

The Food and Faith of an Organic Farm Family Living off the Land

Farmhouse Flavors

SCOTT & CHARLENE STOLLER & FAMILY



RECIPE FOR FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE ON PAGE 117

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Introduction



We can't live long without food. It is the spiritual allegory describing our constant need of Jesus Christ. The question in our present society is what to eat. There are many conflicting opinions. Some claim to be backed by research. Research is good if the motives of the researcher are good. The question becomes, "Who paid for the research?" The next question is, "Did they decide what the results would be before they started?" One example of that is the war between butter and margarine. During my childhood, margarine was touted as being healthier. Finally, research is swinging back the other way. It's about time.

My basic philosophy about food would align with Hippocrates who said, "Let food be your medicine." Interpreted, food should nourish and strengthen your body, not just appease your appetite.

I remember an incident that happened over 20 years ago. I was not raised on a farm, so when we got married, I had a long learning curve. Once when we were making hay to feed the cows, the quality was not good. It had either gotten old, rained on, or was very weedy. Someone made the comment, "At least it will prevent hollowbelly." I never forgot it.

Another lesson to this novice farm wife occurred by observing how the farmer cared for his cows. When they called the veterinarian out for a problem with a cow, it seemed that one of the first requests the vet had was, "Let me see her ration." What would happen if when we went to the



The girls were making dandelion crowns to wear. Even Benji couldn't be left out.

doctor with a problem, the doctor would say, "Let me see your diet." What do vets know that doctors don't?

Many of us have heard it said, "Well, if it tastes good, it can't be good for you." Maybe you have even said that yourself. I have made it a personal challenge to disprove that. I also realize that our tastes change by what we are used to. My family is used to whole grain bread and cookies, but someone who isn't might take some time in adjusting. You have to decide what it is worth to you. You have to decide whether you believe it makes any difference.

I find myself often relying on intuition, instinct, and a core belief that God made it best. The closer food is to the way God made it, the better. If it can happen in nature (heating, freezing), it is acceptable. If it does not happen in nature (GMOs, pesticides, herbicides, manufactured hormones), I try to avoid it.

I also believe that we are not to be obsessed with what we put in our body, because the Bible says in Matthew 15: 17 & 18 that we should be more concerned with what is in our heart. The flip side is that "your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" (I Corinthians 6:19) so it would seem that we have duty to take good care of it which would include a responsible diet.

From that point, we each have to find the balance of what works for us. For most of my recipes, I have converted white flour to whole wheat flour and white sugar to maple syrup. There are certain times, such as in thickening, that I prefer to use white flour. Many recipes convert nicely to maple syrup. Occasionally, as in the case of icing for cake or cookies, I resort back to powdered sugar because I am not satisfied with the substitutions I have tried. A few of the recipes did not work well with whole wheat flour, but they are delicious food and worth making once in a while for fun anyway.

There are both hard and soft wheat. Hard wheat should be used when making things with yeast because it has more protein which makes the dough more elastic. Soft wheat should be used when adding baking soda or baking powder to a recipe. Soft wheat berries are used to make pastry flour. Freshly ground flour can vary slightly in bran, density and/or moisture content, and you may have to adjust the amount of flour or liquid you use in a recipe.

So why maple syrup? Maple syrup is easily raised and produced without any herbicides, pesticides or hormones. It is not genetically modified. Maple syrup is rich in trace minerals and has a much lower glycemic index than white sugar.

Then there is chocolate. I am awfully partial to my chocolate--especially dark--even though sugar happens to be listed as an ingredient. As Charles Schulz, the man who gave Charlie Brown life, said, "All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt." Well said, Mr. Schulz! 🐔



Scott & Charlene

The Stoller Family

THE Farm Family



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Scott grabbed a Sharpie marker from his front overalls pocket and wrote on the side of the baler what he thought would be his final message to his wife before he exited one world and entered another.

21
Love
Scott
Wife
Dana
Dana

In the Shelter of His Arms



In Charlene's Words:

I left the neighbor's house on January 16, 1997, at around 12:10 and headed for home. It was about the coldest, windiest day I could remember. The wind swirled the snow through the air and hurled it at anything or anyone unfortunate enough to be outside. I knew Scott was planning to clean up the round baler, so I decided to drive back to the shed and ask him whether I should park the van outside until I went to pick up Doyle at school at 3:00 or put it in the garage.

