

## ***Miracles Happen with a Thread of Hope***

*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. Psalm 23:4 NKJV*

I have not shared many personal anecdotes with you, but the Holy Spirit has prompted me to do so on this occasion as it is quite appropriate to our current discussion. I hope to do this more frequently in the upcoming book 3, *Revive My Soul, O God*, as well as sharing the personal anecdotes of other individuals.

We were staring intently at the monitors in the intensive care unit of the hospital, desperately hoping that one of the intravenous medicines would work. Four different medicines had already been administered over the last couple hours to no avail. The ammonia levels were still elevated and toxic. At these levels, for any extended period of time, brain damage was likely to ensue. Our five-and-one-half-year-old son's liver was shutting down fast and all but nonfunctional. He was lying there heavily sedated as he was incoherent and poorly functional. There were tubes inserted everywhere. Dialysis tubes were inserted into each inner thigh to try to relieve the strain on his kidneys, which were unable to handle the toxic overload; catheter, breathing tube, nose tube for feeding, intravenous shunts in each hand, peripheral arterial line in the upper arm for medicine administration, plus a plethora of electrodes on his chest and head.

Two of his many doctors called his mother and me into a consultation room. "Your son is exceedingly sick, and his condition is quickly worsening and becoming desperate. He needs a liver transplant as soon as a donor is available," one doctor said. Galen's mother asked, "How long before it's too late?" After a pause, the doctor said, "We don't know if he can last more than six to twelve hours like this."

In tearful despair, and at a new level of shock that we had not known over the past two weeks of this ordeal, we returned to our son's room, wondering how this miracle could ever come about. While we had been speaking to the doctors in the consultation room, Galen's attending physicians were able to finally find a medicine that was effectively neutralizing the toxic ammonia in Galen's system. If he could just receive a liver transplant in time, he may live and be fully functional.

I remember standing by his bed praying silently to God, "He's your son, Lord. I'm just his caretaker. How much of him do you want? Can you not take me? Am I to be like Abraham and give up my only son? Yet I pray for a miracle too. He is in your hands." I sat down next to Galen's mother on the couch, and we could do nothing but put our faces in our hands, sobbing quietly, wondering how we could possibly be here in this place when three weeks ago, our son was healthy and completely normal.

We needed a miracle, and we barely held on to a thread of hope. It was then, as we were sitting there, that one of the intensive care unit nurses came over and knelt down in front of us, lightly touching each one of our shoulders and said, "It will be okay. The Lord is in this place."

That was what I needed to hold on to my thread of hope for God's miracle to happen. And it did. Very early that next morning, we were awakened, and they were taking Galen down for surgery. At an exceptionally high price of two young lives, and a year later a third, a donor liver, and life, was now on its way.

"The Lord is in this place." Don't miss Him. I do not know who that wonderful nurse was, but those few words I am eternally grateful for and will never forget. So when the Holy Spirit prompts you to say or do something, follow His guidance and be obedient. A few words or a gentle, compassionate touch can bring the powerful presence of the Lord.