesn't have to keep insisting that I'm to stay awake.

You're my light and salvation – who should I fear? No one God – I know that. You're my stronghold – in whom should I be afraid? God – please somehow impress this verse on the gal who . . . thanks.

It sure wouldn't be a pretty picture if what happened to you in your dream really did happen and moeder found out about it. You know that moeder would go absolutely bonkers. There's no way that I'm going to tolerate anymore her constant nagging. It's Pops problem if he's willing to put up with her endless petty niggling. There's no way that they're going to survive living with each other once you . . .

Who took off the boot that was on my right foot? Whoever took it needs to give it back to me. Why did she ask me if I can move my toes? She better be happy that I wiggled my toes.

Why is she looking at Pops while shaking her back and forth? What does she mean that she hopes that we'll make it? What's this with having lost blood? You probably should tell her that you can hear what she's saying. She has to know that you can . . . she knows that you heard her tell you to wiggle your toes.

Now who did the gal in my dream almost lose? I'm glad that she sounded a lot happier than what she did a few minutes ago when . . . who did she say thank goodness to that we didn't lose him before we made it? It can't be Pops. He looks like a shriveled up prune sitting on whatever it is that he's sitting on. Pops looks like he's a hundred years old. How did Pops get to be a hundred years old?

Good – whatever it was that was making my bed move has stopped. Where am I God? Something is happening around here that's causing a real hubbub. Open your eyes. Where did those guys and gals come from who're all dressed alike? Tell them to stop looking at me like they can see me – I know that they can't because . . . you can wake up now. You need to get back going through those brochures that you took back with you from the conference. You need to start building your house. You need to first though get the chores out of the way and then you can . . .

Why do I feel like I'm moving again? The quilt – how could a guy in a dream be able to take it off me? That quilt has to stay with me. It's the angel's quilt. Why would an angel need a quilt?

It sure sounds like that there's a lot of a bustling going on around me. If I wasn't dreaming, I'd be able to open my eyes and see why. He's not conscious? Who said that? I'm not unconscious. Who lost a lot of blood? Who's she talking about? There's no way that's me who . . . someone else must be here.

No – no – no. Not again. The thing really hurts my arm when . . . those are really low blood pressure numbers. Whoever he or she is with those blood pressure numbers definitely is in need of as soon as possible a blood transfusion.

What? Why did someone just stick something in my arm. This isn't working God. What didn't I do for you that has You now . . . why won't you just let me sleep in peace God? I need sleep – You know that.

Mudroom. That's a super idea – having the grace/faith door open up into a mudroom from . . .

Please let me think God. What's happening? Why won't You let me open my eyes? I need to move. Keep trying. This isn't good. Where are you God? What happened to the angel? She needs to be here. God – please let the angel put her hand on me again so that . . . she knows You. I know that she does.

You're moving guy. X-ray? Where am I? Why won't my eyes open? I need to see where You're taking me God. I need to get out of this bed and . . . I still haven't done the chores. I need to get them done.

Good. I'm no longer moving. Who said that? Who just said that his pants leg needs to be cut off – and the leg of his long underwear leg, too? What am I going to do with pants and long underwear that have only one leg? I'm going to look really foolish wearing them.

You're moving again. Tell whoever is pushing the thing that you're on that he or she can go slower. Why is everyone always in a hurry? No one seems to know anymore how to stop, take a deep breath and enjoy the life that You God is giving them to enjoy.

When I wake up from this nightmare God, I'll begin doing something else that I promised you that I'd do. I'll begin being a doer of your word and not just a hearer. Your word tells me to pray without ceasing. Your word tells me to meditate on your word day and night. Your word tells me to forgive others even before they offend me. Your word tells me to make sure that I maintain a network of Christ-followers to teach and encourage me. Your word tells me to be ready to teach in season and out of season.

Did You hear me God? I know that You did because You said through David that You had written the story of my life in Your book before I even existed. Now God – unless you've something else that you want me to do, will You please shut out everything around me so that I can get some sleep? Thanks.

I'm so ready for a good night's sleep. I don't know what it is God that You've me sleeping on right now but it sure is comfortable – like You're having me float in the air. You're not floating guy – you're moving. How can I be moving? You know that your bed can't move by itself – can it?

Hey – how can there be someone in your bedroom. Wake up. Open your eyes – find out who's in your bedroom. No one is to be in the bedroom where I'm staying. I'm doing housesitting all by yourself.

Tell whoever is in your bedroom with you to leave or . . . why did whoever she is who's in my bedroom just say that we need to get him to surgery like right now before . . . before what?

Here's hoping that whoever needs to be in surgery like right now gets there right now per how anxious that the gal's voice sounded. Here's hoping that whoever is in surgery is able to give the poor guy some blood as . . . if the guy has lost that many liters of blood, he can't be in very good shape.

You need to tell the gal to stop fussing with you – that she needs to help the guy who needs blood. Come on mouth – you need to do what you're being told to do. Maybe if I shut off my mind, then . . .

This will teach you. You knew better than to only sleep a couple of hours a night for four straight nights and then make the nine hour drive straight home. You need to be very thankful that you made it home without . . . the old rep was probably praying for you that you'd make it home safely that you made it home in one piece.

You need to call that old rep first thing tomorrow morning. You promised him that you'd stay in touch with him. You need to thank him for praying for you. You need to tell him about the angel, too.

Why God did You have an angel in the dream that I was having. There was an angel. I was ice fishing when there she was in my dream. That dream was way too real. Just roll over guy and go back to sleep.

What just happened? Why did it get so bright all of a sudden? Where am I? Who's comatose?

Wake up – someone is taking off your shirt. Tell whoever is taking off your shirt to stop. Tell whoever is taking off your pants now that . . . why won't anyone listen to me. I won't everyone leave me alone.

You just got moved unto something else. Why is there beeping? Where's it coming from?

There's a doctor here? I didn't ask for doctor. I don't need a doctor. Tell the doctor to go away. I'm fine. Tell him that you'll be fine once you get in a good night's sleep. You need to first stop everything from going around and around. Now would be a good time mind to shut off – so please do it.

Who are they talking about? I hope that it's not about me because . . . you weren't given a choice – your leg just got a local. It'd be nice to know what a local is. What? Who decided that I need oxygen while . . .

No way. There's no way that I've been unconscious – and I'm not in shock. I wasn't shot in the leg. That was a dream. It had to be a dream. My leg would be hurting now if . . . and it doesn't hurt.

I sure hope God that You know what You're doing. I know – I need to talk to Pops and moeder today. They need to know what you want to do – that taking on more and more of the farm responsibilities once you finish your studies isn't what you want to do.

You can't keep letting moeder mother you. You can't keep letting moeder tell you how to live your life. And letting Illie do the same thing to you as moeder has been doing . . . what? It's out? What was embedded in whose femur? What's going on?

Artery? There's a guy here who should be very fortunate that the artery wasn't slit more than it was? I'm glad that whoever he is who's getting his artery sewn up is going to be feeling a lot better once . . . I'm going to feel a lot better once I get a good night's sleep. I sure hope that I'll be able to think tomorrow.

*Use this time gal while Derk is getting Yellow Mini to pray for Eggert. God – in the name of Your Son – Jesus Christ, thank you for keeping Eggert safe in the palm of Your hand and under Your protecting wings – and for giving the doctor a steady hand as he removes the bullet or bullet fragment and does what he needs to do to repair the femoral artery – and to have Eggert recover quickly, and . . .*

*You have to go to the hospital where the ambulance took Eggert. You don't have a choice. You know how Sus will react if you don't have her quilt with you when you get back home. You'll get that look that . . .*

*Just one more semester to go in school and you're done with your undergraduate studies and then . . . it's time – you need to decide now what're you going to do next. You can't keep putting off what you know that you need to do. If you were to do grad studies, in what area would you do them? Face it – you really don't know you want to do next? Sus needs to get it that you don't know.*

*Having Sus as a big sis has had its perks but . . . you need to tell her to stop dictating how you're going to live your life.*

*Becoming a librarian would never have been the kind of vocation that I would've picked for Sus but . . . the library was your second home. You got to be homeschooled by your big sis. Then having her choose a Bible school to get an undergrad degree before you . . . and how is a B.S. in Christian leadership and management going to help you now? This aversion to going to a church – to any church, that everyone in your family has . . . you can't keep on gal putting off letting family elephants dictate your life.*

*Here's hoping that my feet will stop burning and stinging sometime soon. Maybe if I walk around on them some around the house . . . since the guy seems to know his way around this place, you should've asked Derk to get you some towels before he took off to get Yellow Mini. Yellow Mini is another thing that you owe your sis.*

*This really is a beautiful place. When Derk gets back and if your feet will let you, you need to check out what all is in the china cabinet. You're getting as bad as Mammy – always on the lookout for pieces of dooskin milk glass to add to her collection.*

*You could freak out Sus and call her now since you don't have anything else to do. And you're going to explain to her where you are, why you came here and . . . it wasn't like Mammy and Pappy kept it a secret that six months or so before you were born that they relocated back south to where Mammy's folks live.*

*Sus – Sus – Sus – you're really weird sometimes. This OCD thing that you've got about certain things – like ever since I left for college over three years ago calling me every night exactly at eight. You know exactly what she'll want to know – health, studies and guys – all rhetorical questions. Health – always good. Studies – never a problem. It's easy for me to pull grades as I really do enjoy learning. And because she has never let a special guy into her life, it means to her that all guys are to be completely out of bounds for me.*

*Okay – I hear you God. But . . . Eggert asked you to marry him – Eggert didn't ask you if you'd go out on a date with him. And do you really think that Eggert really knew what he was saying when . . . there's no way that the guy is going to remember asking you to marry him. And are you wishing that he will?*

*Come on Sus – you're the only librarian in the world who doesn't do drab, who has to have more single guys showing up to check out books than in any library anyplace and who can go from being a fashion plate to wearing fishing or hunting gear in ten seconds. Nothing like having a big sis who's a total enigma.*

*You do know gal that you're getting to be just as bad as your big sis. If you're really serious about doing discovery – self-discovery would be a much better place to start than trying to figure out how or why your sis tics the way that she does.*

*It sounds like Yellow Mini cooperated with Derk. Having a Mini Cooper as my best friend . . . she really does let me talk, she never criticizes what I say and she never tells me what she thinks that I should do next.*

*Yellow Mini really has been good to me. She has never left me stranded on the road someplace. She always seems to be willing to go where I ask her to go. What more would a gal want out of life?*

*You need to thank Derk for getting Yellow Mini for you. The poor thing probably wasn't happy that she'd been left alone in the cold. I hope that she was okay with Derk driving her because he had to have been the first guy who . . . that's a smirk. Ask him why . . . where do I keep the shoehorn that I need to get in my car? He couldn't have thought that you were going to throw one of your boots at him – could he?*

*Ask Derk if he knows where some towels are in this place that you can use. Tell him that your feet are still hurting some. Here's hoping that they'll soon stop stinging. Good – he knew where to find towels.*

*You need to ask Derk if he's heard anything from Eggert's father. Nothing? How does Derk know that Eggert is going to be okay? This making me feel like it was wrong for me to ask him if . . . gal – the guy has to be worried about Eggert, too. Leaning on Derk right now about Eggert isn't going to help anyone.*

*How was I to know that it's going to take the ambulance another five to ten minutes to get to the emergency room? You need to tell Derk that you're not from around here – that you've no idea where . . . how did he know that I wasn't from around here? Okay – you should've known gal that he'd check Yellow Mini's license plate and . . .*

*Now what? He's going to go to check on the chickens and get the eggs? Ask him if you can go with him. It's better that I stay in the house? He's probably right. You'd slow him down doing what he needs to do.*

*You need to dry off your feet and then . . . then put the socks that you were wearing someplace where they'll dry quickly. Then you need to check your boots because . . . you know that you had snow get inside them.*

*When Derk gets back here to the house, ask the guy if he knows if there's a room heater in this place so that . . . you could venture outside gal to Yellow Mini and bring in the suitcase that has your socks in it. Probably not a good idea. When Derk gets back – ask him if he'll get the suitcase.*

*This just sitting – not doing anything . . . I know God – be still and know that I am Lord. Okay – and then those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall fly . . . okay God – I'll be a good gal and sit here twiddling my thumbs until Derk gets back from whatever he's doing.*

*What does a guy do where chickens are kept that's taking him so long? This waiting – not doing anything is . . . you need to ask Derk to get your cell out of Yellow Mini when you ask him to get your suitcase.*

*There definitely isn't heating under the hardwood floor in this room. Why don't you make a quick check around the house to see what room is what? You're going to have to walk around barefooted as . . .*

*Interesting – wow – there's a lot going on inside this house. Mammy would really like the kitchen that this place has. Whoever lives here sure has done a good job of blending the kitchen area with the dining area.*

*It looks like someone is using the table in the dining area for a desk by the way that papers and brochures are scattered all over it.*

*You just got caught gal. Derk is back. Now you know why it took him so long. That's a lot of eggs.*

*Ask him what he plans to do with all those eggs. That's nice of whoever lives here – that they're giving some of the eggs to Bubby's family as well as to several shut-ins who're living in town.*

*That probably wasn't a very bright question to ask him. The look that he just gave you – and the headshake . . . common sense should've told you gal that whoever lives here eats eggs and uses the eggs in whatever needs eggs. Now why is it so important that I need to know that the heater in the chicken coop is working just fine as well as the waterers and feeders and . . . he's going to go where now?*

*Yearlings? They're year-old calves? How was I supposed to know that? Tell him that you didn't grow up on a farm. And he's going to check on the sows that just farrowed to make sure that they and their piglets are okay? You need to ask Derk before he takes off again how long that it's going to take him to do what he has to do. The guy seems to be an expert at making something that should take just a few minutes to do to dragging it out to take a couple of hours.*

*Quick ask Derk if there's something around here that you can use to dry your socks and the inside of your boots.*

*The guy must come here often by the way that he knows where everything is.*

*And if you're going to ask Derk if he'll get your suitcase from Yellow Mini, you need to do it now. There's no way that he could've missed seeing your suitcase when he went to get Yellow Mini – you had it buckled in on the passenger seat. There's that smirk again – and another headshake. What else could you've done with your suitcase as . . . you do know gal that at least half of the stuff that's in the back of Yellow Mini is stuff that you could've left home seeing that you only have a semester left. And don't forget to ask Derk to get your cellphone, too, if . . . tell him that it's in the drink holder in Yellow Mini's console.*

*You need to start learning to do a better job gal of running past Mammy and Pappy a decision that you're making before the decision that you make has you too far down the road – like thinking that you just had to take everything that you jammed into Yellow Mini and then deciding that you had to head straight north instead of northeast – just so that . . .*

*That didn't take Derk long. He could at least act like the bag is heavy. It definitely put up a fight for me when I tried to get it into the passenger seat. You know that you could've asked Pappy for his help as you know that he would've helped you. So I can be stubborn. Is there something wrong with being stubborn?*

*This place sure is quiet when no one else is here. You should've asked Derk again if he'd heard anything from Eggert's dad. You probably need to trust Derk that he'll tell you when he gets any news on Eggert. You just need to keep talking to God about Eggert – thanking Him for Eggert and for how He's going to use Eggert for His kingdom's sake. Okay God – thank you for the few minutes that you gave me with Eggert. I know that you're prompting me God to really want to spend more time with Eggert so . . .*

*Just open up the suitcase where Derk left it. The bag of socks should be in the right back corner. Yup – here they are. Now your gym shoes . . . you put them in the back left corner of your suitcase. You probably should change your jeans, too. Here's hoping that the blood will come out of the pair that you're wearing.*

*My guess is that door leads into a bathroom. Good – it's a bathroom.*

*It sure feels good to be wearing warm dry socks again. My feet feel like they're surviving. Walk around some and see if that'll help some in getting the tingling sensation to go away that you still feel in your feet.*

*You need to stop looking through the stuff that's scattered on this table. You sure wouldn't like it if someone decided to look through your stuff that's on your desk in your door room. So why are . . .*

*The guy or gal whose stuff this is is definitely drawing challenged. A two-year-old can draw a better stick figure than what has been drawn here on this paper. What in the world is being drawn on this paper anyway? If that's supposed to be a house that the stick figure is heading for, here's hoping that whoever drew it isn't set on building houses.*

*It looks like whoever has this mess of papers, pamphlets and brochures on this table is doing a study on Matthew 7? I know that the Sermon of the Mount ends at the end of Matthew 7 so . . . Matthew 5-7 really should be called the Round Table at the Mount instead of . . . okay – so whatever is being drawn seems to have something to do with how Jesus challenged all the guys, gals and kids who were listening to Him to build their lives on solid rock – which was Him, so that when a trial came that . . . versus building their lives on sand where when there's a trial that . . .*



What's happening? What was that noise? What's that that's squeezing my arm? Why are there tubes running everywhere? Why is there a plastic bag hanging over my bed?

