



**Miracles that follow the plow :: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley**

**Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/17 22:55**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

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Quote: posted 11-23-2008

Â“Pastor,  
So good to hear you are doing OK. I was about to post, asking 'how you are doing?'but then I saw this post! Yes! Praise the LORD! Now, would you mind to briefly fill us in on what has happened since you were laid up? and how you have gotten to where you are now?

Yes, your wife also has my permission to burn your toast!

God bless you!  
ginnyroseÂ”

Quote: posted 11-24-2008

Â“Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Thank you for your warm and loving welcome home. It is good to come home to such love and encouragement. Please know you were missed as well.

Ginnyrose,  
Yes, give me a little time to get the cobwebs out of my head and I will share a brief account of my journey with you all; and as for the burnt toast, she can't get me to eat toast, so you will need to think of something else for her to burn.

Thank you all again for your love and prayers they are and will remain priceless.

In His Love  
pastorfrinÂ”

From the thread Â‘Dear Saints on SI please readÂ’  
[https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic\\_id=24725&forum=44&start=30&34](https://www.sermonindex.net/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic_id=24725&forum=44&start=30&34)

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

To keep my promise to Ginnyrose, and as a testimony unto our Glorious Lord, here is the Â‘not so briefÂ’ story of my (ongoing) journey through the valley.

I must tell you all that this is not easy to do, some things I can't remember and then as I write, floods of emotions break forth, and my memory is jogged. How thankful am I to my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who is the Lord that heals thee and who has and is teaching me and my family all along this journey. May His Glorious Will be accomplished in all of our lives.

Romans 8:18

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

For several weeks I had been having night sweats and feeling overly fatigued. My left side began to hurt and I dismissed it as a kidney stone as the pain was similar to what I had experienced from a previous one.

On July 22nd of 2006 on a Friday afternoon I was sent by our family doctor to the emergency room of our local hospital suffering from abdominal pain which had become quite severe. Our doctor was afraid I may be suffering from a perforated bowel; so there was some reason for concern.

After much prodding and pushing on my abdominal area they discovered I was in very severe pain, imagine that. Soon I was hooked up to an IV and given some pretty good pain medication. Then taken for some scans and other tests and then sent back to the emergency room to wait 3 hours for the results.

Time to testify

The young nurse who cared for us while we were there was very kind and considerate, going out of her way to make us comfortable in every way.

As we waited we had the opportunity to talk with her. At first it was sharing about our family, children, grandchildren and then answering the questions about; how long have you been married and how 'old' are you two anyway?

We were then able to share our faith in Jesus Christ and how we were able to trust Him in everything. This was when she broke down and began to cry and told us that she and her husband were separated and her life was a mess and she was, well without hope.

Well praise God did we have a message for her, we shared the message of Jesus Christ with her and then we prayed with her and we all cried for joy together.

Where we sent them by the Lord?

It was right after this the ER doctor came in and said you have diverticulitis. I said diver what, and he explained what it was and that it was serious enough I could be hospitalized but he thought with the antibiotics I would probably be ok at home if I wished, which I did. He gave us a list of do's and don'ts and said to be sure to follow up with our family doctor; he acted strange, like he was holding something back, which later we would all understand.

So we all went home and lived happily ever after. Well not quite.

Continued;

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/19 17:14**

The Call

After missing a week of work I returned feeling weak and a bit feeble which the guy's jokingly said 'I think' had to do with being an old man, which they do call me and at the time I felt like one.

I arrived home that Monday afternoon and my wife informed me that the doctor's office had called and wanted me to come in to see him. I said right, so he can tell me what I'm supposed to eat and explain what I have, which after a search on the web I already was well informed, so I just blew it off.

On Wednesday I returned home and my wife again informed me the doctor's office had called, they were very insistent about him seeing you, she said.

Yah right, so they can charge me for another office visit, so I blew it off again.

On Friday they called again with the same results, you may think by now I may be borderline hard headed, Nah.

My wife told me, you know you really should call them back and see if something else may be wrong. I told her, the only thing wrong is they want to charge me for another office visit.

The following Wednesday, they called again, I will never forget the sound of my wife's voice, the doctor just called me himself, he said he must see you and I'm to come with you.

You have an appointment this afternoon as soon as you are out of work.

I arrived at the doctor's office and not only my wife, but our oldest son and one of our daughters whom is a nurse were there waiting for me. Now things are starting to look kind of serious.

I had already thought through what the doctor was going to tell me, you guys know what I mean, we do not like surprises, so you cover every possibility before hand. Well it had to be one of three things.

1. He was going to explain to me what diverticulitis was and what kind of diet I was to follow to control it. This did not see

most likely, why asks my wife to be there, to explain to her what to cook? I didn't think so.

2. I had cancer of the colon, this could be as possibility.

3. My kidney's, I have had problems with them since I was 8 years old. My dad and uncle who was 2 years younger than my dad both died of kidney cancer; my dad was 49 and my uncle was 50. This one was the most likely, though I was well past their ages of death, it seemed most likely and would explain the strange behavior of the ER doctor.

Well the three of us waited for one hour and then my name was called and the four of us were ushered into the examination room. There we waited for another 45 minutes and there was a knock on the door and in walked the doctor.

By this time if he would have said; I wanted you to come in to talk to you and your wife about your diverticulitis I believe the four of us would have strangled him. Even though your hoping and really would be happy if that was all he had to tell you.

So how does he start out his conversation? I wanted to talk to you and your wife and some of the children it would seem about what was found on your scans at the ER.

He continued, as you know the CT scan showed you have diverticulitis and then proceeded to tell us what it was and what diet I was to follow. I was trying not to exploded into a, is that all you called us in here for, when the doctor said, your test also showed something else. He paused for some time and then with a broken voice said, the CT scan shows you have tumors in both kidneys.

I could hear my wife and children gasp, I had no reaction, I was not shocked or surprised. I reacted by asking a question, did you say I have a tumor in both kidneys? As though I had not heard what he had said; I had heard it and was also aware of the implications of what he had just said. Our family doctor had just given me the death sentence.

He responded with yes, you have a tumor in both kidneys.

He then proceeded to tell us where the tumors were located, their size and finally he said through tears, all evidence points to the fact that you have cancer in both kidneys. His next words which he said very quickly with a broken voice; covered the gasp from my family which I heard; There, I said it, that horrible dreaded word, cancer.

I was numb as I looked at the faces of my wife, daughter and son. Even though they were trying to hide their fears, it was there on their faces.

The doctor's words did not surprise me, only in the fact that it was in both kidneys. All

I could think of at the time was who will take care of my family.

The doctor said he would send all my records to the urology office at the hospital where my daughter works as an RN. We were told the urologist office would call us in a few days to set up an appointment. We said our goodbyes and left to ponder the battle which had been set before us.

