

Monday night was a rough night. I committed a horrible mistake; hanging out with our oldest son, playing pool, and listening to Christian music a half an hour past his bed time. Of course, if this was the only time this ever happened one might be more inclined to sympathize with me, but I've been guilty of this type of carelessness more times than I can count. This started an ugly display of the cold shoulder that would've froze over the Sahara. As my wife proceeded to retreat to the bedroom shutting the door and reading her book, I sat on the couch and prayed for God to get her attention. I wanted her to see that the ends were not justifying the means, and that responding to me the way she did was hurting our relationship. Let me repeat that I prayed that God would get her attention. . .

Tuesday morning, October 1, 2019, I woke up and got dressed for the day. Megan was in the shower and I hadn't talked with her at all since the night before, but I retreated to my quiet room, or war room as some call it, and spent precious time with the Lord. God helped me see that I love her too much to let this keep me from her, that I needed to break down this barrier with prayer, and forgiveness, and to ask for my own forgiveness for being careless with something that she's sensitive about. As I approached her in earnestness, I noticed she was in physical pain. I proceeded to apologize and she accepted but seemed much less concerned about this somewhat common occurrence, and about my sincerity. She seemed much more concerned about how she felt. She said that she was really hurting and didn't feel right. I lobbied for her to go to the hospital, but she refused and said that we needed to get the kids to school and Jack needed to get to his FCA meeting. But when I looked in her eyes I didn't see the usual frustration that she displayed when she was sick or ill, rather it was a look of genuine fear. Something was truly wrong, but I couldn't understand what it was so I retreated again to prayer. I prayed over her, for the enemy and his forces to leave her in Jesus' name, for her body to be protected and held in God's hands. Then I proceeded to pray over every room in our house for protection from the enemy. I wasn't sure why I was praying for this, but I believe God was prompting me to do so. Jack and I then left for our daily bike ride to school around 7:05 am.

After arriving at school and having a unique conversation with the head custodian, Scott Jenne, about the finer points of eschatology, I went to fill up my water bottle at approximately 7:45 am. I then heard over the intercom that I needed to call the office. The feeling of dread overwhelmed me, even though I didn't think about Megan initially. Our secretary, Kody Gentry, informed me that my wife had passed out at Kennedy Grade School and that I'd better head over there. I informed her that I rode my bicycle, and she said that our principal, Ben Smith, could give me a ride. Ben and I then traveled to the hospital, assuming that she was taken there, but after about five minutes the Kennedy School principal, Twyla Sprouse called Ben informing him that she was still at Kennedy and that it was pretty serious. They needed me there because they might be taking her to the hospital in Salina. So we promptly headed over to Kennedy Grade School and I texted my pastors, Rob Ely and Lindsey Brummer, that Megan had passed out and might be headed to Salina, asking them to please pray. We arrived to find her loaded in an ambulance with AED pads and wires connected to her, getting oxygen from an oxygen bag, and unconscious. They said that she had multiple cardiac arrests and if she was stable enough they were going to take her to Salina. They felt confident that she would make it, so they headed out for Salina. I got the van keys out of her purse and headed back to our house, just a few blocks away, to get her

blood pressure medication since I didn't know what the names were and I thought it was important information for those working on her. As I drove the short drive back to our house, I started to lose it. Megan's mom, Lisa Rhodes, died just over two years ago of a heart attack and the words cardiac arrest were echoing in my head. I started to cry out to God, I told Him that I couldn't do this, that He had to take it from me, He had to intervene. And then I, with tears blurring my eyes, told God that I was giving it to Him, that Megan was His first and He could do whatever He wanted with her life. Any believer in Christ would tell you that everything is and always will be in God's hands, but I felt the Holy Spirit prompting me to willingly offer this to God, to surrender to whatever was in His will to do with my wife, the person I love the most on this earth. As I screamed these things through tears, I knew that this was in God's hands; but there is something infinitely more significant when we, with fully open arms, offer our hurt and fears and even our cherished loved ones to God in genuine faith. I instantly became more collected and focused, and the dreadful fear began to drift away. This shift was beyond my comprehension.