What was that all about? Who was she? What was she doing? She could've at least looked at me instead of doing whatever it was that she was doing with that clipboard.

Why am I still in bed? This isn't the bed that I've been sleeping in at Hykema's.

What's going on? I need to move my leg. It's really uncomfortable the way that . . . why can't I move it? Where am I?

Why won't my arms move? I need to get rid of whatever it is that's stuck to my nose . . . maybe if I stop thinking about it, whatever it is that's stuck to my nose will go away.

I'm to be still and know that I am Lord? God is here. Where is He? That had to have been God Who . . . do what He says guy – lie still. Think about God. Talk with God. Ask God what's happening.

Okay God – what're you doing to me? This isn't fun lying here without being able to move. I know that You see me because You're always everywhere. I know that You know what's happening because You always know everything that's happening. I know that You'll have me roll out of this bed at any minute because You have the power to do anything and everything. At least God please stop whatever it is that's going down my throat as . . .

If the angel was here . . . I know there was an angel. She talked with God. God listened to her.

Find your phone and call the old rep. He told you to call him at any time if . . . I need to call someone.

Calling moeder – or Pops – not going to happen. There's no way that I'm ever going to continue to let them tell me what I should and shouldn't do with my life.

I really have had it with moeder and Pops constantly complaining about each other, criticizing everyone around them and critiquing everything that I'd like to do.

And then there's Derk. The guy goes out of his way not to say something negative or derogatory about anything or anyone. There had to have been times when he wasn't on the same page with one of his superiors but . . . you always see the guy doing the best that he can in every situation.

Maybe if I yell real loud the gal will hear me and . . . ask her to get your phone for you. She'll know where you left it and she'll bring it to you. Come on guy – she's not a real gal – she can't be as . . . you're having a nightmare. You know that this isn't happening so . . . close your eyes. Go back to sleep.

If I could only get more comfortable . . . lying on my back isn't working. If the gal with the clipboard shows up again, ask her if she'll help you turn on your side. You need to also have her take off whatever it is that's keeping your leg from moving. How long is this dream going to last? It seems like it has been going on for forever.

You need to let God be your strength. That's what the old rep told you to do. The old guy sure could get passionate about what can be found in the Bible. You need to do what the guy said about always needing to thank God for what He's doing in your life – like the way that He's always arming you with strength and directing your paths. The guy really does believe that he can do all things through Christ Who he believes strengthens him. Okay – God if it's really real that You're capable of doing whatever I ask You through the name of Your Son Jesus Christ, then . . . where do I start? There's moeder and Pops who . . .

God – why didn't you let me have normal parents – parents who never or rarely disagree with each other and who really are thankful for their kid and who care about what he cares about and . . . health? Why health? My health is good – isn't it God?

You'd have to remind me about what post college life could look like for me didn't You God? I know – You want me to serve you but . . . why did You let the old rep just have to leave me with one more verse? That verse is going to haunt me for the rest of my life – and you know why.

You know the answers to the questions that the verse asks. Have I been trying to win the favor of other guys? Yes. Have I been trying to win Your favor? Yes. Have I been trying to please other guys? Yes. Especially moeder and Pops – and Illie. So – I get it God – if I continue to try to please other guys then I'm not acting as Your servant.

So God the Spirit – You've a lot of work ahead of You – helping me to stop conforming to what others are expecting me to be and do. I know that You're transforming my mind through renewing it for me to know what it is that You want me to know what is good, acceptable and perfect about Your will or plan that You planned out for my life before You created planet Earth.

I really wish that Derk could hang around instead of . . . you can spend your time now guy praying for Derk. I sure hope that I'm as solid in my faith when I'm as old as Derk is as he is in You God.

You know guy that Derk knows why he's persona non grata in your house when moeder is around but . . . you know that he's not going to tell you why. Then when you asked Pops the last time that Derk was back here on leave why moeder dislikes Derk so much, you knew that by the way that he shook his head as he walked away that asking him again would be a waste of his and your time.

She's back. What's this – good – he's . . . I'm coming out of what?

You need to get that gal's attention. She needs to look at me instead of that clipboard. She could at least say something else to me instead of . . . come on gal – don't walk away. Please don't leave me. Please God – in the name of Jesus stop her from . . . this being able to think but not be able to move is something that I wouldn't wish on anyone.

Thanks a whole lot God. What about what Jesus said when He said that whatever is asked in His name that He'll give it? Isn't that what He said that I'm supposed to do? Has it been working guy? No. Why?

I know God – you chose me – I didn't choose you. I believe that but . . . okay – I know – you're unfolding every single nanosecond of every single minute of every single day of my life just the way that You planned my life on planet Earth to unfold. You know that I know that but . . . this feeling though God that Your plan for my life has just led me into an untenable mess of choices . . .

I can swallow. Try moving your toes. They move. So do my fingers. Try talking. That was barely a grunt let alone . . . she must've heard you as . . .

Guy – come on – answer her – she wants to know how you're feeling. You need to tell her something. Thank goodness. That thing that was stuck in my nose really needed to go away. Talk about something irritating.

At least try to smile at her. That definitely was a happy smile. Why are there tears . . . why would she say that she's really thankful that I'm going to make it?

Sure – if she wants to take my vitals, that's fine with me. Why is she putting something around my upper arm? You need to tell her that . . . at least the gal unloosened every so often what she used to wrap around my leg. That thing around my upper arm is getting way too tight. Guy – what's the matter with you? You've had your blood pressure taken before.

What's going on? Try asking the gal why you're lying in a bed with one of your legs . . . okay – I'm fine with not talking right now.

What? My doctor will be checking on me any minute now? I don't have a doctor.

You can't let her walk away again. And how were you going to stop her from doing that? It'd be nice to know where I am. It'd be nice to know why my left leg . . . it'd be nice to know why I feel like I've just been beaten up by who knows what.

Think guy. There's no way that you can be dreaming. You should be able to remember though if you decided to crash. After days of being way behind on your sleep, maybe you've passed out and . . .

Think harder – what's the last thing that you remember. Fishing. You were ice fishing. An angel. You need to find her. Don't kid yourself guy – there's no way that you're going to see that angel again.

Where did he come from? Okay – he's the doctor who . . . you need to tell him something. I hope that a try at giving a thumb's up will do as . . . why does everything have to stay looking so hazy.

Why is he glad that I'm looking a lot better than what I did – and that in another half an hour or so I'll be feeling even better? I'll be feeling better from what?

I'm in a recovery room? I don't want to be . . . and if I can move my limbs and am able to talk, he's going to have me after another half an hour or so be moved to another room where I can have visitors?

God – please have someone tell me why I'm in what has to be a hospital – probably the hospital that's located in . . . what? I need to thank my lucky stars that my friend kept me from bleeding to death? Friend? I was bleeding? I needed how many liters of blood before . . . what does he mean that I had to have someone someplace looking out for me because . . . is he trying to say that I would've died if . . . how does he know about the angel?

You were the someone God Who was looking out for me. Thanks for sending that angel who You had apparently save my life.

I hear you God – I need to block off more You and me time. I don't have any excuse not to do what the old rep has done over the years.

As much as the folks frustrate me, they did model reading the Bible and praying. Who do you know prays before every meal, reads a devotional and the Bible scripture reading associated with the devotional after every noon meal and then prays again – and then after supper reading the Bible again – and prays again? You need to ask Pops sometime how many times that moeder has read through the Bible with him after eating supper.

Okay – Pops' prayers after every meal are always pretty much the same but . . . this asking me now sometimes to pray . . . then moeder teaching me when I was a really young kid a prayer that I was to pray after Pop finished praying after each dinner and supper and another prayer to pray while kneeling on my knees next to my bed each night before climbing into bed is something else that no other kid that you know was taught to do.

The old rep is right – I need to read the Bible each day instead of when I need to prepare something to give as a devotional during a scheduled CFS activity. He's right, too, that I need to get up at least an hour or so earlier to intentionally pray or think about what God the Spirit prompts me to pray and think about.

It sure made sense to me what they old rep said when he said that just reading the Bible isn't enough – that he has to be somehow proactively interacting with what he's reading otherwise his mind will start thinking about something else. That's always happening to you.

You should do what the old rep did – but instead of shortening each verse in each chapter of the Bible to a three word phrase, shorten each verse to a four word phrase. I like what the old rep did of highlighting one verse in each chapter by drawing a circle around the shortened verse.

One of the first things that I need to do when I get out of this place is to buy pocket notebooks.

*When Derk gets back, ask him whose stuff this is that's on this table. Maybe it's his stuff. If it's Eggert's stuff . . . I sure hope that that's Derk coming through the door as . . .*

*Good – Eggert's father texted him. Eggert was unconscious but alive when he arrived at the hospital and he's in surgery now?*

*Ask Derk to call Eggert's father. The guy is probably right – Eggert's father probably doesn't want to be talking to anyone right now with his son in surgery and he not knowing anything.*

*Ask Derk if there's anyone with Eggert's father right now. There's something else going on. I know that there is. That was a weird look that just crossed Derk's face when you said that you thought that it's good that Eggert's mother is there at the hospital? Ask him if he's got a problem with Eggert's mother. What does he mean that he doesn't want to go there? Let it go gal. It's obvious that Derk really doesn't want to go there.*

*Nothing like going from elephants in the room back home to skeletons in the closet here. What's so wrong anyway with just laying everything out on the table and . . . I'm not going to spend the rest of my life letting everyone continuing to brush me off instead of . . .*

*Tell Derk that your feet have thawed out and that you're ready to head for the hospital. No – no – no – not a deep breath. If he starts shaking his head back and forth . . . he has no right to decide that I'm going to stay here until he hears from Derk's father again. He can't make me stay here. Tell him that.*

*We're going to eat something now? What if I don't want to eat anything? Tell him that you're not hungry. Tell him that you'll eat when you're at the hospital.*

*Why did he ask me now when is the last time that I've eaten? Okay – so he hasn't eaten since dinner. He's really out there someplace if he thinks that I'm going to believe him that he hasn't eaten since last evening. It's called supper around here – not dinner? Noon wasn't that long ago.*

*Come on gal – you're not going to win with him. You're stuck here until who knows when. And – admit it – you're hungry. The last time that you ate was when you tried to find something good at the free breakfast buffet at the motel where you stayed last night.*

*You might as well find a chair at the table and watch Derk mess up the kitchen. Maybe he lives here. Ask him. That no obviously means gal that you're to sit there where you're sitting with your mouth shut.*

*Okay – face it – would you really want to have someone try to talk to you if you just found out that one of your good friends has just been seriously hurt? You know that you wouldn't but . . . you know though that you'd do everything that you could do to be where the friend is.*

*Derk could at least pretend that I'm here. What's his problem anyway? The guy has gone from trusting me to drive something that I'd never driven before to helping me with getting my feet to where I can walk on them again to getting Yellow Mini to . . . it feels like he gone from treating me like an adult to treating me like a kid who doesn't know anything and who has gotten in his way.*

*Just treat him gal like he isn't here. Start flipping through these papers that're scattered on the table. If the papers are Derk's . . .*

*What? This must be the conference that . . . Eggert must've accumulated all these brochures and pamphlets while he was at the conference. The guy also was definitely into notetaking.*

*What're you doing gal? You could ask Derk if this is Eggert stuff and if it is . . . if Eggert really was serious about wanting me to marry him . . . gal – come on – you know that he was so far out of it when he asked you to marry him that . . . you're hoping aren't you that he'll remember. You can't wait to tell Sus that a guy has asked you to marry him – can you? Really – like that's something that you'd tell Sus.*

*What's this? This could be interesting? Fixit Generation – 1946 to 1968. That's Pappy's generation. Feckless Generation – 1968 to 1986. That's Sus' generation. Fearless Generation – 1986 to 2001. That's my generation. Fearful Generation – 2001 to now. Now is the beginning of what – Faithless Generation?*

*Okay – it looks like whoever's stuff this is fleshed out each generation. Boomers – I've heard of them. And then there are the busters and I'm supposed to be a millennial – which means that I'm a snowflake per Sus. It's going to be interesting to see her reaction when I tell her that there's a study out there that calls her feckless. She's so that.*

*Okay – you really can't say that Sus is irresponsible. Whatever she wants to do, she does well but . . . if there's something that she doesn't want to do . . . and then there's this blame casting thing that drives me crazy.*

*Okay – these must be bullet points for the boomer or fixit generation. Pappy being a fixit kind of guy – I don't see him that way but . . . if something cannot be measured or quantified, the value of doing whatever it is needs to be questioned for doing it? Eh?*

*It can be seen in missions? Missionary focus has changed from discipleship – which cannot be measured because there's no way to validate when someone is discipled, to church planting which can be validated by the number of places where people meet regularly together as a church would meet – to sing, fellowship, hear a sermon, etc. That can't be true – can it?*

*Missionaries now are going to countries today with a mindset of being involved in a wholistic ministry such as starting orphanages, building church and house structures, digging wells, financing small business startups, connecting with people living on what they can find in dumps, coming alongside girls who have been trafficked versus focusing on the spiritual man with Bible education or training. Good grief – someone sure has a case here with how missions are being done today.*

*Short term mission trips and short term commitments to missions have replaced long term mission commitments? The way that this bullet point has been underlined . . . maybe the guy is thinking about becoming a missionary?*

*That's one way you can see the world gal – become a wife of a missionary. Yah – sure, not going to happen – unless Yellow Mini grows wings – and then maybe.*

*Is there something wrong with short term trips? I hope not. You've been making trips across the border with Pappy, Mammy, Sus, and whoever else decides to go with you since before you were probably out of diapers.*

*You've made a lot of friends in the village where you always go. Having a daily happening where there's always games played, lots of singing, handwork, a verse memorized, a lesson taught . . . and then Pappy always . . . gal – you know how important it's to him to keep track of the number of kids who show up for each day's happening and how many kids became born again. Then in the afternoon Pappy will always find a way for us to help someone who's living in the village.*

*Has anything changed over the years that you went to the village? Not really. Don Artemio probably has been the pastor of the church ever since who knows when. For a preacher who has never received any formal teaching or training . . . it's sad that he didn't have a way to get some Bible teaching as he does seem to have a passion to do what he does as . . . this thinking though that the music instruments have to be played really loud and he has to preach really loud so that the Holy Spirit can better . . .*

*You need to get up from the table gal and . . . you're going into wawaland. Your mind is totally shot. It won't let you concentrate. It's making you want to fall asleep right here where you're sitting.*

*Focus gal – what else supposedly defines the boomer generation. That's true – the boomers are hanging onto the having to be in charge baton like their lives depend on it.*

*I don't blame the boomers for not passing the baton on to the busters as . . . busters aren't that much fun to be around. Well . . . okay – Sus can be fun but . . . you know that she really thinks that life took a wrong turn for her. She sure acts like it. And she isn't going to talk about it. She made it clear years ago that you're not to go there to find out so . . . this feeling though that she's sometimes doing everything possible to make her problem my problem . . .*

*Now what does Derk want? Gal – don't say it – you need to stop letting him get on your nerves just because he told you to move the papers that you were looking at so . . .*

*Wow – you need to congratulate Derk on being such a great cook. I'm sure that there's someone out there someplace who doesn't know how to open a can of soup to heat up to eat. Goodie – I get to eat a grilled cheese sandwich and some tomato soup. Potato chips, too? Wow.*

*That went over well – thanking him for spending hours in the kitchen fixing you a gourmet meal fit for a princess. You probably should be thankful that you're not wearing tomato soup right now. The look that he had on his face . . . the fact is gal – you know by now that not every guy has a sense of humor – which Derk for sure doesn't . . . good grief – the guy is praying like . . . it must be nice to turn on and off one's feelings like a switch on the wall. He could've at least told me that we're going to pray before . . . at least he's asking God through the power of the Holy Spirit and through the blood that His Son shed for Eggie that Eggie will recover quickly and . . . there's no way that I'm ever going to call Eggert Eggie – never ever. And you're going to see Eggert again? You know gal that you want to so . . .*

*That was an Amen gal – open your eyes and start eating.*

*Eggie's dad sent a text? Ask Derk when he got the text from Eggert's father. Let it be gal – don't say anything. But why couldn't he have told me when . . . just be thankful gal that Eggert has made it through surgery and is now in recovery.*

*That was in the text, too – that if Eggert makes it through the next hour, he may live? That's all? Ask him. Derk needs to call Eggert's father. He needs to find out more information – like . . . like what?*

*Just ask Derk nicely if he'd please call Eggert's father to ask him if there's more detailed news on his kid.*

*Tell Derk that if shaking his heading back and forth means no to him calling Eggert's father – that you'll call Eggert's father. All you need to do is to get Eggert's father's phone number and . . . you going to have to stop leaning on Derk as . . . just eat what's in front of you now and then . . .*

*Did he just dip his sandwich into the tomato soup? He did it again. Why don't you do it? Act like it's something that you've always done. Hey – not bad. Do I want another sandwich? You did scarf down the one that he gave you with the soup. Tell Derk that you're fine – that you've had enough. Liar. You know that you'd really like another sandwich but . . . the sooner that we finish eating, the sooner that we'll be leaving here for the hospital and . . . okay – since he's going to fix himself another sandwich, you might as well eat another one, too. I can just see Sus the next time that she fixes you a grilled cheese sandwich – and you ask her to heat up a can of tomato soup and you begin dipping your sandwich in the soup . . .*

*Not going to happen gal. Mammy keeping canned soup – let alone anything canned, in the house . . . Sus always thinking that she needs to eat healthy means that everyone else has to eat what she eats. One nice thing about getting back to campus again is that you'll be able to eat again whatever you want to eat.*

*That didn't take Derk long to fix a couple more grilled cheese sandwiches. You need to eat yours slower.*

*Since he obviously isn't a guy who's going to talk your ear off, you could ask him how long that he has lived where he's living.*

*What's his problem? Tell Derk that Bubby told you that he's living in the old homestead's house – and that you assumed that he has been living there for a while since he and Eggert's father are friends.*

If I'm to stay here for another half and hour, I might as well . . . I might as well do what? I don't want to close my eyes. I want to get off this whatever it is that I'm on and . . . I want today to start all over again.