When we arrived home my dear wife put her arms around me, put her head upon my shoulder and as she cried asked me to promise not to leave her alone. I promised her, but in my heart I did not know how or if I would be able to keep the promise.

Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief.

Continued:

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/20 22:07**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

The Wait

I guess you could say the next two weeks were just going through the motions of every day life. I went to work though I was numb and felt little emotion. I spent most of my free time searching the web educating myself all about kidney cancer.

\*A note: You would think I should be on my face before the Lord asking Him to heal me or give me a few more years, right.

I remember how hard it was to feel anything at all, but that would change.

Let me tell you if you really want to depress yourself, search the web and find out all you can about a terminal disease you have been diagnosed with. What a hoot.

If you remember we were waiting for the urologist office to call and set up an appointment for consultation. After almost two weeks we started to wonder if they had ever received the referral from our family doctor. My wife calls our doctors office and is told by the office girl that it takes time. She then calls the urologist office and is told that the doctor has been on vacation and he has just returned, so when he gets to your husbands file he will look it over and then we will set up an appointment. Makes one wonder how fast things would go if the cancer was in their body.

Well by now my frustrated wife calls our daughter the nurse who works in the hospital where the urologist office is located she receives basically the same song and dance as my wife.

My daughter then calls our daughter in-law who works in our cardiologist office and explains the situation to her. Our daughter in-law said let me talk to the doctor and I will get back to you. Within a couple hours she calls back and said the doctor called the urology office and told them they had a referral which was one of his patients and he wanted it handled asap. The office girl said just a moment doctor and in a couple minutes returned to the phone. She said doctor your patients file is on the urologist desk and we will be calling him within the hour to set up his appointment. So they did, I guess it really does come down to who you know.

Thank you Lord for making it possible for us to know you!

### The Visit

Two and one half weeks after our family doctor told me I have tumors in my kidneys, my wife, and our daughter the RN and I are seated in the urologist office. We spend the first half hour filling out papers telling them when I first sneezed and so forth, you know the routine. Finally my name is called and a young lady leads us to an examining room and tells us the doctor will be in to see us soon.

There is a knock at the door and a kid walks in and introduces himself as doctor? I really do not remember his name. But he was only a boy wow this should be really good.

I introduce my wife and daughter and of course me.

He then begins to explain how he has just looked at the ct scan of my kidneys and uses that word kidney cancer once a gain. He then explains how the tumor on the left kidney was on the outside edge and it would not be a problem to remove, so it should leave me with well over half a kidney, which he said would be plenty to get by on; to which I said, uh, hey what about my right kidney, what do you mean get by on half a kidney.

The right he said is another problem, this tumor was located in the center of the kidney and there was know way he could save it, so the right kidney would need to be removed.

By this time it was like I was listening in on a conversation, he could not be talking to me, and then when he said "the right kidney would need to be removed" a sudden, cold,

down to the bone chill went through my body and I immediately needed to use the bathroom.

I excused myself went and used the bathroom and it was then I realized this was for real.

Then I was reminded of the promise I had made to my dear wife that I would not leave her alone.

I prayed in that bathroom "Dear Lord I am not afraid to die for I know I will be with you, but who is going to take care of my family?" He answered me as soon as I stopped speaking; He began to speak to my heart. "You do not trust me to take care of your family?" I broke down and began to cry and to ask Him to forgive me for my unbelief.

Oh Lord you are more than able to take care of my family and yes, now I trust you to take care of my family and to take care of me and no matter what happens you will never let us go from out of your protecting hands.

As I wiped away the tears and prepared myself to go back to the examination room I said again, Lord keep us in your hands, and with a new found assurance entered the room.

The young doctor seemed to be very knowledgeable and answered all our questions to our satisfaction except one. Why do you need to remove my entire right kidney, is there not some way to save part of it?

Remember I had three weeks before this meeting to read everything I could find on the subject of kidney cancer and the methods of treating it.

Maybe it was the questions we asked the doctor that caused him to stop and question, if it was; the questions came from the leading of the Lord as I believe he has led us throughout this journey.

Anyway, after the doctor explained how he was going to remove my right kidney and after six weeks or so of rest he would then remove the tumor from my left kidney; he suddenly stopped and said, I do not feel comfortable removing your right kidney and I know I can't save it so I'm going to refer you to a doctor at the university who specializes in difficult kidney surgeries. If he cannot save the kidney then I will go ahead and do the surgery, but I do not feel I can remove it until

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we find out, and so he referred me to the specialist. The doctor then takes us up to the front desk to make appointments for chest x-rays and a bone scan and it is then I see for the first of many times the paper work that says, 'Bilateral Kidney Cancer', and the chill is back which I later call 'the chill of fear'.

Oh how we need you Lord, today, now.

Continued:

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/1/20 23:12**

Pastorfrin,

I am reading your testimony....very inspiring...now don't forget to finish writing it!

Apparently your experience did not impair your sense of humor...actually, methinks this sense of humor works as a positive witness to others.

I also share your pessimism of doctors, but will not go there now; just keep on with the story...it is fascinating one...likely more so to others *after* the event than to the participants during the event.

Blessings,  
ginnyrose

**Re: - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/22 21:38**

Quote:

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ginnyrose wrote:  
Pastorfrin,

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Blessings,  
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Hi ginnyrose,

It is quite a blessing for me to be around to give this testimony, happy to here it is an inspiration to you.

If we are not able to stand back and see the humor in some of our experiences then we have probably lost our joy, and who would want to do a thing like that?

Ah, you should have been along for the ride, it was a hoot. :-)?

Thank you for your prayers and encouragement.

In His Love  
pastorfrin

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/22 21:42**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

Waiting Again

The hardest part is always the wait and I must have needed the lessons, because waiting it was.  
Praise the Lord for His grace, for it truly is sufficient.

Two more weeks have now passed and as I arrive home from work my dear wife greets me with the news that our health insurance company had called and they were very adamant about the way referrals are made. She was informed that they would cover nothing because the referral was made by the urologist who our family doctor referred us to. All referrals were to be made by our family doctor, thus the referral to the specialist at the university hospital would not be covered.

Now if that was not enough, they informed her that if the specialist at the university hospital could not save my right kidney, then that surgery and hospital stay would not be covered because the local urologist could remove the kidney in our local hospital.

Great, maybe we should have read the policy, seems it was not the first thing on our mind.  
By the way, tell me, why do we pay insurance premiums again?  
So the insurance companies can hire lawyers to figure out ways to deny our claims.

Next, we had not heard from the specialists so my dear wife also tells me she called and they had never heard of me or the doctor who was to refer me. Cancer in both kidneys, but I don't exist, things are getting gooder and gooder.

