

Aimee's Broken Arm

Jeremiah 32:27

"I am the Lord, the God of all mankind. Is anything too hard for me?"

It was the last year that we were in Brazil before we came back to the States on our first furlough. Our daughter happened to be roller-skating in the front of our house, which had a nice slope so she could roll down the hill and go near the street, then climb back up and roll down again. Aimee was a wonderful loving little girl, but she was no athlete. Her process of roller-skating was with extreme caution. Unfortunately, she lost her footing, slipped and fell down on her arm and broke it.

I remember the scream. I remember the horror of going outside and seeing my daughter with her arm bent out of shape at a 30 degree angle. You could see her arm was broken and bent in the middle.

Of course the heroic dad that I am, I wanted to help, so I rushed to her side. I knew what to do. I thought it would be best to set it right away. I know now that was a bad idea, but it was the gut reaction of a father wanting to help his daughter. So, I grabbed Aimee's arm and pulled hard on it to try to reset it. It didn't help. It just made matters worse.

We rushed her to the emergency clinic. They took x-rays and then they set the arm properly, and put a cast on it. This was just weeks before leaving to go home to America. They said in six weeks the cast needed come off. "When you get home," they instructed, "have the doctor take it off and check that it was set properly." They were not able to look at that while it was mending itself.

After six weeks of great irritation from wearing a cast Aimee wanted it off. So we carefully removed the cast. We were heartsick. I wanted to cry. I said, "Oh God, what have I done to my baby?" The doctors told us the arm needed to be re-broken and reset. We couldn't bear to put our daughter through that again.

He said, "In two weeks you'll come back and then we'll have to reset it." We prayed. I'll tell you there have never been moments when I've prayed harder. I felt it was my fault, my stupidity that caused this break to be worse than it needed to be. I prayed, "Oh God, we need you to do a miracle for Aimee. We need you to heal this arm so she doesn't have to go through this pain." Our prayer warriors and friends went to the throne and said, "Lord, you're our friend, Jesus. We've walked with you and we've seen you do great things for people that didn't deserve it. Would you heal Aimee's arm?"

Two weeks later we went to the doctor. The doctor unraveled all that gauze and the splint. We looked and her arm was perfect. Not a bend, not a bump. Nothing was wrong. It was perfectly mended! Praise the Lord!