



A Resurrection Story

By Bob Krusinski

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We welcomed our first child into this world on May 1, 1990 and named her Rachel. In the country once known as Russia, every May 1, the tanks would roll en masse into Red Square. Maybe that should have signaled to us that this wasn't going to be an ordinary birth. Rachel did not come with a written set of instructions; if she had, it might have read, "Dear Bob and Sherry- buckle your seat belts- you're in for the ride of your life!"

We began life with Rachel enjoying six months of extreme colic. In the seventh month, after her colic had subsided, Rachel had her first Grand Mal seizure while quietly nursing on mom. Let me fast forward. For the next number of months turning into years we were in and out of hospitals and doctor's offices with an avalanche of concerns. Hearing things you do not want to hear from your child's doctors. Things like "Why Mrs. and Mr. Krusinski we've never seen anything like this before!" and "May we take pictures? This is by far the worst case on record." We heard those things. At least twice Rachel helped to re-write medical text books. For the record, Rachel is classified MR (mentally retarded) with an IQ of 39, she is epileptic, possibly Autistic, has physical delays, and a skin condition called pitoriasis. Rachel will most likely never be able to read or independently care for herself. My beautiful wife, who is appreciably younger than me, kiddingly shares that her goal is to get Rachel out of diapers before she has to put me in them. Through it all we do not have any answers. Doctors have labeled Rachel "idiopathic"~ that's medical-ese for "it beats the heck out of us?"

Rachel was dedicated to the Lord shortly after she was born; we had entrusted her to the Lord's care, recognizing that we were just stewards of this child. Life with Rachel is different. We are parents who have watched Barney the purple dinosaur for the past 14 years, must remind our 15 year not to bite people, and have endured too many nights of incessant screaming with no apparent cause or reason. After two or three years of one-on-one swim lessons by trained professionals, Rachel could drown in a teacup.

So where is the generosity?

Rachel is blessed to have her mother's beauty. Many happy, bubbly children have smiles that can light up a room. Rachel's smile and warm laughter light's up our whole world. We have had to pull together as a family; our home and family life is continually filled with love and laughter. Much of this centers on Ray-Ray (Rachel) and her many "*Rachelisms*". We often mimic her idiosyncrasies, such as throwing herself on the floor, and in childlike anger, gritting her teeth, and inviting us to "have a *nice* day!" God uses laughter and love as our family's best medicine.

Our Heavenly Father has been a generous provider. Sherry has not had to provide a second income for our family for the past 17 years. She is able to meet our family's needs on the home front, as well as, be involved in church service and school activities. I like the way that God keeps our family's books. What should not work always does~ He seems to have a unique accounting system? For all intents/purposes we are a family without debt, except to Him.

God has inaudibly said to us, "Take loving care of this child; I will provide help." Rachel has full time school services, therapists who visit our home, a Saturday morning respite program, and a part time personal care nurse, who lovingly welcomes Rachel into her own home and family during the week. Doctors, medical care, and all of these services, have always been well covered for us.

God's generosity also came to us five years after Rachel was born. Her name is Hannah. Hannah has a very understanding heart towards her older special -needs sister. She helps dress Rachel, tries to engage her in play, reads her stories, and even helps her on the potty. Not long ago Rachel, Hannah, and I were out for a walk together. Hannah turned to me and asked, "Dad, when you and mom go to Heaven, will I be the one to take care

of Rachel? That will be okay.” I vacuumed up the puddle that used to be my heart, and the best I could come up with was, “Sweetie, God has a plan and it will be a good one.”

This church family is part of God’s generosity. Rachel has five Sunday school teachers that allow my wife and I to attend worship services. Thank you Jill, Sue-Jen, Lesley, Linda, and Lynne for servicing Rachel for us. Thanks also to Radina, Jan, and Amy for helping to facilitate this for us.

Do you know how else God is generous? He constantly reminds us that the here and now of this life is short. God causes us to keep marching forward with one eye on eternity. We have dreams of what it will be like then. I can’t wait to see Rachel in her new and glorified body and mind. We have one sure thing to cling to~ Rachel has a very bright future!

If you ask Rachel, “Who is Jesus?” she will say “God!”; “Where does Jesus live?” “Heaven”; “Who did Jesus die for?” “For me!” I think she has pretty good theology.

I’m sure it’s no coincidence that Rachel’s favorite book is by Max Lucado. It’s called, “You are Special” perhaps you are familiar with it? Eli, the wood craver, who represents God, tells Punchinello, a sort of sad-sack Wemmick, that he is special because as Eli states, “Because you are mine, I made you and I don’t make mistakes!”

God made Rachel just the way she is, and she is special; He loves her, and she matters, and God doesn’t make mistakes. None of us is any different. He is a generous God because His grace extends to each of us as His special and beloved creation. He considers us so special that He allowed His precious Son to leave the riches and glory of Heaven, and to become one of us in the hard place of this fallen world, ultimately to die on a cross to fulfill redemption’s plan.

Now that’s a generous God!