After a total melt down we prayed, well actually after I prayed and asked the Lord and my dear wife to forgive me, we then asked the Lord for wisdom.  
What if our family doctor makes the referral now, will they cover it then?

As of that time we are only talking of a consultation and that had not happened yet.  
So the next day my dear wife calls our doctors office and ask them to make the referral, ok fine but we must go to the two hospitals where the test were done, sign a release form, get copies of everything and send them by UPS to the specialist and then we will be contacted for a consultation.  
You know it seems like we have been here before.  
What is that verse about waiting again?

Psalm 27:14

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Hope is a wonderful gift from God.

Well another week has passed and all I want by now is this stuff out of my body and to add to our grief we receive papers from the Mayo Clinic saying our claim has been denied by the insurance company and we are responsible for all charges. We are to set up a plan to pay for the surgeries and a deposit of so much must be made before hand.  
Well that door seems to have closed rather tightly.

Things are going from bad to worse and I have come to the end. I scream at my wife that I guess I will just die then. Poor me, everyone say it all together now, poor me.  
Well, my dear wife begins to cry, so I hold her and tell her I'm sorry, that it is not her fault and so we begin to cry together. Well things are progressing quite well as we are at least doing something together.

Finally we cried to the Lord and prayed, 'you promised never more than we can bear and Lord we cannot bear anymore'.

We had hardly finished our prayer and the phone was ringing, my dear wife answered and said yes he is here; with hope

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in her eyes she handed me the phone while she said, it is the doctor from the university; we both began to cry. The doctor introduced himself and said I'm looking at your ct scan and I believe I can save part of your right kidney and about two thirds of your left. It will be difficult and I can't guarantee anything, but I really think I can save it.

My wife and I both said in unison, praise the Lord.

The doctor kind of stuttered, he said ok, and went on to tell us how he wanted to remove the tumor from the left kidney first. He said it was the smallest tumor and was on the outside of the kidney, this would give me about two thirds of a good kidney. In about three weeks after the kidney had healed some and stabilized he would remove the tumor from the right kidney.

This tumor was in the center of the kidney and had wrapped itself around blood vessels and other internal areas of the kidney which significantly increased the difficulty of the surgery. If the kidney could not be saved I would still have two thirds of my left kidney.

The doctor assured us that this was enough to live a normal life, but the ideal was to save as much as possible for the battle that could be ahead.

He would set up the dates and they would be calling to let us know when to be there with all the instructions sent by mail. Any questions, yes but I do not remember what I asked him. He answered my questions and said see you soon and we said goodbye.

I placed the phone back in my dear wife's hand and with tears streaming down our cheeks we began to praise and thank the Lord.

Hope is definitely a gift from the Lord and He is Faithful who promised.

Continued:

### Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/25 21:12

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

Still Waiting

Some of you must be wondering, what about prayer. Why not call for the elders to anoint you with oil and pray over you. Hey, that is really a great idea and I did.

I believe I was on about every prayer list that ever existed; now this is my story so I get to tell it my way. Alright maybe not on all of them, but I was assured by more than one Brother or Sister in the Lord that I was being prayed for all over the world.

That is truly a wonderful thing to know when you have received such a bad report about yourself. It was now not about me, it was taken out of my hands and now it is about Him; and He is Faithful who Promised.

Remember that door that closed so tight with the Mayo Clinic. I had been praying that I would be able to preach at our Labor Day service. Its kind a big farmers weekend and there is always a big crowd for that Sunday service, standing room only in our little church. The Lord had given me a special message and if I went to the Mayo Clinic I would not be here for the service. So one problem is solved and I'm free to preach at our Labor Day service.

But wait, we have not heard from the university hospital to tell us when the surgeries are scheduled.

It was a week before Labor Day when the phone rings, it is the urology office and my first surgery is the day after Labor Day. Praise God, I can preach on Sunday, rest on Monday, well maybe not to much rest, for it is prep day and you all know what that means, Yuk.

Hey, look at the bright side; I get carved up on Tuesday. Glory!

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Well Sunday arrived and what a service we had, every thing was glorious. We spent the whole day in church. I preached the word and the Lord blessed with a glorious altar service, you would not believe the glory of the Lord that day. Hearts were opened by the Holy Spirit and people were saved and healed and I was walking in heavenly places.

The elders came forward and anointed me with oil and prayed the prayer of faith. This seemed to bring others forward to be prayed for and the Spirit just began to flow and work in our midst, oh how heaven came down and glory filled our souls.

We sang praises unto the Lord for hours, then someone would give a word and we would praise some more.

There was standing room only when the service started that morning and there was standing room only when the service ended late that afternoon. This was a one of a kind service, oh how the Lord moved in our hearts; I went away from it just knowing I was healed and that when I arrived at the hospital on that Tuesday it would be a short stay, for they would not find a tumor in me; I was healed. Praise the Name of Jesus.

Continued:

**Re: - posted by HeartSong, on: 2009/1/26 0:36**

Quote:  
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What a beautiful picture!

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/1/28 22:29**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

How do you spell relief?

Monday morning arrives and it is back to earth as the realization hits me, it is prep day. Hurray, I drink the lovely tasting citrus drink from the drug store and I need not say how I spent the rest of the day, all this to go show myself to the physician.

Tuesday morning and we are up early preparing for the four hour trip to the hospital. I have had nothing to eat or drink for what seems like days and my head is pounding. Well off we go for a Tuesday joy ride to the butcher shop. Yah I know, get a grip.

Why are those orange barrels always in the way when you are trying to drive on the expressway? The gravel road I live on is smoother than this.

We finally arrive in the wonderful university town and of course we have a map that they sent us and hey, nothing to it; except for the construction. What do you mean I can't go down that road? My map says I have to go down that road. We finally arrive, park in this fourteen story parking lot and try to find our way to where ever I'm supposed to go.

We finally find the surgical waiting room and get our little buzzer to call us when someone is available to register me. I h

ave this horrible headache and all I want to do is find a quiet place and lay down.

So we wait in this huge waiting room filled with people and everyone was talking at once and I believe all of them must have been hard of hearing.

Well, only an hour goes by and the buzzer goes off. The lady at the registration desk is very nice and gets me registered for surgery. I ask if I could get something for my headache and she says they will check with pre-op. I tell her thank you and we are sent back to the waiting room until they buzz us that they are ready for me in the surgical prep room. After another one and a half hours the buzzer goes off again and they take us back to the surgical prep room. Did I mention I have a terrible headache?

Wow, you should see this room, it is one long and I mean like hundreds of feet long room, with a cot, then a draw curtain, then a cot and etc. on both sides of this room for as far as you can see.

Now the fun begins, put on gown with built in heating system, cool, no hot.

Ah here come the needles, and the bags of who knows what, hanging over you;

drip, drip, drip. Did I mention I have a horrible headache? Oh you will see if I can have something for it, well thank you.

