

My Snapshot of the Day Mom Died

by Chris Scott

Quite honestly, looking back, I can not honestly tell you if I believed in God or not.

I didn't see God. I couldn't hear him. I couldn't touch him.

I had people that wanted me to believe in him. Ok, to be honest, I had girls I liked that wanted me to believe in him. And yet, I had no real PROOF that he existed.

I wanted to believe. I wanted a higher power, a purpose to this life. I just couldn't find tangible proof of His existence.

I was a biology major. I believed in EVIDENCE. Come to me with FACTS and we can talk. Present me with theory, and I may listen. Say that I just need faith, and I would smile – maybe shake your hand – then quietly dodge you on campus for the rest of my life.

But, looking back, I desperately WANTED to believe in God. I wanted someone to present me with something that I could not dispute. Something that I could finally say "A-HA! Finally, now I can do the things I feel I should do but continue not to do because Im not sure I need to!"

Come on, I'm alone in this?

It took a VERY patient, loving, and stubborn wife, a Mohawked Pastor, a fire hose and some smoke bombs, sleep deprivation, a major loss of flesh, a screwed up hip, some Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, a lot of uncomfortable hugging, a lot of clapping, and some really Godly men to get me to have faith without "facts". Im sure there were a few baseball bats to the head in there as well.

Still, all I wanted was for God to show himself. That would seal the deal.

Then, this happened.

"I think Judi just had a heart attack. Headed to ER via Ballard"

I don't care who you are, when you get messages like that – everyone that drives below the speed limit lines up to get in your way – and it's a long drive from Quincy.

I call my dad, and he tells me they were doing CPR on mom when they left the house. That he is on his way to the ER behind them.

Then, in text

"She's at the ER. They are doing CPR"

Im going to be honest. I thought I would show up in the ER and dad and Timm would be standing next to mom and she would be telling me how scary it was, but she's fine now and we'll just need to watch her for the next 48 hours.

That wasn't the case.

I checked into the ER, and this guy – Shawn Ballard - comes and grabs me and takes me to my dad and my brother. He proceeds to tell us what his going on. Every 2 minutes. Before we could even think “can we get an update”, Shawn was there.

My brother tells me of a giant Ballard EMT, Gage Island, covered in sweat who gave compressions to my mother the entire way to the hospital to keep her heart pumping. He said he shook his massive hand, and the guy got back in the ambulance and went back out on the job.

Then, the ER Doctor, Christopher Davis, shows up and lets us know what is going on. Chris is a friend of the family and has helped bottle wine for us. I can see that he’s fighting back tears.

Scott, the hospital chaplain that has known mom since she worked there comes and says a prayer with us. Scott has worked with mom at the hospital for years, and knows her.

My father goes back to see mom and tells us that he couldn’t count the amount of hospital staff that were there frantically trying to keep my mother alive.

Then, friends from Grace City church come and give hugs all around. You can see in their eyes that they want so desperately to help us. To somehow say a prayer and mom will wake up. Leading the charge was Andy, of whom I’ve never met but made himself a brother quick enough with his willingness to serve.

Grace, Timm’s daughter, and her Fiancé Cody arrive and join the love. There’s a renewal of hope as she adds to the confidence that grandma is tougher than this. All of this.

Then Wendy Dial checks in and gives me a huge hug. know that if she could, she would do anything to help mom. I can see it in her eyes as they well up with tears when she hugs me.

I start getting texts and phone calls from friends who want to know what is going on and sending me their prayers. Friends and family wanting to know what they could do, anything, that could help. I could feel their desire to help, feeding me through their connections.

My wife is planning everything so that I can be with my mom even though she desperately wants to be there with me. I can hear it in her voice how frustrated she is that she isn’t by our side, but I can also feel that she knows we need to keep the peace at home, for now.

They wheel mom out to get her into a CAT scan, and to take her to the ICU. As she passes, I feel the eyes and hearts of the entire ER staff on my family. You could almost physically see the prayers for my mother and our family floating above my mother as they transport her.

Somehow, with the guidance and patience of Sean, we made it up to ICU.

We make it Scott comes around again to check in with us and give us his love and prayers. He must never sleep, because he kept a silent loving vigil on us while we were there.

Daniel leaves his son’s wrestling match to join me in the waiting room. I was walking back from just seeing my mom and I see him doing jumping jacks in the window from the waiting room to the ICU. He’s been trying desperately to get ahold of me, but I’ve been glued to my mother. There is nothing like the hug from a dear friend that raises your hopes. We can get through this.

Were all getting texts and calls from multiple friends offering help and prayers.

Then, I hear a voice. Softly, lovingly, I hear.

“Do you see me now?”

You all have been the hands and feet of God. Your presence, your hugs, your words, your thoughts, your prayers – all of it showed me God. It didn't matter that you were from Grace City, or Awaken, or Sage Hills. It didn't matter if you were from Wenatchee, or Cashmere, or Quincy or even L.A.. You all showed me God.

And it cemented my Faith in Him, and in you.

My mother is smiling down on me right now knowing that I finally got it.