

Where Does My Strength Come From?

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I have been on auto pilot all these years until this 64th year of my life. Hmmm. I assumed my healthy physical body strength was because my parents were very healthy and health conscious when it came to food, vitamins, herbs, exercise, and a healthy attitude. Add to this mix my findings of walking in the Mercy of God, which is choosing His Will and Forgiveness and Love no matter what.

I have believed what the Lord taught me, that He is my Provision, Protection, and Preservation. I saw no question about it for the first two. I came face to face with the question of His being my physical Preservation when my Doctor told me some things cannot be fixed by vitamins and herbs, Amy, body parts wear out. I laughed at how obvious this was to him, but this was my first body part wearing out and having to be removed since I was 15 and had my tonsils out. I struggled for two years expecting God to heal and now I was worn down and the situation three times worse than before, affecting other organs and making me very weak. Now there had to be reconstructive surgery also. Like four operations at once.

I began to realize, no caffeine or sugar or exercise would give me energy anymore. I was droopy all the time and not strong or energetic. Where had my strength gone?

I questioned myself if my usefulness has worn out, or if my time was up that God and I had agreed upon before I was even in my Mother's womb? Well. I was scared inside. No one knew outside.

I figured if I had to have this operation, I want the best God can offer in the USA. So I "goggled" it! Ha! Came up Mayo Clinic in Rochester MN. with the highly successful Dr. Gebhart. Made my appointment and plans to go and stay. God was leading and I had Peace. I was trusting Him.

We traveled up north, of which I am from, and had grown up happily there. The people with their friendly ways and accent seemed so familiar, like I knew them already. The nurses felt at ease with me too. I had two days of checkups and assessments with the Team of Dr. Gebhart, nurses, and his "fellow" worker. I received training to understand what my problems were, what options there were to solve these problems, and what each choice will entail. I

was also listening to a few lectures with any questions answered, reading materials, and I had a DVD to watch on what was to come and aftercare. It was an helpful extensive time of learning.

I was given a team of professionals to work with me, as I said, and I was a bit overwhelmed. I was comfortable, hoping Jesus was the Head of our Team. A few days before surgery I broke out in raised, itching, hives from hair to toes. Even my eyelids and upper lip was puffy. I told them all, "I know you have never seen me before, but I promise you, I don't usually look like I've been in a fight!" I realized as much as I liked them all, and believed in their abilities, I did not "know" them, what they believed, whether they valued me as a person, or saw me as dollar signs, or a challenge to their abilities; oh a bunch of possibilities came to mind that I was fighting off. I did not trust them *with my life*. I was not sure if this was all going so smooth and fast because it was God Timing for this for me, or if I was being bulldozed and was going to die. Hmmmmm. I was silent about my doubts for I did not want to insult these nice helpful, well intentioned people.

They ordered medication for the hives or allergy, which I took and got some good results immediately. We arrived early the next morning for prep for the surgery. A few hours later, the Team in the operating room stood around me lying on the table and the Anesthesiologist said he had doubts whether to continue today because he thought my throat could close up if I had an additional allergic reaction to the medicine he would administer.

He had taken time to speak with an allergist friend he had and he had given him the idea to use multiple things on me. He spoke to DR. Gebhart and to all of us of his uncertainty of continuing today.

I listened and all of a sudden I felt a rush of *certainty*. I looked at each one of the nine around me and pointed to myself and said first to the Anesthesiologist, "Thank you for your details, *but* ... I can do this!" I heard a nurse giggle. Then pointed at my Dr. who was on my left, and said: "YOU can do this!" Then went quickly around the table pointing to each one repeating, "You can do this!" Then I raised my hand thumb up and said "WE can do this!" We all laughed together. I realized that for this event, I was part of this Team! And, I felt completely confident that God was the Team LEADER in our midst. Without a doubt ...ALL would go well. In that instant, I KNEW it! Sometimes God wants us to not look at the "detail possibilities", but choose to focus on the Bigger picture and TRUST HIM. No more discussion. They silently

swept into motion like someone had switched on a well-oiled machine. And I was out like a light, Peacefully Trusting God and the Team He chose for me.

I had been the doubting fearful Thomas who had put the chink in the smoothly rolling Team, but God got me back in line to Trust His Gifts that He gives and develops *in others*.

He gave me His Strength of certainty to Trust... Himself in the form of another...with my life.

P.S. How much and for how long God Preserves me physically, is His call. I surrender to being certain He is my Creator and knows best.

This is just to jumpstart me and you to realize lessons in His Strength to Trust Him in *every* area of your life. Not just the physical. Mental, emotional, spiritual, relationships, financial, callings, purposes, etc. "Strength" is the seventh work of Jesus' Cross. It is a very large covered area. He is our Loving Creator God, we are His Creation, learning to trust that Love.

2Cor.12:9-10,"And He said unto me, My Grace is sufficient for thee; for My Strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather Glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ rest upon me. Therefore, I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Only in our weak places, will He fill us with His Strength of certainty to Trust Him who created us and knows best.