There is a steady stream of doctors, nurses, and anesthetists, walking back and forth as though they are just looking for someone to practice on, yikes, I have never seen this many in one place in my life, wonder why there are so many?

Well here come a couple of them toward me, I wonder, hello you're the doctors who are going to do the surgery, oh the specialist I talked to on the phone. Glad to meet you to, I hope.

Doctor, could I ask you a question? Of course what would you like to know?

I have reason to believe the tumors are gone that were in my kidneys, so is there some way you can tell before you cut me open? Why are they looking at me like that?

Well, why do you believe the tumors are gone they ask?

Because I was anointed with oil and prayed for and I believe the Lord healed me.

Not a problem, we will be looking inside you with special scan machines to guide our instruments, so if the tumors are gone we will know it before we make an incision.

You hear that dear, we can go home this evening right after they confirm the tumors are gone. I will have shown myself unto the physicians and we will be free to go. She smiles at me and the two doctors look at me like, crazy old man.

Finally, one of the anesthetists asks me how I'm feeling and I tell him I have a horrible headache? No problem I can take care of that here let me slip this into your IV line.

Ok, that is what I call relief, you can do to me what ever you want, I can feel no pain; until.

Would someone tell me why they put that x on my left side again?

My dear wife and I prayed together before they took me into surgery, but I do not remember it. I do remember asking the Lord during that day, to keep my dear wife, myself and our family in His hands.

They wheeled me away as my hand slide through my dear wife's hand we waved.

I do not remember going into the surgery room and that's it, lights out.

Continued:

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/2/3 9:41**

And then....? You sure can keep one in suspense...maybe you ought to take up fiction writing?!! :-)

ginnyrose

**Miracles that follow the plow :: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley**

**Re: - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/4 5:19**

Hi ginnyrose,

Sorry for the delay, my dear wife's mother passed away and we have not been home. Will try to get back to this soon. In the mean time would appreciate your prayers for wife and family.

In His Love  
pastorfrin

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/2/4 18:52**

May God go with you during this time of grief. May you feel His presense, his comfort near....I am assuming your MIL is a Believer?

Will wait patiently for your return to the story...

God bless,  
ginnyrose

**Re: - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/8 7:57**

Quote:

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ginnyrose wrote:

And then....? You sure can keep one in suspense....maybe you ought to take up fiction writing?!! :-)

ginnyrose

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Hi ginnyrose,

You know in looking at my life during this time of illness it seems like fiction, though at the time it was not at all entertaining.

We have finished the business of saying goodbye to my dear wife's mother. The burial will not take place until spring as snow and ground conditions make it to difficult during winter; so this does prolong things quite a bit.

To answer your question, yes she is with the Lord or I should say, we believe so as she did show forth the fruit of the Holy Spirit. We praise the Lord for this.

Thank you and all who prayed for my dear wife and our family during this time, we do greatly appreciate them. Love to all of you dear brothers and sisters from us all.

I will try to post the next segment of my walk this evening.

In His Love  
pastorfrin

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/8 22:17**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

Time to Wake Up

I really, really, no I mean really, wish I was still waiting; it wasn't so bad, I could put up with that headache for a few mo

re days. I don't want to wake up; it really, really, no I mean really hurts.

You say I just have to push this button and the pain will go away; Ok, now that is better, when can I push it again, in eight minutes well that's not so long.

Yes it is, can you move that up to five, what you mean no.

That is the way it was when I woke up after surgery, all I could feel was pain and that button. I can tell you one thing, eight minutes is a long time.

I read somewhere that kidney surgery was one of the most painful surgeries you can have; well this made a believer out of me.

Oh, did I tell you about the pain? It just got gooder and gooder as our stay went along.

What was that? An alarm, what do you mean an alarm? Buzzers and bells and a continuous sounding off of this machine and that machine; what about that one over there? Oh that one is from the man in the other bed. Other bed, I thought we had a private room; they were all full so you are in a semi-private room. Ok, so why are his alarms going off constantly? They keep coming in and shutting them off and saying there malfunctioning. Seems like a good place to start a repair shop.

The alarms never stopped going the entire hospital stay, not a good place to come for a rest. If you would bring me my hammer I'm sure I could fix them.

I had surgery about four Tuesday afternoon and it was early Wednesday morning when the doctor walked in and said take the pain button away and give him pain pills; and oh by the way, get him out of bed and sitting in a chair and if that goes ok, start him walking. Say what! Walking, I can hardly move so how am I supposed to walk?

Did I tell you about the pain?

Guess what that nurse did, she shut off my pain machine so it would not administer any more medicine and then somehow forgot to bring the pain pills. Six hours later I'm dying and my wife is trying to find someone to help when she runs into the head patient rep. Well I did get the pain medicine but by now it was so severe that pills would not touch it. So here come the IV pain meds and its back to square one.

Fluids were going into me but nothing was coming out. My kidney function had stopped and things really went downhill from there.

Doctors and nurses came from every where with lab test and bottles and bags and I had more lines running into me than I thought was possible. So much so that my body cooled so much that all of a sudden I started to shiver and to shake and I have never been so cold in all my life. So here they came with hot blankets and they continued to bring the hot blankets and my dear wife just held me and prayed. All I could do was whisper under my breath, Lord keep me and my family in your hands.

It turned into a very long night, one nurse who they called in to stay right there with us, was there all night long adjusting flows and changing solutions as the doctor who also stayed and read the lab results and would order different medicines and solutions as the night wore on. As morning started to break my output became normal and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

We thanked the nurse and the doctor for their faithful care and to our surprise they both joined my dear wife and I as we thanked our Lord for His Faithfulness, for He had truly kept us in His Hands.

So who shows up after such a joyous night but the kidney surgeon with his group of interns making rounds. You know what he says? If you would have taken your pain meds on time the pain would not have gotten so severe and the crisis would have been avoided.

Say what, you are real fortunate I cannot get out of this bed because if I could I would....

Well I thought it any way and I did say that I did not order my IV pain meds to be discontinued and I did not refuse to take the pain pills that were brought six hours later.

Now I believe they are all wacky.

Wrong Floor

After the surgeon left and my dear wife convinced me I could not just leave without being discharged; I was in the process

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s of telling my wife how my skin under the dressing was burning when a lady walked in and introduced herself as the head of the kidney care unit from the third floor. I said third floor, this is the fifth floor she said that's right we had no room in the unit when you had your surgery so you were placed here.

She asked if my dressing had been changed yet, we said no in fact I was just telling my wife about the burning sensation I was having from under it. She took one look and was furious; she said it should have been changed yesterday and that it was soaked through.

Well it did not take long to find out why I was having the burning sensation; I'm allergic to tape and the instructions were to only use a non-allergenic tape; well they covered the dressing with this big square of what was like sticky cellophane.

