

Living with Motor Neurone Disease - A Spiritual Perspective # 26

Will you still need me? will you still feed me? When I'm 64?

Sentiments of a well-known song. One my son Kevin, and his mate Simon, recently recorded for me. Well this week I answered both questions, doing a couple of things which I thought might have gotten beyond me.

As Heather can't be doing more than one Remembrance Day Service at a time, I managed to help by leading one, in a small local village. Twenty five people in a short service and Act of Remembrance, at The War Memorial, in their church. All with the help of a good friend, delivering me there. And doing the heavy lifting as it were. It was great to be contributing something people needed.



Later on a parsnip was dug up, in our back garden. Sown crawling on my hands and knees some seven months ago. It was a whopper. Great to have something home grown, providing part of today's feed. Actually I better get those roasts out of the oven!

I am privileged to have done both these things over many years. This could well be the last time I do either, although I wouldn't bank on it. Anyway, I shall leave that in God's hands.

Still needed, still feeded. Though not willing to divulge my age!