

God Has a Plan

When I was a child, severe medical problems cropped up as a result of congenital issues. For three years, my parents and my doctors were hopelessly baffled as I endured horrendous pain.

While facing the taunts of a world that couldn't understand what was happening, I tried to function as a normal child and keep up with school. Unfortunately, the education system wanted to put me in a special needs school. Others thought I was just trying to seek attention.

A month before my 16th birthday, I laid in bed one night in sheer agony. I weighed 68 pounds, and my skin was translucent and grey. Trying hard not to be heard by my family, I cried to God: "Please take me home with You. I don't want to live any more. No one believes me or can help me. Just take me home!"

As I closed my eyes, ready to surrender, I heard a man's voice say, "You're going to be all right."

That's all I heard. Soon I fell asleep with an indescribable peace in my spirit. I knew one way or another I was going to be all right.

A week later, my condition worsened, and I was admitted to the hospital with the prognosis that I had only 24 hours to live. Due to the stress on my system, my kidneys were beginning to shut down.

But God is faithful. Not only did I survive beyond that 24 hours, I have lived more than 15 years since then. I am blessed with a wonderful husband, two kitties, family and friends.

When we feel hopeless and suffer unbearable pain, it is in these times that God speaks so clearly, assuring us that He is

there and everything is all right. Although it may seem at times that Satan is orchestrating your demise, God has other plans. Believe me. I know!