Do you really want today to start all over again? You got the chance to know today what an angel is like. You know that if you were able to start today over again you won't meet that angel. And if you're hoping that you'll meet that that angel again – don't even begin hoping? There's absolutely no why that you will.

God – please – if there's a girl anyplace as beautiful as that angel is who You had show up who apparently saved my life, please let me cross paths with her. I'm never ever going to forget the times when the angel talked with You and when she touched me with her hands.

Don't forget guy what the old rep said that he was going to do for you – that he was going to daily thank God for sending you a life partner. I wonder what he'll say when I tell him that God sent me an angel.

You need to start making it a habit and pray like how the old rep prays. This praying once specifically for something – like a wife for me, and then from then on always thanking God for sending the gal who'll be your life partner into your life. So God – I really want to believe that you're going to very soon bring a gal into my life to be my life partner. Thanks God for sending an angel first to set the bar to know the kind of gal that I know now who I want as my wife.

And God please make whoever she is like the gal who's the old rep's wife. Having her show up from halfway across the country at the Bible College where the old rep was attending because her mother along with the pastor of the church that her parents were members thought that his school would be a good school for her to attend – and ending up wanting to become his wife – the guy has God's hands all over his life.

The old rep is completely sold on You God having staged it all for him to meet his wife – having You seemingly out of nowhere meet him as he was reading the Bible one night during the summer between the two years that he was at the Bible College leaving him feeling so sure of his faith in You that he got on his knees and told You that he was willing to do whatever You asked him to do. Then saying that he totally forgot about that moment until years later – and now that moment stands out as one of those moments in his life when he made a promise to You God and You heard the promise and . . . the gal who he married then arriving at his school about a month or so later, getting to know his sister who was also starting that same year at his school and then having his sister . . . and the old rep and his wife have now been married fifty-seven years.

The old rep's wife has to be a very special woman. For someone who said that she would've been happy to live in the same house all her life to willingly go with her husband to wherever God called him to go. Then when the old rep did not stand up in the church where they were members because he was hearing You clearly telling him that they were still young enough to take their kids to a mission field after a missionary speaker during their church's annual missions conference challenged all the parents in their church to stand up to let their kids know that if any of them ever felt that You God was calling them into missions that they would unconditionally support them . . .

I sure can believe what the old rep said about his wife – that she wasn't a happy camper when he didn't stand up – as she wasn't going to stand up until he did, and then to find out why he didn't stand up and then when she realized that where he was believing that God was wanting them to go – and she had no intention of ever flying and still doesn't like flying . . . she really has to be a special gal. He sure does adore her.

I know God – I heard You. I'm willing – just like the old rep was, to do whatever it is that you want me to do – wherever you want me to do it. I know God – instead of checking out mission agencies, I need to be checking out Bible colleges.

Okay – I know – I need to settle on how I'm going to build my house now that I've no doubt at all that I'm in it. It wasn't like I had a doubt before but . . . creating a visual of what it looks like seems to me to be a really helpful thing for me – and everyone, to do. It has to be a house that won't get washed away when the time comes when I've lost control of everything – like now, so . . .

Thanks God for Your presence that's in this room with me. I know that You know my thoughts – that you understand the motives of my thoughts because they're the thoughts that You're at every moment having me have. I know that you want me to exalt You in the heavens and on the earth. Is that what You're wanting me to do right now?

I know – I need to thank You God for sparing my life. You sure have brought my life to a sudden stop. I probably should thank You, too, for realizing that I don't have to make a decision right now about any of the things that You've put on my plate – that all You're expecting of me right now is to listen for Your voice to direct me in the way that you want me to go.

You need to thank God guy for letting you wiggle your fingers again. Lying there without being able to move, that wasn't cool God. That was downright scary. What was that all about?

I agree with what the old rep said about the Sermon on the Mount passage – that it was actually a teaching moment for Jesus through answering questions that either his disciples or guys in the crowd had.

I think that the old rep was right when he thinks that Jesus wanted all the guys, gals and kids who were following Him in order to hear what He was going to do or say next to know how really thankful that He was for each one – and how thankful that He was that each guy, gal and kid in the crowd was being specifically blessed by what he or she had already experienced or was going through at the time.

I like the idea of beginning a CSF meeting thanking each guy and gal who's there for being there – that you know that their being there is because of God the Spirit prompting them to be there – and that God has them there as a gift for you to learn from.

I know that I'd sure feel a whole lot better about being in a church if I heard the pastor say in an obvious, honest unconditional way that he was really thankful for every guy, gal and kid who was there – that he knows that they've different reasons for being in his church but he knows that they wouldn't be there if they hadn't heeded God the Spirit's prompting them to be there. I know that I'd feel glad and valued that I was there – and I'm sure that everyone else would feel the same way, too.

The way that Jesus ended His teaching that day leaves me thinking that there were guys and gals there who hadn't yet accepted Jesus as his or her Messiah – otherwise Jesus wouldn't have concluded His teaching with the two choices that He gave everyone – which was to either build their lives as houses on Him which would have Him be the solid rock foundation on which they'd be able to build their lives on or if they continued to try to build their houses/lives on their own abilities that they'd be building their lives on sand.

The story that the old rep told of trying to cross a fast-moving river very early one morning made what Jesus said at the end of His teaching very real to him. Thinking that he'd be able to cross the river just as easily as the two guys from the country where he was living . . . saying that stopping was absolutely the wrong thing for him to do because it allowed the fast-moving water to pull more and more sand from under his feet which had him . . . that had to have been scary especially since the old rep says that he can't swim.

The old rep using just what he'd taken food in and his rods as examples of what we carry around with us in life to do battle against life's difficulties instead of taking something with us that ensures security – like the long dead branches that his buddies had found to help them balance themselves against the current . . .

Having one of the guys walk back to him through the water – after he yelled for help, had to have been a relief as . . . I wouldn't have let go of the guy's branch either until I was on the other side of the river.

I know God – I know that You're having me go through a life experience now to teach me more about Your grace and mercy that I've absolutely done nothing to deserve but . . . couldn't You have waited?

I know now God that I cannot do alone whatever it is that You're leading me to do. Thanks for having a guy like Derk in my life – and then bringing the old rep into my life. I really wish that Derk didn't have to leave as . . . having a guy like him and like the old rep around to . . .



God – please make it clear sooner than later what you want me to do.

Okay – I hear You God – You don't want me to worry about tomorrow because you've made it clear that tomorrow will take care of itself when it arrives. Does that mean that You want me to tell whoever – like the folks, that You're having me sit on the shelf until You make it clear to me what You want me to do?

There's something that you know that you have to do and that's to finish out your last semester at the U.

God is probably going to keep you thinking about what it might look like for you going to a Bible school once . . . another four years though of sitting in classrooms . . . okay – sitting in a classroom where the Living Word is being taught would be way different than sitting in the kind of classrooms that you're sitting in now – where you know that what you're learning, you'll probably never use.

I need to talk to the old rep. He told you to call him anytime if you felt like you needed to talk to an old coot like him about whatever. Now definitely is a time when talking to the old guy would . . . so call him the first chance that you get. He really is what he says that he is – a millennial advocate. He really does believe that my generation is the greatest generation in his lifetime. This calling my generation the bravest generation because we're ignoring the fixit generation's constant snipes at us because we're not into making money, because we'll change to another job if the job that we had wasn't working out for one reason or another and because we're willing to go anywhere to help out others with what we know . . . that doesn't sound terribly brave to me but . . .

The old rep does have it right though that my generation wants to live a twenty-four/seven Christ-follower life in an organic way versus the kind of compartmentalized lives that boomers are living – where being a Christ-follower to them means having boxes that can be checked. This idea of thinking that I'd be coming up short or that I wasn't a Christ-follower if wasn't doing something to prove that I am doesn't make any sense to me but apparently it really does to the boomers.

You know that it's true guy that what the old rep calls the boomer generation really thinks that if something is not measurable or quantifiable that . . . think about it – you're seeing and hearing it all the time – like the church that you've been going to saying that they're a church that prays together so they schedule every third month a programmed hourlong prayer time to fill in the box. Instead of focusing on core doctrines of faith, the church focuses on different perceived values that can be measured or quantified.

Guy – come on – stop going there. You're only frustrating yourself. You've the old rep's calling card in your billfold so . . .

What? Where's my pants. Why don't I have pants on. I need my pants. I need my billfold. Where am I? I need to think. Why can't I?

Shut your eyes guy and . . . you need to catch up on your sleep before . . . before what?

Where did those tools come from? I'm to start to build my house? What house?

I'm to build it on this spot? Why? There has to be another place where it'd be much easier to build a house than here. Where am I? Why is there a door?

At least I recognized the path that led to here. You always tried to stay on the path but . . . you need to be glad guy that the times when you got off the path for whatever reason – and you know that most of the time it wasn't for a good reason, you somehow would stumble across the path again and be able to continue climbing it up to wherever the path was taking you. You'll never forget those times when someone would catch up with you or you would catch up with someone who . . . when you felt all alone on the path.

The path has taken you this far so . . . now what do you do? Why don't you just follow the path to the door and see what happens. Maybe there's something that's behind the door that . . . a really cold glass of water right now would . . . I feel like I've been walking for years.

*Why is he getting up from the table instead of . . . why is he putting on his coat again? Where does he think that he's going? You know gal that he still has the key to Yellow Mini. He wouldn't dare leave me here while he goes to the hospital. Put on your shoes and . . .*

*What? Gal – you just got told to clean off the table, wash the dishes and . . . telling Derk thank you for asking you to do what he just told you to do . . . and how far has being sarcastic about something or someone has gotten you? But . . . the guy doesn't have to act like a creep. And you need to learn to keep your mouth shut instead of . . .*

*You're going to have to ask him where he's going because it's obvious that he isn't going to tell you. The guy is sure acting like he has for one reason or another a chip on his shoulder.*

*Okay – are you satisfied. He's going to put the snowmobiles in a shed where they'll no longer be out in the open. That shouldn't take him long to do that. By the time that you do what he told you to do, he should be back here in the house.*

*Why did he tell me to wash and then dry the dishes when there's a dishwasher right here that . . . and what about the glasses, cups, saucers, plates, etc. that're piled up in the sink; is he expecting me to wash and dry them, too? And where do I put everything once . . . come on gal – stop putting off doing what he told you to do and just do it.*

*One of these drawers should have dish towels in it that can be used to put the dishes and stuff on after I rinse them. They just had to be the last drawer here in the kitchen that I've opened. At least I know now where most of the stuff is to go once I've everything dried. It'd be so much easier to put everything in the dishwasher instead of . . . you do know gal – if Eggert hadn't been kneeling in front of you when . . . you could be where Eggert is right now – so stop being so negative and pessimistic and . . . you can start by spending your time thinking about and praying for Eggert instead of feeling sorry for yourself for having to do something that you were told – more like ordered, to do instead of . . . you need to tell the wannabe cop that you prefer to be asked to do something versus being ordered to do something – like he's always doing.*

*Okay God – I hear You. I know that it won't hurt me to show Derk kindness and patience but . . . the way that he prayed, the guy definitely is dearly loved and seen as holy by You God – just as I know that you see me but . . . please tell him that he needs to show me moderation or kindness because You've said that he has to. Okay – I know – it all begins with me first showing him moderation or kindness and then . . .*

*Come on – why can't you just let it be okay with whatever someone says or does? This always thinking that there is another way to say or do something . . . who needs friends? Having friends is really overrated.*

*So God – why are you having me now washing, rinsing and stacking these dishes before drying them and putting them away? It's going to take me all night to do them all.*

*Okay – I know – I didn't talk with You God about making this detour north to check out the area where Pappy, Mammy and Sus lived before I was born. The university where Pappy and Mammy met probably is in the town where the hospital is where Eggert is now. The town that you went through right before you came here with Home of the Cossacks painted on the water tower has to be where Sus went to school*

*Instead of just coming here without telling anyone that was what you were going to do, you should've at least told Pappy what you were going to do. You've heard Pappy say enough times that he'd like to go back to where he grew up. As many places as Pappy and Mammy – and Sus, have taken you to over the years here in the United States and across the border, not one of those trips was to here even though you literally begged them one year to take you here – and you haven't let go of them refusing to take you here.*

*That's what it's all about – you just had to find out for yourself why they liked it around here so much when they lived here. And did you really think that spending just a few hours looking for a couple of the places that you heard them talk about would . . . and what've you accomplished gal besides putting an obviously really nice guy in the hospital because of your stubbornness.*

*This is so idiotic. I don't want to be doing these dishes. I'm not the guy's maid.*

*Where's Derk anyway? He should've gotten back by now. If he isn't back by the time when I finish doing the dishes, I need to go look for him. Something just may've happened to him. Yah – sure. Does he look like a guy who isn't able to survive on his own? He gives me more of a feel of a guy who I wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. Whatever it is that's gnawing at him . . . there really is something that's really bugging him. I know that there is. The guy probably is sitting right now in wherever that shed is that he wanted to put the snowmobiles in wishing that he didn't have to come back into the house. Face it gal – you haven't been sending him a whole lot of warm fuzzies yourself.*

*Now that you finally have the dishes washed and rinsed, start drying them off and get them put away so that when Derk gets back, we can leave for wherever Eggert is hopefully recovering.*

*That didn't take long. Now that you've wiped off the counter and stove . . . now what? Why don't you repack your bag so that it's ready to be put back in Yellow Mini when Derk gets back. And if he doesn't come back, you'll have to go out and find him. Yellow Mini isn't going to go anyplace without the ignition key. You should've asked Derk for your keys back when he got back with Yellow Mini. Maybe Derk left your keys in Yellow Mini? Come on Derk – you've been gone long enough.*

*You might as well fill up the time waiting for Derk by continuing to peruse whoever's notes they are that're lying on the table over there. You'll be lucky gal if Derk shows up again. Okay – I know – he will, but . . .*

*There has to be a printer someplace around here that you can use to make copies of these notes. And how'd you like it if you had a house and someone started going into all the rooms? You need to wait until Derk gets back and ask him if he knows if . . . gal – you're kidding yourself if you're thinking that Derk would be willing to help you with whatever it is that you might need help. The guy is so out of it.*

*Check the notepad to see if it has some sheets in it that haven't been used that . . . good – there's a number of clean sheets in the back on this notebook. Tell Derk when he gets back what you've done. It'd be just like the guy to tell you to put them back. Stop doing that gal – you're always making life more complicated than what it needs to be. So he tells you to put the sheets back where you found them – give the sorry dude a couple of bucks and tell him to use the money to buy another notepad.*

*Stop wasting time – begin copying what's on this sheet about the boomers. Interesting – besides thinking that they need to fix everything – whether it's broken or not, they're doing all that they can do to ensure that their kids will have enough to live comfortably when they're no longer around. Is that why Mammy has always worked – and is still working?*

*Boomers are ladder climbers and dog eat doggers? What? They're after prestige no matter what it takes?*

*Gal – you've seen it with your own eyes the difference between guys and gals who were born in the years that some guy or gal has framed as being the years when busters were born and the years when millennials were born. Even Pappy has noticed the difference. The poor guy – trying to get the couples who're committing to his two years of discipleship to set long term life and ministry goals when they're okay with just living what they call an organic lifestyle and not worrying about what tomorrow brings for them.*

