

# A friend, indeed

I had been caring for three sick boys for a week and a day, when my friend Gina sent me a message asking if she could do anything to help. I told her if I thought of anything, I'd let her know. Then, she offered to pick Collin up and take him to the Creative Cow, a play and arts center for kids in Forest Hill. I said, "Yes, please!" This would allow me to focus the energy I had left on taking care of Frank and Leo, who were still sick, and give poor, cooped-up (but otherwise healthy) Collin the chance to do something fun with one of his friends. It was the answer to my prayers! While they were gone, Gina sent pictures of the boys making a castle out of ENORMOUS foam blocks and dressed up in fire-fighter and construction worker costumes. It lifted my heart to see Collin smiling again. It felt good to know that he was in such wonderful hands. God had sent an angel to lift his spirits and mine.



Gina's intuitive gift is what friendship is about. It's a kind act to say, "Let me know if you need anything," but she offered a concrete solution by answering who? what? where? when? and how? for me when my head was too muddled to even think of what I needed. I'm eternally grateful for a seemingly small favor that brought me abundant peace.