Although it was a ridiculous question, I now see God's hand in it. As I drove around by the shed, I found the Case IH Magnum 7110 tractor hooked to the NH 650 round baler with the back door up and the machine running. As I pulled up beside the baler, I saw Scott. It looked like he was reaching far into the baler with his right hand. It still did not register that anything was wrong. I rolled down my window to talk to him.

"Help!" was all he could croak out. Then I got a close look at his face. There was a look of horror in his eyes. "Shut the tractor off!" I jumped out of the van with a knot in my stomach, climbed into the tractor, and turned off the Magnum; then I rushed back to Scott.

In Scott's Words:

I had cleaned out the baler so many times before, and I never once thought of getting caught in it. The driving winds were making short work of the job. With most of the light chaff removed, there remained only a few large corn stalks left. I was standing on the wheel of the left side of the baler and casually reached for a stalk to toss it out. Instantly, my hand was grabbed and pulled part of the way into the rolls. The force of the jerk pulled me off my feet and onto the moving belts. My hand was caught in a narrow gap just past my wrist. My first thought was, "Boy, this is inconvenient. How am I going to get out?" I did not realize how seriously I was caught. The continuously moving belts grabbed on anything they could: coats and hood strings. By now the baler had worked me over on to the last two belts on the left hand side. I was caught lying on a moving floor that was pushing me toward the rolls. With a sudden jerk my coats and arm went further into the rolls causing extreme pressure and excruciating pain on my arm. The continuously rolling baler pulled the coats and hood strings tight around my neck. I prayed. The clothing

was so tight I simply could not breathe any more. I removed the glove from my left hand with my teeth, all the while praying and realizing this is what it must be like to die. By the grace of God, I got my strings untied. Once the strings were loosened, the pull of the baler ripped my zippers open. By now there was enough clothing wedged between the rolls to stop the first two belts I was lying on. The drive roll on the belts continued to turn above my head causing a horrible screeching and smoking. I smelled burning rubber. Then the belts burned in two, dropping me roughly to my feet while my right arm was still caught in the turning roller.

This was the first I really had time to think. I took the opportunity to pray to my God and to go over the plan of salvation I was taught faithfully as a child. I was thankful that the preparation for death was made long before now because this was no time to prepare. I had repented, I had confessed my sins, and because of what Jesus did on the cross and the shedding of His sinless blood, I knew I had a promise of eternal life. Unworthy, yes, but saved by grace.

Next, my mind went to Charlene and my children. It was selfish of me to want to die. I knew then that I must fight to stay alive. By now the turning rollers had created enough friction to start my coat smoking. I was extremely hot on my right arm and extremely cold everywhere else. I realized then that the choice of dying might not be in my hands. I wondered if I would have a closed casket and what it would look like. With my left hand I grabbed my Sharpie marker from the front pocket of my overalls amidst the shaking and screeching of the continuously rolling, merciless baler and wrote my wife a final note: "I love you Mom. I am at peace." Then I thought of my children. I prayed for each one individually that God would sustain them without a daddy and that one day they would surrender their lives to God so we could be together in heaven some day. I wrote, "I love you Doyle Lynelle Nelson." I put my marker back and remembered the watch in my pocket. I located it and pulled it out. It was 9:45. On most days the milk man comes between 9:45 and 10:30. The tractor and baler were parked where he would have to move them to turn around to leave. I was confident that within 45 minutes, if I could remain conscious, I would live. I began calling very hoarsely at first, but finally I could scream.

I had asked Uncle George to take the calves to Kidron and get sawdust. Maybe he hadn't left yet and could hear me calling. Meanwhile, I was trying to think of a way to stop these horrible rollers from continuously pulling me in. I thought of my two pocket knives. If I could cut the four belts behind me, the roller in which I was caught would stop. In reality I knew it was futile, but I was desperate. I reached into my pocket with my bare hand that was numb from cold. I grabbed my larger pocket knife only to remember I had broken the pin that held the blade in a while before

and actually lost the blade yesterday. I tossed it away in disappointment. I reached back into my pocket without much confidence knowing the other one was so small.

Accidentally, my numb fingers dropped the knife. It landed on the bale discharge pan—three inches out of reach. If I could just get my pliers from the right-hand pocket, I could probably reach it. I could touch the pliers, but my hand was too cold to pull it out. I had put 64 gallons of fuel in the tractor the day before, and I knew it wouldn't run out.

