

Scott's Thoughts

May 24, 2026



“Since his days are determined, and the number of his months is with you, and you have appointed his limits that he cannot pass.”
(Job 14:5, SV)

I recently looked up the average life span of Americans. For women it is about eighty-one years, and for men like me it is around seventy-five. About eighteen months ago, a doctor told me—very directly—that I could expect to live about five more years. She also said that, statistically, it wouldn't make much difference whether I received a kidney transplant or not. Five years was still the number. This was the same doctor who told me back in October of 2017 that I would be on dialysis within a year. Dialysis is certainly closer now, but I'm still not there yet. I also know the odds of getting a transplant are extremely small. Even so, by the grace of God, I have lived a full life, and I still function close to normal.

I'm not down on doctors. They have helped so many people—many of them in my own circle. The really good ones don't give up until every possible treatment has been tried. My renal doctor tells me at every visit how glad she is that her first assessment of me was wrong. I'm glad too. The truth is the number of years I have left is still unknown. How long can I live with this kidney disease? I don't know. I also carry another disease that nearly took my life in 2015. It hasn't been cured, but it has been treated, and I no longer think about it every day.

Over the last eighteen months, God has given Ava and me the privilege of watching Him work in her life.

Her diagnosis and treatment for pancreatic cancer have changed our lives in many ways. Along this journey we have met many people whose lives have been touched by cancer. Each one receives treatment tailored to their needs, and each one deals with the side effects as best they can. We see the same people at almost every treatment session. We talk, we visit, and we learn about each other's families—children, grandchildren, and sometimes great grandchildren. Every now and then we discover that we even have friends in common. These conversations help. They make the journey easier. And it helps even more to talk about what our great and loving God is doing to carry us from one day to the next. Without Him, there would be no hope.

This much I know for certain: however many days God gives me on this earth; He stands ready to give me eternal life with Him.

“For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up what is planted.” (Ecclesiastes 3:1–2, ESV)

Thanks for listening and keep on shining

—Scott