



MY VISIT TO THE DOCTOR

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Being a doctor myself, I hate to go to a doctor for routine physical check-ups. My daughter, a doctor in New Jersey, insisted that I should be checked yearly by local physicians. Since I am an 'obedient' parent, I listened to my daughter's advice. So, after my retirement, I began to go to the doctors for yearly routine medical checkups.

One of them was referred to me by my internist. He is a Lebanese doctor, whom I find a little difficult to relate to.

He is more reserved than the American doctors. I initiated the conversation and hoped that I could have an opportunity to share with him my faith. When I commented on his legible handwriting his face lighted up. He showed me his notes, every word of which I could read. He deserves to be commended because doctors are notorious for illegible handwriting.

To continue the conversation, I asked him to pronounce his last name, Jahshan, and tell me the meaning of his name. Then he opened up and told me his most amazing family history. His ancestors were Christians since the time of Christ and were personally evangelized in the northern part of Judea where present-day Lebanon is located. During Pentecost many people from all over the area went to Jerusalem and were filled with the Holy Spirit. His ancestors could have been there. Hundreds of years ago, his

ancestors were allied with the Turks and were left alone by the Moslems. He said that the Moslems only annihilated those who opposed them and taxed those who did not oppose them. His ancestors were spared. His last name, Jahshan, means "glorious position." His family name was granted by a Christian emperor many years ago. He wears a very tiny piece of the "original cross" which is a family heirloom. Even though he is the youngest son, his father sent him to America with the family heirloom.

Dr. Jahshan, being a descendent of a Christian family of over one thousand years. Is himself a devout Christian. He has a Bible in his medical suitcase all the time. I had an awesome feeling meeting a descendent of the original Christians. Suddenly, there was a kinship awareness between us. I told him that it was God who sent me to him as a patient. I also told him that I am a Christian by the grace of God. He kissed me on my cheek when we said good-bye.

This is the Word of God that came to me. ".....for I, the lord your God, am a jealous God, punishing the children for the sin of the fathers to the third and fourth generation of those who hate me, but showing love to a thousand generations of those who love me and keep my commandments." Deut. 5:9-10(NIV) 