When I pulled in the driveway, my neighbor, Curtis Osland, ran across the street and told me that he was there after Megan passed out and asked what he could do. I told him to just pray and I tore out of the driveway. I would find out later that his being there was nothing short of God's providence. As I sped towards Salina I began to call my mom, Lila Amos, Megan's sisters, Corey Grace and Jessica Williams, and two dear friends, Carol Wondra and Ken Robson. I also sent a Marco Polo to my discipleship group of Quentin Cole and Brant Taplin. About halfway to Salina from Abilene I noticed the gas light was on in the van and that I had zero miles left on the gauge. I began calling out to God again, asking Him to allow me to make it to the gas station. I traveled at least eight miles with zero miles left on the monitor just making it to the gas station off of Ohio Street.

After getting a few dollars in gas, I made it to the hospital and into the emergency room where my wife was being assessed. By the time I arrived to the ER I was calm. I cannot explain the calm I felt. While externally I might have seemed shaken, internally I was as calm as I've ever felt. I was anxious for the next assessment, for the next move, for the next revelation that could tell us more information, but I was not worried, I was not in fear, and I was not thinking the myriad of thoughts that could have easily been going through my head. And from the moment I was able to see Megan I was praying over her, and I continually told her that God would never leave her or forsake her. It was though God was telling her those words through me. The ER doctor was able to confirm that she actually did not have a heart attack, and after several tests it showed that her heart was functioning normally, her brain was not bleeding, and her lungs were healthy. Not long after I arrived in the ER, other people started arriving as well. My friend and pastor Rob Ely, friend and principal Ben Smith, aunt Betty Amos, friend Ken Robson, and church friends Gary Longenecker, Arnie Kitchener, Quentin Cole, Carol Wondra, and Elaine Sears came to support and pray in the ER waiting room. Pastor Rob spent much of the time with me in the ER, and he along with Carol Wondra, Elaine Sears, and Betty Amos all prayed over Megan in the ER. A neurologist came in and began to assess Megan. He was trying to get a response from her by shouting her name and thumping on her sternum. She didn't show much of a response, then I came by her side and said her name asking her to open her eyes and look at me. She turned her head and one eye opened trying to look in my direction while gently squeezing my hand. While I knew that we were far from ok, I was filled with joy that I, her

husband, was able to get a response. After all of the tests were ran that ruled out the worst possible symptoms, the doctor decided to put her on a heavy sedative to stop the recurring seizures that were not relenting. He informed me that they would be putting in a ventilator and putting her into a medically induced coma to stop her seizures until the longterm seizure medication had a chance to take effect. She was now headed to the ICU.

The hospital Chaplain, who had continually updated me on who was arriving in the ER waiting room, then escorted me to the ICU waiting room where all of those who were in the ER waiting room were now; and many others began to arrive shortly after. My friend and associate pastor Lindsey Brummer, Megan's sisters Corey Grace and Jessica Williams, my mom Lila Amos, Megan's dad Jerry Rhodes, and another friend Trinity Sampson all arrived some time after (nine more people would also visit us throughout the afternoon and evening). There was a lot of emotion and hugs and support for me, not to mention lots of questions, but I can truly say that I was not a mess (like anyone would expect I would be considering what had happened). Most of my emotion was a result of the extreme love poured out by all the people who came to see us in the hospital that day, 27 people to my knowledge. It actually felt like I was consoling everyone else, that I was supporting them, even though they were mostly there for me. I shed very few tears, I wasn't worried, and I was clear headed. I was indeed anxious to hear the next report, but I wasn't scared to hear it. I was eager to find out what the next move was, but I wasn't afraid of what they might say, nor was I thinking about all the possible outcomes we might have to face. God was protecting my heart and mind beyond my ability or understanding. When I was asked over and over again on how I was holding up, I kept saying that I had a peace that surpasses all understanding, and I was ok. Each time I said that, I truly meant it, but nevertheless I was baffled at the fact. Many people know and quote Philippians 4:6 which states, "don't be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God.", and while I was indeed living that out through constant prayer, the next verse is all too often left out. In fact it was the next verse that God was making known to me in a way that I will never ever forget, and it was easily more powerful than any verse previous to this event. The next verse, Philippians 4:7, reads, "And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus." I knew full well that out of our hearts flow our emotions, and the most significant emotion I could have had was fear, but God was guarding my heart from that. I also knew that out of our minds flow our thoughts, and I could have had a myriad of horrible thoughts and what ifs swirling inside my head, but God was guarding my mind from those. I was at peace and I had clarity, and it was not a result of awesome brain power or will power conjuring them up, I was not medicated, I was not self-talking myself into some sort of serenity, I was not focusing on "happy thoughts" or "happy places"; I was simply at home with my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ and He was holding me and protecting me beyond anything this world could ever offer or afford.

