

## People Worry Too Much

It was the year 2000. We entered Y2K without modern society collapsing. Grandma Ethyl's health, though, was failing. Brent's grandma had signed a DNR. A DNR is a do not resuscitate order. If her heart stopped beating or if she stopped breathing, CPR was not to be administered. A DNR prevents any machines from being used to sustain life.

Grandma's DNR order had been "misplaced." For several months, she had been in a coma following her vitals crashing. Life support machines kept Grandma alive. Shortly before her birthday, she just "woke up" but still needed professional care for other health needs. Grandma probably didn't know or understand the severity of her recent health problems. Who was going to tell her?

We planned a surprise birthday party for her. She was very happy to see all of us. She even smiled lovingly at her husband. Normally, she liked to complain to him. Her complaint of the day was that the staff wouldn't open the windows. We were on about the 8<sup>th</sup> floor and the windows were stationary. She said that Jesus was trying to come and get her, but the windows wouldn't open. Grandma tried to convince us to open the windows. She wanted to go with Jesus.

The following weekend, I was planning to attend my sister-in-law's baby shower. I lived about 2 hours away and followed the directions carefully. It was before the days of GPS, texting and googlemaps. I could follow most of the directions, but I didn't see the house indicated on my invitation. I didn't know the phone number of my destination. I was frustrated. I thought to myself that I am not driving four hours for nothing. So, I decided to drive another half an hour to go and visit Brent's grandma again.

Grandma Ethyl was surprised and happy to see me. In our conversation, I shared some of the challenges I faced while teaching. She said, "There is no sense to all this worrying. People worry too much." At the time, I worked for the Cleveland City School District. I thought that people, my students especially, did not worry nearly enough. Grandma said that everything was going to be just fine.

Brent and I had a secret. We were going to have another baby. I told Grandma the news during our visit. I had a feeling that she wouldn't go blabbing to anyone. A few days later, Jesus was able to take her home. I was probably the last of the family to talk to her. I am grateful for not being able to find the baby shower. I wouldn't normally have driven five hours to visit her that weekend. God changed lemons into lemonade. We had a wonderful visit. God had a more precious moment in store for me that day.