

God is God

This is an account of *one of the many divine interventional works of God* in the lives of his children, something that happened to me a few months ago.

It was a normal weekday. As is my regular routine, I had my morning devotion, took my shower, got dressed and went to work. On arrival at work, it was the typical calm before the storm in one of the busiest emergency rooms in Ontario. I started my day as exuberant as ever, ready to serve the Lord by giving the best care I could give no matter what comes in through the doors.

Halfway through my shift I felt a very mild abdominal discomfort that went away on its own. I completed my shift without any further issue.

At home that night when I went to bed, I could not get warm under my comforter. I kept shivering and had to double up and add another comforter. I turned up the heat, but I had no relief. I did not have a fever, so I kept wondering what was going on. Eventually after praying and calling on the Lord, He gave me a sound sleep. I woke up in the morning with all symptoms resolved and once again I got ready and went to work. I was very thankful to the Lord, praising Him for this turnaround and I thought everything was over.

While at work I started having sharp and severe abdominal pains, as if something was taking a bite of my intestines and then letting go. This pain was intermittent but persistent, with intervals of about an hour. By afternoon the interval between the pain spasms was getting shorter and the intensity of the pain was getting stronger. But the pain would always subside.

By the grace of God, I happened to be one of the best phlebotomists (or the best at venipuncture; which do you think is best?) in our department. Very often I would be called to start IVs in crashing patients, in those very difficult sites. On this particular day, whenever I was called to start an IV I realized I had to sit down, and after completing the insertion standing up brought excruciating pain. But I carried on all the same.

The emergency doctor and I were in the middle of stabilizing an unresponsive patient when he looked at me and said; "Jacoba, we need to look at this pain you are having, and find out what is going on with you!"

I agreed. I registered and made a chart for myself, and the same doctor attended to me. My vital signs and blood showed that I was septic. I had a high fever, increased heart rate and low blood pressure. My white count was high and blood sugar almost through the roof. The doctor came into my room with a very pensive and worried look. I asked him what was wrong. He told me my CT scan showed perforated diverticulitis close to a bowel perforation and I would need

to go into surgery immediately. He told me the surgeon would be coming over to discuss the procedure with me and get my consent.

The surgeon and his resident came in at about 11 pm to explain their plan. They said they had briefly left their ongoing surgery to prepare me. I would be the next to go into surgery first thing in the morning before their night shift was over. When they asked me if I had anything to say I told them I believe in God for healing and I'm expecting a miracle! The surgeon laughed, but the resident said, that's a good attitude and he thinks that God **can** do anything, but he is not sure. I could tell he was being polite.

I continued praying and the word of God kept welling up in me. As I claimed and confessed God's unfailing grace and promises, I sent messages to all my Christian friends and family to pray.

That night I kept calling on the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and the God who heals all our diseases. I kept praying healing scriptures; Isaiah 53:5, 1 Peter 2:24, Jeremiah 17:14, Psalms 103:3, Psalm 107:20, Matthew 12:15 and many more. I am sure you all know more scriptures that talk about our healing.

Finally, after several pain medications and antibiotics I fell asleep. I was awakened early in the morning at 6am by the surgeon, saying that they were ready to take me to the operating room. He said he would do his final checks to make sure my morning blood work was done and to see the results before going to the O.R.

He walked back into my room both shocked and at the same time happy, (maybe because he now didn't have to do another surgery before going home from his night shift!). The resident was given the very pleasant job of breaking the good news to me. To his amazement he informed me that all my bloodwork and vitals were now totally the opposite of what they had been the day before. My blood sugar had even bounced low. Everything had become normal and pristine.

The resident proclaimed "Jacoba, you really did get your miracle!" Glory to God who never disappoints. The surgeon called the OR and cancelled the surgery and said I would be discharged when my blood sugar normalized. He then scheduled an esophageal gastroscopy and colonoscopy to make sure everything was clear and to rule out cancer, because of some abnormalities seen on the CT scan.

I was discharged that evening to the glory and honour of our Lord Jesus Christ.

I recovered gradually over the next couple of weeks. The follow-up EGD and colonoscopy were done. There was no sign of cancer, and the tests showed that the diverticular perforation had healed. There was no sign of any other bowel perforation. Thankfully, from that time until now I have not had any abdominal pain.

I give God the glory and all the thanksgiving and worship to the most high king.
Yes! God is God and as the scriptures said in Ps.48:14 NIV: This God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even to the end.

As I write all the events leading to this miraculous work of our Lord, one Bible verse keeps coming to me again and again as it did on that day at work:

"When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and when you pass through the rivers, they will not sweep over you. When you walk through the fire, you will not be burned; the flames will not set you ablaze." Isaiah 43:2 NIV

We serve a living and wonderful God who works in ways that we don't always understand. But He is worthy of our trust, our commitment and our love. *For God so loved the world that he gave us his only one and only son. (John 3:16)* God truly loves us all, even today.

About the author:

Jacoba Antwi, RN BScN. CE. Jacoba has been a member of NCFC for many years. She started out as a small group leader, and then became a member of the Ontario Committee. She later took on the added responsibilities and the leadership of the NCFC Ontario Committee, as Ontario chair. She is now also a Director on the NCFC BOD. Jacoba is at present actively working as an ER nurse in the Toronto area. She has also had the privilege of working with the First Nations in Northern Ontario. Serving in NCFC is a privilege and a passion, to reach nurses for the Kingdom wherever they may be in their faith.