Sometimes the baler would lurch and my vision would narrow, but it never went completely black. I actually had a smile on my face; I felt I was almost through with my earthly life. The verse came to my mind from Psalm 23, "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.*" Now I understood. Although the pain was incredible, I had no fear of death. Then I thought of my family, and I knew I had to at least try.

A gusty, snowy whirlwind brought back my glove and laid it right at my feet. With my boot I shoved it over to the wheel and worked with it until I had it on top of my boot. I slowly raised my foot to within about three inches of my hand, only to watch another gust of wind blow it away for good.

I was helpless. There was no way I could stop the baler. I was completely out of ideas. I was totally at the mercy of God. I looked at my watch again; it was 10:30. The milk man would be here any minute now. From here on everything just passed slowly. I would scream for help, pray, and look at my watch.

The wind kept blowing my hoods off, and I could feel them brush on the belts behind me. I kept pulling them up. If my hoods would get caught in the rolls also, surely I would suffocate. I wondered who would find me. Charlene was at the neighbors, Uncle George was at Kidron, the milk man was late; maybe a sales man would come. Look at my watch. Scream. Pray.

I noticed my screwdriver laying on the driveway where it had landed when I was first pulled in. Using the pain management techniques I had learned in lamaze class with my wife, I used the screwdriver as a focal point and practiced concentrating on my breathing. It actually helped. By now my knees were chattering together against the pipe I was straddling. Look at my watch. Scream. Pray.

I tried not to look at my watch at fewer than 10 minute intervals. Sometimes only three or four minutes would pass between checks. Check my watch. Scream. Pray.

It was 11:00. The milkman had to be coming soon now. Within an hour, Uncle George will be back from Kidron. My face and left hand were bitterly cold. I held them up close to the roller that was hot from

friction for warmth. I touched the roller with my hand only to realize I had burned myself and still felt cold. Check my watch. Scream. Pray.

Twice I tried to pull away and leave my arm behind. Each time I pulled, blood would squirt through the rips in my coat and freeze to my clothes, the sides of the baler, and the roller directly in front of my legs. The blood was beginning to build up on the rollers, so I chipped it off with my boot so it didn't look so bad. 11:45. *Surely somebody soon, God, I can't go on much longer.* I had to constantly hold my head forward slightly to keep out of the belts behind me. Check my watch. Scream. Pray.

At 12:15 I saw the most wonderful sigh—my wife, Lynelle and Nelson pulled up in the van and parked beside me. Help at last! I told her to turn off the tractor, and, finally, the horrible grinding and roaring stopped. “Honey, it's bad. I think my arm is off. Call the ambulance and call my Dad.” He'll know what to do.

This was just before the days of cellphones. Even my surgeon only had a pager.

In Charlene's Words:

I was off and running toward the barn. The drive was a sheet of ice. I found my way through the milk house and stalls to the telephone. I dialed the number, still not comprehending that life would never be the same again. “This is 911. Do you have an emergency?” came a calm voice. In a flurry of words I explained our urgent need. They logged my call at 12:16. I called Scott's mom and dad. The answering machine came on. Oh, no! Not now! I left some sort of desperate message and flew back to Scott.

Meanwhile, Lynelle was crying uncontrollably. “What's the baler doing to you, Daddy?” she asked. He was calmly reassuring her when I got back. The paramedics would know what to do with a person but not an angry mass of uncompromising metal. “Should I call Dave (Scott's brother) at



Scott wanted his three children to know that their daddy had loved them even if he couldn't be there to watch them grow up.

Sterling Farm Equipment?" I asked him. He agreed and recited the phone number from memory. "And could you get me a blanket or something? I am really cold." I grabbed an old sheet from the van, but it was so thin I knew it was about worthless. I ran towards the barn again as fast as my shaking legs and the slippery ice beneath my feet would allow.

I called Sterling Farm Equipment. "I need Dave Stoller right away," I told the voice on the other end of the line. "He isn't here. He didn't come in today." I was frantic. "I have to have help. Scott is caught in the baler, and he thinks his arm is off." I told him where I was and hung up.

I flew to the house for a quilt, and I called my mom to come for the children. My hands and feet were unbelievable cold. When I returned, Lynelle (4) and Nelson (1½) were still watching from the van and still sobbing.

I threw the quilt over Scott and held it there with my body. "Oh, that feels so good! I thought I was going to die. I wrote you a note." My frantic mind was still trying to comprehend, "Oh, Scott!"

