



## *Because He asked me too.*

I am not a phone person. Anyone who has any type of relationship with me can confirm that. Jason pays the biggest price for that, followed by close family, friends, doctor's offices, the pharmacy...you get the idea. What frustrates me the most is forever missing the "once in a blue moon" phone call from the school. "Hey, your kid needs to go to the ER with a split lip," or "Your kid just threw up, can you get him?"

Two phone calls, however, I did answer, and both instantaneously changed the course of my life. One I answered 5 years ago while driving a car home from school in the rain with my four-year-old in the back seat. The other I answered almost 2 years ago sitting next to Jason on our deck. Both told me of cancer, the first life-threatening, the second, terminal. The first verses I read after the phone call 5 years ago were in Psalm 95. The last words I read on the page before the tears completely clouded my vision were, "Today if you hear my voice..."

These words have a simple meaning. If I hear God's voice, then I know what He wants me to do, and then obey. God does not play games with us. When He points us in a certain direction or gives a certain assignment, we who have the Holy Spirit in us know. We just know. It's supported or clearly communicated through Scripture. It could come through another trusted Believer or circumstance. But when it is His voice, we listen and we obey.

"Today if you hear my voice" meant this to me, from God. Christy, you are entering onto a road that I am allowing, but also leading you through. You don't know how long it is or why you are on it. You don't know the many assignments along the way that I will give to you. But I am asking you to do it. To simply obey and walk this new road. This road of course, was named cancer.

