

I am so Happy to be Alive

It has been over eight years since my life was saved. It has probably been saved many different times, but I do not realize it in the same way, as it happened on November 26, 2007. I had a heart attack at our home in Floradale. My wife did CPR, and the local Floradale fire company did the same, and used the defibrillator, twice. The paramedics did the work they had to do, and brought me to the hospital. Tests were taken to determine that it was a heart attack. It was. For a week, they stabilized me, and took more tests. A triple by-pass was executed, and I arrived home a week later, on December 10, 2007. There were many people who were part of my life being saved, but none of them say that they saved my life. They all say that they did what they were trained to do, and that is all. Something or someone, allowed me to recover, and live until this day. I am happy to be alive.

In the Bible, in the biography about Jesus attributed to John, there is a story of Lazarus. He was a friend of Jesus. He gets sick and dies. Jesus was away, but returns to the family home. He tells Lazarus to come out of the tomb, and he comes out alive, but stinking up the house. Later on in the story, some people are upset at this miracle, and want to kill both Lazarus and Jesus. Why can't people just be happy about such a miracle.

I am happy to be alive. I do not jump up and down too often, yelling it into the streets that , "I died and am alive again". This is not my nature, but I am glad all of those people, my wife, the firemen, the nurses, the surgeon, the pharmacists, did what they are trained for, and had a part in the miracle of saving my life.

I have been able to return to my work as pastor. My wife and I have been able to continue to travel. I was given a sabbatical by my church. Three of my children have graduated from university since my heart attack. My son and daughter-in-law have been married, and now I am an "Opa" to our grandson. I have so much to be thankful for, and I am thankful to be alive. I can walk everyday, and I can enjoy all the thing that I did before in my life.

There is a thought that comes into my mind/soul/body sometimes that quietly says to me, if I am listening well, "why me?" I wonder if Lazarus felt this, especially if some people were trying to kill him. No one is try to kill me. People in my life think that it is great that I have been given an opportunity to live a little longer. I am happy to be alive.

When that voice in my head talks to me, I think about what I have been called to do, since I have been saved. I think, sometimes, that I need to do something extraordinary in response to the extraordinary thing that was done for me. I do not think life works that way, but I think it sometimes. What do you think?

I believe that God saved me. I believe that God wants me to be faithful, and not do great things. God wants me to be happy that I am alive and well. God wants me to live out the salvation that he brought through the life and death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. I am happy that I am alive to do that. AMEN.

Fred Redekop

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