*The first chance that you get gal you need to send a copy of what you're copying to Pappy. Here's hoping that he'll get it that there has been a morphing going on over the past twenty years or so since he started doing what he's doing in investing two years of Sundays with a half a dozen married guys teaching them as much as he can about the Bible while Mammy and the wives of the guys do their own studying of the Bible before putting together a spread – then doing it all over again for another two years with another . . .*

*You need to remember to pray for Pappy and Mammy regarding this coming Sunday as they launch into another two years with another six couples and their kids. As long as you can remember, Sus has had the responsibility for the kids – and when you were old enough, you didn't have a choice but to help her with playing games with the couples' kids, reading books to them, memorizing lots of verses with them and . . .*

*You know where both Pappy and Mammy are going to be in a couple of hours per that clock over there. It seems like it should be a whole lot later than what it is by what's happened over the last hour and half or so and how dark that it is outside.*

*Pappy will be sitting with a Bible in his hands in the chair that's been designated as his chair that's in the back right corner of the sitting room. Sus was who years ago started calling the chair the holy chair because the chair was where Pappy . . . so only Pappy sits in the chair because that corner of the sitting room really does have a really strong sense of God the Spirit's presence. Seeing Pappy sitting in that chair every morning and evening to pray and to . . . when are you gal going to start doing the same thing?*

*This case though that Pappy has against all traditional churches . . . you need to get him to tell you why someday as it seems so out of context with who your father is. Even though he has a really good day job, Pappy lives for Sundays. So does Mammy. You used, too, but now . . .*

*Having six couples over with their kids every Sunday isn't taking place that you know of other than in the homes of couples who spent two years with Pappy and Mammy being taught how to use and apply Biblical truths who're now doing the same thing with six couples who they've gotten to know who're willing to commit to two years of doing what Pappy and Mammy took them through.*

*Those six guys who're going to show up tomorrow at our house are going to get a real dose of Timothy over this month of Sundays. You really like unfolding don't you Pappy the two letters that Paul sent to Timothy when Timothy was in Ephesus and the letter that he sent to Titus when Titus was in Crete.*

*These guys already know that Pappy's reason for doing what he's doing is because the Bible says so – that guys are to teach other guys so that these other guys might teach other guys so that . . . that it clearly says in Paul's second letter to Timothy to do it. I can just hear Pappy also telling the guys as he begins to teach them what Jesus told His disciples in the verses that're called the Great Commission what they're to do.*

*Pappy – you do know how to make a point – telling the guys that Jesus told His disciples to go into all the world and to make disciples of all nations and to make sure that these disciples form Christ-follower communities and that they're to teach other guys how to make Christ-follower communities so that . . . Pappy is probably right that the church planting movement that began over fifty years ago has a higher priority with guys coming out of seminary today than building a spirit filled laity that's hungry for Bible knowledge and being able to apply the Bible knowledge that they have through whatever motivational gift that God has hardwired them. Building a building for meeting in does seem to be more important these days to a lot of guys than to spend time informally investing in lives of guys and gals who way too often . . .*

*The Sunday which will be during the next month of Sundays when Pappy studies through Romans with the guys – and the gals, too, – because they'll participate alongside their husbands in the study which Mammy will take them through, will have them all find out what their motivational gifts are – which will confirm what they already think that they know or will open up a life window to a world that . . . when you went through that study that Sunday a number of years ago with everyone . . . knowing that seeing everything as being either black or white – as a prophet perceive, as your second gift with having being an encourager as your first gift . . . everyone needs to go through the Discover Your God-Given Gifts study. Everyone. You need to have Eggert go through it just as soon as . . . there are times when I really miss those Sundays.*

*I miss having meals with Pappy and Mammy – and with Sus, too. Pappy was always practicing on us what he was going to teach the upcoming Sunday. After the first two months of Sundays on book studies, Pappy is OCD about going back and forth over the next twenty-two months from a topical study one month to a book study the next month and so on. I can be just as predictable as my earthly father can't I Father God.*

*Reality gal – reality. Wake up. Quit introspecting, Classes begin in two days. You're a very long day's drive from where you'd be right now if . . . you've done it now. Instead of looking for a place around here to stay the night and once you rescue Sus' quilt, drive until around midnight and then stop for the night – and then set an alarm to be on the road again real early tomorrow morning. That hopefully will have you arriving early enough to . . . you better hope that Sus never finds out that you drove at night.*

That's a cross. What's it doing next to the door's entrance? Oh no – there's a guy tied to the cross. Those big iron nails that've been pounded through his hands and feet to the cross probably are to keep his hands and feet from moving. The thorn wreath that he has on his head is digging into scalp – causing blood to run down his face. This is horrible. The guy has to be really hurting.

Come on guy – you know Who He is. He's why you had to make the long, uphill trek on the path that you've been on that . . . you know that Jesus is going through what He's going through – even though you're responsible for Him having to go through it, so that you don't have to experience what He's experiencing now. You know what you're to do. You're to thank Jesus for allowing His body to be used as a ransom for all the sins that you've committed and will commit. You're to thank Jesus for making you holy in His Father's eyes. You're to thank Jesus for making a way for the Holy Spirit to come into your life to begin to clean out the sin from your sin filled heart by changing your heart so that you can begin living your life in a new way.

You know that what Jesus did for you was completely undeserved because you know that He knows that you had very little interest at one time to have Him in your life.

Now what do I do? You can ask Jesus? What? He's gone. Where did He go? Why is the cross still here?

The door – there wasn't anything written on the door when you were heading towards it – now there is. Check out what it says. Whoever wrote whatever it is on the door sure could've made it a whole lot easier to read. It's barely legible. It says . . . faith? That's it?

What're you doing? You can't be serious about knocking on the door? You're going to let faith – something that you can barely see, lead you to knock on the door?

This can't be happening? Your head needs to stop messing with your heart. Just because you've been allowing your head to dictate most everything that you've done so far in life, maybe it's time that you let your heart have a say – and your heart is telling you to knock on the door. So – do it.

Guy – come on – that was a light tap – not a knock.

Look out – step back – the door is opening towards you. How can the door open when . . . what? Grace? Whoever wrote grace on the inside of the door obviously wants whoever opens this door to . . .

Who said that? Who said come in for this is your day of salvation?

You don't have a choice – go through the door. You need to listen to that voice. You know that if you do that . . . that's a throne. It has to be. If that light over the throne wasn't so awfully bright . . .

Jesus? I know that's Jesus. How did He get from just seconds ago nailed to a cross to now sitting on a chair to the right of that brilliantly lit throne – and not only that – how could He just seconds ago be totally covered with blood and now . . . why is Jesus getting up? Why is He coming towards me?

Now isn't the time to think. You know that you need to listen to what Jesus is telling you. I get it that I'm a new creature in Him and that . . . that's wind. I can it feel pushing against me. It sounds strong enough to carry me away.

What? It's like a match has been lit right over my head. I can't see the flame but I know that there's a flame right now above my head. Where did that feeling come from? It's like I want to shout from the . . .

That has to be it. You had to have just had the Holy Spirit fill you with His presence, show you how His power works and demonstrate to you what it is to live a passion filled life.

Ask Jesus what you're to do next. That's it? I'm to let His Father's glory be reflected through me back to Him? Ask Jesus how you're supposed to do that?

What do I see around me? Why did Jesus ask me that? What? How can there be one right after another absolutely gorgeous sunrises at the same time that there're one right after another absolutely incredible sunsets plus there're all kinds of snowcapped mountains all around me along with vast open areas filled with all kinds of blossoming trees, animals, butterflies – it's like I'm in the middle of an ever-evolving panorama of fascinating, enchanting sights, sounds and smells. Guy – that's it – God's amazing handiwork doesn't ever stop – it really will continue to unfold forever.

And those are . . . why are they dressed in all kinds of different clothes, talking in all kinds of different languages, eating all kinds of different foods . . . it's obvious that what you're seeing has had to have been preplanned by how orderly that everything is happening.

And when I'm thirsty, I'm to drink the water that's . . . where did that stream come from? I don't remember seeing it being there when I came through the door. I'm to drink from it when I'm spiritually thirsty? I sure don't feel spiritually thirsty right now as . . . how does Jesus know that – that I'm going to be feeling spiritually thirsty every day of my life?

That look – that smile – Jesus knows what I'm thinking. Do I remember the charge that David gave to Solomon – when David told Solomon that God will always understand the motives of his thoughts? Jesus of course would know the verses that you've memorized.

You need to somehow package the feelings that you're experiencing right now as . . . guy – you need to start out being thankful for what you're experiencing right now. You need to ask Jesus to replace your critical thinking with a thankful mindset. That look and smile again just told you that what you were about to ask Jesus has already been happening. You know that it has been.

I've the rest of my life to . . . knowing that Jesus is reading my mind is unsettling. Am I ready to build my life on the rock? On the rock? Jesus called Himself a rock – remember, when . . . that wasn't a rhetorical question guy that Jesus just asked you. You know that He knows how you're going to answer it as . . . you also know that He expects you to take ownership of your answer.

You know that you needed to hear what Jesus just told you – that there's no need for you to know why and how what happened now has happened – that He knows that His Father is behind mysteries that no one will ever understand or comprehend.

It'd be so easy to just enjoy doing nothing more than be right here with my Heavenly Father, with His only Son and with His Presence that's everywhere but . . . you know that you're being blessed with a life that'll be blessed as you're being led to help others experience what you're experiencing now.

There's no way that I'm going to wait to begin to dig the foundations for my walls. This has to be the place where He expects me to begin to build my life on Him. The ground here of course has to be as hard as a rock. You need to be thankful that it's not ground that's really sandy as . . .

Okay – now how does someone build a house who has never built a house? You know that houses even when they don't have a basement still have foundations for their walls that're at least eighteen inches deep. You need to first mark off where you're going to dig the foundations for your walls. Use the rocks that're scattered everywhere for each corner. First put stones . . .

What? What's that written above the door? This door cannot be unlocked because you've had your heart sealed by your faith in Jesus Christ? That has to mean that there'll never be a reason for . . . the peace that you're feeling now – you know that you don't want to lose it. You know that you won't lose it as you keep your heart and mind on your Heavenly Father's will for your life.

Three steps from the door on either side should be enough. With the door being a step wide – that'll make the front of your house seven steps across – so go ahead and make your house seven steps long as well. The foundation has to be what you know that you believe. Start by making each corner of the foundation's walls of your house a fundamental faith belief that you have that the Bible affirms.

Put the first rock where you want your house's cornerstone is to be – which will be the first corner that you're going to . . . which has to be at the front of your house.

If it wasn't for Jesus, you wouldn't be building a house right now that . . . it was Peter who picked up in the first letter that he wrote about what David wrote in Psalm 118 about the stone that builders would reject becoming the cornerstone. Peter clearly understood Jesus to be the cornerstone of his faith.

Everything that Jesus has done for me – from having to be born on planet Earth as a baby to be like me to the life that He lived on planet Earth to experience what I'm experiencing to what He did when and after He gave up His life as a ransom for me on a cross to defeat death for me and to give me eternal life and to His impending return to planet Earth to bring me to heaven to be with Him, I'm going to have to put under the cornerstone and in the foundations for the walls that'll extend in both directions from the cornerstone.

Put the next rock on the opposite side of the door from the first rock. That corner will be where I'll lay rocks that'll represent the Trinity.

This house is all about God the Father as He sits on His throne unfolding my life, about God the Son as He sits next to His Father and intercedes for me and about God the Spirit as He's prompting me to do right now what I'm doing.

I know that some of Jesus' last words on planet Earth had to have been specifically directed at me when Matthew wrote what Jesus said about going everywhere on planet Earth to make followers of Him who were to be baptized in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.

My work is cut out for me – that's for sure – to get my house built to the point where I can take what I've been and am being taught through building my house to teach others how to . . .

The next rock has to represent God's Living Word. Lay this Living Word rock opposite the Trinity rock at the back of my house. That way when I'm laying the foundation rocks for the wall between the two rocks that the rocks in the foundation will overlap.

The verse in the second letter that Paul sent to Timothy – which talks about the Living Word as being God inspired and is to be used to understand what I believe, what God expects me to do and not to do as a Christ-follower and which will lead me to mature as a Christ-follower, will do.

Yah – I know – that's a really literal translation of the verse. The verse though makes it clear to me that God's Living Word is inerrant and infallible.

The rock for the other back corner of my house needs to be about heaven and hell. Why would Jesus do what He did for me if there wasn't a heaven or a hell?

Now I need to start digging the trenches to put the rocks for the foundations for the walls of my house.

And just like that – you're looking at a pick, a shovel and a trowel. It's true what Paul wrote in the letter that he sent to the Christ-followers in Ephesus about God through His Son Jesus will supply all your needs according to His riches in glory. You needed something to dig with and . . . and these are the tools that you need for now to prepare the foundation for your life.

I'll start here next to the cornerstone rock and start digging towards the door. Use the shovel and see if you can dig into the ground with it. You're going to have to use the pick to loosen up the soil. This is not soft ground. You've your work cut out for you guy getting your house built. This isn't something that you're going to be able to do in a few minutes – it's probably going to take you the rest of your life for you to do.

You need to stop for a minute and . . . this always rushing here and there – always with the feeling that if you stopped that . . . so – stop. Reflect on why you're doing what you're doing. You've so much to be thankful for right now. You know that the right thing now to do is to thank God for . . .

*I'm sure going to be glad to have this semester behind me. I'm so ready to move on to whatever it is God that you have for me to do. It'd be nice God if . . . where did that thought suddenly come from – start planning a summer wedding? Funny God. That thought you need to do a whole lot better at shutting down as . . .*

*Find out what's fleshed out here regarding the busters – the feckless generation. It's true – the busters are the me generation. They're generation x, too? How many names does a generation have? No wonder you've never been given any teaching on the different generations – there's obviously no definitive consensus out there regarding what years make up what generation so . . .*

*This is interesting – the buster generation globally believes that there aren't any absolutes? And busters are also responsible for devaluing respect in that they think that they've the right to call whoever they meet by their first name even if that person is an older relative, older family acquaintance, pastor, doctor, etc.?*

*Busters are sometimes called latchkey kids? Latchkey – what's that? Okay – there were some kids from the buster generation who went from school to an empty house where they'd spend their time watching or playing games on TV and probably doing very little else until their parents came home. Was that the way that it was for the generation before mine? And if a buster was perceived to be hyperactive, parents of that buster would take advantage of available medications to tap down their kid's energy? And that's not still happening today? Half of the gals who you know are taking something for depression and/or anxiety.*

*Keep reading – you don't have anything else to do. Okay – busters believe that the reason that both of their parents had to work is because of their wanting to make sure that when they retire that their kids have enough? Enough of what?*

*The boomer generation never felt that the buster generation was capable enough to pass on the leadership baton on to them? It's easy to recognize a buster today because he or she will invariably want to tell whoever will listen how unfair life has been for him or her? This definitely describes Sus.*

*If Sherriff is at wherever Eggert was taken, ask him if he knows your sister – and if he does . . . gal – come on – you need to keep that Pandora's Box closed – at least for now. The one thing that you need to do when you get to wherever Eggert was taken is to reclaim Sus' quilt – and that's it. Okay – if I get the chance to see Eggert, you need to see him. No one around here needs to know that you're Sus' little sis.*

*Okay – let's see what whoever the guy – or gal, is who arbitrarily has decided defines a generation what he or she says about my generation. Just keep copying the stuff down gal; you know that Sus might find it interesting and maybe even informative.*

*My generation is the greatest generation? What? And you're going to tell Pappy now that millennials are in a good place to refocus what's happening in churches everywhere? I don't think so as . . . you know that Pappy though would be the first to agree that churches everywhere are filled with Christian benchwarmers versus zealous Christ-followers – that the preaching and teaching that's being done today is being directed towards whoever shows up to do good works which is supposed to show that . . . versus being encouraged to meditate day and night on what's written in the Bible, praying without ceasing and living life each day as His specially invited guest in what He has created for them to rejoice in.*

*Pappy is probably right, too, that guys preach to an area's demographics – that guys often start churches in areas where there's money – resulting in a very watered down, socially oriented messages.*

*And thinking about this now is going to do what for you gal? Nothing. Absolutely nothing – other than reminding you again that as much as you're thankful for all that Pappy, Mammy and Sus have done for you, that it's time for you to take charge of your own life.*

*So God – will You please give me a clue what You want me to do after I finished this semester. Having a passion to do something would help – You know. If You want me to do graduate studies, You need to tell me now what it is that You want me to focus on as . . . at least get Sus off my back about what she . . .*



*Who in the world came up with these words to describe my generation? Millennials, gen y's, mosaics, snowflakes, irresponsible. I'd like to meet the guy – or gal, who thinks that he or she has been anointed to decide when a generation begins and when it ends.*