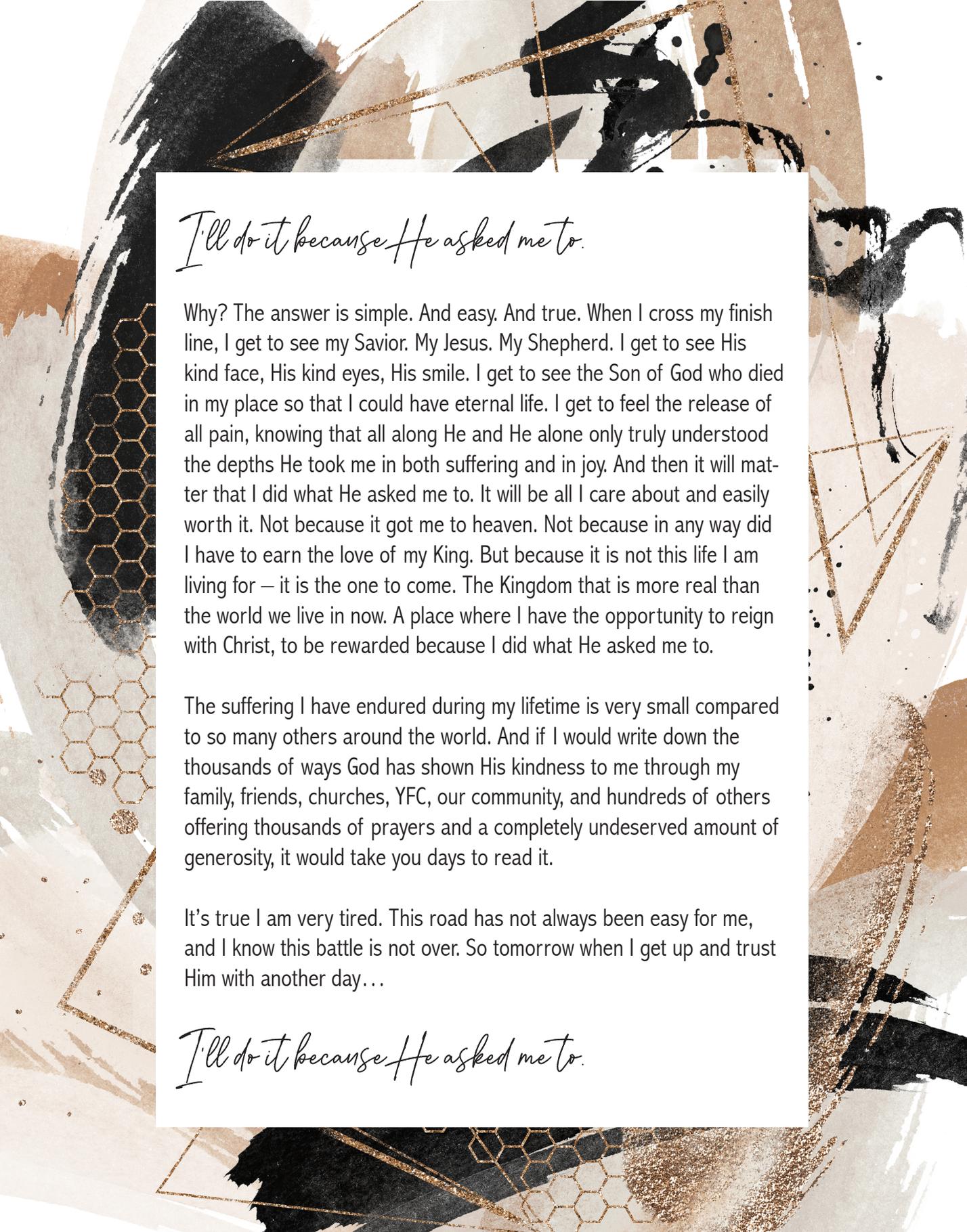


If I am honest, I have not spent every moment of the last 5 years with an attitude that would impress anyone. Depending on what month or year it is, you'd find me walking, running, skipping, crawling, limping, dragging, or just laying there in a fetal position. You'd hear laughing, crying, worshiping, silence, screaming, pleading, whimpering, complaining, or confessing.

Now, today, and 5 years into this, I look back in something of a blur, a haze. I am so tired. I can't always see straight. The finish line has yet to be revealed. Jesus has called home so many others that were on a similar road. Each day I am tempted to not get up, to not move. Granted there are many days that I physically cannot get out of bed...but I mean to move forward on this road. Why should I? Because I am 'so strong; or 'such a fighter?' No. Because I have the determination to beat cancer? No. Because it will make me more spiritual? No. Because people will be impressed? No. Because God's kindness can be measured by how I feel or my circumstances? No. Because I understand the big picture and everything makes perfect sense to me? No. Because I know the pain will end soon? No. Because I am one of those special people who knows every verse by heart and has a constant joy in all things? No.

*I do it because He asked me to.*

The 6 surgeries, the 67 chemo infusions, the hair loss, the radiation, the endless pills, endless more months of chemo and more side effects. The mouth sores, the hormone shots, insomnia, more radiation, loss of feeling in my foot, headaches, stomach issues, aching bones, the constant flu-like feelings, throwing up, hundreds of shots with various side effects of their own, burns on my skin, swollen feet, stomach and face, extreme weight loss and gain, nails turning brown, nose bleeds, loss of taste.



*I'll do it because He asked me to.*

Why? The answer is simple. And easy. And true. When I cross my finish line, I get to see my Savior. My Jesus. My Shepherd. I get to see His kind face, His kind eyes, His smile. I get to see the Son of God who died in my place so that I could have eternal life. I get to feel the release of all pain, knowing that all along He and He alone only truly understood the depths He took me in both suffering and in joy. And then it will matter that I did what He asked me to. It will be all I care about and easily worth it. Not because it got me to heaven. Not because in any way did I have to earn the love of my King. But because it is not this life I am living for – it is the one to come. The Kingdom that is more real than the world we live in now. A place where I have the opportunity to reign with Christ, to be rewarded because I did what He asked me to.

The suffering I have endured during my lifetime is very small compared to so many others around the world. And if I would write down the thousands of ways God has shown His kindness to me through my family, friends, churches, YFC, our community, and hundreds of others offering thousands of prayers and a completely undeserved amount of generosity, it would take you days to read it.

It's true I am very tired. This road has not always been easy for me, and I know this battle is not over. So tomorrow when I get up and trust Him with another day...