"Should I go direct the squad back here, or should I stay with you?" I asked. He had been alone too long already. "Stay with me," he hoarsely whispered. It seemed only moments before I heard a siren wailing down the road. Those who have never experienced trauma will never know how wonderfully welcome that sound is. Not wanting to waste a minute, I raced around the barn and watched them turn down our lane. Waving my arms, I directed them to Scott. Sterling EMS squad, a fire engine, Sterling Farm Equipment (including Dave), Rittman EMS squad, Dad and Mom Stoller, Mom Rufener, and some neighbors arrived on the scene.

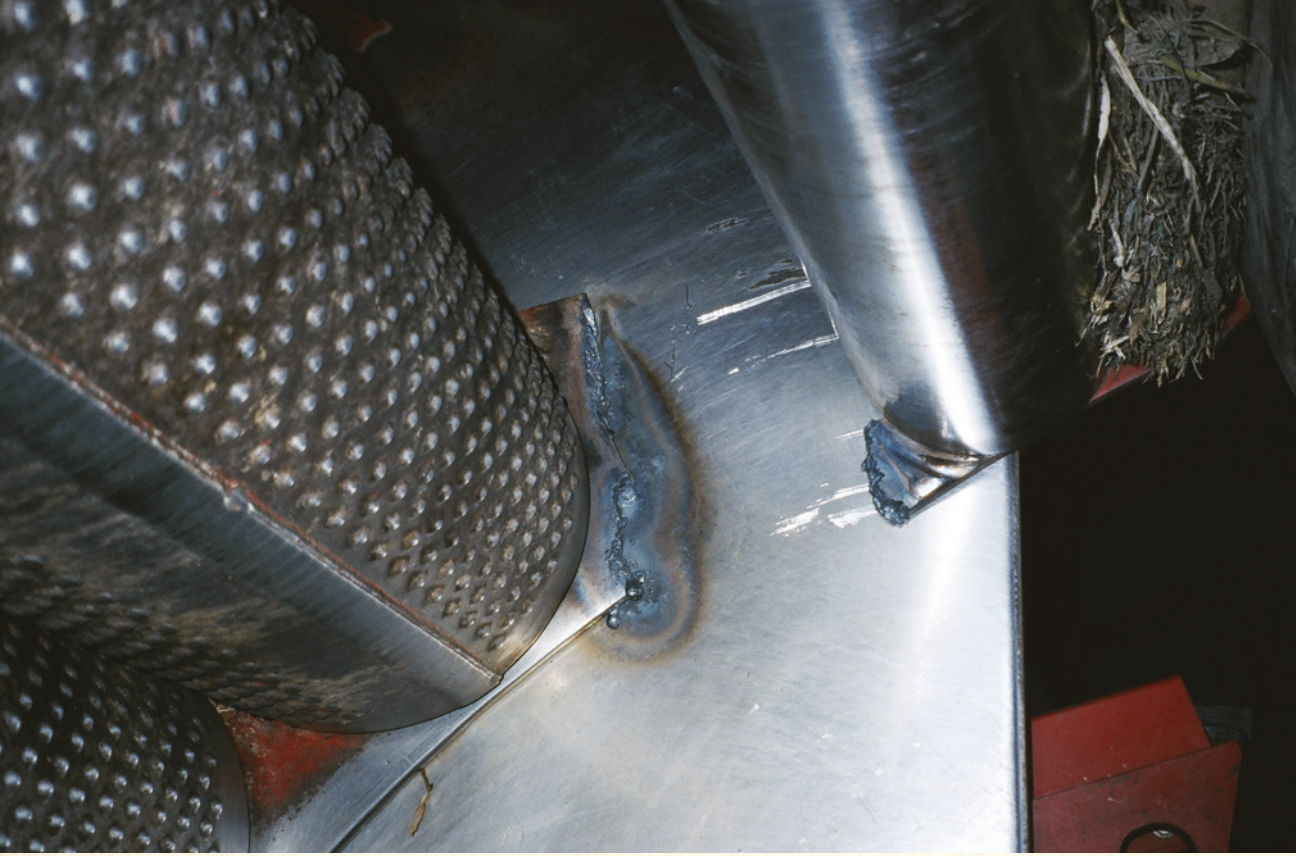
Scott was now swarmed with help who in a short time were also frozen in the bitter temperatures. Scott had now been out in the weather for over 2½ hours. I sat in the van and hugged the still sobbing Lynelle and Nelson.

When I saw Grandma Rufener, I turned the kids over to her and drove the van away from the scene, parked it in the garage, and ran to the house to change clothes. On my way back out, I realized I had forgotten to change my skirt, but I didn't go back for fear I would miss going with Scott in the squad wherever it would take him.

