

What person or event has taught you something about life you will never forget?
(or "Stand on His Promises") by Betty White

The Year 2007 started off as good as my year could. My mother was recovering from knee surgery. I am traveling back and forth visiting her at the Cleveland Clinic hospital and then later the Life Care Nursing Center. I was taking her back and forth to her doctor's appointments. April brought more than showers. It brought pains for my son, Lawrence. He had to have surgery for a hernia which took place May 18, 2007.

On May 29, 2007 Lawrence was rushed to Lorain Community Hospital. He was admitted and immediately prepared for emergency surgery. As usually, I called my sisters, Mary who was at work and Barbara and her husband, to come and sit with me until Lawrence went into surgery. He went into surgery around midnight. My family left and I waited. Around 3:00 a.m. the night head of nursing stopped in the waiting room to check on me. She said that she will let me know how he was doing. It was about 6:00 a.m. when a Priest stopped in and had prayer with me. Now I am worried; but a prayer was still in my heart and on my lips. I could not sleep all night. I had to pray for my son and I needed to be there when he came out of surgery. Finally, at 8:00 a.m. he was moved to the critical care unit and I would be able to see him soon. The surgical doctor, Dr. Sision came to talk to me. He said he had worked all through the night and even called a friend to help to finish the surgery. However, he said that we can only take it hour by hour. He had done his best and I thanked for that.

It was now all in God's hands. God, I knew very well. I was introduced to him at infancy, a regular church goer, and living my life as a Christian. So, I knew that I could stand on His promises. I called my sisters. As we sat in the waiting room, we called our friends asking for prayers for my son.

While we were making our calls, at 11:45 a.m. my son coded. He was fighting for his life. I knew

that I had to stay at the hospital until he was discharged. My mother was still in Life Care Nursing Home. I went there to tell how sick Lawrence was and to pray for him. As of that day, his children, family members, friends, and ministers, camped out in the waiting room. We would take shifts to go home to shower, change clothes, and return within the hour.

The hospital staff was wonderful. Lawrence made it through the night. He was out of death's arms; but still critical ill. I knew that God had heard and answered our prayers. He had seven specialist doctors to address his needs. Ten days later, June 10, Sunday morning, he coded again. Lawrence was fighting for his life. Death was determined to take my child. This time I needed a wheel chair to go in to see him. I spoke his name and implored him to call on the name of Jesus.

Clergies came from everywhere: Cleveland, Columbus, Fostoria, Erie Pennsylvania, Houston, Texas, and so many from Lorain County. They prayed for me and with me. I found comfort when it was said to me that God does not make any mistakes. One minister sat with me an entire work shift and encouraged me to stand on God's Promise, no matter what happens. Standing on God's promises, Lawrence conquered death once again and four days later he was off the ventilator. I was still sleeping in the waiting room of the hospital until he was moved to a room.

On June 26 Lawrence was transported to Allen Memorial Hospital in Oberlin, Ohio. It is there where he learned how to walk again. I knew without a doubt, that God had become REAL in my life. I really don't know how to explain it. Even now, when I remember May 30, 2007, my heart just overflows; I recall thanking Dr. Sision when he said he had done his best; and I just smile.

So, how did I know that God would do the rest? In 2002 a word was planted in my spirit that God could trust me and I could trust God because I have learned how to pray and stand on God's

Promises. I am steadfast in standing on God's promises and trusting in the fact that he will never leave nor forsake me. Six month later my heart was shaken once again. On January 7, 2008 the death angel came without notice and took away my sister, Mary. My sister, Barbara and I had the painful charge of going to the nursing home to tell mama that her youngest child had died. Again, less than a month the Death Angel revisited our family. Time after time we buried four more family members. I was mournful and somewhat tired; but not without hope. God had prepared my spirit and soul for such valleys as these. God's promises still are true; He will never leave my side.

The New Year, 2009, came with great excitement and jubilation. I traveled to Washington D C to witness the historical inauguration of our first African-American President of the United States of America. **I WAS THERE!** Then in July, I went to the centennial celebration of the NAACP in New York. I socialized with many national dignitaries. I was invited to an exclusive event where President Obama was the honor guest. I was just like a little child in a candy store, delightfully happy!

When I think of the goodness of Jesus and how He provides and takes care of me, I know that His promises are true. You can trust Him and you can **STAND** on His Promises.