

HMI Ice Chips

Debbie's Corner

Sometimes... things just happen... no matter how careful we are... And those are the times we realize how very little control we really have... "Do your best... and leave the results to God..."

What a blessing to know that God is in control... and that He allows things to happen for some ultimate purpose we cannot see... and we may not understand until heaven... But, we still need to be responsible for our actions and choices... and their consequences...

Obviously, activities like hockey and football will increase the chances of injury and precautions need to be taken. Skill and training will help you avoid injuries... but, the players still get hurt... occupational hazard...

So... back in April... BJ was injured in a State playoff game and he hurt his hip... It was determined that he needed surgery to repair a torn labrum and hip impingement. (I'd never heard of a labrum before but now I know you have them in your hips and shoulders).

Have you ever noticed how much our perception is influenced by our perspective? Being on the outside looking in is very different from being on the inside looking out...

In the past, hearing about someone having hip surgery, I was sympathetic... But actually going through the recovery process with BJ has caused me to empathize in a way I couldn't have before.... Now I see why hip injuries in the elderly are often so devastating...

And isn't the same thing true of many of life's experiences? No matter how many words we use to explain things to somebody, the best way to understand is to experience it for ourselves...

When I read the missionary newsletter updates from around the world, I try to imagine actually being in the places I'm reading about... and God willing, one day, our family will be able to visit some of our missionaries in the places they are serving...

"MAYBE A BALL HOCKEY CAMP IN GHANA SOMETIME IN THE FUTURE"

But for now... we are here... in the hockey world... ministering to hockey players and that is a unique blessing, to be sure...

I know that God has placed us here... for such a time as this... And this past chapel season with the Wolves was incredible! Seven of the players on the team are Christians and one has just returned from Ghana because he wants to help the poorest of the poor...

What a blessing to hear him talk about his time spent in Africa and how he wants to return... their faith is so strong even though they have so little. Maybe a ball hockey camp in Ghana sometime in the future..?

But, in the meantime... one of the things I have discovered is that our gene-pool is definitely God's doing... And it seems the hockey gene is a dominant gene... carried by the father and given to his children...

However... the flexibility gene seems to be something the mother donates to the son's gene-pool... BJ and I are both hyperflexible.

So now it seems I will be able to



experience the surgery BJ went through... It just happened... I don't really know how or why, except that God has allowed it...

My surgery is scheduled for July 7th and I would really appreciate prayers for the recovery process because my fibromyalgia is going to complicate things... And who will be the "MOM" while I am the patient? Thank you... all... and God Bless you and keep you ... Always



Wheaton Hockey Camp



BJ and Misty were counselors at this year's camp Here are some of their thoughts...

BJ: I look forward to the last week of June for the whole year. It is the highlight of my year. After being a camper for ten years at the Chicago camp I now would be too old to be a camper and would have to work at the camp in order to participate. I was originally supposed to help with the on-ice program, but due to my hip injury, I was unable to skate. So I had to be a counselor. I had never really wanted to be a counselor, but it was a really great experience for me. It gave me a chance to see the other side and how much patience it required to be a counselor. I felt bad for some of my counselors I had during my early years of being a camper. I knew I was kind of crazy when I was younger but I didn't really understand it until I had to deal with some ultra energetic kids of my own. But even though they were really hyper, they were great. They were really nice kids who had some genuine questions about God, which my two co-counselors and I (Ryan Loftus and Andy Miller) were able to answer with insight from God. It was the best week of my year, hands down.



MISTY: Some people look forward to Christmas or their birthday, but my absolute favorite time of year is Christian hockey camp season. As a counselor, it is an awesome feeling to lead the kids through huddle time and watch their transformations. At the beginning of the week, they come to camp, excited to play hockey, but apprehensive about making new friends, and especially about the "religion stuff," as they call it. By the end of the week, however, they become the closest of friends, united by their desire to seek Christ. They learn to look forward to chapel as their favorite time of the day, and participate whole-heartedly in the praise and worship. It is so exciting for me, at the end of the week, to send these kids back out into the world, knowing that their friends and family back home will see a dramatic change in them and that they will be a light in a dark world.