

801243
Deborah Wittig
Kotak Pos 88
Malang 65101 E. Java
Indonesia
debwittig@gmail.com

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Dear Friend,

“Sing with me how great, how great is our God!” That song kept running over and over in my mind last month. Read and you will see why. On Thursday evening, September 8, I received an email from my brother that our mom had been taken to a hospital emergency room. The next morning another email said that Mom had stopped breathing and was now on a ventilator. They weren’t sure if she could breathe again on her own, but Friday evening the news was that Mom was a little better. Saturday morning I felt strongly that I should go to the States, so spent several hours figuring out how to book a flight using my sky miles. Praise God I had enough to make the trip.

Substitutes had to be found, which in our small community is not always easy. By God’s grace, a young man who was visiting in Malang knows Spanish fluently and was willing to take my two Spanish classes until he left. Another man offered to cover the remaining four days though it meant he had to cancel his appointments. A mother said she could take my English and Bible classes except for one day and other teachers covered that one day. I felt so uplifted as I planned the lessons for the next twelve days; everything came into place so well. God is good and great.

All apprehensions vanished as I started on my way. How could I be anxious with so many people praying for me? As I told my friends at the end of the trip, I felt like I floated home on prayers.

My mom was released from the hospital the day after I arrived. A quick call to the facility where my dad was provided good news. They could take Mom immediately in their rehabilitation facility. I spent the next few days going back and forth between Greenwood and Jeffersonville where my mom had been living to pack up her things, and then as much time as possible with my parents in New Albany, Indiana. Mom joked about her purple fingernails which she had just had painted on Tuesday, the day before she went into the hospital. She asked me what I thought about her going to heaven with purple fingernails. We laughed!

I am so glad I could be there for my mom because as the days progressed she felt more and more miserable. Tuesday night, September 20, was her last night here on Earth. Mom had a hard time breathing. I got up frequently to move her into a different position or give a drink. I sang all the songs I could remember like "Jesus Loves Me" over and over to help her relax. She would respond, "Jesus, I love You so much. Please take me to be with You." She said how much she loved us children. She prayed for people she had witnessed to recently to be saved. Early in the morning she relaxed and I went back to bed. I believe it was at that point she went to Heaven.

In addition to getting her fingernails painted her favorite color that Tuesday, Mom had also finished typing up her memorial service so, of course, we followed her wishes. It was such a blessing how everything came together...that the people Mom wanted to take part in the service could do so, even to a friend's being able to play the trumpet. I felt God's presence at both the funeral and memorial services. Both were great times to remember and honor my precious Mother.

Marjorie Wittig was an intrepid woman who followed her husband to the jungles of Colombia, to the steaming city of Guayaquil, Ecuador, to Greenwood, Indiana, and other places in between. She kept the family together especially when Dad was away on long trips. I don't know how she had time for everything she did! She was nurse to the Bible school students and villagers. She was the school librarian and field historian. She wrote many, many stories which were published in papers and magazines and always had a new story in mind to write. She was Mom to six children! She was always there for us, always encouraging us, always loving us. I miss you, Mom, but am so glad you can be with Jesus now, and that I could spend your last days here with you.



God is great! Thank you so much for your enabling prayers and support.

With rejoicing,

Debbie

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