

Saving a Child

My wife Soozie is an artist and an art teacher. She has taught both high school and elementary school students – spanning the entire age range from Kindergarten to Seniors. When she worked with Seniors as a Student Council advisor, she formed strong bonds with many young people about to launch into the world on their own.

Then due to a change in administration who did not appreciate her talents as a teacher and motivator, she found herself teaching elementary children. She has often stated that there was still a lot of drama, it was just a lot shorter with the little people.

The really interesting thing is that now she works with some of her former students, who became teachers at least in part because of her influence. Even more interesting is that now she is teaching the children of other former students, and she remembers how the parents behaved back in the day.

It was a poignant moment one day when she was teaching a particular boy and she came face-to-face with the realization that this boy was the result of a time years ago when she counseled his mother not to have an abortion. Now he was a great young man learning how to live.

I knew that there was a certain legacy here. Soozie's father was an ear, nose, and throat doctor. In his earlier days before he became a specialist he was in general practice and probably saved many people from death. But none of these instances was more outstanding than when he met a grown woman one day who told him that he had saved her life the day she was born and she would not be alive without him. He had had to make the terrible decision in a difficult birth to save the mother, who was failing, or the baby, who represented a new beginning.

It is an incredible thing to save someone. In a way, it is the lifework of both the teacher and the doctor. But perhaps we all have, as we develop our relationships and pursue our life's mission, at least one chance to save someone and change their world.

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Do those that are saved really know what was done for them? Soozie's dad encountered someone who did. And in this Communion that is what we are doing: showing recognition of our Saviour and how He has saved us. I think we can understand how Christ feels when we worship Him for it. [Like when Peter confessed that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God]