

A Little Too Close to the Edge

It sure seems like it's going to be an early spring. When we were kids one of our favorite things to do in the spring was to ride on the back of the grain drill. The oats went in the ground as early as possible each year so they could get an early start. They could handle a frost or two, so it was fine to seed them down early. We always used oats as a cover crop for our alfalfa so if there was a chance to get a late cutting of hay that first summer then the earlier the better it was to get the oats in. We kids would sit on the bench on the back of the drill and let our bare feet drag in the freshly worked soil. Dad always drilled with the Farmall M and when we got home from school, we could hear which field he was in by the squeak of the brakes as he turned at the end of each row. If he was turning to the left, he would crank the steering wheel that way and step hard on the inside brake and if he was turning right, he cranked the steering wheel to the right and hit the outside brake. The brake would let off a loud high-pitched squeak that could be heard for a mile or two. There was a bench that ran the whole width of the drill in the back where you could stand to fill up the seed boxes and that's what we would ride on. Sometimes we would play games to see who could ride close to the edge with no hands and not fall off. We would come in from the field pretty dirty, but my mom didn't seem to mind. She just threw us in the tub. By the time the last one got their bath the water was pretty black.

Once we were playing that game to see who could ride on the edge without falling only, we were sitting on the edge of a flatbed hay wagon heading out to the hayfield. Well, my third oldest brother fell off and the empty wagon's rear wheel ran over his leg and snapped his femur bone. It was just us boys bringing out the wagon, so we picked him up and loaded him back on and headed to the house with the wagon bouncing along the gravel drive all the way home. We wondered why my brother was screaming in pain. Later when he got home from the hospital, we found out it was pretty bad. He was in a cast from his belly all the way down to his ankle. He pretty much laid in bed for several weeks and got to eat all his meals there. His teachers came to the farm and tutored him in his lessons. I remember my mom making a lot of blueberry pies and the teachers ranting and raving about how good they were. His leg got pretty itchy inside that cast, and he would take a long coat hanger that was stretched out and send one end down inside the cast to scratch his leg. When he finally got the cast off his leg was all scrawny from the muscle atrophy. It didn't take him long to get back on his feet.

I love how God has designed our broken bones to heal themselves. Jehovah Rapha means the God who heals. Jeremiah 17:14 says, *Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise.* Jeremiah 30:17: *For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord.* We often pray for people in our church to be healed and restored from sickness and disease and it's amazing to see God pour out His power in this way just like when Jesus walked on the earth and healed. We can't demand God to heal, but when can sure ask Him. Until next week, God bless.