Hi, just a reminder that you're receiving this email because you have expressed an interest in NAD Ministerial Spouses Association. Don't forget to add Donna.Jackson@nad.adventist.org to your address book, so the Fresh Strength bi-monthly newsletter will be sure to land in your inbox!

You may unsubscribe if you no longer wish to receive our emails.

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From the pen of Donna...

Dear friends,

My warm greetings to you each, and my sincere thanks for your prayers, communication and other kind expressions of love after my April 30 car accident. Your prayers were effective! Also, thank you for understanding why we’re forced to delay the next issue of Fresh Strength.

The accident left me with a crushed right heel, some memory challenges and firsthand experience that car brakes don’t always prefer to stop on rained-on-highways behind other vehicles that stop without warning. I got out of the hospital on May 23, and now pass the time on my back with four pillows propping up my foot, which contains a weird-looking metal T-bar with three screws (external fixator) penetrating about two inches into some of my foot bones. Though it’s rather barbaric looking (according to my marvelous husband and supportive three children), it is what is pulling my heel back into a shape that will enable me to walk again. Praise God!
God has tenderly made His presence real to me during the long solitary hours, and I have developed a deeper thirst for Him and His Word. Then there are those other moments, too, when He seems far away -- but, actually, He's even closer. Allow me to share one of those times.

It was a Friday night and my sweetheart was out of town. At 9:15 p.m., I was informed that the results of a blood culture had just come in, proving the menacing presence of a bacterial infection in my blood. Feeling so “alone” in my hospital room, fears swarmed my thoughts until a throbbing headache and a fierce gnawing in my stomach took over. Then something wonderful happened. A young Filipino nurse, whom I'd never seen before, who didn't know me and was not responsible for my care, stopped at my door and asked if I was all right. After speaking briefly, she sensed my discouragement and fear. Not knowing I was a Christian, she leaned in and said, with faith-filled fervor, “We have prayer, you know!” Her words -- the sweetest, most gentle, comforting (unintended) rebuke that I've ever received -- carried me straight to the bosom of my God, and instantly His peace embraced me.

I found out later that the nurse, Laida Pagana Mitira (see picture below), is the spouse of an Adventist pastor and chaplain. Isn't it interesting that on that evening when I was so low, God moved a young pastor’s wife to minister to this ministerial spouses leader?

Friends, I hope you each realize that everywhere you go you are a blessing to those you encounter -- especially during those Divine appointments arranged by God. And don't forget, in your challenging moments, "We have prayer, you know!"

P.S.  I'm healing well and beginning to venture onto my computer.

The topic of our next issue will feature your ministry stories. Please send a 1.5-minute video or short article and digital picture so we can discover what you're up to for God.

*Laida Pagana Matira*, the spouse of an Adventist pastor and chaplain, was used by God to minister to Donna Jackson while she was hospitalized and feeling "alone" in her room.

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