

Miracles

The preacher stood before the congregation and reported that Ron was in the worst shape that he'd ever seen anybody and that it would take a miracle for him to recover. Jack stood before the congregation and asked them to stand for the opening prayer, where he asked for that miracle. During prayer time people came to the altar and asked for that miracle. During Sunday School, while David stood in for Ron, Dan said that he could only repeat what the preacher had said, that nothing short of a miracle could help Ron. Everyone prayed again for that miracle, but scarcely a day later the prayer tree calls went out that Ron was dead.

Everyone wondered where was the miracle that they had prayed for. Those prayers had also said that God's will be done, but they had wanted that miracle. Had God run out of miracles? They knew it could be done; there had been many in Ron's past.



Surely it took a miracle, many of them, to have brought Tyler through his many illnesses and problems. Surely it took a miracle for Ron to find his daughter after so many years and miles had separated them. Surely it took a miracle for a lonely wanderer to find love and contentment. Surely it took a miracle for a serious and proud man to completely lose himself in the delight of becoming Dr. Birdbrain. Surely it took a miracle for a Catholic Polish Yankee to find himself teaching Sunday School in the local Methodist church, getting adopted by a Scottish Clan, and being at home in the foothills of East Tennessee.

There were some other things that it would have taken a miracle, but they never happened. It would have taken a miracle for him to have made friends with a cow that wasn't already on a plate; it would have taken a miracle for him to have filled up his blackberry bucket; it would have taken a miracle for him to enjoy putting up Christmas decorations; and it would have taken a miracle to get him to like soup beans. But those were minor miracles, he needed a big one.

Miracles come in all shapes and sizes, and most of them go unnoticed. Have we noticed how Ron helped get the church so involved in the Father's Place ministry? Have we noticed how he steered us into becoming more active in the Gifts for Kids? Have we noticed how many Bibles have been given out all over



the county, many delivered by Ron? Have we noticed how much money was raised through his idea of the Motz-Cogburn meals?

How little we have noticed, perhaps because it was so natural to have Ron call up with a new idea or project that he thought would be great or to have him pronounce as wonderful some idea of ours with his usual "Well...that sounds great! Let's just do it."



But that doesn't answer the main question: miracles had come to him and miracles had come through him, but where was this last miracle when he needed it...when we needed it...

The miracle was there, it was just harder to notice. It was a miracle of healing, just not the one we wanted. It was a miracle of grace; a miracle of life. A miracle of a God loving and protecting and preserving and reassuring.



There's an old choir song out of the black book that says: "It took a miracle to put the stars in place. It took a miracle to hang the world in space. But when he saved my soul, cleansed and made me whole, it took a miracle of love and grace."

Lives go on, hurts go away; memories linger in the day even as tears fade in the night. All we can do is to carry on with the works left before us. Works begun by others, works passed down through generations, works never finished. For all too brief a time we pass through life together before being separated for a short while.

We've been in this funeral home too many times, we've buried so many people; but neither they nor their memories nor their works have remained buried and gone. And that's a real miracle.

