

## *Overcoming Diseases ...*

My morning routine starts usually about 8 am updating my email and other daily datas as my blood pressure on the computer. Some months ago it was like this sitting on my chair filling in my blood pressure datas - higher but not dramatically- as the picture of my right eye was suddenly drifting upside, my right leg numb and I couldn't speak normally ... getting upset I cried or tried to do so, 'What is this ...?' but already knew the frightened answer crying for my wife, the voice not clear but loud enough that my wife Uta was rushing in. As a former doctor's assistant she knew what had been happened to me, me too, S-t-r-o-k-e, emergency call ...!

On a Saturday morning the sirenes of the ambulance car were quickly coming nearer to my ear and as I sat still fixed on the chair without being able to move I registered the doctor and two assistances starting to manipulate on me from head to feet, the full quick test program. In spite that I could not move an urgent vomiting overcame me and the whole breakfast and all the rest of the stomach were overflowing ... this was lasting about two hours until arriving the stroke unit at the hospital. The stroke had struck the main brain region inclusive the nausea centre ...

Is was a pretty cold and sunny springtime morning as I have been transported from my chair down to the emergency car, my leg was without any control hanging on the floor, ten minutes to the hospital and the vomiting was still full in action ... (I knew this from my former drinking times but this time it was more bizarre!). Arrived there, they grapped my heavy body like a 'dead pig half' in a slaughterhouse into the CT (poor people!), EKG, injections, examinations, full hands working on me ...

*The time since I had been struck down I was full aware of what was happening around and with me. Feeling like a 'wet hanging sack' I could think and observe all things and the most remarkable thing - I realised more and more later on - was the fact that I was serene and full of peace the whole time from the beginning ...*

15 minutes later the call came: 'No bleeding in the brain, up and away to the next stroke unit 50 km to drive.' The young ambulance driver must have seen the latest Formula-1 race running with full speed the motor way to the next hospital station with full alarm signs. As the car was shaking and wavering the rest (?) of my stomach wanted to come out and the only thing I could do was singing the worship song I'd heard so often the last weeks "Bless the Lord, oh my Soul, ... sing like never before, worship Your Holy Name" ([10.000 Reasons - Kim Walker Smith](#)), those words and tunes I have had so deeply letting come into my mind and heart ... *what a real blessing!!! I am not alone - I am safe in God's Almighty Hands like He promises this in His Word, the Holy Bible, to me! His Grace is new every morning!*

In record time we arrived our destination after filling the last vomiting bag, then CT and up to the stroke unit. Meanwhile it had been 10.15 am, two hours after the stroke. Insider know that the first hours after an infarct are decisive for the results to remove the vascular obliterations. A team of doctors were again manipulating on me, hasty questions came from the left and the right and it would have been impossible for a sane person to answer all correctly. The vomiting feeling stopped - Praise the Lord! Then the main choice - they asked me: "Lysis or not?" 'Lysis' is a medical infusion where the blood will be thinned so much to remove the infarct but chances are that the innerly organs can begin bleeding. So far to the risks - even if you cannot evaluate it. My inner voice said 'Yes' and they started the infusion (the emergency doctor had already 'cabled' me at home). The blood thinning procedure was enduring until the early afternoon. Next CT. I must have been 'a pretty bad look' for the viewers as I had been far away from home, unwashed, unshaved, feeling dirty and still dressed with my thick pullover as the day had been cold since morning came ... but this didn't bother me at all ... I was simply laying there still waiting what would have to come ... *and I had still the strong feeling that all would come to the best ... Praise the Lord, oh my soul ...!!!*

I can dispense with the details, most important thing that I was calm and peaceful and somehow content with the things around me, I cannot say why but so it was. The feeling of numbness lessened soon. But suddenly a horror momentum: this numb feeling came back in the night but the called doctor ensured this had been a normal thing and will disappear soon. The next morning after awakening I first proved my legs and feet to move - they did, Praise the Lord! My wife was arriving

with the normal things of daily life as I had been only armed with my glasses but nothing else. I was standing upright before my bed grateful, proud and happy like a little child shaking but not wavering. What a feeling of blessing! *I hope that I will remember this special moment of life vividly just so as I remember the last withdrawal symptoms many years ago where my journey of recovery began - Praise the Lord!!!*

The highlight was on 'Day 3' when I could go under the shower for myself! This 'procedure' took more than half an hour, first because I was still a bit shaky on my knees, but at least I didn't want to stop running the warm water from my head down - I am still enjoying these moments today beyond all measures ... it's a time feeling 'I am alive'.

After different examinations I came home on 'Day 7'. What emotions of joy, relief, happiness and most gratitude! I am so thankful for the doctors, the nurses and all persons helping them doing their wonderful job. And I know who deserves all of my gratitude first hand: my Big Physician, Lord and Saviour! I didn't make this journey alone - Jesus Christ has been with me, day by day, minute by minute, every second when I was simply laying down at every place I have been. *'Praise the Lord, oh my Soul!'* I firmly believe this and I know with all my mind and all my heart that His Grace and Love is true because I have experienced His Almighty Hand so often during the last 15 years in so many smaller and bigger events of my life - during still peaceful moments of life listening to His Voice and in 'life-or-death-situations' when He rescued me. I am still today on my recovery and renewal journey with my heavenly Father, His Son, Jesus Christ and His Holy Spirit and I try to live with them to the best I can in an intimate relationship and deeper loving friendship ... one day one step in God's Will and Time ... Praise the Lord, oh my soul, praise the Lord!

As I said Good-Bye to the doctor I told him: 'I am pretty sure that all what I have experienced the last seven days will be for my good and will push me a bit forward on my journey to come!' His smiling face told me that he understood - Praise the Lord!

May our gracious GOD bless you on your journey with Him

Rolf

PS After these events the phrases of Step 1 *'I am powerless ...'* have become a total new dimension and meaning for me. Being filled with God's Grace and Love through this all, Step 2 and 3 are a constant deeper process of experience in my life ... one day at a time ...

Only by God's Grace - Only for His Glory.

Overcomers Outreach Germany