

Serving with Cadence International

Margaret Patty

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Caleb and Haley Patty and their dear children were in the States from Albania and spent Thanksgiving week with us in Colorado.

Dear valued co-workers of Margaret,

Each of you that I'm writing to has been tuned into the Lord's guidance this last year when He asked you to co-labor with me. If He's directed you to sacrifice and support me, I can only give Him thanks for loving me so much and caring about me, even if I don't feel "worthy." But maybe I can give you a few little snippets of how His care has been in effect through you.

The latest thing is just God's amazing care when I did something "dumb" or it wouldn't have happened. A week before Christmas I was getting the recycle bin ready to go out to the street. I saw something in the bottom that I wanted to get out so it would be completely empty. You (and I) know that wasn't "essential," but somehow my brain was saying the bin needed to be cleaned out, so I leaned in to get it. Seconds later I found myself face down on the concrete! I don't make it a hard and fast practice of having my phone on me, but there it was (Thank you, Lord!) right in my sweater pocket. When I caught my breath and could roll over enough to get it, I had Siri call Joyce, who was out of town and called her son Jonathan. He was here in seconds and able to get me on my feet and into the house, wiping up the dripping blood as we went!



Kata has arrived!

Friends and family and medics (the living room was suddenly full) insisted I go to the E.R. They did a CT scan and saw only a trifle spot that could maybe be a concern. Jonathan waited with me patiently for hours until things like that were done, and then drove me home again and slept the night on the living room floor as a precaution. Subsequently, my face was pretty much of a mess with two very black eyes to make me look prepared for Halloween!

Now, as I watch God do an amazing job of healing, I'm constantly praising the Lord for all the ways He watched over me and cared for details—details like: I didn't lose any teeth, I had my phone, help was there immediately (Schroeders live a block and a half away), I never lost consciousness, there was no brain injury. The abrasions are still healing and I only have a teeny headache to remind me how gracious God has been. I am reminded, too, that you who have given also probably pray for me from time to time, and I am so very grateful for you. Thank you!

Of course, I greatly miss Dick's presence every day. I did have a 30-year-old Christian girl, Julie, living in our basement apartment for a good share of last year and she would have been the one to see that the trash was picked up on the right days, but she moved out in November. This week a woman from Czech, Kata, has landed to attend Denver Seminary and she will be staying in the basement. Our family in Czech are friends with Kata and have said how much they love her, so I'm sure I will too.

God does keep me busy sometimes, even as a 95-year-old widow-lady. Now, every day or week isn't as full as the one I want to tell you about, but here and there God gives encouragement that "life isn't over." He sends things along that show He's in control and won't leave me wondering if there isn't something I can do for Him. I'm going to copy what I wrote to grand-daughter Claire in the Czech



Standing beside me at this family birthday gathering is Carolyn, Jacob Cain's mom. She has become a dear friend and is also my weekly "church companion."

Republic a couple months ago. It still brings me delight when I think of this particular day that God used, so I'll tell you about it.

It's definitely "Fall," but it hasn't gotten down to freezing so I'm still leaving my few tomatoes on the vine. I got acquainted with another neighbor this morning as she was walking by with her two little girls. She called out a "thank you" for the tomatoes that are in the little red wagon on the lawn, so I asked her to wait so I could get my cane and come out and get acquainted. We chatted as we walked on up the street, but the 2-year-old began to get fussy . . . mealtime, nap time, so I left at the end of the block. The neighbor spoke appreciatively of the brochure she received when Grandpa died. Of course, I'd like to get to know her better.

She came by just as Cadence folks, the Bissonnettes, were leaving. I felt very honored that they would take time in a very busy schedule to spend a few minutes with me. They've had 14 baptisms recently at their hospitality house near to San Diego. Four were yesterday! The sailors want to be baptized near where they accepted Jesus into their heart, so they do it in the ocean (the tide is strong enough that they must go around a ways to a quieter spot, but still the ocean).

Sometimes I don't feel very "useful" in God's hands, and then he gives me a day like last Thursday. I had made a big pot of Italian Wedding Soup. I don't do a lot of cooking these days but wanted to make this as it sounded so easy. First, I had Jim and Lina for lunch, and we were about to sit down when neighbor Al walked in the back door as he has done for years. I introduced Millers to Al, but before Al left, I handed him a bowl of hot soup to take home, and we ate some for lunch. Then Jeff, across the street, came over with the hose he was in the process of fixing for me, so, "Have some soup to take home, Jeff." And then Ida Mae from a block and a half away popped in because she'd left her keys when she came by earlier and sat to chat a bit. She's 87 and had been out delivering election information. She's bound to be tired and hungry at 7:30 I thought, so I invited her to sit down for a bowl of soup.

I was very happy to have had something that each of these friends greatly appreciated, and that I could give it as unto the Lord and thank Him for using me and a pot of soup. I do find that if I make a big pot of soup, God brings people to enjoy it. So, I need to do it more often!

Thank you, friends, for your great encouragement to me.
With much love,

Margaret



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