

# His Call

by Lisa Sims, Pharm D



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For many of you, pharmacy may be a large part of your life. You may work long hours, work weekends, and take your work home with you. I have been in that position, and I'm sure I will be there again. For now, God has me in a different season. I am very blessed to spend a great deal of my time at home taking care of my three young children. When Dr. Welty asked me

to write the editorial for this issue of *Christianity & Pharmacy*, I feared I couldn't relate to you all since I feel a bit "on the sidelines", professionally. But then I realized that, although pharmacy is something we share in common, what ties us together as a fellowship is Christ. No matter where we find ourselves right now professionally, our bond is through our Lord.

As I alluded to above, my children are my life right now. I am a pharmacist part-time, but my primary role is Mom. This is a drastically different place than I was at less than three years ago, when my husband and I felt God calling us to serve as foster parents. At that time, I was the pharmacist who worked ALL the time. I worked long hours, I worked weekends, and I always took my work home with me. My husband, Kyle, and I were unable to have children, and we felt that adoption through foster care was the path we were supposed to take. I was so excited and anxious to be a mother, but I was terrified of the loss that comes when you foster. You see, through foster care, adoption is something that *may* be an option at some point. However, in many cases you care for a child for a period of time, then eventually that child is returned back to their parent(s) or another family member. My personal reason for fostering initially was self-motivated: I wanted to adopt a child. But God was calling us to serve His children by loving them, whether that was for a month or for the rest of our lives. I wasn't sure that I was the right one for that particular job. Kyle and I

prayed about it a lot. I met with other foster moms to hear their experiences and learn from them. I even joined a foster mother support group. The heartache that these mothers had experienced from losing children was devastating and terrifying. Was God sure this was for me? Could I really do this? How could I bring a child into my home, care for them as my own, then step back and watch as they are returned to an environment that I may not even feel is best for them? I didn't think I could handle losing my child when I was so desperately wanted one to be mine forever. As we proceeded with the licensing process and learned more about foster care, God softened my heart and gave me the desire to help kids in need, regardless of the impact on myself. I still wanted to adopt, but I also wanted to help. I wanted to provide a home full of love and comfort to children who needed it. God brought me to the point where I was even excited to partner with biologic parents to support them in any way I could. And most of all, I saw this as an opportunity to witness to others. I hoped that Kyle and I could represent Christ and share God's Word to the children and parents that God brought into our lives.

I will never forget the moment that we first opened our door to see two little girls and a Child Protection Services worker standing on our doorstep. The vision of that little three-year old with her wide eyes, hair a mess, holding tight to a dirty pink blanket, and her baby sister, just nine months old with those same wide eyes staring up at us from her car seat is forever

etched in my mind. Those precious girls were with us for just one month, and when they left to return to their mother I cried for days. This was my first exposure to losing children, and experiences to come were even much, much more difficult.

Reminiscing on this makes me think of the story in Judges chapter six where despite the wonderful promises that God had made to the Israelites, they were struggling. They were doing evil in the eyes of God, and they were going through a great deal of hardship because of it. The Midianites and other groups of people were tearing down their shelters, ruining their crops, and killing their livestock. Gideon called out to God in confusion, asking why this was happening. God sent a messenger to tell Gideon to go and take his men to fight the Midianites:

*“The Lord turned to him and said, ‘Go in the strength you have and save Israel out of Midian’s hand. Am I not sending you?’” (vs. 14, NIV)*

Gideon then questioned God, arguing that his clan was the weakest. How could they possibly save the Israelites?

*‘Pardon me, my lord,’ Gideon replied, ‘but how can I save Israel? My clan is the weakest in Manasseh, and I am the least in my family.’ The Lord answered, ‘I will be with you, and you will strike down all the Midianites, leaving none alive.’” (vs. 15-16, NIV)*

Gideon continued to doubt whether or not he was the man for the job. He even went so far as to request signs to

prove that this messenger was really from God.

*“Gideon replied, ‘If now I have found favor in your eyes, give me a sign that it is really you talking to me. Please do not go away until I come back and bring my offering and set it before you.’ And the Lord said, ‘I will wait until you return.’ Gideon went inside, prepared a young goat, and from an ephah of flour he made bread without yeast. Putting the meat in a basket and its broth in a pot, he brought them out and offered them to him under the oak. The angel of God said to him, ‘Take the meat and the unleavened bread, place them on this rock, and pour out the broth.’ And Gideon did so. Then the angel of the Lord touched the meat and the unleavened bread with the tip of the staff that was in his hand. Fire flared from the rock, consuming the meat and the bread. And the angel of the Lord disappeared. When Gideon realized that it was the angel of the Lord, he exclaimed, ‘Alas, Sovereign Lord! I have seen the angel of the Lord face to face!’” (vs. 17-22, NIV)*

Just like Gideon, sometimes we question God when He calls us to do something. We feel that we aren’t strong enough, or we have too many factors prohibiting us from following His call. Since becoming foster parents, Kyle and I have fostered six children and adopted two. I cannot imagine my life without each of these six little lives in it. There has been a great deal of heartache and suffering but also an abundance of blessings, and I thank God daily for the experiences we have gone through. Our two adopted children are now two and four-years old, and we also

have a biologic son who is 1-year old. After being unable to conceive, God blessed us with our youngest boy through in vitro fertilization. I had complications throughout my pregnancy and basically spent nine months on my knees in prayer, but a good friend repeatedly reassured me, “This isn’t your baby; it’s God’s baby. This is His blessing to you.” Those words provided me with such comfort during that time, and I believe they were true. Luke 6:38 (NIV) says, “Give, and it will be given to you. A good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, will be poured into your lap. For with the measure you use, it will be measured to you.” I believe with all of my heart that God blessed us with our youngest son because we trusted Him and were obedient to His call to foster.

God has a purpose for each of us. He speaks to our hearts and calls us to do different things. When we play it safe and don’t respond to His call, we may think that we’re protecting ourselves, but really we are missing out on His perfect and amazing plan for us. As a Christian pharmacist, He may be calling you to serve on the mission field or for a local health organization. He may be calling you to serve CPFI in new ways, such as on a Committee or the Board of Directors. I encourage you to communicate with God regularly about His purposes for you so that you are listening and prepared to respond when you hear His call. Trust that He will reward your obedience, and trust that God’s words to Gideon, “I will be with you”, are true for you as well.