When I got back, Rittman's EMS squad now sat where the van had been. Scott still wasn't out, and Lady, the little Cocker Spaniel, was trying to get near him.

They called for Life Flight, but they couldn't fly because the weather conditions were too bad. They decide before they ever answer the phone whether or not they can come.

They had been trying air bags and the Jaws of Life to no avail; they would start to spread the rolls apart only to slide out letting the machine slam back down on Scott's arm. Scott's Dad had been pleading with them



Scott's brother cut the rollers with a torch. When they spread apart, Scott fell into waiting arms.

to take no thought for the baler. Dave, with swift action and skill, torched the roller loose, and Scott was free. He fell from the baler into a group of waiting arms that carried him to the stretcher where he was immediately covered with warm blankets. The whole time Scott was very calm and kept a presence of mind. I don't know how he did it.

His first body temperature was 93.7°. The doctor later said that at 89° or 90° the heart can stop. The freezing temperature, along with the tourniquet of coats, had reduced the bleeding, but if he had been out much longer he might have frozen to death. How many times I thanked God that that part of the awful trauma was over. Scott had gone out at about 9:30 and after about 10 minutes was caught. He was trapped a little over three hours before they actually got him released. Exactly how he got caught we will probably never know.

I was sitting in the front passenger seat of the emergency vehicle as we started out the lane when I saw that the block garage was smashed. Later, I learned that someone hurrying to the scene of the accident couldn't make the turn because of the ice. I also found out later that Dave was home with his children that morning while Jan went to an appointment. He got the call from Sterling Farm just as she was coming in the drive.

When we reached the hospital, they directed me to the registration

desk and took Scott to Emergency where they cut off his clothes but saved his long johns at his request. He had just started a new pair and couldn't stand to lose them. I sat in the waiting room until I could go back to him. The ambulance driver came to me and offered me something to drink. He sat down in the chair beside me. I laid my head on his shoulder and cried. When he left, the lady next to me said, "They aren't all that nice."

The paramedic who was with us was concerned when Scott couldn't feel where his hand was.

One of the EMS volunteers who was a young, pretty woman with long, dark hair and a sweet smile came to talk to me. When I questioned her about his hand, she gently said, "It will be a miracle if they can save it." I didn't give up hope. I knew that God could handle miracles if it was His will to do so. I called my Mom who was still at our house to tell her his arm was severely severed right below the shoulder. In the baler it looked like he was in clear up to his shoulder so there was no doubt in my mind where the damage was.

I went back to the waiting room until they called me in to see Scott. When I walked back, I met the emergency room doctor. "He's one ____ of a good man."

"I know," I said, "that's why I married him."

He explained that they had x-rayed Scott's elbow and that it was still good. "What difference would that make," I wondered, "if he loses his arm below the shoulder?" It was then that the doctor explained that although the skin was torn off below the biceps, the upper arm was still good. The crushing, burning injury had taken place between the elbow and wrist. *Oh, thank you, God, for that much more arm!* I think my first thought was that Scott could still hug the kids. My mind's eye could see him at the breakfast table after the Bible story with the kids on his lap squeezing them until they sputtered.

Then I saw Scott, battered, but safe. He might lose his hand; but he still had his arm, and we still had him. He joked with the nurses who had cut his clothes off, "Isn't there something about 'wait till I get your Hanes off you?'" He was kind and pleasant the whole time, although he was racked with pain and fear. We cried together and talked together as I stroked his head and hair -- the only part sticking out of all the warm blankets. By then his body temperature had climbed to about 97.1°.

When I went back to the waiting room, Mom and Dad Stoller had just arrived. I shared the good news that the injury was below the elbow, not below the shoulder. They were also thrilled for the extension. Then I called my mom to tell her the same news and that we were headed to St. Thomas. Dr. Nicholas Papas had agreed to take Scott's case, and St. Thomas had an available operating room.

Summit Ambulance sent their squad down to pick Scott up. We loaded

up and were on our way again. The speedometer registered 90 mph which was the maximum. When Scott asked what time it was, they told him it was about 4:00.

“Who will do my chores?” He wondered aloud. “Someone from that big church will be there to do your chores,” they assured him. They were right. We were told there were eight people there that night. When we arrived, again I registered him while they took him to the emergency room. Mom and Dad Stoller arrived shortly after.

We waited together until they called us back. This was the first he had seen his dad and mom since this horrible episode had began.