*Why 1986 for the start of my generation? I get it that 9-11-2001 was a seminal day in history – that what happened on the date had an impact on everyone everywhere but . . .*

*I really don't see my generation being anymore fearless than Pappy's generation – or the generation before Pappy's. Millennials see the world now as their playground? What? 9/11 jumpstarted a global interest in young people to find out what life is like outside the United States?*

*You need to stop skimming through whatever this is and start at the beginning. The millennial generation is another me or self-seeking generation? And that's good? That doesn't sound good to me. That's what was said about the gen x'ers.*

*What – the x'ers have been conditioned by their parents to believe that what they're doing and what their teachers, pastors, whoever is doing that it's all being done for them? They've created personal pedestals or thrones with the expectation that they'll be continued to be waited on for the rest of the lives while the millennials because they've been constantly accepted, affirmed and appreciated by their parents, teachers, pastors, whoever – they're always putting different learning experiences into a life portfolio which when they get into their late twenties that they'll have a really good idea where they should be and what they should be doing in life where they can come alongside and help whoever as they navigate through life?*

*Keep reading gal – you know that you don't always need to try to make sense out of everything you read or see or hear or . . . how many times have you told yourself to let faith take over – a faith that unreservedly believes that God is everywhere, that God has no limitations for doing whatever and that God knows exactly what you're thinking right now? So – thanks God for reminding me that . . . okay God – I know that You can stop me anytime that You want for being so sarcastic with You – so why don't You?*

*I hear You God – I'm not to stop doing what I'm doing. I just may learn something. Whoopy-doo.*

*Okay – the millennial generation and digital technology grew up together? Eh? Cell phones opened up opportunities for millennials to connect with different peer groups which helped the millennials to develop a variety of relationships whereas the x'ers were stuck with a single peer group?*

*Because young people from all kinds of different ethnic groups are now living everywhere throughout the United States, the millennials are really the first generation that has had multi-ethnic classmates? Friendships that organically have happened between multi-ethnic classmates have resulted in negating racial feelings or tensions? And millennials don't feel intimidated by being with a guy or gal from another ethnicity nor are they intimidated about going to a country outside the United States?*

*Hey gal – going on that world race adventure thing that one of your roommate's bros is on right now is something that you could check out as a possibility of doing after you finish up your classes. Going to eleven different countries – spending a month in each country – and hearing what he's doing in each country from the blogs that he posts . . . and do you really think that Pappy and Mammy would let you go? Sus on the other hand would probably decide to go with you. I could live with that – if that mission agency or whatever it is – is okay with her going. Maybe Eggert might want to go, too, if . . .*

*Okay – finding good jobs and making money isn't something that millennials have as a top life priority? Millennials don't mind working as long as they're appreciated and are doing what they feel like they've some sense of ownership doing? Millennials will quickly quit a job if what's expected of them isn't something that they expected that they'd be doing or they're just not enjoying what they're doing?*

*Boomers expect millennials to learn from them and to do what they want them or tell them to do while millennials expect boomers to be a resource for them to be able do what they feel that they can contribute to what they understand and perceive needs to be done? The two generations are essentially polarized?*

*Millennial Christ-followers want to live a 24/7 Christ-follower life while boomers live compartmentalized lives with going to a church on Sundays necessary to satisfy their generation's societal expectation of at least acting out being a Christian? It makes it a quantifiable time for them which they can check off?*

*Good grief. Someone sure has a case against boomers. You probably don't want to show the notes that you're taking to Pappy and Mammy as . . . you know that you've been very fortunate and that you need to thank God more for parents who genuinely care for you – who've taken it very seriously to make sure that you and Sus have the knowledge to know God and to live lives that reflect God's glory back to Him.*

*Millennials are claiming Jesus's death and resurrection as absolutes? How can one think that that's not an absolute? Okay – the busters supposedly don't think that anything is an absolute so . . . millennials initially felt like they needed to reach the whole man but now because they've come to realize how important it is to have a personal, growing spirit driven/anointed relationship with God the Father, they're looking for and going to churches that has a pastor who does expository preaching and teaching so that they can learn from him and from the Bible so that . . .*

*Busters detest millennials? Busters think that it's unfair that millennials can get by with living an organic lifestyle when they didn't get that chance? Organic – another one of those words that's now a buzz word that'll disappear as quickly as . . .*

*Gal – you need to stop doing what you're doing. You're going to end up before you know it labeling everyone you know. You know how it has felt when even Sus has maligned the millennial generation.*

*A throw away generation? What? That's wrong to say that – calling the gen z's a throw away generation. No one is a throw away. Someone needs a good kick in the shins.*

*Where's that you're going to do it my way whether you want to or not guy? It should've taken him that long to put away a couple of snowmobiles and to check one more time on whatever it is that he thinks that he has to check on around this place.*

*The guy really is a dork – taking my car key with him. He probably did it on purpose. The guy obviously has trust issues. And how do you know that? First of all – this always telling me to do whatever instead of asking me if . . . stop it – give the guy a break. He just saw a kid who he obviously knows really well taken away in an ambulance because you . . . it was your fault. No one asked you to make a thousand mile or so detour so that you can see where Pappy met Mammy and where Sus went to school – and to see that lake that . . . it's your fault Sus that I'm here. This always talking about the lake as if it was the Garden of Eden – the best and most beautiful place anywhere to catch fish, swim in, ride around on in a boat, picnic by, . . .*

*And when Sus calls you in about another hour or so – and you know that she will, you're going to have to do a lot of explaining if you don't get yourself checked into a motel and into a room before she calls. Come on God – please get Derk to come back into the house so that I get back on the road again. It's first get a motel room, wait for Sus' call and then to wherever that hospital is to get Sus' quilt. You'll need to find someplace in the room that you get that'll make Sus think that you're back in your dorm room.*

*Are you having fun yet gal – doing scheming, lying, blaming? Thanks God. You're really wanting to make sure that I know now that I should've at least talked with You first about coming this direction – and this reminding me that not talking with Pappy, Mammy and Sus before . . . it's not like You couldn't have impressed on me to talk with You or with my parents or with Sus before I got in Yellow Mini and ended up here. So – why didn't You?*

*Face it gal – you made a rash decision. Now you're paying for it. There's no way that you're going to be able to undo what has already happened – let alone ever forget Eggert. Thank you God that Your presence is with Eggert at this very moment healing him and blessing him for His faith in You. Also God – please help me be more patient with Derk as . . .*

*What – n squared doubled down?*

Jesus is standing up. Why? You need to ask Jesus to stay sitting where He was sitting. He needs to stay there to . . .

Why is Jesus holding a pick? And you just had to ask Him where He found it as if He's not capable of doing whatever He wants to do wherever and whenever.

Jesus can't do that. Don't let Jesus do that. Tell Jesus that you can dig out your wall's foundations by yourself – that . . . guy – listen to yourself. You just told Jesus that you don't need His help.

You need to thank Jesus for wanting to help you but . . . you can't let Jesus get His hands dirty.

Guy – you need to get it stuck in your mind that Jesus is reading your mind all the time. You know that He knows every thought that you've ever had and will have even before . . .

Jesus' hands – they're as beat up and as strong longing as Pops' hands. Pops though doesn't have scars in the middle of his hands where nails were . . .

Guy – the way that Jesus is looking at you, you need to stop thinking about His hands and start using the pick that you've in your hands to loosen up the ground. It's like He's waiting for me to start so that He . . .

You need to be glad that Jesus is helping you dig the foundation trenches for the walls of your house. The way that He's digging it's like He's been digging foundations for walls of houses all His life.

He dug foundations for the walls of houses when He lived on planet Earth? His earthly father built stone houses? The houses where Jesus grew up were made from stones and He helped his father build those houses? Does this mean that Jesus helped his father dig the trenches for the foundations for the houses' walls as well as helping his father lay the rocks for the houses' walls? Jesus definitely can swing a pick – that's for sure.

Digging the trenches for my house's walls is with Jesus' help going a lot quicker than I would've ever thought they could be dug. You know that Jesus is doing the majority of the work. Getting the trenches dug to fill up with rocks for your house's walls obviously is really important to Him. You need to tell Jesus that you're sorry that you aren't working as hard as He is. You know that Jesus already knows that you'd work a whole lot harder if you were able to work with two legs instead of just one leg. Ask Jesus why He's only letting you use one leg instead of letting you use both of your legs.

Would I be okay with Him helping me if I could do it by myself using both legs? You know how you've been all your life guy – rarely if ever going to someone for help even when you've really needed help.

Think about it – how often before today have you asked Jesus for His help – like seriously having asked Him to help you with something? Having Him help you now because . . . tell Jesus that from now on that you're going to be asking Him for His help every moment of every day because . . . that feeling that you once had of always feeling alone – which I don't really remember what the feeling felt like right now other than it sure doesn't compare to the feeling that I've now of knowing that I'm never ever going to feel alone again because of knowing how intimately involved that Jesus has been and is going to be in my life.

You can at least get on your knees and use the trowel to get the dirt out of the trenches that Jesus loosened up with His pick. And you can pile up the rocks that you're finding. They'll work later for filling up the trenches for the foundations for your house's walls. You're not going to have any trouble finding rocks to fill these trenches. They're everywhere.

It looks like Jesus is digging the trenches about a half as wide as they're deep. He sure seems to be enjoying doing for me what He's doing. I'm one of His Father's adopted kids? He really means it guy that He from now on will always be ready to help you with whatever it is that you ask Him for His help.

That didn't take long to dig the trenches for your house's walls. Ask Jesus what we're going to do next.

Where did those poles . . . I'm to use a pole for each corner of my house? Which corner do I want to start? I need to start in the cornerstone corner because . . .

Guy – even if you had both of your legs doing what they're supposed to do, there's no way that you're ever going to be able to stand this eight foot long pole up in this corner let alone keep it standing up without Jesus' help so – ask Him for His help. Ask Him to hold up the pole while you put rocks around the pole's base. Make sure that you carefully stack the rocks tightly against the pole so that it won't fall over.

A hammer? Where did that hammer come from? I must be going to need it for something. I'm to use the hammer to break up rocks in order to get the rocks to fit together as tightly as possible? This hammer is just like the hammer that Jesus used when He had to break up rocks into really small rocks when he was helping His earthly father build houses? Jesus breaking large rocks into small rocks in order that . . .

Now we're going to have long poles tie in the tops of the poles in each corner. Why shouldn't I be surprised that a step ladder would appear out of nowhere as . . . guy – you need to listen to Jesus. You need to believe what He just told you that whatever you need is always available to you because . . . do I know of anything that isn't God's in the first place? Do I know that what I have is essentially on loan from God?

I'll start again with the same corner where we put the first pole. Interesting – the poles have notches cut out on both ends which look like they'll . . . have the top of the cornerstone pole slide down through the notch until . . . the way that the cornerstone pole is tapered this pole is only going to slide down a few inches – leaving enough room for another pole to be laid on top of it. Now go over with the step ladder to the heaven and hell pole and slide the notch on the other end of pole down the top of the heaven and hell pole. Now go to the other side of your house and do the same thing between the poles that're over there. These other two poles will probably tie in everything. Great. Everything is fitting together perfectly.

You need to thank Jesus for holding the step ladder while you . . . and ask Jesus if made the wooden poles. You need to start remembering to think before you open your mouth because . . . being asked if I know Who the Creator is . . .

I'm to do what? I'm to choose eight verses and He'll inscribe on each upright and connecting pole one of the verses. Here's hoping that I can remember eight verses by memory.

Okay – I'll start with the cornerstone pole. It has to be the one in Acts 4 that says neither is there salvation in any other: for there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

Why don't you make the verse for the Trinity pole the one in John 15 that says You did not choose me, but I chose you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever you shall ask of the Father in My name, He may give it you.

Psalms 119:11 will be a good verse for the Living Word pole as it says that I'm to hide your word in my heart so that I might not sin against you while Romans 6:23 will work for the heaven and hell pole as it says For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Now the long poles. Start with the one between the cornerstone pole and the Trinity pole. Make it your favorite verse which says that as being chosen – or elected, by God means that I'm holy and dearly loved in His eyes and that He wants me to dress myself in kindness, compassion, humility, gentleness and patience.

Good – you need to thank Jesus for letting you use the next two verses which say that I'm never to hold any grievousness against anyone – that I'm to have a mindset to forgive for whatever reason just as Jesus forgave me – and that I'm to put on love over everything which will result in unity.

You could have the two verses that are in Colossians 2 that say just as you received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him, be rooted and built up in Him and established in faith just as you have been taught abounding in it with thanksgiving be what Jesus will inscribe for you on the long pole that is between the Trinity rock and the Living Word rock.

The long pole now between the Living Word and the Heaven and Hell poles you could have Jesus inscribe on it the verse in Romans 12 that says do not be lacking in zeal but maintain your spiritual fervor while the remaining pole between the Heaven and Hell and cornerstone pole could be the verse in Chronicles where David told Solomon to always acknowledge the God of His fathers – that he was to serve Him with wholehearted devotion and a willing mind, that God searches every heart and understands the motive for every thought and that if he (I) was to seek God that he (I) would be found by Him while if he (I) rejected God that he (I) would always be rejected by God.

And like you didn't think that Jesus would understand that it wasn't easy to decide on which verse to use. I get it now that as I'm filling in the foundations for the walls of my house with rocks, that I'm to write on different rocks the special blessings that I know have come directly from God for me – like how God has manifested Himself to me – such as through nature, or through a circumstance or through another guy, etc.

Ask Jesus if He's going to continue to help me fill in the foundations for . . . I'm going to be prompted over and over again from now on until . . . by the Holy Spirit to go to different verses in His Father's Living Word book – and that I'm to write the site of each verse that resonates with me on rocks that I'm using to fill in the foundation for the walls of my house? It sounds like a guy that you're going to be spending the rest of the time that God is going to have you living on planet Earth filling in the trenches between the poles with rocks. What? You need to ask Jesus what He meant when He just said that my house on planet Earth is never going to be finished – but that there's a mansion in heaven that has already been completely built for me?

You need to ask Jesus how the walls of your house are going to be able to be built if the foundations aren't completed for the walls to be built on.

My house already has walls? Tell Jesus that He needs to open your eyes because you sure aren't seeing any walls. Just do it guy – step over the foundation trench in front of you. What? Something just stopped me from . . . push against whatever it is. Whatever it is has an elasticity to it that . . .

Check all four sides guy and see if they've the same invisible something stopping you from stepping outside the house that you're building. Interesting – each side appears to have whatever it is stretching from the top of the poles to the base of the poles – from each pole to both poles on either side of it.

Ask Jesus if there's a way to get out of the house that we're building together if . . . how can it feel so right now to know that I'm going to be totally imprisoned until . . . in this house that Jesus is helping me build?

You need remember what Jesus just told you about the world being able to see through your walls at what you're doing in your house. And what does He mean that even though He already knows how I'm going to spend my time in my house, that I'm responsible now for responding to the prompting of the Holy Spirit to always stay as close as possible to God's presence as He sits on His throne in my house and that I'll be held accountable when the times invariably come when I'll spend my time pressing my face against the whatever it is that's keeping me in my house in order to be a part of what's taking place outside of my house? And what did Jesus mean that it'll only take a few times of tuning out the Holy Spirit's prompting to stay near God's presence, that I'll . . .

My house doesn't have a roof yet. Tell Jesus that you want a roof on your house. If there's a roof on my house, angels and heavenly hosts won't be able to see what I'm doing in my house so . . .

And the house that I'm building right now will go with me wherever I go – that I'll be seen by guys, gals and kids as I continue to work daily on the foundations for the walls of my house. And the small room at the entrance to the door of my house that has the cross in it will stay attached to my house?

Ask Jesus if it's okay if you write a verse on the door's stoop. I want Jesus to know that I want my life to be a living sacrifice for Him and for His Father to use for how They can best use it. I know that this is what the first verse in Romans 12 asks me to do. Why did He ask me to be still right now? I won't hear His answer if I'm not still? What? The verse is already written on . . . how . . . when . . . who . . . what?

