

# The Other Doors

Our 4 year old son has some serious health problems, so we are “frequent fliers” at the local hospital. Two weeks ago, our son was there for several days having surgery. As stressful as that was for us, my visits to that hospital always leave me feeling grateful. Why?

Because of “the other doors.”

As I walk the corridors of that hospital, I pass doors leading to many different departments. I pass the department where surgeons reconstruct children’s faces, where specialists treat children who have been tragically burned, where children with cancer spend their childhood battling a disease that terrifies most adults. Occasionally, I walk through a ward, past the room of a child lying unconscious amid a mass of tubes and machines. I see the family, grieving for what is to come. I keep walking.

It’s late one evening, and I walk to the waiting room. Only one family remains, and their doctor arrives from surgery. He begins to tell them about the patient’s injuries...a shotgun blast, self-inflicted ...massive facial damage...a dozen more operations to come...a lifetime of disfigurement...a lifetime of asking “why?”

I sit back considering the doors this family will face in the years ahead. I walk back to the preschool ward, to the one door I seek. Behind this door, our son is slowly recovering from surgery. And in a strange way, I am grateful for the “situation” that we live with. Because there are a hundred other doors that are far worse. And we could just as easily be in one of those rooms.

As you pray for strength to open the doors you face, be sure to thank Allah for the doors he has spared you.



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