We talked together and cried together. With a smile on his face Scott commented, “This would be a great time for the rapture.” *Oh, Lord, just any day we might rise to meet You in the air; but until then, keep us faithful and give us wisdom and courage.* “This will either make me or break me,” Scott commented solemnly. How true! *Lord, remind us always to lean on Your everlasting arms, for there we will find strength beyond our own.* Scott was scheduled for surgery at 5:30.

The song that came so clearly to me as we waited there was, “Got any rivers you think are uncrossable? Got any mountains you can’t tunnel through? God specializes in things thought impossible. He does the things

Scott insisted on facing the machine that took his right hand.



others cannot do.” This was a song that we used to sing as a family as we gathered around the piano when I was growing up. At 5:00 they took Scott to another room to await surgery.

The anesthesiologist soon came in. Scott’s basic and repetitive request was simple: ask people to pray. I kissed his forehead, and then they rolled him away.

We went to the surgery waiting room to wait, cry, pray, wait some more and pray again. *Lord, give the doctors wisdom. Please save his hand. Not my will but Thine be done.*

We called to notify family that he was now in surgery. Before long family arrived to “help wait.” The love shown by God’s people is so comforting.

The television in the background was frustrating when I needed so much to pray. It felt like the devil’s scheme to distract our minds from worthwhile things.

Although I hurt so much on the inside, I was surrounded by loved ones, not to mention the multitude of those praying for us, and especially Jesus who had His share of earthly trials Himself.

As we talked in the waiting room, I remember saying, “I really have no idea which way it is going to end up,” wondering whether Scott’s hand could be saved or not. I knew God could perform this miracle if it was His will.

It was slightly after 7:30 when the comment was made that, since it was taking so long, it was hopeful that the doctor was re-attaching Scott’s hand. I don’t think it was more than a minute or two later when the door opened, and Dr. Papas appeared. The arm between the elbow and wrist was “mash,” in his terminology, and the hand couldn’t be saved.

So that was it. So this was how it was to be. I felt my insides burning as I tried to grasp the meaning. He talked of prosthetics and said that four to five inches of bone was saved below the elbow to which a prosthesis could be attached. I didn’t want a whatever-you-call-it! I wanted his hand!

The doctor stressed that it was very important to keep infection out. Since the muscle didn’t come down as far as the bone, he would graft in muscle and skin to cover the protruding bone once they were sure of no infection. Dr. Papas commented that Scott was handling this amazingly well. He was calm and pleasant the whole time. What an outstanding man! The nurse from the recovery room came to get his glasses because he had asked for them. They wouldn’t let us see him in the recovery room because they were so busy. That was very hard for me because he was awake, and I wanted to be there in those first crucial moments. I didn’t want him to have to face this alone.

We went up to Scott’s room to meet him when he was brought up. Then they rolled him down the hall to us. They brought me my Scott. I could tell by the look on his face that he was afraid he was done farming. We

had just moved to Scott's grandparent's farm one year before, and we truly loved it there. When I asked him about it later, he cried and said, "Now Grandma will think I'm incompetent." But Grandma was so completely wonderful to us and begged us to stay. She reassured us of her desire for things to stay the same. She never knew what she meant to us and how privileged we feel to be part of such a fine family heritage. When it was time to go, I told them I couldn't leave Scott, but I would love to have the kids come to see us every day. I loved those little rascals so much, our Doyle, our Lynelle, and our Nelson. Although I missed them very much, I knew they had good care with their grandparents. When I was lonely for them, it helped that I could pray for them. It was so good to see them pop their little heads in Scott's room. *Dear God, please bless them, comfort them, and keep them in the hollow of Thy hand.*

We had a roller coaster of emotions, but it seemed that each time I thought of his loss, this was immediately followed with overwhelming gratefulness for what we have left. I couldn't imagine life without him. How would I have explained to our precious children that the daddy they loved so much and who loved them was gone? Yes, how glad I was for what we had.

At first Scott had nightmares and flashbacks from his trauma in the baler. Now sometimes at night he dreams that the whole episode twenty years ago was a dream and he still has both hands—only to wake up to its reality and know that won't happen until heaven.

Scott would sometimes walk the halls at St. Thomas when he didn't have company himself and stop in and visit other patients. One morning when he came back to the room he said, "You know, I just realized something. There isn't a single person in the whole world anywhere that I would trade places with. And if that's the case, then I don't have it too bad."