*This present generation is the new norm doubled down generation? Okay – this generation is purportedly the z generation but . . . how can someone say about a generation that there's no redeeming value in it?*

*This n whatever generation has accepted norms that existed but not universally accepted in other generations – which is why this generation should be called n squared doubled down generation versus calling it a generic z generation? Someone out there sure thinks that he or she knows it all.*

*The government, news media and schools have instilled irrational fear into this generation? Like if something isn't done right now, global warming will melt all the polar ice and . . . sure right away – does anyone really believe that? Gal – come on – don't be so naïve – lots of kids believe it.*

*Lying has become a core accepted norm in this n whatever generation? This makes it okay to fabricate whatever story a kid wants to about himself or herself to ensure that he or she is liked while at the same time, fabricate whatever he or she wants to make up about another guy or gal to make sure that that guy or gal is not like. This is actually something that you know is happening more and more these days.*

*Kids in this n whatever generation are accepting what they're being told that they're to decide on whether they're a male or female or . . . versus just accepting the gender that they've been biologically born as?*

*Kids also in this n whatever generation have been convinced that whatever kind of lifestyle that a guy or gal or whoever someone wants to call himself or herself wants to live that it's fine for him or her or . . . to live that lifestyle?*

*Because one state after another state is okaying the legalization of cannabis . . .*

*Face it gal – we millennials did have it pretty good. We still have it pretty good compared to the kids who are younger than us as . . . it's easy to understand that they might see the world out there as being a really ugly world that's falling apart because trust really isn't out there much anymore while we millennials still see the world as a fascinating playground to explore and to learn from. You're getting into this whatever it is aren't you gal. Okay – it's informative – you've got to admit that – even if it isn't as right on as whomever he or she is who thinks that he or she is an expert on generations.*

*You need to check this out yourself to find out of if it's really true that this n whatever generation is thinking that they need to figure out what kind of life that they want to live and how to live that life and that if it gets too hard to make happen, that it's okay that they end their lives – something that they're seeing guys and gals who they know – including movie stars, doing.*

*What's this – millennials see old people as resources while the double down whatever generation see themselves as victims who've been abused by an antiquated system resulting in them thinking that they need to change this system – even if they've to lie to see that it gets done? Because they're convinced that they've been abused by whatever, the n squared generation is getting behind perceived causes that have caused abuse – such as perceived police brutality against a specific race, a perceived inequity that is faced by a specific race because of perceived racial prejudices, the country that they're living in being the cause for perceived global warming, the country that they're living in refusing to give them free education and/or enough money to . . . wow – by happy gal that you're a millennial if it's really true that the present generation really thinks that it's that bad out there. Talk about a gloom and doom generation.*

*Is this really a verse in the Bible – if my people which are called out by my name will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then I'll hear them from heaven and forgive them of their sin and heal their land? 2 Chronicles 2:14 – is that where it's found?*

*I sure hope that Eggert is . . . just because he's supposedly in recovery per what Derk said was in Eggert's dad text doesn't mean . . . You told me God that through prayer and supplication with thanksgiving that . . . I'm not really feeling a whole lot of peace God.*

*Where's this Derk guy anyway? He should've been back hours ago. Okay God – but – why isn't he back?*

*You should've asked Derk how long that it was going to take him to do what he was going to do. For all you know, the dolt has already left. Put your coat on and check and see if Yellow Mini is still here.*

*And if Yellow Mini is still here, then what're you going to do? You know that he moved the snowmobiles to wherever he was going to put them – wherever that place is. You heard him start them up. Maybe he put one in the place that . . . and then he headed out on the other snowmobile to the cave where he lives.*

*He better not have. It's your fault gal that you didn't ask Derk for your keys back.*

*Just go outside gal and check if Yellow Mini is still here. And if Yellow Mini is unlocked, take your suitcase out, buckle it in and you'll be ready to go whenever Derk decides to show up back here again.*

*You can at least get your phone out of Yellow Mini and . . . you can look for the number of the nearest hospital and give that hospital a call. And do you really think that the hospital will give you any kind of information about Eggert? Maybe if you tell the hospital that you're Eggert's fiancé . . . you wouldn't be lying – Eggert very clearly asked you to marry him. And did you say yes? Would've you said yes if . . .*

*Good – Derk did not lock Yellow Mini. And my phone is exactly where it's supposed to be – sitting in its docket.*

*It sure feels good to be back in the house. It's nice and warm in here compared to what it felt like outside. The wind felt like it was going right through me. You need to thank Pappy when you see him again for insisting that you get Yellow Mini checked and winterized before you left for school. The poor thing – having to sit out there in the freezing cold while you . . .*

*Okay – this has to be the hospital where Eggert was taken. Good – a person answered the phone. Amazing. This always having to . . . my name? Just tell whoever she is your name and that you're Eggert's friend and . . . you can't lie gal – you're going to have to tell her that you're not family.*

*Maybe she'll tell you something if you ask her if Eggert is one of the hospital's patients. You probably told the gal too much information when you told her that he'd been shot and . . . she should be sorry that she's not able to give me any information because I'm not a family member. And did you really think that asking her if Eggert was still alive that she'd . . . you should've told her that you're his fiancé – then maybe . . .*

*And wanting to throw your phone as hard as you can against the wall is really helping isn't it gal. God – come on – why are You letting all this happen to me now? What've I done to You that . . . okay – I'll be still. I know that you're my Lord. Forgive me. But . . . stop those buts gal. Faith gal – faith, faith, faith, faith that You God will do what You please in the heavens, on the earth, on the . . . and that from You – as the Most High God, come all calamities and good things.*

*Your only choice right now gal is to wait patiently for Derk to return and to . . . God – come on – You know that I hear you, you know that I want to do what you've planned for me to do and I know that You know how much I'd like to know what . . . the door is opening. If that's not Derk . . . and who else did you think might be coming into the house?*

*And yelling at Derk for leaving you for hours waiting for him to come back from whatever it was that he was doing is sure helping isn't it? Now yelling at him because he won't say anything . . .*

*What? Eggy's father called him? And now telling Derk that Eggy's name is Eggert – not Eggy, that . . . he needs to know that you know that you're right – that it's really cruel that Eggert's parents gave him that name because . . . because why? He needs to get it that you don't like the name Eggy.*

*Do I want to know what Eggert's father told him? Was that supposed to be a rhetorical question? And now you're crying. What is it that he doesn't understand about you wanting him to get lost, to leave you alone, to stop staring at you, to . . . why is he picking up my suitcase? Follow him? Why? Where? What? Why are you following him upstairs? This is where I'm going to sleep tonight? What just happened?*

*I can take a nap before . . . we're going to go together in Yellow Mini in about a half an hour to the hospital? If he thinks that we're going to go together in Yellow Mini to the hospital – we're not. Take your bag from him, tell him to give you your keys and . . .*

*Eggert is in recovery? What does that mean? Like it wasn't obvious that Eggert had lost a lot of blood – that he'd need transfusions once he got to the hospital, that . . . Eggert is going to make it. I know that he is. He has to make it. Tell Derk that you know that Eggert is going to make it – that he needs to stop telling you . . . just because Eggert's father doesn't know if his kid is going to live because his kid shouldn't still be alive because of all the blood that he lost . . .*

*Eggert's leg will be fine though if . . . talk about a socially challenged . . . it's like Derk doesn't even see me let alone hear me. Try shaking him. Probably not a good idea as . . . who knows what baggage the guy has hidden in his life. The guy definitely has a chip on his shoulder. Tell Derk that you don't care that the doctor told Eggert's father that the only reason that Eggert is alive is because there had to have really been an angel there who . . . I sure didn't see an angel – and I was there.*

*Be thankful gal that Eggert was still alert enough when he arrived at the hospital to be able to mumble something about an angel . . . maybe there really are guardian angels who . . . there's no way that you'd ever be confused with being angel.*

*Tell that whoever he thinks that he is that you're not going to take a nap – that you're going to go to your car and that you're going to . . . what's this with eating again? We just ate.*

*And how's first drinking a cup of coffee and then . . . just make him give you your keys. He needs to get it that you need to get settled into a motel before your sister calls – which means that you need to leave now. Tell him that once you talk with your sister that you'll head over to the hospital to get the quilt that ended up going with Eggert in the ambulance.*

*Gal – this isn't good. The guy is . . . he's really serious about me needing to stay here tonight. What've you gotten yourself into gal? Tell him that you can't – that you won't – that you . . .*

*He wants to do what now? The guy is really a real dumbo – wanting to do the chores that need to be done at where he's staying and at Eggert's father's place – that it'll take him at least a couple of hours to do the chores and he's thinking that I'm going to wait here until . . . that's not going to happen. And if it's okay with me, that he'll go in Yellow Mini to . . . what a presumptuous . . . that's not going to happen either.*

*Tell the obnoxious fool that if doesn't give you your keys that you're going to start screaming. And that's going to help? It's obvious that crying, whining, demanding, threatening . . . who has this person become who used to be seen as caring, compassionate, genuine, positive . . . now you really know what a fool feels like. Maybe if you ask Derk that if he'll be willing to go with you to the city where Eggert was taken and if he'll help you get settled into a motel, that you'll let him use Yellow Mini to . . . gal – you're staying here in this house tonight whether you want to or not – so . . . when you get a chance gal, you need to get away from him and . . . you need to find a way to contact Sheriff. You know that he'll help you.*

*A miracle. I sure hope that I've heard him right that he'll go with me now to the hospital where Eggert is that that he'll go inside the hospital to see if there's someone there who has a car that he can borrow – and then when he gets back to the hospital, we'll come back here where I'll spend the night while he goes back to the place where he's staying and where he'll spend the night?*

*If he's thinking that I'm going to be okay with spending the night here all by myself . . . the hole that you're digging gal is getting deeper and deeper. You definitely aren't making his day.*

*Just tell the goon thanks – that you'll somehow find a way to jam your suitcase in the back of Yellow Mini and that once he finds someone who'll loan him his or her car to use that you'll find a motel – that he won't have to worry about you anymore – that you're really thankful for how patient that he has been with you – that you really are sorry that . . . good – that was a nice smile. But . . . you know that nothing has changed.*



I guess since Jesus has gone back to sitting next to His Father that . . . you should've asked Jesus what He wants you to do next. Is He making my house shake? Ask Him? He's leaving. Why? Tell Him not to leave – especially now. He needs to help me keep my house from falling down. The way that my house is shaking right now . . . you've got your work cut out for you guy to get your house in a place where . . .

Your house is shaking because it's moving. Jesus told you that your house would move with you so . . . so what's happening? Where's Jesus taking my house? Ask Him. Come on Jesus – please tell me what's happening. Why isn't Jesus answering me? I know that He has to be hearing me as . . .

Good – thank you Jesus for having the shaking stop. Jesus has to be here – I just can't see Him. Who else would put whatever it is that's now around your upper arm as . . . tell Jesus that squeezing your arm like He is isn't cool?

That's not Jesus' voice. That's a gal's voice. What's a gal doing in my house? She can't be in my house. Only God as Jesus, as my heavenly Father and as in His Holy Spirit can be in my house – and They're still all here in my house because . . . They're to always stay with me otherwise I'll never be able to have my mind transformed to show what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God.

The gal has to be outside my house. Ask Jesus to please stop her from talking so loud. I really don't want anyone to be near me. I want to be always alone with Jesus.

Why is the gal laughing? Who's she talking about? Who else is here? The guy or gal who's here in this whatever it is that I'm in sure seems to be making the gal's day by the way that . . . what? Can I open my eyes? The voice – it's the same voice that . . . you can't let her be inside your house.

Ask her why she wants me to open my eyes? Tell her that you're totally fine with keeping your eyes closed that . . . tell her that Jesus . . . there's that hyena laugh again. Someone needs to tell her to stop. It's wrong that she's laughing at some poor guy or gal who . . . there has to be another gal here.

Someone needs to tell the gal who thinks that everything is hilarious that it's not funny at all to be laughing at a guy or gal who's doing his or her best to talk but all that he or she can do is mumble about who knows what. Ask Jesus to open your eyes so that you can see who the guy or gal is who the gal thinks is talking so funny.

I need to thank Jesus for the house that He started to help me build. My house definitely qualifies as a stronghold. I really do feel totally safe in it.

It's that laugh again. She's laughing because whoever else is here just said that he's mumbling about . . . that guy had Jesus help him begin to build his house, too? That's not something to laugh about. That's something to be really glad about. The gal who's always laughing makes it sound like it's a big joke that the guy thinks that Jesus began to help him build his house. I know that Jesus helped me so . . .

That's a guy's voice. Why does he want to know how Eggert is doing? He has to be asking about how I'm doing. I've never met another guy who has the first name Eggert. Egbert would've been almost as bad. Just because moeder's granddad's name was Egbert . . . moeder could've at least made sure that my name was spelled Egbert instead of Eggert on my birth certificate before she . . . that's the voice again of the gal who's always . . . you need to find out what happened why someone wants to know how you're doing.

What does she mean that he . . . who's coming out of what? The sedation is wearing off? Who's stabilizing just fine? There's good circulation in the foot? Jesus – where are you? I know that You know where I am but . . . can we just go back to building my house together. I don't like what's happening around me. I want it to be always just You and me. I don't want to be around anyone who I can't see.

He can't do that. I want everyone to leave. I don't want anyone to visit me. I don't want anyone around me who thinks that whoever the guy is who keeps mumbling about a house that . . . that it's hysterical what he has been babbling about.

How can she think it's so funny that the guy had Jesus help him build his house? Jesus helped me build my house. Actually guy – you need to thank Jesus for doing the majority of the work. You need to be really thankful that He was so willing to help you because you know that you could never have gotten it built by yourself.

It's that voice again. Why does she want to know if I can hear her? Tell her to go away – that you . . . What's the matter with her? I wasn't mumbling. And I'm not incoherent. Maybe if you tell her that you can hear her that . . . she needs to go away. It's not going to happen – you know that so . . .

It sure has gotten quiet all of a sudden. I'm to open my eyes? That's Jesus' voice. Open your eyes. I hope that Jesus can see that they're open. Guy – come on – you know that Jesus knows exactly what's going on in your life so . . .

Now I'm to look around? What do I see? Tell Jesus that you see two gals who're dressed almost identically in something that you've seen nurses wear – that one of the gals is inside a house that looks like mine while the other gal . . . it looks like she has tried to or is trying to build something but . . . the first gal has an empty cross in front of her house – just like your house does while the other gal . . . now it makes sense – that laugh gives her away. She's the gal who thinks that it's really funny that . . . you need to tell her – or the other gal needs to tell her, that if she doesn't first accept what Jesus did on a cross for her that she's never going to have a house strong enough to keep her from having trials and/or temptations overwhelm her and . . .

You need to ask Jesus why I can see the house that the one gal has built which clearly has a throne in it on which you know that God is sitting and the house that the other gal has who obviously doesn't have a clue what a house would like that has God's throne and His presence in the middle of it and neither gal can see your house?

That has to be the answer? Look guy how the houses of the two gals are overlapping now when they're next to each other. Is my life now going to be overlapping the lives of the two gals who're . . .

What just happened? Who said he's finally coming out of the anesthesia? Who's coming out . . . where am I? Am I in a bed? Open your eyes and . . . who does she think that she is telling me that I'm not to get up? I need to get out bed. It's time for me to do the chores. I know that it is.

The voice. That's the voice of the gal who was . . . you need to tell her that she doesn't have the kind of house that'll . . . sweetie? Why did she just call me sweetie? Tell her that you don't want to be called sweetie – that she needs to . . . close your eyes guy – maybe she'll go away. She has to go away.

What? Don't do it. Don't listen to her. Don't wiggle your toes. Tell her to stop scraping the bottom of your foot – that it . . . I hope that makes her happy – causing me to . . . my surgeon is going to be coming in in a few minutes to . . . surgeon? He's going to be happy? My vitals are back to normal.

Why did she ask me if I feel any pain in my leg? Now that I think of it . . . tell her no. Are you having fun guy – doing your best to try to make the gal's life difficult? Okay Jesus . . . I know – I need to do what the Holy Spirit checks me to do or not do otherwise it won't be long and I won't be sensing the Holy Spirit's checks anymore even though the Holy Spirit is still giving them to me.

Just what I wanted – another . . . he's the surgeon who did what? How's my leg? Tell him that your leg is fine. Ask him why he wants to know. Why did he ask me if I know where I am?

Now why did he ask me if I remember where I was at this time yesterday? You're going to have to ask him what time it is right now as . . . okay – the clock over there on the wall says it's a little after 7:00 so . . . tell him that you were probably eating the breakfast that you fixed after you did the . . . what? It's not morning? Why am I in bed? I need to get out of bed. Why won't they let me out of bed? What is it that they don't understand about me needing to . . . I'm not to worry about doing the chores? And who's going to do the chores if . . .

Try to go back to sleep. You're having one doozy of a nightmare from not getting nearly enough sleep over the past five days. This nightmare though God that You're making me have is way too real.

Why does he want to know if I remember getting shot? Tell him that you don't remember getting shot because you didn't get shot. Now tell him to stop shaking his head like . . . what's that sound? Why is my head and shoulders going up? Tell the bed to stop doing what it's doing as . . . good – at least the bed listens to me.

Son? If he thinks that I'm his son . . . what does he mean that he knows that I'm still coming out of anesthesia? He wants to make sure that I'm okay to have visitors as my parents . . . my parents? There's no way that he knows my parents. Tell him that you don't want to see Pops and moeder.

