

## Who's Holding My Hand?

Early in his administration, President Ronald Reagan came out of the Hilton Hotel where he had just spoken and was walking a short distance to his car when he heard a noise – pop, pop, pop – like firecrackers going off.

His Secret Service bodyguard shoved him into the nearby presidential limousine and jumped in on top of him. Reagan felt a crushing pain in his ribs.

“He began coughing up blood, and they rushed him to George Washington Hospital,” wrote Max Anders in his book *2 Unbreakable Laws*. Reagan “was walking to the emergency room when he got lightheaded and weak in the knees. He was also having great difficulty breathing. The next thing he knew, he was lying face up on a gurney, being wheeled into the hospital. Later, as he was going into the operating room, he looked at the surgical team and quipped, ‘I sure hope you’re all Republicans.’”



Reagan’s difficulty breathing increased. His lungs were working, but no matter how many times he took a breath, he couldn’t get enough air. He began to panic and finally blacked out.

“When he regained consciousness some time later, he felt someone, evidently one of the nurses, holding his hand,” Anders said. “He later wrote, ‘It is difficult for me to describe how deeply touched I was by that gesture. It was very reassuring, just to feel the warmth of a human hand.’ He began asking, ‘Who’s holding my hand?’ There was no answer. ‘Who’s holding my hand?’ he asked again. Again, no answer. ‘Does Nancy know about us?’”

Reagan was able to keep a sense of humor, even under such difficult circumstances.

This story provides a bedrock principle for us in Life Care and Century Park. People in a variety of situations are reaching out their hands to us. They’re looking for hope, for assurance, for comfort. Ultimately, they’re seeking to know that another human being cares. And the touch of a warm hand answers that question.

When we strip everything away, life really comes down to this: knowing we are not alone, knowing that we matter to someone, knowing we are loved.

Next time *you* are afraid and *you* wonder, “Who’s holding my hand?” just remember the words of the Lord, “The Lord directs the steps of the godly. He delights in every detail of their lives. Though they stumble, they will never fall, for the Lord holds them by the hand (Psalm 37:23-24 NLT).”