

God Keeps His Promises

At a very young age I knew I wanted to be the mother of three children. I never doubted that my desire would be fulfilled.

But at the age of 13, I became very ill with a high fever and tremendous abdominal pain that would not subside. When my mother noticed I could barely stand, she took me to the doctor, and I was treated for a kidney infection. But after a few days, I was no better, so we went to another doctor.

This doctor sent my mother and me straight to the hospital where I was put through a battery of tests. These tests revealed a mass in my abdomen. Since the doctors were still not sure what it was, they decided to perform exploratory surgery.

The mass was removed and diagnosed as a ruptured appendix. It had burst sometime during the four weeks prior to surgery.

Miraculously, my body had formed a protective barrier around the burst appendix. This prevented the poison from getting into my bloodstream.

At the time, I didn't realize how great a miracle this was. But later, I was told that as a result of the damage done to my body, I would probably not be able to have children.

Eight years after the surgery, I married Tracy, the love of my life. He brought to the marriage a precious little boy, Tracy Jr.

We wanted all our children to grow up together, so we decided to try to have children right away. The doctors told me again that I might not be able to conceive a child. But I held on to the desire God had given me as a little girl, and after nine months, I became pregnant with Aaron.

During the pregnancy I felt great until the seventh month. I

was at risk of going into premature labor. Satan tried to steal my promise, but the Lord took care of us.

I delivered Aaron in my eighth month. By then, he was strong enough to survive.

One year after his birth, we realized our family was still missing someone. It took two years, but again I became pregnant.

During those two years, the enemy tried numerous times to plant seeds of doubt. Sometimes he succeeded, I'm sorry to say. But this pregnancy went well, and Miss Lauren arrived 10 days late.

After she was born we decided our family was complete. Because I could not take any kind of birth control, we decided I would undergo sterilization.

I was to be awake during the procedure, after being given a local anesthesia. It was supposed to be a quick 20-minute surgery, but it lasted one and a half hours.

The doctor was amazed that I had ever been able to conceive. The damage from the ruptured appendix had been far more extensive than we knew.

After the surgery was over, he came to me and said, "If a doctor could have seen your insides, he or she would have given you a minus 12 percent chance of conceiving a child." Those are pretty bad odds!

But God had other plans for me. When I told my doctor I'd just delivered my second child, he couldn't believe it. But I could.

I knew I would be the mother of three. Our Father in heaven had His hand on me and our children from the beginning. It's truly amazing!