Not only was God protecting me, but He was protecting my wife and my kids in remarkable ways and perfect timing. The morning Megan passed out, she had already dropped off our daughter Kylah at McKinley Grade School and was at Kennedy Grade School dropping off our second youngest son Elijah. She knew that something was not right and she texted a friend Anne Rose at 7:38 am to see if she was free. She doesn't remember doing this, but it seems that she

was reaching out for help with our youngest son Abraham so that she could go to the hospital. As she was walking in to the grade school, holding hands with our two youngest boys, she passed out and fell face first in the middle of the crosswalk. She busted open her chin, which later required five or six stitches, so she was bleeding quite a bit from her face, not to mention she was having a full on seizure (which appeared to have started after the fall). God placed several people there for different reasons at different times, but Amanda Brown was two cars back dropping off her son and was able to make sure that our two boys, four and five years of age, would see very little of the traumatic events that followed; all they knew was that Mommy tripped and fell down and adults were helping her. Elijah did recall that Mommy had blood coming out of her chin like a fountain, but according to his kindergarten teacher Mrs. Willey, he went through the rest of the school day with courage, to which I can only give glory to the Holy Spirit who lives in that little boy. God was surely protecting my kids through this event.

God's protection and timing were also evident from the improbable help provided from others that were in the right place at the right time. Our neighbors across the street, Curtis and Sherree Osland, were taking their two kids to school that morning also. I mentioned that Curtis was there when I arrived at my house before going to Salina, but it's important to note that Curtis is a paramedic but was off that morning. He had taken their youngest child, Lockett, to preschool, then he proceeded to pick up a coffee for his wife Sherree. When he arrived home she was not there, and knowing that she was taking their daughter Malee to Kennedy Grade School, he promptly pulled back out of the drive to deliver the coffee to Sherree at the school. He arrived within a minute after Megan had fallen and he was able to switch to emergency mode immediately. He assessed her and she had a pulse and her airway was clear. The crossing guard, Tammy Shaffett had already called 911, but since he was a paramedic he was able to direct the ambulance the best route to enter the parking lot, since he was well aware that it was a congested place during drop off and pick up times. While waiting for the ambulance Megan's pulse left and her heart stopped, but Curtis was right there to immediately administer chest compressions. The ambulance pulled up only seconds after he had started compressions, and he promptly called out code blue. They rushed over an AED and shocked her. Her pulse returned! Curtis later told me that she was without a pulse for no longer than one minute, and that it went as well as possible, like absolute clockwork. God's timing and provision was perfectly in place for my wife to be protected from death, but also from serious brain and heart trauma from prolonged time without oxygen to the brain. I have heard from numerous parents that their children were promoting them to stop and pray while all of this was happening. Leave it up to the heart of a child to do the simplest yet most powerful thing in such a moment. I believe this is a great example of why Jesus says, "Truly I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it." (Mark 10:15).

