

Powerful Evidence for Faith

I am 89 years old and during the years I have built up a close relationship with Jesus. I have asked God to reveal Himself to me. On 14 February 2008 I had a bad fall in my driveway. Some friends who had just brought me home, saw me fall and rushed to my aid. Seeing me gasping and holding on to my neck, they called an ambulance. I remember walking to the ambulance and the nurse put a neck brace on me. Feeling my sari tight around me, I thoughtlessly started to take it off, when just at that moment a car with friends came by and, seeing me in the ambulance rushed in. So I asked them to bring me my robe from my daughter's house where I lived and they were familiar with. They also informed my family about the accident.

At the hospital X-rays were taken and I was admitted to Ward 3, room 7. Then came the crucial moment – the specialist of the spinal unit and his team surrounded my bed, when he said “Lilian, tell me what you did when you fell, for according to the x-rays you have fractured the middle vertebra (C2) in your neck and your spinal chord has moved a fraction of a centimetre. According to this injury, you should have been dead, or paralysed immediately. I cannot understand this!” I smiled and told him about my fall. Again he said, “You are 10 years older than my mother and I would not have operated on her; I will make the same decision for you.” What loving assurance!

I had to keep the neck brace on and lie flat in bed. This was especially difficult when I had to drink and eat. For a very short time I had a dull pain on the left side of my head. Every day the Team would test me for any sign of paralysis. Later I was allowed to sit up and this was great! Now I was transferred to the rehab ward and I began to enjoy my hospital stay. Friends and family visits, get well cards, flowers, and a strong prayer chain upholding me, hospital chapel services, and the love and kindness of doctors, nurses and staff, not to mention the positive hope from my handsome specialist.

There were times when I feared paralysis but I always claimed my Saviour's promises: ***“I will never leave you or forsake you. Just trust me!”*** says the Lord. God called me to pray for doctors, nurses, research places and the sick, having seen what goes on in hospitals. I kept a diary of all God's promises right through my healing and hope to put that into a little booklet. I was discharged from hospital on 27 March 2008, and told to see my specialist monthly at the clinic. On 5 November, nine months after the accident, I was told that the fracture was healed and no more visits needed. “Any questions?” the specialist asked. “Yes, I said, if the fracture was so critical, how is it that I had no pain?” He looked at the nurse and smiled, “What can we tell her?”

I smiled in return but did not have the courage to say, **“He touched me.”**

I mentioned a few details earlier, to show how God was in control every step of the way, even to get clothes suitable for the hospital. He touched me soon after the fracture and then the miracle. No death, no paralysis, no pain and complete healing. I thank and praise my God. He is the true and loving God. Do you know Him?

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