My skin was bubbled up in big blisters under the cellophane and that is where the burning sensation was coming from, I still have the scars from where the skin came off with the cellophane.

Well she changed the dressing and put some soothing medicine on the spots where my skin used to be and said, well now you can get up and sit in that chair. What chair, they almost killed me and now you want me to get out of this bed and sit in that chair. She said that's right and if you want some clean sheets on your bed you will be there real soon.

Remember the nurse who turned off the machine that administered the pain medicine and then forgot to bring the pain pills? She was the head nurse and was also responsible for my dressing being changed.

I would not want to be her when this lady found her, ouch.

Walking

Sure enough by late that morning I was up in a chair beside my bed and in the afternoon I was walking up and down the hallway. It is amazing how far one hundred feet is when you're pushing your IV holding rack with one hand and carrying your catheter bag and trying to hold your hospital gown shut with the other; man what a blast it was. Soon all modesty is gone and your passing words of encouragement to fellow patients as you pass one another in the hall. You can make it! Keep going you can do it!

Well that's the way it was for my first kidney surgery and even though the Lord held us all along the way, I would not recommend it to anyone.

Continued:

**Re: - posted by HeartSong, on: 2009/2/8 22:35**

Oh pastorfrin, why did you not tell us about this so that we could pray? The Lord could have taken away all of the pain. If this happens again, please let us know so that we can pray.

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/2/8 22:59**

Quote:  
-----Well that's the way it was for my first kidney surgery and even though the Lord held us all along the way, I would not recommend it to anyone.  
-----

Now to this I can relate...but the reality is that God uses such difficult things to teach us *something* that we couldn't learn otherwise. Or, maybe, just maybe, God is using this to teach others something...

I did notice you did not lose your sense of humor through all this - I loved it: start a repair shop! LOL

We await the continuation of this saga...

Blessings,  
ginnyrose

Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/14 0:50

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

Rise and Shine its Morning, Going Home Day

Remember the head nurse who messed things up so bad the first couple days after my surgery? Well guess who walks into my room and begins to ask me a bunch of questions about what I thought about my care during her shift. I knew that I was probably going home that afternoon and I was not going to give her any reason to bump me off before I got out of here; so I told her that they were all under staffed, which was true, and if I was neglected it was not her fault, which may have been a bit of a stretch.

Well you were not neglected during my shift she said; anyway I'm here to take out your catheter, so jump up here in your bed so I can remove it. You're here to what, oh Lord she is going to bump me off and this will not be a good way to go.

Take a deep breath she said, like is it going to be my last or what, now let it out. That was it, the tube was out, whew, she didn't kill me; in fact she was very gentle. Then she said, now as soon as you give us a urine sample and the doctor comes in and gives the ok, you will be able to go home. Well I said praise God in unison with my dear wife and we both thanked her for her care. She seemed to soften up as we talked with her and she asked us what our faith was and we both said the Lord Jesus Christ; it was then she was called out and we did not have another chance to talk with her. We have and do pray for her to this day, He knows and we just believe that she knows Him by now.

Well we waited and I drank water and we waited and I drank water and you get the idea.

The doctor must have been waiting for that urine sample because it was four hours and one urine sample later when he arrived to discharge me.

All ok, healing well except where the skin is missing, can't say for sure but the tumor was characteristic of a benign neoplasm. Ah a benign who or what, is that good or bad?

Oh good, ok that was cool, you carved me up to remove something that was not cancer.

Yes, but it could have turned into cancer and in time it would have destroyed your entire kidney. So it had to be removed and soon is much preferred to later.

It was kind of unreal, an emotion I really cannot explain; I believed that the Lord had healed me but they did the surgery and removed the tumor. Now they are telling me this tumor was not cancerous, I should be jumping for joy, Praising God for His Faithfulness.

Instead I'm left with a question, when the elders came forward and anointed me with oil and prayed the prayer of faith the Sunday before I had surgery; did the Lord heal the cancer and leave the tumor behind and if so why?

Romans 8:28

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.

As I proceed with telling you all about my journey I will try or give my idea of why; but one thing is for sure:

One day we will know the answer and what a day that will be!

Thank you Lord for your wonderful love.

In walks Doctor Strange

I was dressed and waiting for the nurse to show up with discharge papers, when in walks Dr. Strange. I met the young doctor in the surgery prep room where I gave my permission to be used in a clinical study he was involved in at the hospital.

The norm was to pack the kidney in ice while the blood supply is clamped off during

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surgery. The study was to compare kidney function after surgery with one packed in ice, and one which had cold fluid running over it during surgery. Since I was to have surgery on both kidneys and was in good health other than the kidney tumors made me a prime specimen.

We called him doctor strange because he was always around never really saying or doing anything, he seemed to be just observing and it seemed as though, where ever we were in the hospital he would show up. He would say high and ask how I was doing and then just stand there; my dear wife asked if he was following us, he was kind of a mystery.

So Dr. Strange walks in and says, oh no they have taken out your IV port and I need to draw some blood for the study, you guessed it, here comes the syringe again. Ouch, I can tell why he is involved in clinical studies; he sure doesn't have the blood draw procedure down.

He turned out to be a very tender hearted man who gave his best and truly cared for his patients. We came to know him quite well; in fact we had the privilege of introducing him to our Brother, which I will share with you all latter.

Well Dr. Strange drew the blood he needed and we all said our goodbyes and of course the reminder of see you in three weeks. Oh Lord I sure do not want to do this again in three weeks, one hundred years would be too soon.

### The Ride Home

The nurse arrived with the discharge papers and instructions for caring for the incisions and the missing skin. Oh, lest I forget, a wheelchair and a goodbye. No one to push the wheel chair or carry our suitcase and supplies sent home with us; just a goodbye.

Well my dear wife put the suitcase across my legs and stacked the supplies on top of the suitcase so it looked like she was pushing a wheelchair with a suitcase with legs.

We finally found the parking garage after a few wrong turns and she saying I'm sorry after she hit every bump in the hallway. Loaded in the car we started for home, traffic was horrible and I think there were twice as many orange barrels on the way home.

It did not take long to remember what a doctor at the hospital told me when he walked into my room as I was grabbing myself in pain as I tried to cough; he said to take a pillow and keep it where you can press it against your incisions when you need to cough and I mean cough and get that stuff out of your lungs or you are going to get pneumonia.

Well how I would have loved a pillow on the ride home as my dear wife hit every bump in the road during our four hour trip and we were not far down the road when I wished I would have taken her advice and asked for my pain meds before we left the hospital.

Well I learned to take a pillow with you when you go to be carved on and make sure you take an adequate amount of meds before you leave for the trip home; oh and one more thing, do not criticize your wife's driving when you cannot defend yourself and she has the power to leave you beside the road. I asked her several times since if she would really do that and all she would say is complain one more time and see.

