

KRISH'S CORNER



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Withdrawals Without Deposits

As a motivational speaker and trainer I have traversed the globe and been to many a spectacular place. I have seen my share of highs and dealt with the obligatory lows. As a husband I have coped with absences from the family and licked my wounds when promises had to be broken as a result of obligations that had to be met and sacrifices that had to be made. As a friend I have enjoyed the company of others when it was proper and shunned my responsibilities when friendship was required but excuses were handy. As a human being I have made many withdrawals in the bank of life and wonder if the deposits I have made measured up.

This past week I found myself waiting in a surgery center for a routine knee arthroscopy. There in attendance were my bride, my pastor, my friends and my acquaintances. All ready for me to make a withdrawal. How many of the deposits in their lives count? Will there be an equation that makes sense? The pastoral prayer that began the process petitioned the Almighty that the "Great Physician" would heal me and be in charge. My bride reminded me that all would be well. I was not scared about the surgery, nor the surprises that a supposedly non-invasive procedure would discover. I was not the least bit worried about the surgeon--a close friend who was with me when I went on my first ecumenical retreat. There was no apprehension regarding the anesthesiologist who had been there when I had a previous procedure. I was worried about deserving the withdrawals from all who came. I was calculating whether I had made the necessary deposits to warrant this generosity.

It was time to prepare to be operated on. Disrobe and wear that tacky gown which has connectors that require an engineer and spaces that require more gown material to cover the spaces. The plastic cap that tells you that this is temporary and the goofy slipper that complete the ensemble are handed to you with many instructions. I can't wait for the surgery because during the operation they won't ask me for signatures, consents, approval, money, and insurance that verifies that you are not lying. The registered nurse had a smile of recognition. "I go to your church and enjoy your sermons. You are a good motivational speaker, and I don't want you to worry. Many people you know are right here and you are in good hands." More withdrawals by a grown man limping with a funny wardrobe. No shame for the spaces in the gown, no loss of self-image from the funny slipper, just heart-felt gratitude for the people. Human withdrawal forms expanding my bank account.

The doctors prayed over me, comforted me, sedated me and the good nurse woke me up. Another friend drove me home and cheered me up along the way. The phone calls and letters, e-mails and cards from all over the world gave more withdrawals. How big is this bank account? I am just a customer. When did all this service begin? Why did I not realize it? To all who read, remember your own bank account and thank those that you withdraw from on a regular basis. Pay them the dividends that they deserve. To all who allowed me to withdraw, thanks for allowing me to be a customer in your bank!

