

THE GOOD NEWS STORY

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

PATTY CARROLL



Hello, my name is Patty Carroll. I started attending BRC in 1984 with my husband Phil, my stepson Scott and our son Jay. (4 yrs. Old). My Good News story goes back to March of 2020. The school that I work for closed down due to Covid and my last day was March 17th. I woke up on March 18th not knowing what the future held and even less about this virus. I had been reading 2 daily devotionals at that time, but with work and other commitments I was usually only devoting 20-25 minutes a day to my quiet time. But without work, and with these feeling of anxiousness, I decided I had all the time in the world now to devote to my quiet time with the Lord. Every single morning, I would read and listen to God's Word along with the other devotionals. I heard every day exactly what I needed to make it thru the day. The words were so uplifting and encouraging. I read in Romans 8, that NOTHING in all creation could separate me from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. In Joshua 1, I heard not to be afraid or discouraged because the Lord my God would be with me wherever I go. In Mark 10, that ALL things are possible with God. And in Psalm 73, that God is always with me, He holds me by my right hand. He guides me with His counsel and afterward He will take me into glory. These are just a few of the thousands of verses that God was using over the course of a few months to help mold me into the woman He wanted me to be.

In September in-person school resumed, but I did not go back to my old habit of hurried morning time with God. He had shown me the importance of making Him # 1 in my life. We were all wearing masks at school, but the Covid cases were still rising. One Saturday while Phil and I were walking around Brunswick Lake he became short of breath. He waited until Monday to go to the ER. That night at Medina Hospital his stress test came back abnormal and he was scheduled for a cardiac catheterization at Fairview Hospital where he had 2 stents inserted. He was recuperating well, taking cardiac rehab and working his side job of selling Medicare Plans. And then November came. The evening of the 18th Phil became ill. The 20th I took him for a chest x-ray and a Covid test. The 22nd the Health Department called to say his test results were positive. He was not getting better. The 24th I took him to Medina Hospital ER where he was admitted and put on oxygen because now he had Covid pneumonia. His two sons and I faceted him for Thanksgiving and he was very exhausted. He spent his 71st birthday, Nov. 29 in the hospital. On December 1st Phil was put on a ventilator. And then life support was removed on December 17th. He was buried December 19, 2020. Needless to say my family and I were devastated and heartbroken.

So here I was alone in a quiet house. There were days I didn't want to get out of bed. But I did and I continued to spend unlimited time with God every morning. It didn't matter if I was angry or crying or speechless. I could still feel God's loving arms wrapped around me. You see, God had given me a gift back in March of 2020. I believe He was gracefully preparing me for what was to come at the end of the year. The day Phil went on the ventilator he texted me, "You are stronger than you think." I texted back, "I can't do this by myself!" Phil knew I would never be alone. It took me a little longer to realize that. It was very hard to write this story down on paper. My prayer is that this story of God's Love and Hope will bless at least one person.

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