The nurse consultant who counsels with patients and families marveled at Scott's attitude. Telling this to Scott's mom she added, "and that didn't just happen." We appreciate faithful parents who taught us how to deal with life and the real meaning of it: to love and serve the Master.

We knew someone whose son had lost his arm at age four. She sent a message with a friend, "Tell them there is just so much life left." The little boy said, "What do people do with two hands?" What a profound encouragement their family was to us!

Scott's uncle asked him what he learned while he was in the baler. Scott thought a moment and replied, "My right arm was in excruciating pain, I could have burned to death at any minute, the rest of me was freezing cold, the baler was making horrible sounds, the smell of burning coats, rubber, flesh and bone was nauseating, and my God was big enough to grant me a complete peace."

On Sunday, January 19, when Scott went into surgery, the last thing he

saw before he went out was the nurses standing around with tears in their eyes as they told him, “We are praying for you.”

During one restless night at St. Thomas we were listening to a borrowed tape when a song came on that seemed as though it was sung just for us: *“There is peace in the time of trouble, there is peace in the midst of the storm, there is peace when the world is raging, in the shelter of His arms.”*

On Wednesday, January 22, Scott was discharged from St. Thomas to go home for a few days before his reconstructive surgery which was scheduled for Saturday, January 25, at Akron General. It was good to be home. I felt like we were gathering strength for the next hospital stay.

Scott felt a slight coolness from Lynelle at the hospital which made him feel sad. However, the first night at home before I went to bed, she crept over to him and innocently asked, “Daddy, would it make your arm feel better if I would lay beside you?” Her daddy was thrilled. “It sure would, Peach.” She snuggled up right next to her precious Daddy and fell asleep.

When Saturday came, we headed for Akron General for the scheduled 8:00 surgery. It was a long day of waiting, but again there were so many who stood by us to help ease the burden. The doctors planned to take bone from Scott’s hip to fuse the two arm bones together, muscle from his stomach to cover the protruding bone, and skin from his thighs to cover the rest of his arm that was “degloved” from below his bicep muscle. The whole surgery lasted about nine hours, and we were definitely not prepared for the toll it would take on Scott.

Through the stress of it all, I guess I wasn’t taking care of myself, and I fainted—which caused quite a stir. Although they told me they just wanted to check my vitals, they ended up trying to admit me to the Emergency Room. I told them in no uncertain terms that I would NOT be admitted. That was that. Then I headed back up to Scott.



This is where Scott spent two and a half hours caught in a running machine dealing with life, but facing death.

At first his donor sites pained him much more than the actual arm. Some of the worst arm pain has been the “phantom pain,” which is hard to relieve. Although we cannot understand this fully, it is very real and common to those who experience limb loss. The doctor explained that even though the hand is not there, the nerves are still there, and they obviously have been traumatized.

On Tuesday, January 28, a lady from the infectious disease department came to his room to inform us that a culture taken from Scott’s arm during surgery revealed a bacteria called Vancomycin Intermediate Resistant Enterococcus (VRE). They proceeded to place a florescent sticker on the door warning anyone who would enter. A special bottle of soap was placed in the bathroom, and all who came in or went out were to wash their hands. Scott’s bedding was isolated and washed with special care in certain chemicals. His paper trash was kept separate and incinerated. When the nurses came in, they wore special masks and aprons. He felt quarantined. We were devastated. Would this horrible bacteria make him lose his elbow or even his life? Would the skin and muscle grafts become infected and decay? Would there be more surgeries and grafts? How much more could Scott take? During that night when I was sleeping on the cot beside him, one of the night-shift nurses came in, pulled down her mask and leaned down and kissed him. “I’m not afraid of you,” she said. “You’re like my son.”

This surely must be what the lepers who lived in Jesus

Scott and Lynelle coping with the trauma



time felt like. Scott believes that there is a significance to the fact that Jesus actually touched them when he healed them. He could just have spoken the word. But Jesus knew that those ostracized human beings needed a touch that could heal not only their body but their soul.

Scott wanted people to know about the bacteria so they would pray. I told him I didn't think they had ever stopped. Word spread quickly and people went to our God to plead our case. Through it all, Scott's attitude remained, "Not my will but Thy will be done." I asked the nurse what the plan of action was, and her response was, "Wait and see." They had nothing in the hospital that could kill that virus. The previous patient who had it was a twelve-year-old girl. She died. On Tuesday night they came to draw blood for more testing.

