on my back and go hiking up the sides of the mountain, and I had a marvelous revee recovery from it, but it was about two weeks after this happened when my doctor at home was looking at my arm where the stitch was taken, and I said You know , it's peculiar here. It feels to me as if there is a nail inside. It's bigger **x** than a nail . It's like **x** screw almost, and $\bar{\mathbf{x}}$ he said Oh, there's no scar tissue in there, so I paid no attention to it . It wasn't sore and it didn't bother me, and six months later when I was pretty well recovered to my normal activity, I began \mathbf{x} to develop a redness there on one end, and it got very w red and began to get sore, so I went and showed it to the doctor again, and he said That's a different place from where it was before, he said Scar tissue won't move, there must be something in there actually, so he had me take a x-ray, and the other doctor looked at the x-ray and he said Oh, there's something metal inside there. I'll have that out in just about a minute, but he laid me over on my back there and froze it and cut it, and I saw what looked red to me at one end, well, it was has blood . Actually a ford **x** car (on the fly of the window) I had been x in/the-fore-of-the-car-(?) and on the window /there was this little thing about two inches long . Well , that had been in my arm for six months. I had carried it around for six months and had no idea it was there. It was nearly two inches long, it was nearly as big as your little finger, and I had carried that for that length length of time and it hadn't bothered me at all. Well, he just cut and took it out and put a bandage on and said About after ten days take off the bandage and it will be all right. I've never had any soreness or any bother with it at all. But for some time I carried that thing in my pocked and I showed it to everybody and they could hardly believe that I had had that in my arm for six months. And you know I got to thinking, Why did the Lord permit me to have that accident. I think it was to make me more ar aware of the fact that He controls all things , that our life is a gift a from Him and who knows when it will be taken away from us. Well, 8 Why

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