

# One Friday Afternoon in Victorville

I was stuck, stuck in a tube, the ceiling 6 inches away from my face. My hands were clasped across my abdomen, as if I were in a casket. I was strictly forbidden to move one muscle, lest the whole unpleasant procedure would have to be repeated from the beginning. I was stuck there for 90 minutes, an hour and a half! Eeeeeeek!

You probably guessed it. The procedure was an MRI, or Magnetic Resonance Imaging, which is not quick and easy like other medical procedures. It's at least 20-30 minutes of pure hell in that claustrophobic tube, and I had four (!) MRIs to do, which is why I was stuck for 90 minutes.

Somehow I managed to stay still that entire time, with my eyes closed so I don't see the "ceiling" of the tube just beyond my nose. I tried to doze, to think of good things like my doggy buddy Rocky, and to talk to God. My mouth was dry, my nose congested, and I worried about being able to breathe. Body parts started to hurt.

I was close to giving up and squeez-

lock it (electronically). No response. Oh, no! Are the electronics messed up? Maybe this isn't Little Red? But it WAS a Honda HRV painted in Little Red's rich red. However, I looked over two spaces and there was MY Little Red, looking identical to the car I tried to unlock. Same model year but an AWD where Little Red is a "Sport". Ooooo. Makes me feel like a rickey-racer!

I laughed, relieved that no one thought I was stealing their car, and went on my way, headed for the Circle K across the freeway to get some of its cheap gas and a soda for my dry mouth. What a surprise! After navigating the crowds around the soda machine, I went to the checkout to pay, where a friendly older lady had to instruct me to put the soda in a reader type thingy that charged me 86¢ (yes, only 86¢!) for my soda. Then my 5-dollar bill went into a slot, and the change was spit out into a cup! I felt like a Lucerne Valley hillbilly.

Little Red is equipped with an app called Android Auto that allows you to plug your phone in and play music playlists from your phone, while charging it at the same time. I had not made much use of it, not wanting to take the time to learn about it. However, I plugged it in to see what it would play. My jaw dropped open! The second song it played was "Wanting Things", a

Burt Bacharach song from the seventies that somehow speaks to my spirit. I hadn't heard it in years! My eyes teared up. "Thank

You, Father!" Where did that come from?

The next song was "The Baptism of Jesse Taylor", another great song by the Oak Ridge Boys, and one of my dad's favorites. Next, "The Marriage Supper of the Lamb" by the Hoppers! Then, some other great ones. And finally, "I Can Only Imagine" by MercyMe:



I can only imagine  
What it will be like  
When I walk by Your side  
I can only imagine  
What my eyes would see  
When Your face is before me  
I can only imagine

Surrounded by Your glory  
What will my heart feel?  
Will I dance for You Jesus  
Or in awe of You be still?  
Will I stand in Your presence  
Or to my knees, will I fall?  
Will I sing hallelujah?  
Will I be able to speak at all?  
I can only imagine  
I can only imagine  
I can only imagine  
When that day comes  
And I find myself  
Standing in the Son  
I can only imagine  
When all I will do  
Is forever, forever worship You  
I can only imagine, yeah  
I can only imagine . . .

It's hard to describe how I felt at hearing that group of songs. I had not set up a playlist. These songs just happened! It was like God reached down, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Hey, listen to these. Just for you." Talk about a miracle of sorts. So undeserving. So thankful!

*Linda Gommel*



ing the little bulb they give you if you need to stop for whatever reason, but I kept hoping – just a few more minutes, hang on, hang on. And then finally – relief!! The table started to slide out of that stinkin' tube, and then the face of the technician appeared. She smiled and said, "You did great!" More relief! No do-overs.

That was the worst of my Friday afternoon trip into Victorville, which I always view with dread. Otherwise, I was pleasantly surprised.