*I'll do it because He asked me to.*

*"Oh come.*

*let us worship and bow down*

*let us kneel before*

*the Lord, our Maker!*

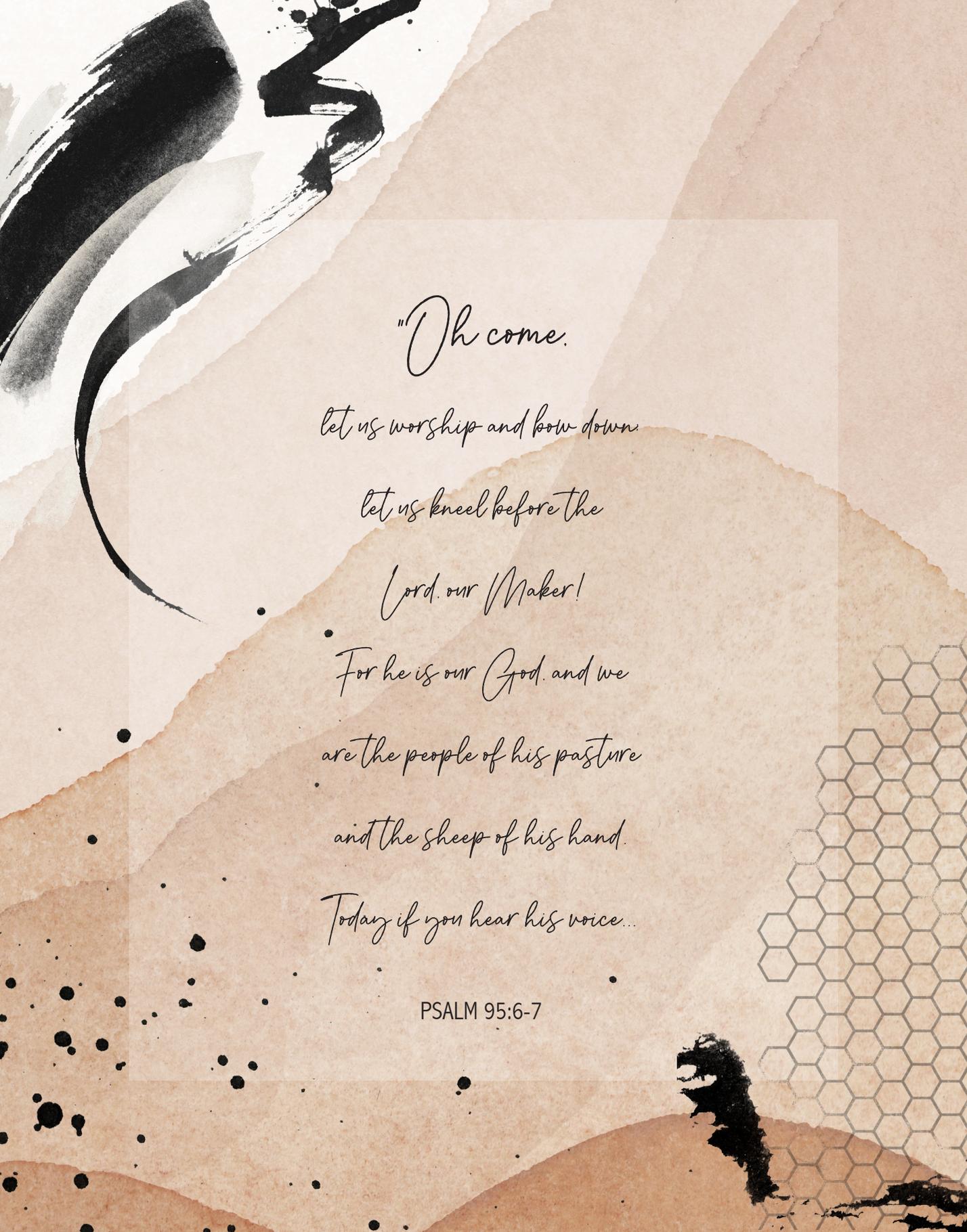
*For he is our God, and we are*

*the people of his pasture and*

*the sheep of his hand.*

*Today if you hear his voice...*

PSALM 95:6-7



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