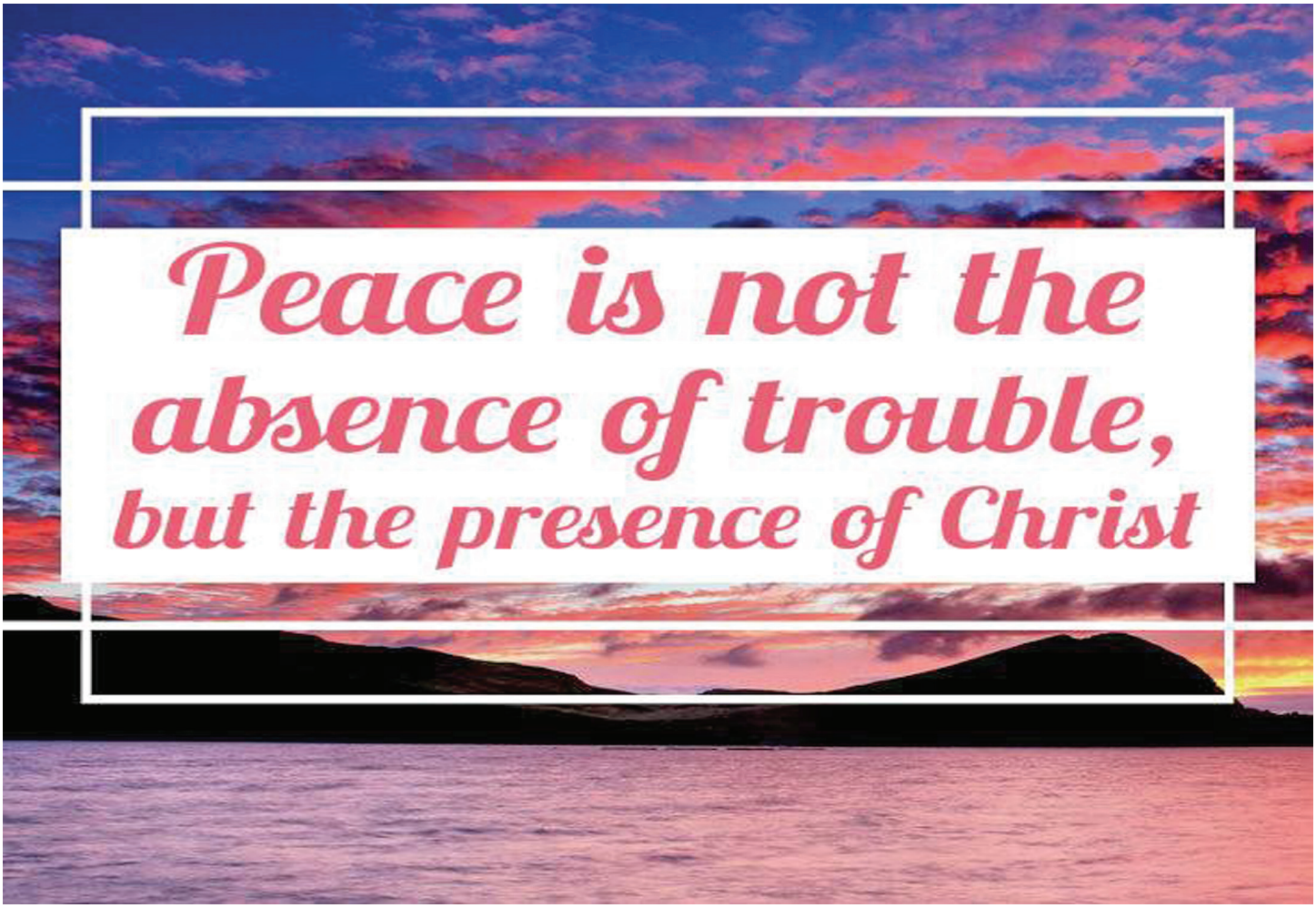

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. John 14:27

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. Matthew 10:34

His Grace Is Sufficient

by Sis. Sarah Ledger
Bartow, Georgia

I have always worked. I grew up on a small farm in south Jefferson County in the 40"s and 50"s, the only girl in a family of seven. Back then we chopped and picked cotton, dug and stacked peanuts, pulled and shucked corn, all by hand. Everything not eaten in season was saved for another day. By today's standards, I guess we were poor, but it gave us a rich work ethic.

In 1958, I married my sweetheart, a farmer. He had a tractor that ran most of the time. We planted soybeans, corn, and cotton. We also tried our hand at raising chickens, sheep, cows and hogs. Part of the time, he and I both had jobs off the farm. During the early years of our marriage, we were blessed with three wonderful children. When they were old enough, they did light farm chores. Our days were filled with school activities, church activities, after-school events, sports and 4-H. Those years went by entirely too fast.

When the children were grown and married, I went to work in one of the offices in town. I had no idea that I would be there until I retired. Learning to use a computer was a challenge! I was beginning to think that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks. Our office staff became like a little family, and I met some fine Christian people who came into our office. I loved sharing with them. I made some life-long fiends.

I retired at the end of 2006. My husband retired shortly after that from the Building Inspector's office. Retirement was wonderful. My husband planted and tended his beautiful garden. So that he could continue his flower ministry to the sick and shut-ins. I stayed busy doing whatever I wanted to do. I worked two or three mornings a week for my friend in his real estate office, filled my freezer and pantry, did some keepsake needlework for my grandchildren, visited with my brother, and I walked my two miles every day. I thought I was going full speed through my 80's and 90's, but that was not to be. A medical diagnosis in 2009 would change all that.

I had noticed for a few weeks that I was tending to drag my right foot. I was attributing it to fatigue, so I had not mentioned it. Then, one day in my doctor's office, he noticed that my ring finger on my right hand was shaking uncontrollably. He recommended that I see a neurologist and called to make the appointment.

I underwent a battery of tests, including X--ray, CT scan, and MRI. When the test results were in, the neurologist, a kind, caring, but frank doctor, gave us his diagnosis. I have Parkinson's disease, I don't remember my reaction to the news, but my husband and I both know about this disease. His mother lived with it for many years before her passing. It is a neurological illness for which there is yet no cure; however, there are effective drugs for the symptoms that occur. At first, my symptoms were mild and my medication mild, so very few people outside my immediate family knew anything was wrong. When it became obvious, we began to share more with others. I was still able to walk a little without help (in familiar places) until January of this year when a terrible fall put me in the hospital for three weeks. I have had some wonderful therapists and am improving. Now, I rely almost entirely on my trusty walker.

There are things that I miss terribly. I miss being able to do in the church as I would like. I miss driving. I miss sitting with my brother. I miss shopping. I miss the dollar store and eating out. But I can still read, do crossword puzzles (in ink), cross-stitch, do light housework, laundry and go to worship most Sundays (with help). I have a loving and supportive family and dear friends. I have no idea what the future will be like. I try not to think about it. I just pray for God's Grace. It is sufficient for me!

"Press forward. Do not stop, do not linger in your journey, but strive for the mark set before you."
— George Whitfield

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