Shaken Not Stirred

Belinda Glover 13 June 2017



Had you told me a few months ago that I would be writing about the recent events we as a family have experienced, I would have laughed – no wait, guffawed – out loud and told you not to be silly.

1 March 2017

Around 11:20pm, my husband and I were laughing and chatting about how 'lekker' (Afrikaans for good, pleasant) community that night was, and just before climbing into bed, I noticed my left arm felt weird. I looked down at my hand and watched as my left arm raised itself half way up and then my hand curled and slumped down, with the left side of my body becoming paralysed. I tried to tell my husband, Steve, that something weird was going on and I thought maybe it was the waffles we had overindulged in, but the words I heard coming out of my mouth were utter garbage. That's when I realised I was having a stroke. I managed to mumble out the word "stroke" and Steve grabbed me, placed me on the bed, put his hand over my head and started praying in the Spirit. About a minute later, he put an emergency message on our congregation's leaders group and called the ambulance. While all this was happening, I felt no pain, but I did feel the very real fight over my life taking place in the spiritual realm. At one point, I could feel I was slipping away and I looked at Steve, and with great difficulty mumbled out, 'I love you'. While I don't know as much as I would like to know about spiritual warfare, I do know that Scripture tells us to rejoice always, pray without ceasing and give thanks in all circumstances, for this is the will of God for our lives, and that praying in the spirit means we are praying according to His leading and His authority in whatever situation we find ourselves in.

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A shift occurred a little while later, and I felt that the Lord and His army were winning this battle and I was going to be ok, and the paralysis starting disappearing. When we looked back at the WhatsApp group history, it was at the moment that the saints started praying and we saw the many praying hands icons appearing that I started recovering. By the time the ambulance arrived, I was ok and this was no longer an emergency.

My faith rests in Christ alone, not because of his ability to heal, but because He is God. Praise the Lord that He chose to heal me and bring me through into a place of physical restoration. But what if He didn't? That's not up to me. My response to His unfailing love is to follow His commands and love Him with all my heart and soul and mind. That means that my faith does not rest on circumstances but on the Lord, who came to earth to save us and change our eternity if we choose Him. James 4:14 asks us, 'What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes. Instead you ought to say, "If the Lord wills, we will live and do this or that"'.

2 March 2017

I went in to see the specialists the next morning and, many tests later, it was revealed that there was a small area of vascular degeneration in my brain in the grey matter and not the white matter, which would have indicated devastating neurological damage – another gift of mercy from the Lord – and a small patent foramen ovale (PFO), or hole in the wall dividing the atria of my heart.

11 April 2017

The successful PFO closure operation took two and a half hours instead of the anticipated one hour, due to a complication. Our God is good and His hand was over the surgery. Thank the Lord that my surgeon is a Spirit-filled man who trusts in the Lord and is a great friend, who remained calm and operated under the Lord's guidance and wisdom.

Today

I'm 35, not 75, and I'm fit and healthy, so on paper, what I went through is so unlikely that I really would have guffawed at you had told me I was going to have a TIA (Transient Ischeamic Attack) this year. My stroke was the smallest one my cardiologist had ever seen in someone with a PFO, and this is testimony to our God our Maker, our Redeemer, our Healer. There is no real residue and I have been made whole!

> How can I put into words the gratitude I have to my God who saved and protected me, for giving me more time on this earth?

We are not called to understand everything we walk in, but we are commanded to walk out our life in obedience to His life giving Word, which time and time again instructs us to pray and have faith. How can I put into words the gratitude I have to my God who saved and protected me, for giving me more time on this earth? Little did we know that when we were given Psalm 16 last year by a dear friend, it would become a commentary on our life in 2017.

I have been afflicted but not shaken and I have a beautiful inheritance, His lines have fallen for me in pleasant places. Thank You, Jesus, for Your gift of love and Your gift of life!