I praise my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for our safe journey and what a blessing it was to be sitting or I should say reclined on my own sofa; having taken a sufficient amount of pain meds I whispered as I slipped off into healing sleep, thank you Lord for keeping us in your hands.

Continued:

**Re: - posted by dunlow64God, on: 2009/2/14 1:26**

This is a wonderful testimony...I can see that God has really had His hand on you and your family...it gives me the faith that He will do (already does) the same for me and my family. Although we haven't been through anything quite as exciting as this! May the Lord continue to use and bless you and yours! Will be praying for you! Can't wait to hear the next installment!

In Christ,  
Wendy :-D

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/16 20:44**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

#### The Blessedness of Sleep

Most of the first week after returning home from having surgery I spent on the reclining sofa sleeping. I remember how sore my backside got from being in one position for so long a time. The recliner did not lay flat and I could not lie on either side; so I was stuck in kind of a semi sitting position. Oh the pain, talk about a real pain in the rear end, I experienced it. I would take my meds and sleep, sounds kind of boring hey? Not so much the first week then I began to feel a twinge of life trying to creep back in and I started to get a little restless.

I would try to pray and read the word and I would go to sleep. I remember how frustrating it was knowing that my strength came from the Lord and I could not stay awake long enough to talk to Him; so I would simply say, 'Lord keep us in your hands'.

#### Laid Around This Ole House to Long

After the first week I began to walk around the house some and soon was venturing out on the deck sitting in a lawn chair in the warm sun. I could pray and read my bible some and after awhile I would wake up and pray and read some more. In a couple of days I was walking around the yard and gaining more strength trying to get ready for the next dreaded journey, my second kidney surgery. No I do not want to talk about that now so let's go to the journey down the lane.

There is a lane that splits the farm almost equally in two and it is approximately a mile long. So I cut myself a walking stick and decided to take a walk down the lane. Well the first day I soon discovered that my walking stick was way too heavy and I had not even made it to the barns, which are a couple hundred yards away. Well at least it was a start, maybe tomorrow.

Well the next day I was looking around for a lighter walking stick and I found the fiber carbon handle to one of my son's golf clubs which the head had broken off; perfect, so off I went and this time I made it about one hundred yards past the barns before I turned around and come back. Hey I'm getting there now, I must have walked a quarter mile, round trip. There is always tomorrow and even though I was sore it did not keep me from the challenge.

You see I started to set goals for myself, today I will try to make it to the back of the first field before I turn around and come back, and I did. Next the second field and then the third, then finally the fourth which would be a two mile round trip. So off I would go and every day I had to push myself a little harder to reach the goal I had set.

What an accomplishment it was to have made it all the way to the back of the farm, I had really pushed myself and man was I really tired and thirsty. Oops only one problem, It was a mile to get back home and I soon realized I had nothing to drink nor any way to get something other than to walk back home.

So after I rested awhile I started on my way toward home, soon the sun appeared from behind the clouds and I began to warm up even more and of course I started to think of how tired and thirsty I was.

It must have been a cloud that just slid by the sun, well there it is again, another shadow floating by over my shoulder going across the ground; as I turned and looked above me I could not believe my eyes, are they here for me?

There must have been thirty turkey buzzards circling over my head and they were way to low for my comfort. I yelled at them, you trying to tell me something, well let me tell you something, I ain't dead yet and you have another thing coming if you think I'm going to be your lunch. I forgot all about being tired or thirsty and it probably helped that those buzzards followed me all the way home.

From then on until my next surgery I would walk twice a day and I always remembered to take a bottle of water and my cell phone, just in case; and those buzzards would show up every day just to cheer me on, you think.

One of my daughters, the one who's a nurse started coming out in the afternoons with three of my grandchildren and they would walk with me. We would talk about the Lord and of course the grandchildren would ask all kinds of questions. Papa what's this? Papa what's that and why are those big birds following us around? There waiting to eat us I would

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say and they would answer me, no papa, you're just kidding, right and I would just smile at them and scream run, their going to eat us.  
At first this was not funny to them and they would run to my daughter, soon it was all fun and they would scream run papa run their going to eat us.

Some days we would take a picnic basket and stop on the way back to have a little picnic together.  
What a wonderful memory to picture my daughter and grandchildren sitting around the picnic basket with me, eating our lunch and watching the buzzards circle.

My one granddaughter was in a stroller and it was not to long before I could push her all the way to the end of the lane and back again and all of it started with setting a goal to reach every day, one day at a time. I believe there is a lesson here somewhere.

This all was a wonderful time of healing for me, we have always been a close family and this seemed to only bring us all closer.

We would thank the Lord everyday for His wondrous love and the time and life He had given us together. Oh how we love you Jesus, thank you for keeping us in your hands.

Continued:

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/2/16 21:01**

Quote:  
-----I believe there is a lesson here somewhere.  
-----

Nothing profound, but since I was a child many moons ago I would guess it is the fact that "grandpa went on a walk and we joined him and he would tease us about those turkey buzzards....and then we would have a picnic...that was so much fun!" These memories would come back and give them lots of pleasure. It is the little things that do not seem so big that children remember and take pleasure in. Adults have been spoiled in that we no longer relish the small pleasures of life.

My opinion...now, for the rest of the story, I await.... :-)

ginnyrose

**Re: - posted by growingholly, on: 2009/2/22 21:14**

wow, this is great!!! thanks so much for all this, the Lord is to be praised!!!  
wow, thank you, really. this story is ministering so much to me, i'm so glad you showed so much grace at the hospital, God is honored in you.  
boy, He sure is good.

**Re: , on: 2009/2/23 11:31**

Quote:  
-----My one granddaughter was in a stroller and it was not to long before I could push her all the way to the end of the lane and back again and all of it started with setting a goal to reach every day, one day at a time. I believe there is a lesson here somewhere.  
-----

Thank you for spending the time to include us in your travels.  
Yes, we are touched by first hand accounts of what those we fellowship with are going through or have experienced themselves. Closer to home and not just a story read in a book or magazine.

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The quote above touched me as well.

I felt the LORD saying that "His Patience" with us Remains new every morning.

That we can be "ourselves" and Trust Him to finish the work that HE has begun. That we need not put up any fronts at all - but just be sincere/real/truthful, with all and before all.

That our "Goal" is His Image and everyday we can come to Him - knowing His mercies are new every morning and to just pray, "LORD, You know how far I myself fall short - yet my Goal is Your Goal - Romans 8:28-29. Help me LORD to be aware of "all things" that come at or past me today, for how You had planned from before Creation to use these things in my life and cause me to see them as Your way of continuing Your work in me."

