

## I Wouldn't Take Anything for My Journey



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On Saturday, April 28, I was making blueberry pancakes for our monthly breakfast at Leesville Community Chapel, when I became very dizzy. I went to sit down and heard a loud crack, like a tree had

broken. I had broken my leg just above the knee replacement and fell under the sink. Thanks to the firemen and local EMT they got me up and on the way to the hospital. I was sent from our local hospital to a larger one in Akron, Ohio.

When I was released, my husband and social worker wanted me to go to Claymont Health and Rehabilitation Center in Uhrichsville, Ohio. I didn't want to go there because my parents had started to build that facility and things fell through with the contractor when my dad got sick. It was a very upsetting time.

Finally I agreed to try the facility. There was a new company who had bought it. What a Godsend this change was. God says he has a plan for all of us.

I had anxiously been waiting to go on our church's mission trip in June, but God had another mission trip in mind. At that time, I was mentally and physically drained. Little did I know my trip had just begun.

My cousin was there, which I didn't know and I had two weeks to spend with her. We prayed in the mornings, laughed about old times and praised God for our deliverance. She was weak and I kept talking to her about her singing. One day when we were talking, I told her that I loved hearing her sing "*When He was on the cross, I was on his mind*". Right there she sang that song as loud as normal. A few days later the Lord took her home. Now she is singing for Him.

The next step on the journey was a

constant reminder that I wasn't the only one who had ever broken a limb. The nurses and nurse's aides would tell me their stories of how God had brought them through. They will never know how much they helped me emotionally, spiritually and physically.

I was getting back to my old self by the second week. Speaking to people and hoping to bring a little sunshine into someone else's life. You don't know where God is leading you, even in a setting such as this. It wasn't the time to sit and wallow in self-pity. It was the time for showing God to others.

There was a man who was always grumpy. One day, I asked God to be with him. He started to change and become kinder. Other people would ask for prayer and that wasn't hard to do. Just having someone pray over you and knowing that they have a relationship with God makes things easier.

You can never know the feeling a person has being confined to a place where you are unable to leave when you want, or just knowing this is where you'll be the rest of your life. People leave loved ones in facilities such as this and never come back or if they do it is only once or twice a year, so the resident hangs on to those who are around them every day. The staff is their family.

This has been a journey I'm so glad God put me on. You never know who you may see that needs to feel like someone knows they're alive. God blessed me with staying at this Christian based facility, one that shows faith and you feel at home. We are here to let our lights shine. So the next time you come across someone who is alone, tell them "Hello and have a good day" for God loves them also.

I thank God for the staff at Claymont Health and Rehabilitation Center. Without them, this journey would have been unbearable.

Thank you and may God continue to bless you.