



MY SUNSHINE, LENT 2004

Cynthia Gustavson

This March is the third anniversary of Ed's near fatal car accident. Each morning he thanks God for the new day, and each night he goes to sleep to the words of *You are my sunshine*. That's the song I sang to him over and over in the hospital when I had run out of words. *You'll never know Dear, how much I love you*, and then the prayer, *Please don't take my sunshine away*. I knew I was not the only one praying that prayer. Thousands of people all over the world were praying for Ed, but the one he heard every day was the one sung by my voice, the one accompanied by my hand on his forehead.

When he was in the intensive care unit in Arkansas old-timey country music blared from the TV. One day I heard the gospel song *This world is not my home, I'm just a passin' through*. Ed didn't believe that, and neither did I. Ed used to say, *This world IS my home, and with God's help, I am called to make it a better place*.

That was the day I drove to Wal-Mart, bought him a radio, turned it to the classical music station, and told the nurses to leave the television off, and the radio on. I could see his whole body relax as he listened to Bach.

A year after the accident Ed and I joined the choir. Vicki moved the tenors over to the opposite side to accommodate Ed's wheelchair, and Jerry helped Ed learn the music. He was frustrated because the respirator tube had created so much scar tissue in his throat and vocal cords that he could not sing clearly. But one Wednesday, as he was singing *Alleluia* he felt a great ripping pain. The scar tissue let loose, and he is now able to sing with spirit. Alleluia!

Healing comes in warm hands, smiles, prayers, good science, hard work, and even in music. I thank God every day I still have my sunshine.

Dear God of Love, help us to learn the ways to heal ourselves and others through your gifts to us and through your constant watchfulness and care. Amen.