

I mean to say that I am truly grateful and certainly thank all of those friends, relatives, and others who were genuinely concerned about my recent health challenges. I thank you for your visits, your thoughts, your prayers, your calls, your cards and your concern. One thing is certain; I now live my life being more conscious of the moment realizing that tomorrow isn't promised! So, wake up, everybody, and do it NOW.

What started out as a simple hair follicle infection turned into a nightmare. Simply put, I checked into a hospital emergency room on my way to work one morning because of an ingrown hair bump infection. My problem seemed to be nothing more than some degree of pain that was affecting my walk. I anticipated being examined and released with time left to get to work before noon.

That's All I'm Sayin'

Shades of Rip Van Winkle! Little did I know that I would awaken five days later, an admitted hospital patient who, (1) had been diagnosed by the head surgeon as having odds rated as "slim to none" for survival, (2) might face having my left leg amputated to save my life, (3) would remain hospitalized for 30 days, and (4) who would surprise doctors and nurses by my survival and recovery progress. Political correctness be damned; I thank God for being alive.

The five months I have been off from work may be summarized in one or two words. I'm thankful. Why thankful? Well, I am a better person now that I've reached this point in my life. Having been a smoker since my teens, I now live life smoke free. The casual, social drinking has disappeared from my life. My weight is under two hundred pounds for the first time since the eighties. For this, I would do it all over despite the pain and tears.

A lot of people contributed to my recovery including a surgical team lead by the head surgeon, Dr. Joseph Patton. And especially all of the people who plead the blood of Jesus over me that I might live. They included people and congregations in Michigan, Indiana, Georgia, and who knows where else. God spoke to me during the five days I was unconscious and showed me visions while speaking to my spirit. He told me (while I didn't know where I was) that He was repairing my body and giving me a new heart. He said that He was making the hard places in my heart soft again and the cold places warm again. And, He did it. God left me with a heart so tender that I cry now at the proverbial "drop of a hat." At first I thought it temporary, something I was experiencing while in and just after leaving the hospital.

Since then I have realized that what God does is done well indeed. He healed me so well that the head surgeon was overwhelmed when he last saw me. He said that he never... Can't nobody tell me what God can or cannot do. And I praise His holy name and constantly give Him the glory for what He has done in my life!



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