What? I'm a very fortunate young man? My guardian angel had to have been working overtime to get me to the hospital in time to stop the bleeding . . . my guardian angel? How did he know that there was an angel . . . I was fishing. Tell him that you know about the angel – that the angel had suddenly appeared out of nowhere – that . . . there was a big northern at the end of the line that she . . . and then your leg . . .

He knows my angel? How can he know my angel – she's my angel. She did what – saved my life? The way that her hands felt when she put them on you and the way that she prayed for you . . . you need to be glad that guardian angels are on a permanent assignment from God to . . .

Why did she just say that she wishes that her patients could be recorded as they're coming out of anesthesia or even under anesthesia as they say some of the wildest things? You need to tell her that you heard what she just said and that your wish is is that what she just said was recorded as . . .

Good – the guy is leaving. He was asking way too many questions. You should've told him that he didn't need to come back in another half an hour or so to check on how you're doing.

Ask the quiet nurse who . . . tell her first that you're really glad that she's a Christ-follower.

That was a surprised look. Tell her that you saw the house that she and Jesus have started building together with the cross that Jesus died on standing right outside the entrance of her house.

Now that's funny. I wish that the mouthy nurse could see herself now – with her mouth hanging open like she wants to say something but nothing is coming out of her mouth. Okay – that's not right to . . . I get it – I'm not to think of her as being mouthy. You need to stop guy from being so judgmental.

You could thank the gal instead of thinking of her as being disrespectful and . . . you can tell her that you're thankful that she raised up the top of the bed so that you'd be more comfortable – that you'd like to know what it was that you said when . . . and that's the fastest that you've ever seen anyone leave a room.

Try talking to the Christ-follower gal. Ask her if she's from around here. Now you did it guy. It's like you're the first guy who has ever asked her anything as . . . tell her that you apparently have all day to hear her life story as you're definitely getting the skinny on her family, school, job, church . . . good – she has a significant other in her life.

You need to tell her thanks for asking you how you're feeling now. Tell her that the foggy, other world feeling has pretty much disappeared – that you're remembering more and more what happened.

It had to have been a fluke that . . . Bubby would never have deliberately shot in the direction where you were with the angel while she was . . . you know that the kid has to be feeling really bad.

The sun had about a half an hour to go before it would've been below the horizon when . . . since the sun sets at this time of the year almost exactly at 5:00 and it's now after 7:00 . . . you know that you probably have given a real scare to . . . Pops is probably looking really sad right now while moeder . . . please moeder – don't blame Bubby. You know that Derk for sure has gone through this kind of angst before.

*There's no way that he can't make me stay here. What's this with why would I want to put out money to stay in a motel when I can stay here free? Gal – you need to . . . the guy is acting like a psychopath.*

*You need to tell him that he's scaring you. He doesn't need to know that staying in this house alone at night scares me even thinking about it. And then what would you do if he told you that he'd stay here in the house with you? The guy definitely doesn't look or give me the feeling of being harmless. The guy though would be a guy who I'd definitely ask to go with me if I had to go into a sketchy area.*

*I need to be ready to go in twenty minutes? What? Saluting him and . . . well – he needs to get it that this being told what I'm going to do doesn't fly with me. You need to get him to get it.*

*And taking your suitcase back down the stairs is going to help? Get your coat and head for the car with it.*

*Of course the car is locked. The creep probably locked it when he saw that you were taking your suitcase to the car. Now what? You're going to have to go back into the house. It's way too cold to stay out here – especially with the way that the wind is blowing.*

*Here's hoping that he hasn't locked the house's door. If it wasn't for the way that he prayed before eating earlier . . . the guy can't be as bad as he's coming across.*

*You probably should've used a different tone in your voice when you thanked him for not locking the door when you went outside to the car with your suitcase. He could've at least acknowledged that you said something to him instead of . . . do I want a cup of coffee, too?*

*If he thinks that being nice to me now is going to change everything, he can guess again. And telling him that has changed what? What did you expect? Be nice to him.*

*Come on gal – this asking him if he has any friends . . . why don't just go over to where he's standing and kick him in the shins. You know that the guy is trying to help you so . . . so let him. It won't kill you to be nice to him.*

*Thank him for the coffee and . . . why is a young gal like me who's driving a car with a license plate from a state that's . . . a gal like me? Now you really do have a really good reason to kick him in the shins. Gal like me – the guy is probably thinking that you got lost driving around a corner to a store. Just because the color of my hair is . . . that doesn't mean that I fit the stereotype of . . .*

*Just tell him gal – tell him that you wanted to see the town and the area where you think that Mammy and Pappy moved to after they got married and the lake that you think is the lake that Sus always talked about.*

*He'd have to ask me why I don't know the name of the town where Mammy and Pappy moved to after they were married. Telling him that your parents . . . you just knew by the looks on their faces that you didn't need to know and they weren't going to tell you where they had lived.*

*It's true that you haven't asked them anything for years about . . . okay – it won't hurt you to tell him that you know that Mammy and Pappy met at the state university that's in the city where the hospital is where they took Eggert – that they got married right after they finished their undergraduate studies – that you know that they moved to a small town near the city where the state university is located because a Christian elementary school in the town hired Mammy to teach – that Pappy was able to continue his studies until he got a PhD – that when the state university asked Pappy if he would stay on as a teacher . . .*

*Gal – stop – there's no reason for Derk to know all this. The only reason that you know all this is because it's in the life story that Mammy and Pappy always tell each new group of . . .*

*Don't answer that question. There's no way that he's going to understand why you've stupidly driven as far as you have just to . . . you don't even know if the lake is the right lake and the town that you drove through is the right town.*

*Just because you saw in Sus' cedar chest when you got her quilt out of it . . . it wasn't like you didn't know that she had lettered in track, basketball and who knows what else when she was in high school. Sus wasn't happy when she finally realized that just because she likes sports that it didn't mean that I had to like sports – especially to try to play whatever it was that she wanted me to try to play.*

*You just had to do a little looking in Sus' cedar chest when . . . instead of just taking the quilt out of the cedar chest and closing it. Finding that photo of Sus with some gals – all wearing letter jackets – all with a big V and Cossacks . . .*

*What're you doing gal. Derk is looking at you like you've gone bonkers or something. You know already that he thinks that you're a crazy. And driving this far to just drive through the town where . . . which you didn't do because you wanted to find the lake before it got dark, you've just proven how dimwitted you are.*

*Tell Derk to please stop asking you questions. He doesn't need to know how much of a lamebrain that you've been. You really have been – driving all this way for why?*

*You know why you've done this. You know that you want to get back at Sus for . . . you wanted to see her face when you showed her photos of the town and lake. This always telling me about the idyllic childhood that she had but never being willing to take time from running her pet library to . . .*

*Get away from Derk. Go to the bathroom. Okay – so now I'm hiding. Yell at Derk to let you know when he's ready to go. Here's hoping that he heard me. And did you really expect that . . . I just got in here. Of course Derk is ready to leave now.*

*Get you coat on, grab your suitcase and . . . what's wrong with him? What is it that he doesn't get about the suitcase needing to go with me – that the suitcase isn't going to stay here? As tall as Derk is, you really don't have any choice but to let the guy drive Yellow Mini as there's no way that you'll be able to get Yellow Mini's passenger seat to go back any further with everything that you've jammed in behind it for him to sit in the passenger seat. Tell the oaf that you'll hold the suitcase on your lap while . . . and do you really think that there's enough room for both you and the suitcase in Yellow Mini's passenger seat?*

*Of course Derk was expecting that he was who was going to drive. Telling me though that he was going to drive and that I was to sit in Yellow Mini's passenger seat . . . that was good gal – telling Derk that he needs to ask me next time if it is okay with me if he drove instead of . . . what a . . . gal – come on – take the highroad for change and hand the keys back to him and thank him for being willing to drive.*

*You've really gotten yourself gal into a real mess. There's no way now that you're going to be able to make it to school in time for the first day of classes. You'll need to call the school tomorrow to . . . and what're you going to tell whoever you talk to the reason why you're arriving at least a day late. You know the answer to that – you'll need to honestly explain to whoever you're talking to about what you've ignorantly done.*

*Then there's Sus . . . maybe she won't call. In your dreams gal. You know that she will. Is thinking now about what you're going to say to her when she calls going to change anything?*

*Ask Derk why he's going in the direction that the ambulance went when it left instead of the way that you came to the lake. If he says that the road is better going in the direction that we're going, the road has to be better as obviously he knows everything about everything.*

*You might want to start thinking about changing your attitude about Derk as . . . and how do you know that he wouldn't hesitate to stop Yellow Mini and tell you to get out? The guy definitely is not communicating a whole lot of fuzzies. You need to be glad that you're not driving. If Yellow Mini was to get stuck in the snow that's getting blown on the road, you can blame Derk instead of . . . we've made it to the highway? Ask him why he sounded relieved that we'd made it to the highway. Did he think that Yellow Mini didn't have it in her to make it? Don't go there gal – you know that you're not going to win with him. It's his problem if he thinks that me always calling Yellow Mini a her is . . . do your best gal to ignore the . . .*

*That sign just said that we're on the outskirts of the town that . . . ask Derk if he knows if there's a Christian school in the town – and if he says that there is, ask him to drive past the school so that you can take a photo of the school.*

*You can at least tell him that Mammy was one of the teachers at the school. What a yokel – how could he not have figured it out that Mammy had to be the name that you and Sus have always called your mother.*

*Guess turning down what looks like it could be the main street means that he's heading to where the Christian school is located. Ask Derk where everyone is. The place looks deserted. Doesn't anybody around here go out at night as . . . why are we stopping?*

*Is that the Christian school that . . . it has to be as it definitely doesn't look new. The sign that's above the door says that it's the school so . . . you could get out and take a photo of the front of the school.*

*What's his problem now? If he expected me to ask him first if I could open Yellow Mini's passenger door, get out into the cold – with snow being driven everywhere, put your suitcase back in the car, walk to the front of the school and take a photo of the front of the school . . . he's right – I need to get back in the car – that I'm crazy to try to take a photo right now. You know that the point and shoot doesn't take good photos at all when it's dark. Your cell will take a better photo so . . . remember gal – you put your cellphone in a pocket of the coat that you have on so . . . it has to be here. About time. Your fingers are already frozen stiff. Now that you've gotten photos of the school, get back into Yellow Mini before . . .*

*Am I happy now? Is he trying to be funny or is he just plain irritated with the fact that he's stuck with a spoiled adolescent who is causing all kinds of problems for him? The guy probably had his evening all planned out around staring at the tube. It's really obvious that life for him is to be in a quiet place away from everyone else while doing couch potato time. The guy definitely isn't a lady's guy.*

*Ask him if he'll drive past the high school that's in this town. Don't answer him. He doesn't need to know why. He needs to learn what it's like to be treated like a . . . who does he think managed to drive all the way from where she calls home to this boring little stop on the road?*

*That's a high school? It has to be as that's what it says above the door of the place. I know that Sus' graduating class wasn't large but . . . you could ask Derk what he knows about the school. Maybe he went there, too. You could . . . what?*

*If the guy makes one more cynical remark to me, he's going to be eating this camera. Just get out of Yellow Mini, put your suitcase back in the car, take a couple of photos with your cellphone before your fingers freeze again and get back in Yellow Mini. This telling me that I'm being ridiculous to want to take photos of a high school in weather that . . . you could ask him what he has planned for the rest of the evening if he thinks that he didn't have the time to stop. Here's hoping that the photos are clear enough so that when you show them to Sus that . . . okay – if he really wants to know if there's someplace else that you'd like to see, tell him that you'd like to see the cemetery as you want to know where you can bury him.*

*Admit it gal – that came across way too . . . did you really enjoy that look that he had on his face when you told him that you want to bury him. By the way that you've been treating the guy, you should consider yourself really fortunate that . . .*

*No matter how Derk has treated you, the guy definitely doesn't deserve your nasty remarks. How much do you know about the guy – other than that he obviously by the one prayer that you heard him pray has a born again walk with You God. Yes God – I know – I've not been doing much talking with You recently. I know that has to change. So God – please forgive me for my ignoring You and my juvenile insolence towards Derk. Thank you.*

*You need to tell Derk thanks for taking you to the two schools and for being so patient with you. Putting your hand his arm when you . . . the way that he jerked his arm away – it was like he thought your hand was going to burn his arm or something.*

Illie. She has to have not gotten the news that you've been shot otherwise you know that she'd be in this room right now telling the nurses how to do their job and telling you how often she has told you to stop wasting your time doing unproductive things – which includes fishing. You need to tell Illie that . . . please God – let her be okay with us being friends and no more than that.

When you get back to Hykema's, you can start working on the house again that . . . it's already built? How did that happen? How can I be remembering doing it but not remembering doing it?

You need to apologize to your nurse friend for probably not being a very good patient. Thank her for staying with you. Now you need to thank her for asking you to tell her what you did the past week. I know that she would've really enjoyed the conference. Tell her that the best part of the conference was getting together with some of the guys who you were staying with to spend time with an old rep who . . .

Now it's you guy who . . . thank her for being such a good listener instead of . . . you need to stop comparing other gals to Illie as . . . just because if Illie was here right now she'd be talking a mile a minute, you don't have any right being critical of how God created her to be.

It's her again. She's smiling like . . . Pops and moeder? What're they doing here? They can't be here. I didn't tell them that they could be here.

Where did Pops get that look that's on his face? Guy – he's probably really happy that you didn't die. But he's with moeder. He never looks happy when he's with moeder. And they're holding . . . what?

Why can't I wake up? Why won't this nightmare that I'm having go away? Pops and moeder holding hands – looking at each other like a couple of lovestruck kids – it'd sure be nice if I wasn't having a nightmare as . . . it'd really be great to have a dad and ma who really care for each other and show it for the whole world to see. All Pops and moeder have ever done is show the world how much they don't care for each other. There's no way that in real life that they'd act like they're acting right now.

The doctor told them that I'm going to be okay? What? You need to tell the doctor the next time that you see him that he needs to run past me first as to who he's going to talk to about me. There's no way that he knows how I feel and . . . tell Pops and moeder that the doctor had no right to tell them anything about me – and you need to tell that tactless nurse that she had no right bringing Pops and moeder to see you.

She's what . . . she's glad to see that I'm still feeling spunky? You could've asked her guy a whole lot nicer than what you did what she meant by that. What? She's glad that I called her on being a phony – that she knows that it's time to make the changes in her life that she knows that she has to make?

And there she goes again. She can't leave, too. She's going to be back after I spend a few minutes with my parents? Tell the gal that she doesn't have to leave because my parents are leaving. Thanks a whole lot God – leaving me alone with Pops and moeder. What I wouldn't do right now to be someplace else.

My fiancé? They're what . . . they're really happy that I've met such a wonderful young lady? And when she told Illie that you'd asked her to marry her, they're wishing that I could've seen Illie's face? Illie then left the hospital in a real huff – telling everyone that she never ever wants to see me again?

This can't be happening. There's no way that moeder is okay with me not marrying Illie as . . . and now moeder is telling me that she and Pops have always known that Illie wouldn't be a good wife for me because she and Pops know that I'd never let Illie henpeck me like the way that she has henpecked Pops all her life? My fiancé . . . you need to tell Pops and moeder that you don't have a fiancé – that they need to stop telling you that you asked a gal to marry you because you haven't asked any gal to marry you – ever.

Why did Pops say that my fiancé sure has a lot of spirit? She told moeder to do what . . . and moeder listened to her? Moeder never listens to anyone. Moeder thinks that everyone needs to listen to her.

My fiancé went with Derk to donate blood if I'm wondering why she isn't here right now? This is crazy.

How many times God do I've to tell Pops and moeder that I don't have a fiancé before it'll sink into their thick skulls? Pops and moeder have to leave as . . . the least that you can do is to thank them for coming to your room. They need to understand that all you want to do is to just close your eyes and forget that you were ever shot. It's wrong for them to be so happy now when . . .

Why won't they leave? I need space. I need to think. They can't stay. They're not the Pops and moeder who I know. The Pops and moeder that I know aren't supposed to ever be happy with each other.

Ask them to please at least stop asking me questions. I can't tell them how long that I've known my fiancé because I don't have a fiancé. I can't tell them where I met my fiancé because I don't have a fiancé. I can't tell them where my fiancé is living, or whether she's a student at the U. or where she's working or . . . because I don't have a fiancé. It's like they're not hearing a word that I'm saying to them. Who're these people? Where did my father and mother go? Who's this couple next to this bed that I'm in who really seem to care about me.

Moeder's moeder has a ring that if I haven't given my fiancé a ring yet, that I can have it to . . . God – please clue me in on what You're making me go through right now. Moeder obviously means well but . . . help me to make her understand that you don't want her running my life anymore.