We should never look back or forward but live in this present second with those verses in our minds. You pushing that sweet grandchild is how HE will get "us" through.

That 'child' had 'faith' that you would get her home safe. :)

That's how that paragraph touched me.

Thank you for continuing your testimony to His Faithfulness.

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/2/27 20:32**

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Thank you all for your kind words and encouragement. I must apologize for the time lapse since my last post. I have been in the hospital with pneumonia and was not up to posting.

I'm home and feeling much better, though I do have problems staying awake which is either the medication I'm on or old age. :-?

I must add how much we appreciate your prayers for my family and me as we continue our walk with our Lord; may He bless and keep each one of you in His love, mercy and grace.

Now I will continue with:

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

My How Time Flies

How quickly those three weeks flew by and oh how I dreaded what was ahead.

The first kidney surgery will be the easy one; the first will be the easy one. Over and over again it would play in my head and now it was time for the second kidney surgery; if the first one was the easy one then I'm not going back for the second one I told my dear wife.

She looked at me smiling and said, so you are just going to give up and die; why not trust the Lord, He brought you through the first one and He is able to see you through this one.

Yes, you are right my dear, but it would be much better if He would just heal me; much better for whom she asked. Ok, here we go again, but I'm going under protest.

So that I do not bore you all with repetition, everything for the second surgery followed the same routine as the first. Everything seemed to go smoother the second time around as we were able to bypass many of the pitfalls of the first. What a difference it made not to have a pounding headache, simply because I took some Excedrin before we left home; so I guess second trips do have some advantages, but they would all be soon forgotten.

Look At All the Lights

I remember praying with my wife and one of my sons before they took me into surgery and I was actually awake this time when they took me into the surgical room. Wow, what a place, I have never seen so many different kinds and shapes of lights and then all went dark.

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My dear wife tells me that I was in surgery seven hours and that I spent five hours in the recovery room while they were trying to get my pain under control. So I was gone from her for twelve hours, which she said seemed an eternity and to think I never knew I was gone, seemed as though I had taken a nap but with a very unpleasant waking.

The tumor had grown around blood vessels and tubes in the center of my right kidney, thus it was very time consuming to remove. They literally removed the center of my kidney leaving the blood vessels and tubes and after placing a gasket like material between the two quarters that were left; sutured it back together.

To think that ten years prior to this they would have simply removed both kidneys and I would be on dialysis, as kidney saving surgery was not then an option.

Oh the Pain

I remember waking up in the recovery room and a nurse looked at me and said "you are really hurting aren't you?" I said yes, how do you know and she said I can see it in your eyes. So for five hours they tried to get the pain under control and when I was sent up to my room a nurse had to be there at all times through the night in case I stopped breathing because of the amount of pain meds they were giving me to try and control the pain.

Psalm 150:6

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

In spite of this I remember arriving at my room, my dear wife being there and when they were getting ready to slide me over into my bed I looked over and there were two big black nurses who took hold of the sheet to pull me over and on the count of three, pull me over they did; I do believe I flew into that bed and the one nurse said "well praise the Lord!"

Now this is all I remember of my arrival to my room, but my dear wife says I looked at that nurse and asked, did you say praise the Lord? And she said yes sir I did and I said well praise the Lord and we began to have a praise session right there in my hospital room. Well "Praise the Lord!"

The shame of it is that I do not remember any of this, but my dear wife, my son and the nurse, who was the head nurse by the way, say it happened. So I know that it did and we made up for it other times when she would come into my room. She was truly a wonderful sister in the Lord, who I believe He sent there just for me and my family in our time of need.

Well Praise the Lord! He is truly Faithful who Promised.

Continued:

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/3/9 18:08**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

If it was not for the Lord

Well morning arrived and I lived through the night, but as I began to come out from under the high doses of pain meds I almost wished I hadn't. Oh what pain, and the button for pain meds could not be pushed often enough to keep up with the pain.

My dear wife said I was pushing the button every couple minutes and she did not have the heart to tell me it only worked every eight.

Well the dear lady from the night before was off duty for a couple of nights and oh what long nights they were; but the Lord gave us another blessing in the day nurse. She loved the Lord and immediately told me she knew exactly how much pain I was in, as she had donated a kidney a year earlier. She took very good care of us and was there during the day to shift my entire stay in the hospital.

Everything was so much different with this surgery and the effects of it would not soon go away. I had IVs in my arms, two in one arm and also one in my foot. There was a drainage tube coming from my right kidney, going into a bottle or something and of course the catheter tube and bag. I was pretty well tied down with all these extra appendages. Before we were too far into day two, my veins began to fail and this only added more pain. Yah I know, I complain a lot, but you would have to experience this to know what I'm talking about. My veins that failed became very hard like they were solid rods in your arms and they would just throb and ache.

The night nurse came in and did a procedure where they irrigate all the tubes running in or out of me. Well that was bad, but the one that really hurt was when she put the drainage tube from my kidney between her two fingers, squeezed it together and pulled down stripping it, as she called it, to keep it from clogging up. It literally felt like she was taking my right kidney and my right collar bone out through that tube.

The day nurse started to do the same thing and saw me hurting and ask what was wrong, I told her how it felt and she said the end of the tube was against something and it was causing a suction which caused the pain. So she stopped doing it, but not the night nurse, oh how I dreaded for night to come, the pain, oh the pain.

Well the end of the second day they removed the IVs in my feet and one arm and they got me up and sat me in a chair for a while, this was kind of a relief though I dreaded what this meant, the pain machine would be going soon and so it did. Now I would receive four pain pills every four hours, well they soon figured out that this was not enough and began to give me shots of morphine every four hours between the pills.

Well I was up walking the halls at 8:30 PM, carrying two bags and my wife pushing the IV stand. We would walk one way come back to my room I would sit in the chair for a while and then I would try to get back in bed, the pain was too severe to stay in bed so I would get back up and sit in the chair for a while. Soon we would walk the other way down the hall and go through the whole routine over again. The only relief was for about a half hour after they gave me the morphine, finally my dear wife had enough and called the nurse again for the ? time and told her they had to do something as I could not go on like this, she said they would call the doctor.

Well after an eternity it seemed a young woman walked into my room and said, 'well you can't be in too much pain if you are up sitting in a chair at 4:30 in the morning' my dear wife put her hand on my shoulder as to say don't. I looked at her dumbfounded, what did she just say? I just looked at her with thoughts of strangulation running through my mind; my dear wife then brought me back to reality when she said; could it possibly be the reason he is up sitting in a chair at 4:30 in the morning is because he is in so much pain.

Well my name is doctor so and so and I'm an intern here at the hospital and I have never seen such a thing. I said young lady you have now and when you are as old as us you will have seen a lot more, now could I please get something for this pain. I will call the doctor and see, but we are already giving you a large amount. Thank you I said and she left the room and we were up and walking again. Soon the nurse came with another shot of morphine and said the doctor had ordered it for every two hours now, praise the Lord it did help a little more and by then anything that helped take away the pain was welcome.