Before the MRI, as I sat in the waiting room, I watched the various people who came and went. I watched their interactions and their body English. One pair caught my attention. A young girl of about 17 was filling out the paperwork, while sitting next to an older gal who I presumed was her mother. There was something different about them. They weren't staring at cell phones, and I couldn't detect any tattoos on either one. Wow, I thought, I wonder if they are Believers.

The girl wore simple sandals that had only a wide strap across the toes, with a word embroidered on it. I studied it and finally decided that the word was "Christian". I so wanted to talk to them, but I hesitated, and then as I decided to do that, of course I got called to do my MRIs. I wish I could see them again to talk to them!

Later, as I left the facility, I walked up to Little Red (Honda HR-V) and tried to un-



Tell me how long must I keep  
Wanting things  
Needing things, when I have  
so much  
There are many girls who have  
much less than me  
Day by day they make their way  
And they find more in life  
than I can see  
Tell me

When will I learn to resist  
Wanting things  
Touching things that say do,  
do not touch  
People that I meet seem to think  
I am strong  
They don't see inside of me  
So they don't know I'm weak  
and often wrong  
Tell me  
Why must I keep wanting things  
Needing things that just  
can't be mine

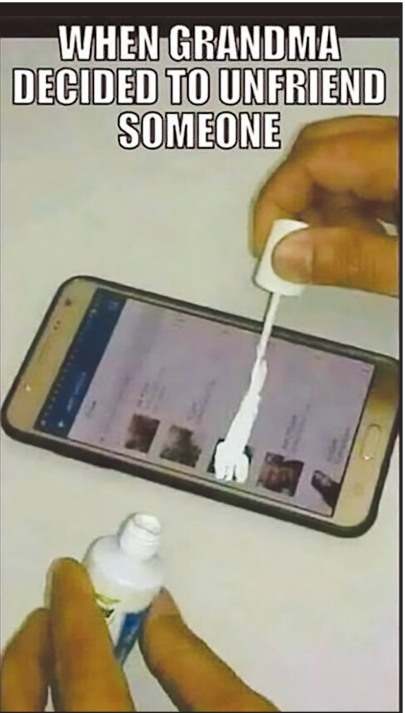
**LVEDA Meeting**  
(Lucerne Valley Economic Development Association)  
**Monday, September 30th**  
**5:00 pm at the Moose Lodge**  
on Foothill Road, just west of Tradepost Road.  
Reports from our **County, State and Federal representatives.**  
Progress reports from County Sheriff's Department, CHP and Code Enforcement.  
**COME TO THE NEXT LVEDA MEETING FOR LIVELY DISCUSSIONS ON IMPORTANT ISSUES!**

## On The Lighter Side of Serious Stuff . . . from the Web

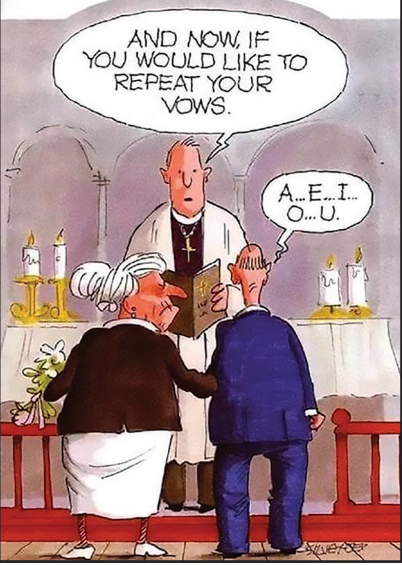


As you get older, you've got to stay positive. For example, the other day I fell down the stairs. Instead of getting upset, I just thought, "Wow, that's the fastest I've moved in years!"

I see people around my age mountain climbing, I feel good getting my leg through my underwear with out losing my balance



I'M SO OLD I REMEMBER MULTIPLICATION WAS CALLED "TIMES TABLES".



When you're over 60 and they say just put a BandAid where it hurts!



You Know You're Getting Old When "Friends With Benefits", Means Having Someone Who Can Drive At Night.

I REALLY DON'T MIND GETTING OLDER, BUT MY BODY IS TAKING IT BADLY.