The next morning around noon a nurse came to inform Scott that, according to the blood test, there was now no trace of VRE. Gone! Just like that. How could it be? Was there a mistake? No. They assured us there was no mistake. Scott did have the infection. They still had a sample of it taken from him that was growing down in the lab. *Thank you, Lord!* The warning sign came down, and we were human again. I don't know if they ever came up with an explanation, but we will thank our God for the miracle and the dedicated people who prayed for us.

Scott seemed to heal quickly and literally felt better from one day to the next. On Saturday, February 1, Scott had what we hoped would be his final surgery which was only a small amount of skin grafting. Dr. Papas seemed pleased and mentioned that Scott might be able to go home either Sunday or Monday.

Incidentally, February 1 was also Doyle's sixth birthday. When he came to the hospital that night, I told him Daddy might come home soon. Choking back tears Doyle said, "That would be like getting another birthday present."

We thought Nelson was too little to understand, but one day he held his right arm; and said, "Daddy arm. Baler caught."

Scott was discharged on Sunday, the day following his last surgery. It was wonderful to be home. We are so grateful for the skill and dedication of the EMS workers, surgeons, doctors, nurses, and all who cared for Scott during this trauma. Where would we be without them?

I can honestly say I have never felt so much love or so many prayers in my entire life. Those who were by our side in prayer and/or presence will never know what they did for us.

Our prayer is that we will learn the lessons of life that God would have us to from this traumatic accident and that God will be glorified. We must always remember to focus on what we have rather than what we have lost. 🐔



The closer food is to the way God made it the better. There is a satisfaction in grinding grain in the kitchen that was grown on our farm.

Make Ahead Scrambled Eggs

2 Tbsp. butter, melted	½ c. finely-chopped onions
¼ c. flour	12 eggs, beaten
2 c. milk	1 tsp. salt
2 c. shredded cheese	1 Tbsp. butter, melted
2 Tbsp. butter	1 c. bread crumbs

Stir two tablespoons butter and flour together. Add milk and cook to thicken. Stir in cheese to melt. Sauté onions in butter. Add eggs and salt. Cook until completely set. Add cheese sauce and mix well. Pour in greased 7"x11" baking dish. Stir the tablespoon melted butter and crumbs. Sprinkle over eggs. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Remove from refrigerator for 30 minutes before baking. Bake uncovered at 350° for 25–30 minutes.

Note: You can add one pound browned sausage or cooked and crumbled bacon.

Hearty Granola

⅓ c. butter	1 tsp. vanilla
⅓ c. maple syrup	⅓ c. slivered almonds
⅓ c. sucanat or brown sugar	⅓ c. pecan or walnut pieces
3 c. regular rolled oats	⅓ c. raisins
1 tsp. salt	⅓ c. dried cranberries
1 tsp. cinnamon	

Mix together well. Bake at 350° for 45–55 minutes. Stir every 15–20 minutes.

Oatmeal Waffles or Pancakes

4 Tbsp. butter, melted	1 c. quick oats
1½ c. milk	1½ tsp. soda
2 Tbsp. maple syrup	½ tsp. salt
2 eggs	1 Tbsp. vinegar
1¾ c. soft whole wheat flour	

Mix together first six ingredients. Let set 15–30 minutes for grains to swell. Add soda, salt and vinegar. Fry in butter in skillet or bake in waffle iron. You may need to add additional flour if the batter is too thin. Optional: add ¼ cup soft whole wheat flour and ½ cup butternut squash.



Freshly ground wheat. Eggs gathered from the hen house.
Maple syrup from the sugar bush just down the cow lane.

Grits Breakfast Casserole

4 c. water
1 tsp. salt
¼ c. butter
1 c. grits

1 lb. sausage, browned
2 c. shredded cheddar cheese
½ c. milk
3 eggs

Boil water, salt and butter. Add grits and continue to cook and stir while it thickens. Add remaining ingredients and let stand overnight. Bake at 350° for one hour, uncovered. It will thicken some as it cools.

Blueberry French Toast

8–12 bread slices, cubed
1 c. blueberries
16 oz. cream cheese
12 eggs

2 c. milk
⅓ c. maple syrup
1 tsp. salt

Layer half of bread, cream cheese and blueberries in a 9"x13" pan. Put other half of bread on top. Beat eggs, milk, syrup and salt and pour over all. Refrigerate for eight hours or overnight. Remove 30 minutes before baking. Bake at 350° for 30 minutes covered and then 30 minutes uncovered until center is mostly set.