Brothers and Sisters, this is something that caused me to really question, how much pain would we be able to take without the Lord? Those who are alive in the Lord will soon be put in situations they never dreamed of, the suffering could be more than any man can bear. If you have not given your all to the Lord now and you have the idea that you will do so when things go bad, you are sadly mistaken.

When you are suffering more than you have ever suffered in your life and you are given a choice if you deny your faith it will all go away, do you really believe you will make your stand for the Lord then?

If you do it is evident that you have never suffered severe pain.

My dear wife and I prayed together many times for the Lord to ease the pain I was suffering and when it came down to it I had to simply say, Lord I cannot stand it any longer, do not let me out of your hands, keep me in your hands Lord and He did.

What will one do that is not in His hands, who has been playing church and games with the Lord, with the idea of I can always get serious if things go bad? Can you, or will you hear Him say, you were never in my hands I never knew you? Now is the time to seek the Lord, while He may be found; tomorrow may truly be too late.

Continued:

**Miracles that follow the plow :: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley**

**Re: - posted by HeartSong, on: 2009/3/11 9:09**

Quote:  
-----Brothers and Sisters,  
  
this is something that caused me to really question, how much pain would we be able to take without the Lord? Those who are alive in the Lord will soon be put in situations they never dreamed of, the suffering could be more than any man can bear. If you have not given your all to the Lord now and you have the idea that you will do so when things go bad, you are sadly mistaken.

When you are suffering more than you have ever suffered in your life and you are given a choice if you deny your faith it will all go away, do you really believe you will make your stand for the Lord then? If you do it is evident that you have never suffered severe pain. My dear wife and I prayed together many times for the Lord to ease the pain I was suffering and when it came down to it I had to simply say, Lord I cannot stand it any longer, do not let me out of your hands, keep me in your hands Lord and He did.

What will one do that is not in His hands, who has been playing church and games with the Lord, with the idea of I can always get serious if things go bad? Can you, or will you hear Him say, you were never in my hands I never knew you? Now is the time to seek the Lord, while He may be found; tomorrow may truly be too late.  
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The real difficulty comes in realizing that to deny the Lord to ease our temporary suffering, is to choose eternal fire, where there is no relief - where the pain will never ease.

Only in Him will we be able to endure to the end.

Only in Him will our sorrow be turned to joy.

Quote:  
-----Now is the time to seek the Lord, while He may be found; tomorrow may truly be too late.  
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**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/3/12 9:37**

Quote:  
-----how much pain would we be able to take without the Lord? Those who are alive in the Lord will soon be put in situations they never dreamed of, the suffering could be more than any man can bear. If you have not given your all to the Lord now and you have the idea that you will do so when things go bad, you are sadly mistaken.

When you are suffering more than you have ever suffered in your life and you are given a choice if you deny your faith it will all go away, do you really believe you will make your stand for the Lord then?  
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Brother, you made an important point, one that I have not seen expressed elsewhere.

When I was in labor with our firstborn - and I will spare the details for why it likely happened this way - the pains were so severe that I did wonder how I might fare if these pains were caused by persecutors. And then people hanker for persecution, thinking it would cleanse the church (and it would, no doubt about it)...but do they have any idea what physical pain could be inflicted upon them and how they will endure it? How do folks react when injured? when they feel sick? don't feel very good? Are they cheerful? Do you run for some meds, go to the doctor and complain when he is not serving you as you deem he should? So, if you desire persecution and to assist you in its preparation, do not bandage any injury, nor seek medical help when ill, just lump it out on a freezing cold cot or steaming hot room with little or no ventilation....

Appreciate your testimony, Pastor...it is inspiring. God bless you...

ginnyrose

**Re: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley - posted by pastorfrin, on: 2009/3/23 21:02**

Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Psalm 23:4

Remember Doctor Strange

Do you remember the young doctor who was involved in the clinical study, in fact he was in charge of this study of the methods of cooling the kidney while the blood supply is cut off during surgery.

It must have been about 9am and he walks into my room, says hello and he sits down in a chair. He just sat there staring at us and finally my dear wife asks him, is there something we can help you with? He says no I just stopped in to see how things are going. I told him that things were going fairly well except for the pain. He asked, pain from your incisions? Some pain is from my incisions but the real pain is coming from deep inside and seems to have something to do with the drainage tube. He said let me check and see if we might be able to remove it.

We will test the fluid from the drain and if it is clear of urine we should be able to remove it. I told him that would be great, maybe then I could get some rest.

I will check and see what we can do, anything else he asked. No I guess that is all except going home would really be nice if we could get this pain under control, I told him.

Ok let's see about the drainage tube and then we will see about you going home.

He then just sat there saying nothing, just looking at my chart, then sitting it down and picking it back up and looking at it again. After several repetitions of him doing this I asked him, doctor is there something else, he looked at me and said yes, I have a question. Then there was complete silence and we all just sat there looking at each other. Finally I asked him, well doctor what is your question? He looked at us and said, I have been wondering why the two of you are so different?

We all laughed kind of nervously and my dear wife said, what do you mean so different? Well, in the last three weeks your husband has been through two major surgeries, and who knows what the future holds but through this whole period of time I have observed you two and I cannot help but notice that you two are different and I am just wondering why. Again we asked him what he meant by different. Well what makes you two so kind and considerate to each other and everyone you come in contact with? Why do you seem to be happy most all of the time, when it seems everything is going against you? Why are you different from other people?

My dear wife and I looked at each other and in unison said the Lord Jesus Christ, He is our Lord and Saviour and all we do that is good comes from Him.

He looked at us and said really and we said yes really. He then said well you two have a wonderful day and he left. We looked at each other and said oh my we scared him away.

After he left we prayed for him and thanked the Lord that he had only allowed the young doctor to see us in His glorious light for if he had seen us in ourselves he would have been disappointed.

We thank the Lord that this was not the end of our dear doctor friend's questions but only the beginning, we would see more of him before we left the hospital.

Praise God for He is faithful who promised.

Psalm 118:29

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Continued:

**Miracles that follow the plow :: Yea, Though I Walk Through the Valley**

**Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2009/3/24 9:29**

Pastor,

Your story illustrates the point that Christian faith shines the brightest during hard, painful times. Is it not because it is during those times that we have exhausted all of our own strength and are now operating on supernatural power/strength? And that is what this researcher saw..

We eagerly await the next installment..this is getting more wonderful...

ginnyrose

**Re: - posted by growingholly, on: 2009/3/28 22:40**

wow wow wow!!!!

look at God bring the fire!!!!

praise You, beautiful One!