

Triumph Of Mercy

Mortification

Weeks of hideous pain bent me down,
Doctor gave me aspirin to ease the pain,
Soon a blood test revealed the brutal force,
I had been inflicted with the worst...leukaemia.
Chemotherapy began the process off,
Powerful but destructive drugs infused into my blood.
The only way out, but hideous pain,
Cry out to God in the night.
He blesses his children with sleep.
But little did I know that the real pain was coming.
What is known as a bone marrow transplant,
Was my only chance they said.
Chemotherapy was just a 1% chance
But if I could find a donor with identical stem cells,
I could have a 25-40% chance of cure, survival.
78% of sufferers never find a donor but something
Interesting was there in my case....
God had given me my father's stem cells,
Perfect for the transplant.
God doesn't work by percentages.
We trusted God with all our heart
My dad had had skin cancer,
Any remaining melanoma would surely have taken my life.
The immense suffering of a bone marrow transplant can
Not be put into words.
As I lay in my living nightmare I cried out to God,
Who is always there.
Two days had gone past the limit to produce the blood
For me to survive.
Doctors with empty faces entered the room to share the
Devastating news.
I needed a second transplant or I would surely die.
We were told the second transplant usually didn't
Work, but was my only hope.
We needed a miracle from God, we felt his power fill
The room. Peace overcame fear, as we gave up control
To the almighty. Astonishment, joy, and disbelief was
Felt by family, medical staff and doctors, were
Shocked with the realization that the original stem
Cells had begun to work. God performed a miracle and
The blood began its count. Soon the graft had taken I
Was on the road home. As I was discharged we prayed
That all would work.
Weeks of pain followed as my body fought to live. The
Devastating pain was a real sick affair. I forced
Myself on walks and to eat each day, but the immense
Pain was more than I can say, was more than I can say.
As I struggled to live on and fight the sickness war
We were told by doctors that the cancer had returned.
Two weeks I was given but we had had enough. We were
Ready to hand all to God. No more treatment I announced
To the cancer doctor. Standing there I was in God's
Hands then suddenly one day a double seizure struck me
Down. Family gathered round to see my final hours.
Countless damage had racked my body leaving me half
Dead. I couldn't walk, I couldn't see, my insides were
Badly hurt, it seemed it was the end for me. Warrior

Upon warrior around our distant globe kept the vigil
Fight of prayer of power that can't be stopped and as
The folks cried out to God, He heard them and I live
To stand for him. A lot more special days. God has
Given me peace and comfort all along. As I have cried
Out to HIS grace the joy is overwhelming. He has the
Power to heal, He has the power to save, as we trust
In his mercy we know that we are safe. I KNOW THAT I
AM HEALED!!!!!!!!!!