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Above, Salisbury Crags taken from adjacent Arthur's Seat.

Below, Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh Emergency Department entrance. Right, just discharged from the Royal Infirmary (part of the modern medical center in background) and struggling with new moon boot and crutches. Wendy interprets my expression as, "We are Not Amused."



A brisk, pre-breakfast hike on March 27th up Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh's 340 million year old volcanic peak, ended abruptly when I slipped on dewy grass and fell.

Emergency room, x-rays revealed two sheared ankle bones and a third one fractured. "You will need reconstructive surgery," the ER nurse pronounced. (I thought she was joking to cheer me up. **Not.**)

I spent a full week in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh. Now an assortment of hardware holds the ankle together. I am expected to eventually regain full range of motion. Meanwhile, I totter around with a moon boot and crutches. Yesterday (April 14), I had the industrial weight staples removed. Progress!

On April 5th, I flew back to Honduras (in upgraded business class: *always buy travel insurance!*).

How sobering that in one brief second, one's whole life can change.

In the ER, my first glum thought was, "*Now I won't be able to travel to the communities on public buses, carrying all that heavy baggage.*" Then I wondered if I would be fired. But with so much time to think, I realized that all the other tasks of my job with the ICLH will more than fill my schedule.

God's presence was constant, expressed particularly in the extraordinary kindness of the medical staff, and in the care of daughter Wendy, who tenaciously took on insurance bureaucracy, flight rescheduling, errands, hospital visits twice daily, and spreading the news via emails.