

Grace Kim

Professor Maureen Farrell Garcia

College Writing

4 October 2022

God's Inconvenient Perfect Timing

*Good morning Grace,*

*There has been a glitch in our system where you are the only person signed up for our 12pm-4pm CPR class. Please come in for the 5pm-9pm CPR class.*

*Sincere Apologies, CPR 123.*

Switching off from looking at my google maps and what's in front of me, I found myself standing in front of a foggy, stained glass door with the words "CPR 123" peeling off the window. Man – what the heck is God thinking... I mumbled to myself, as I opened the heavy door with the rusted jingle bells hanging over top. The tattered CPR signs were plastered on the walls pointed up the stairs. As every step produced some paranormal creak, I finally found my way to the CPR classroom. To my left was the TV gently playing "Hits of the 2000s", and to my right was a middle aged asian woman leaned back against her chair. I took a seat next to her and felt a bit relieved, but still scrolled through my phone avoiding eye contact as people came in.

*Yup– the weather is 82 degrees, the same as I checked a minute ago, no one updated their snapchat story ever since I checked 27 seconds ago, mhm, my uber ride home is still 27 dol —*

"Hey, are you a nurse?" startled, I quickly answered, "Nope, just a nursing student. Are you a nurse?" The lady's face brightened up and replied with a smile,

“I’m a pediatric nurse at New York Presbyterian!”. Although I maintained an awkward poker face, inside I was in awe to see a glimpse of my future goals manifested in someone who achieved it. But quickly after, mixed feelings soon overcame the awe.

The CPR class began, and it was your typical self introduction and lesson – counting your compressions, retaining the depth of your compressions, differentiating between adult and infant CPR, etc. Lucy, the asian woman, was bantering with our instructor, and yet so promptly and gracefully answering the instructor’s questions each time. With her presence, the other individuals including myself loosened up a bit. However, by the last hour, my eyes were glossed over and felt my contacts beginning to dry up. I began examining this ambiguity in my heart; I love what nursing represents, but did God really call me here? Does nursing not fit me like it fits Lucy?

Before I knew it, I snapped back into reality when the class ended in the midst of my overthinking. There’s this pull that I need to talk to Lucy; I need to know her “why” to nursing. My heart is pumping in my ears, trying not to lose sight of tiny Lucy in the sea of people leaving. However, it was to my surprise to see Lucy staring right back at me as if she had something to say. “Hey Grace! I know you’re a nursing student, and I wanted to make sure I got to have a conversation with you before we head out. Did you park around here?” Lucy asked.

“Ah Lucy! I was also scoping around to make sure I got to have a conversation with you. What a coincidence! I’m just about to call my uber.” Lucy reverts to a stance of caution as she hesitates to ask, “Where do you live? I can give you a rideee...iiif you’re comfortable with that??”. Now in reality I do know not to go into strangers’ cars, but Lucy was about five feet, hundred fifteen pounds, and recently recovering from an ACL surgery. *I’m sure she can’t kidnap someone of my tall and heavy stature... right?*

I don't remember much of the conversation in the car, but what I prominently remember and carry to this day is the feeling of unexplainable peace washing over me. It was as if Lucy was an old friend that I was catching up with, talking about life and family. The conversation was so fruitful, and it was a glimpse of authenticity in human connection. The connection just melted any frustrations I felt with the inconvenience of class time change, anxiety of my goals, and doubt in what was planned for me. As I was skipping up the stairs to the apartment, all I could feel was the clarity of God's [inconvenient] perfect timing.

At the end: write who your audience is, what your purpose for writing this, and if you had any difficulties completing this assignment

My audience in this case was more so targeted towards college students who feel kind of lost in their purpose. I kind of had in mind that people can relate to the feeling of having a “goal” but feeling so many mixed/unknown emotions. I honestly had a lot of difficulty with writing this, it was difficult to not rush the ending. I also had difficulty with trying to implement a showing not telling. And I also felt weirdly pressured to be creative and make such a grand, motivational story.