

## Well Hang Me

On Sunday August 26<sup>th</sup> I moved my son in to stay with me. I wanted to give him a home and help him get going on the right track. He is 27 years old. He is a believer; but he doesn't do anything about his belief. We had tried sharing my home before and it didn't work because his life isn't compatible with mine. He promised that this time he would do whatever it takes to make our lives work together.

The next day, the 27<sup>th</sup> of August, he attempted suicide. He had been talking with his girlfriend over the phone. I was sitting at the dining table reading Lamentations. He hung up the phone and went outside. I thought he was going out to smoke a cigarette. I don't let him smoke in the house.

Although he had threatened suicide earlier in the day, I didn't think anything of his going outside. My daughter and I had encouraged him and had given him lots of reasons why he shouldn't do that; but I didn't worry about it. I had never seen anyone go through with a suicide threat; and I didn't think he would do that. Little did I know he had made his plans while I was away working.

Minutes later the telephone rang, and it was for him. I went to the front door to call him to the phone; and I saw him hanging. I ran to the kitchen, grabbed a knife, set the ladder back up that he had jumped off of, and climbed up and cut the rope. I had to let him fall to the ground because I didn't have another choice. And I had to cut the rope off of his neck because I couldn't untie it. I was very careful and I didn't cut him. Then I called for an ambulance.

He had hung himself from a ceiling joist of my deck roof that is still under construction. I climbed up a wobbly wooden stepladder. It was dark and I couldn't see that I had one leg of that ladder cocked up on a piece of plywood or it wouldn't have been wobbly. I had to hang onto a ceiling joist with one hand and cut the rope with the other.

I had not panicked at all, which was a blessing from God. I acted swiftly and mechanically, showing no emotion. God was with me in it all. If that phone hadn't rung, and if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have gone to the door. I was busy reading Lamentations. I was on my eleventh journey through the Bible, which I accomplish in the short span of 40 days, and recording my time. I don't let anything interrupt me.

There came a dozen police cars, and the ambulance arrived last. All the lights were flashing. My neighbor said she thought it was Christmas. The police and the medical technicians said I did the right thing. I hadn't given it any thought as to what I should do. I just did it.

I didn't think this incident had affected me. I just put it in God's hands because there was nothing more I could do. But I couldn't sleep at all that night. I had begun to be sick at the time of the incident. I had developed a bladder problem and had to make a bathroom call in the midst of calling 911. So I called back again to make sure I had given them sufficient information to send an ambulance.

The next day I became very sick. I had called a friend Monday night, the night of the incident; and she came to my rescue. I had told her not to come, that I would be all right. But I wasn't all right. I stayed home that Monday night but I couldn't sleep. And I went to work the next day. I'm refinishing a door for an elderly couple. I am grateful for my friend!

I worked a few hours that Tuesday, but I couldn't make it. I left work very sick, and went to my friend's house to sleep. Her brother was helping me refinish the door. He encouraged me to go to his house and take a nap. The first thing I had done upon arriving at the worksite was lose my balance and fall down.

After sleeping a while I still was no better. I was very sick. My friend and I went to the hospital to visit my son even in my sick condition. He's okay. He just has a fractured vertebra from the fall. I had expected him to have brain damage from cutting off his oxygen. I asked him if he was happy to be amongst the living. But he said he still didn't want to live. I told him that you can't kill an (our surname) that easy; and nobody dies at my place because I dedicated it to God. In God there is only life. There is no death in the pot. (That expression comes from the Bible.) God will not let anyone die until He is ready for him or her.

If he gives someone up to Hades or Abaddon or Sheol, He might let them go. But as long as one is a believer God is going to keep him here until He is ready to take him home. He is definitely not done perfecting my son, or me either.

I stayed the night at my friend's house. The next day I was still very sick. I worked all day on the door; but I am still very sick. I think I'm in worse shape than my son. I didn't think that incident had affected me; but I'm in very bad shape. I don't know when I will be better. My friend says I'm in shock. Maybe so, I don't know; I've never experienced that. I may be sick from breathing the chemicals used in refinishing the door.

I stayed at my friend's house for seven days then tried to sleep at home again. I still couldn't sleep. I just lay awake even though I was very tired. I went back to her house for three more days; then I came home, prayed over every room and every inch of ground to cast the demons out, and I can sleep fine now.

I know that God helped me, and saved my son. I might not have known to cut the rope if I hadn't read so many Westerns as a child. And if I hadn't gotten there when I did, he would not be amongst the living today. You don't hang yourself and live very long. That's almost instant death. I think he wasn't hanging more than a few minutes before I cut the rope. And I think God jammed the knot to save his life. By the way, I tested his slipknot a few days later and it worked just fine.

On Thursday August 30<sup>th</sup> my son got out of the hospital. He's okay except for a fractured 11<sup>th</sup> thoracic vertebra. He went to stay with an aunt and uncle. That's my ex's sister and husband. I felt very relieved. The pressure was off of me to keep him happy and amongst the living. Our lives are not compatible. He doesn't like my quiet and peaceful lifestyle. He is so selfish that he doesn't even realize what was done for him. He will catch on somewhere along the line.

At his aunt's and uncle's he will be amongst people a tiny bit more like himself. He will have TV and beer and a home lifestyle a little more compatible with his. I have no use for a TV. I haven't watched TV in 19 years. He will have someone to be with him most of the time. He needs bed rest and constant care.

Little does he know, God is taking care of him and giving him time and opportunity to choose God's family. The doctors decided that he didn't need any counseling. I felt even worse after he was out of the hospital, especially since he didn't get any counseling. He wouldn't go along with anything I wanted to do. He wants what he wants and that's it. Nobody else matters. I would have opted to go to counseling with him.

I never got him home. I received a call from the uncle and he met us at the Walmart six miles from home. My son was happy to go with them. And I was happy to be rid of him, shame on me. I felt better after my burden was lifted. My sickies were relieved some.

Now my son and his girlfriend are back together; they're at his mother's house, and they want to come stay with me. I want to keep my peaceful life. I don't want the responsibility for them. My health wouldn't hold up to it. And I don't want to bring ungodliness into my home lest I should push God out. The only lifestyle that is compatible with mine is one where each person takes responsibility for his or her own life. That includes making a living for oneself, maintaining a home, doing whatever it takes to be a law-abiding citizen, and surrendering one's life to God.

I turned the situation over to God. It is not for me to control it. I have perfect faith that God's will is to be done in their situation. Do you see by all this that God saved my son for a reason? That reason is not to destroy my peaceful home. His life has now been to the bottom. It can only get better from now on.