There's a lot of people in the waiting room that're going to be glad to know that I really am going to be okay – that the surgery to remove the bullet really was successful and . . . what? You've been making sense now? Who's she to say that you hadn't been making any sense? Tell moeder that she and Pops haven't been making any sense – that they're not acting right – that they're acting really strange.

Quilt? Tell moeder that you don't know anything about a quilt. Why did she ask me if . . . my fiancé said that the quilt was hers – that she had left it covering me when the ambulance came to get me to take me to the hospital? My fiancé told moeder that she needed the quilt back and that's when she told moeder that she needed to sit next to Pops? Now I know who they're talking about – they're talking about the angel who . . . tell moeder that she's your angel – that she was with you at the lake when you got shot – that she had Bubby go to her car to get a couple of blankets or quilts from the car for you to lie on and to cover you.

She really was an angel. She's my guardian angel. An angel driving a car . . . they've to believe me that she was angel. You'd have an angel drive a car – wouldn't You God. She had to have been angel. I can still feel how warm I felt each time that she touched me – and when she prayed . . . there's a large angel that was embroidered by moeder in the center of the quilt and the pictures on the squares in the quilt are all embroidered by women from the church? There – that should tell them that she's an angel. It makes sense that if an angel needs to have a quilt to cover her that she's going to have a quilt with her picture on it.

Good grief – how bizarre God are You going to let it get before You wake me up from this nightmare or hallucination that You're having me . . . like moeder just telling me that she loves me and now holding my hand like she really does love me . . . thanks God for letting it feel so good to hear moeder say that she loves me but . . . why did You've to wait so long to get her to say what she said and do what she's doing. I know – dreams and nightmares are always seem to be filled with random things happening that I probably subconsciously are wishing will happen to me – or not happen to me, but . . . thank you God.

But God – why didn't you a whole lot sooner get moeder and Pops – like when I was born, be like they're right now. That couldn't have just happened. Moeder has never kissed me. And Pops – I sure hope that he never stops looking so happy. I know that he meant what he just said – that he's proud of me.

And now you're wishing that they'd stayed. The truth is guy – the next time that you see them – they're going to be back living life just the way they were – moeder constantly berating Pops and Pops pretending everything is normal. The room suddenly sure feels empty. You need to be a whole lot more intentional guy when you get out of this place to spend more time with Pops and moeder. You need to resign yourself now to the fact that moeder will expect you to stay home while you recover – that . . . be ready to answer a lot of questions and to stay firm about doing whatever it is that you're sensing God leading you to do. I really am ready to go wherever the place is or places are where God has already planned for me to go.



Not already. Here's hoping that whoever is coming into the room is one of the nurses instead of someone else who won't let me sleep. It'd be so nice to just be able to pull the blanket up over my head and . . . Derk? Ang? Why is my guardian angel with Derk? I hope that she's not Derk's guardian angel, too.

Why did Derk have to come with . . . there's a phone in this room? Where did Ang get that cellphone that she has in her hand? Angels don't use cellphones – do they? She needs to answer it instead of just staring at it. Maybe she doesn't know how to use it? She sure looks like she doesn't want to be here right now.

She must've figured out how to answer her cell as . . . I hope that Ang knows that she's on speaker phone as whoever just called her doesn't seem to be happy with her at all. Whoever just called Ang must be doing face time with her as . . . I sure wouldn't like to have someone call me and the first thing that the person said was where in the world are you like . . . why did Derk . . .

What's his problem? Just because Ang didn't shut off her cellphone before she came into the room like she was supposed to, he didn't have to grab it from her like he did. What's wrong with him anyway?

Who's Angelica? Peter Chester Van Durkyn. How does she know Derk's name?

She's so sorry? Why? Who is she? If you can get Ang's attention, get her to come over to the bed and . . .

Krin and Hulde – how does she know Pops and moeder? She didn't want to put Derk through what the church put Pops and moeder through so her parents decided to move to where her mother's parents live? You've got to get Ang's attention. She has to know what the gal is talking about.

Good – Derk wants to know what she's talking about. The church made Pops and moeder to publicly confess in front of everyone in the church that moeder was pregnant before they could be married in the church. That's not news. Moeder loves to rub that in Pops' face whenever she can – which is all the time.

You had to have been dreaming guy that Pops and moeder were just in the room. There's no way that you're ever going to see them holding hands again with moeder acting like she really cares for Pops.

She needs to tell Angelina something? Angelina? Come on Derk – stop staring at who you're looking at on the phone and give the phone to Ang. About time Derk. What? Derk already knew? Angelina talks and acts just like whoever she is who's on the phone? That can't be. Derk can't be Ang's father. How dare she tell him that? That's right Ang – tell whoever she is that there's no way that she wants Derk to be her father – that she can't make Derk be her father – and that she's never going to speak to her again.

You've got to do something guy. Help me to know what to do God. Please. She's an angel – why isn't she acting like one? I don't blame Ang though for going berserk. Try grabbing her hand the next time that she gets close to you. Ask her to please stop doing what she's doing – that someone is bound to hear her and come through the door and ask her to leave – and you know that you don't want her to leave.

Finally. Now get her to sit in the chair next to the bed. Ask her how you can help. Tell her that you'd really, really be happy if she came home with you but . . . tell her that you understand why she'd never want to go home again – that she never wants to see her sister again – that she doesn't act like her sister – that she's never going to let her sister be her mother. Tell her that you know what she means – like how can someone always be teaching from the Bible while living a lie. I hope though that she doesn't call him a self-righteous hypocrite to his face. And whoever she's talking about who's always acting all pious like . . .

Please help me to know what to do God – please. Prayer? Guy – there's a framed Lord's Prayer above the side of the bed. Get Ang to look at the prayer. There has to be something in the prayer that . . . I see what she needs to see.

Good – she's reading it. Tell her to read it slowly. Now tell her to stop on that word. Thanks God – I know what that look and the way that she just squeezed my hand means. Tell her that from now on that you're always going to be there for her.

*Now why is he looking at me like Sus' dog does when the ugly mutt has gotten caught having done something that he knows that he wasn't to do? Ignore him gal. By this time tomorrow, you'll be . . .*

*If it's okay with me . . . what? What planet has the dude been living? Stop shaking your head gal and tell him that you're ready to head for the hospital where Eggert was taken. Do I want to know how long that it's going to take to get to the hospital? Don't gal – don't. Telling him that he's communication challenged will probably irk him even more than what you've already gotten him.*

*Just tell him thanks – that you're glad that he's willing to tell you how long it's going to take to get to the hospital. And Sus thinks that she's the only one who has a handle on being sarcastic. You're getting pretty good at it yourself.*

*Ask Derk how long that he's known Eggert. Maybe that'll . . . okay – he's known Eggy ever since Eggy was born. Instead of telling Derk that you don't think that it's nice to call anyone Eggy – let alone Eggert, you could've asked Derk when Eggert was born. And that'd be important to you to know – why? Okay – face it gal – you've been kind of curious to know how old Eggert is because . . .*

*It serves you right that Derk is totally ignoring what you asked him about Eggert's age. Just let him talk – as . . . and if he's really thinking that he needs to sell me on Eggert being a really good guy – I'm already sold on that. Really gal – how could you've been sold on Eggert being a good guy when you were with him less than probably fifteen minutes before got shot and . . . and here you are – suffering the consequences for what you started.*

*How long have I known Eggy? Did I meet Eggy at the conference? Have I been exchanging letters with Eggy? Good grief – he could've at least given you a second to answer a question before he asked the next one. Just tell Derk that you met Eggert about fifteen minutes before he got shot, that you don't know anything about a conference and no to corresponding with each other. Come on gal – you just had to ask Derk if he knows how to ask one question at a time versus twenty questions without giving you the chance to answer any of them. You had to look at him – didn't you. That was a smirk that he had on his face. He's messing with you gal – and you thought that . . . and now hitting him in his arm . . . you don't even know him. What has gotten into you? Why am I feeling like I'm throwing everything away that everyone has tried to make me be? Can something really feel so wrong and then feel so right at the same time?*

*We must be at the edge of the city where the hospital is where Eggert was taken as . . . come on gal – just tell Derk thanks for telling you that it'll be another five minutes or so before we get to the hospital as the hospital is on the other side of town instead of making some kind of wisecrack about him always treating you like a five year old.*

*This feeling like you're back in civilization again . . . are you wishing gal that you could be back where you were just a short time ago – where it seemed like life had stopped – where in every direction that you looked, you could see Your handiwork God. Thanks God for prompting me to come this direction. You didn't though have to have Eggert shot so that . . . this can't all be plausible – you've to be dreaming because if this isn't a dream that you're having that you've just had God wreck the world that was being choreographed for you by Pappy, Mammy and Sus ever since you were born.*

*This must be the hospital. And this must be the parking lot for the emergency room entrance as . . . am I ready to see how Eggy is doing? That's something that you weren't thinking about – were you gal. You do want to see Eggert again but . . . that feeling though of wanting to know what's going to happen after you see him again . . . you really, really want to keep seeing him – don't you.*

*This has to be the waiting room as . . . good – there's Sheriff. It's good to see a familiar face again. He must've brought Bubby with him because . . . that's probably Bubby's mother sitting next to Bubby. Why is she getting up and heading my way? She's crying. Why? Why is she hugging me – she doesn't even know me. I saved Eggert's life? Who told her that? The doctor who . . . why does she want to know my name. Just tell her. It won't hurt you. Ask her if it's okay if you sit down next to her. Why is everyone staring at me like I'm some sort of an alien creature who just arrived here from Mars. Please God – tell them to stop.*

*That must be Eggert's father sitting over on the other side of the room. You really didn't get a good look at him when . . . that was nice of Derk to go over and sit next to whoever the guy is. Ask Buddy who . . . okay – that is Eggy's father and Eggy's mother is sitting where . . . she's the mean looking woman who's sitting on the other end of the room with a quilt on her lap? Mean looking? Okay – he's right – she's . . . hey – that's Sus' quilt. She has no right to have it on her lap. And who're those busybodies sitting there with her? Talk about a bunch of old hens by the way that they're clucking about Sus' quilt.*

*You've got to get the quilt from her before . . . now what're you going to do – now that you're halfway across the room. You know that you need to ask her nicely for the quilt and hope that . . . and that's being nice – telling her that the quilt isn't her quilt and . . . and asking her why she's not sitting with her husband and now telling her that she needs to be sitting with her husband instead of sitting here with a bunch of . . .*

*I sure hope that Eggert's mother doesn't have false uppers as they're going to fall out of her mouth if she keeps her mouth open much longer. Tell her to stop staring at you – that you're not going to bite.*

*That's better – getting out the chair like being shot out of a gun and . . . and now her husband is trying to catch flies with his mouth and a look on his face like what just happened? Derk sure got out of his chair in a hurry and . . . talk about a comedy act that's unfolding right before your eyes.*

*You had to look at the old biddies again. Tell them to stop staring at you – that . . . gal – stop it. You've made enough of a spectacle of yourself. Be thankful that Eggert's mother when she stood up couldn't wait to give you Sus' quilt. Talk about something becoming a hot blanket. Funny gal.*

*Now what? Go – sit down next to Bubby. Be glad that after tonight that you're going to be nothing more than a crazed character in a story that everyone in this room will be able to tell their kids or grandkids. Be glad, too, that no one seems particularly anxious to talk to you right now. Derk could at least act like he wants to be here instead of sitting with his head down and his hands over his face while sitting in a chair that's as far away from everyone in this room. You can't blame him gal – pretending like he doesn't know you.*

*Whoa – charge right in gal – make sure everyone knows that you're here – take over the room. How's my Eggy? Her Eggy? And you thought that you were the only one on planet Earth who . . .*

*Tell Bubby thanks for telling you that that's Illie – that Illie thinks that Eggy is going to marry her – that he thinks that Eggy doesn't want to marry her because she's always bossing him around and because he wants to do something different than grow soybeans and milk cows.*

*That has to be the gal's mother as . . . great – you've become the other women. Ignore her – look away. If she wants to spend her time staring darts at you – let her. You don't have to throw them back at her. Now you've done it gal. You just had to say it loud enough for everyone to hear that Eggert has asked you to marry him. Now you know what it's like to be in a room where you can hear a pin drop.*

*Perfect timing – a doctor. Good – Eggert is awake, has been moved to a private room and he can start to have visitors. I know God – in everything give thanks for this is Your will for me to do. I definitely want to give You thanks for letting Eggert continue to live. I know God that you've got really special plans for him.*

*Now what's Derk up to? Do I want to go with him to give blood? What? Tell him that you've never given blood in your life – that you don't know what kind of blood that you have – that . . . like you've got a choice gal? It's either donating your blood or be killed by those darts that're coming from eyes all over the room.*

*Now what? What's his problem? This laughing like a . . . there's tears running down his face. He's never seen what? Ask him what a Hulde is before . . . he's never seen her jump for anyone in his life like the way that she jumped for me when . . . you did it now gal – someone else who you're going to have to apologize to for . . . okay – it was kind of funny but . . . and then when you blurted out that Eggert had asked me to marry him . . . if someone can die from out of control laughing, Derk better get himself together as . . . it wasn't that funny. That look though – he really does believe me that Eggert has asked you to marry him.*

*About time Derk pulled himself together again. Ask him where we're going. We're heading for the front desk to find out where we give blood? Derk must've been here before as he seems to know where he's going. Finally – something has gone my way. Thanks God. It's too late today to give blood as . . . we'll be back tomorrow early then to give blood? We? It can't be we because me is going to be . . . what do I've to do God to get Derk to get it that I need to be on the road early tomorrow morning in order to . . .*

*Maybe I don't want to go back to the waiting room? What's wrong with giving shared ownership to a decision? You don't have a choice gal but to do what Derk decides that you're going to do because if you don't . . . you need to get Yellow Mini's keys back – and get out of this awful mess before you dig yourself any deeper into it. And here we are back at the waiting room. Go sit down next to Sheriff and . . .*

*Why are Eggert's parents back in the waiting room? We weren't gone that long. Eggert must be doing okay as they look really happy while Derk is looking at them like he can't believe what he's seeing*

*That makes sense – getting asked to leave the room while Eggert has his leg looked at and redressed. What? The nurse just told them that Eggert can have visitors again and it's my turn to go see him? He couldn't really have convinced his parents that an angel was who saved his life – could he? If they're thinking that you were the angel, they should know by now that that's not possible because . . .*

*Tell Eggert's folks that they need to be ones who should go back to Eggert's room – that you're willing to wait until . . . you know that it's going to be awkward seeing Eggert. Why is Derk getting up? Who does he think he is – grabbing my hand and pulling me out my chair like . . . tell Derk that you don't want him to go with you that . . . come on – let him go with you.*

*Here we go again. You're doing again what someone else has told you to do and . . . at least Eggert sure looks like he's glad to see you. Just go over to the bed where Eggert is and ask him how he's . . .*

*That's your phone ringing. Why now just when . . . it's Sus. It can't be time yet for her to . . . it is and you're . . . why did you . . . and it's hello Ang – not where are ytheyou? Peter Chester Van Derkwhat? You just let Derk grab the phone out of your hand. Of course that's Angelica but . . . how does he know Sus? Why is Sus crying. She never cries. What does she mean that she couldn't make him go through what Krin and Hulde went through when they had to go in front of the congregation to confess that Hulde was pregnant before they got married – plus she knew that he had his heart set on joining the army and that she just couldn't . . . what's Sus rambling about to Derk anyway?*

*Sus wants to talk with me? Great – get ready gal for a good . . . meet your father? She wants me to do what – meet my father? What's wrong with Sus – she knows that Pappy is my father. And now telling Derk that she wants him to meet his daughter . . . and he already knows that I'm his daughter? No way? Derk can't be my father. I'm not going to let him be. Pappy is my father. I can't let this happen. Leave.*

*You know that you can't leave. Go to Eggert. Let him hold your hand. At least there's someone still around who . . . talk about hypocrites – Pappy and his self-righteousness and Mammy always acting all pious like and Sus . . . they all knew and didn't tell me that . . . how could you let them do that God?*

*There's no way that I'm ever going home again. Just as soon as Eggert is well enough to get out of this place . . . and then what? The least that you can do is to tell Eggert that you're sorry that he was shot – that you know that he wouldn't have gotten shot if you hadn't been there – that you know that it was your fault – that . . . and tell him that looking at the thing that's hanging above his bed with the Lord's prayer on it isn't going to help. You know that you want to do what Eggert is asking you to do right now. You know that you'd do anything for him if . . . you know why, too. The way that he's looking at you now . . . so . . .*

*Okay – God is My Heavenly Father. But God if Your will is being done right now on earth . . . keep on reading. No way. But the verse . . . God – how can I not hold grievances when . . . I know what You did through your Son for me – so because He did it for you gal – you don't have a choice but to do it so do it.*

*Forgive.*