

## EDITOR'S note

*Surely, it is God who saves me;  
I will trust in Him and not be afraid.  
For the Lord is my stronghold and  
my sure defense, and He will be my Savior.*

| Psalm 31  
paraphrase

The Lord has cared for me in the past year, in ways small and big, thanks to His infinite mercy and through the people He placed, and continues to place, in my path at my exact time of need.

When the cupboard started to get bare, because I spent most of my days with Richard at the medical facility, church friends showed up at my doorstep with just the groceries I needed! A sweet church friend continues to check that I have enough fresh fruits and veggies.

Last winter when my house lost heat (three times!) during sub-zero, wind-chill temperatures — including on New Year's Eve — the repairmen came fairly quickly, and I was never cold for long.

Squirrels, hungry and desperate for warmth, bit through my roof and took up residence in my attic. Each day, at the crack of dawn, it sounded as though I had a horseracing track in my attic! Eventually, the icy rain stopped long enough for the roofer to extricate them and repair the roof.

I wish he had taken the mice with him too.

Upon leaving a funeral home for the visitation of a dear church friend one wintry night, my car's brakes made a squealing, ear-splitting sound. I knew I could not risk driving home 16 miles. My wonderful pastor and his wife came to my rescue! My pastor met me where I had stopped, recommended a local repair shop where my car could be towed, and his wife drove me home and picked me up the next morning so I wouldn't miss the funeral service at church.

So very thankful for:

- My faithful neighborhood friends: my former Girl Scout co-leader and her husband who roll my trash cans down my driveway each week, and my new next door neighbor who rolls them back the next day.
- My safety-conscious handyman who straightened my wobbly stone path, installed four smoke alarms, and always made sure my driveway was plowed in time for church on Sunday.
- Your cards and calls and emails, Bible verses and especially prayers — please know they came at just the time I needed them!

Above all, my greatest blessing is my brave daughter, Elizabeth, whose generous sacrifice of time, hard work, and love for me — at a time when she is still adjusting to her own loss — makes it possible for me to manage on my own and move forward. (And by the way: She is a master mice killer.)

With gratitude to God from whom all blessings flow,

*Nancy*

**Nancy Graf Peters**, Editor-in-Chief



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