Fast forward now to the ICU; it was Tuesday night and Megan's sisters were going to a hotel to try to sleep and I was sitting beside my wife in the ICU, with a ventilator in her throat in a medically induced coma. I turned to God's Word. I wasn't sure where to go, but I had recently read some verses in Colossians 3 so I went there and read that chapter out loud, as I wanted Megan to hear God's words also. Colossians 3:3 states, "For you have died and your life is hidden with Christ in God." This gave me incredible peace in the truth that Megan was hidden

with Christ for all eternity, and in this very moment as she lay in a medically induced coma. After I read that chapter, I asked the Lord where I should go next, and I heard Romans. I told Him that Romans is a pretty big book and that there was a lot there, but He whispered chapter 8. This has been one of my favorite chapters in all of scripture, but I wasn't defaulting by going there, I truly felt led there. As I read this chapter I started to feel such clarity, more than I had ever felt before in reading this particular chapter. Romans 8:2 states, "For the law of the Spirit of life has set you free in Christ Jesus from the law of sin and death." This spoke so clearly of the eternal truth for all believers that our new, true life is in Christ Jesus even if our flesh is alive or dead or on pause, as Megan was now. Romans 8:6 states, "For to set the mind on the flesh is death, but to set the mind on the Spirit is life and peace." After fully surrendering my wife and this situation to God, my mind was and had been continually set on His Holy Spirit dwelling in me, providing me with protection and peace. Then God really gave me perspective in Romans 8:18, "For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worth comparing with the glory that is to be revealed to us." I realized that this suffering that we were going through had a much greater purpose, and I started to praise God for allowing us to go through it because I knew He would be glorified, and we'd be able to participate in that glory. At the end of this chapter I wrote in my Bible, "I'm so thankful to be here." It still baffles me that I could write words like that while sitting next to the love of my life who was in a coma. I continued to be comforted by this chapter of scripture, especially when I came to another familiar verse, Romans 8:26 states, "Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness. For we do not know what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groaning too deep." So many times in the last twelve hours I could only bow my head and close my eyes and just say, "oh Lord, oh Lord." But I could feel the Holy Spirit easing my pain and removing the weight that I could not bear. Again, I was never afraid, but the weight was there, only God was faithful to continue taking it from my shoulders. Matthew 11:29-30 says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." As I continued reading Romans chapter 8 I found myself at another verse that I've found incredible truth and power in over and over in my life. Romans 8:28 states, "And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose." The confidence I felt in that moment has likely never been greater in my entire life. As I finished reading Romans chapter 8 I read through verses 31 - 39 where Paul tells us that nothing, nothing can separate us from God's love. There is no better truth that I could hear in that moment. And to add to the awesome message of God's word, after I finishing reading, I received a text message from my dear friend Ken Robson at 9:55 p.m. In his message, he had re-read his devotional that he read earlier that morning before all of these events took place. This is the devotional message he shared: Life is a gift. Each day is precious - and at times fleeting. We can't control the path or the magnitude of whatever storms or disasters come our way. We can't anticipate our losses. And we can't hold on to the promise of tomorrow. So what's something we can do? We can this day celebrate the ones we love. We can create special moments with them. We can say "I love you." What perfect timing for God to use Ken to bring this message to my heart!

As Wednesday came around, many more people came to visit Megan and I in the ICU, 22 people to my recollection. Multiple doctors came in throughout the day to inform us that they would be doing an MRI and pulling spinal fluid to test for brain tumors and infections and diseases,

respectively. They also had to combat a pretty bad fever by wrapping her body in cool packs. It was definitely not fun to hold her hand that felt like ice and gaze upon her face with a ventilator down her throat, but as difficult as it was I remained comforted by the Lord. Every time I entered her room I told her that I was there and that I wasn't going far, and every time I left the room I told her that I loved her so very much and I would be back soon. Eventually the MRI results came back and they were clear, she had no tumors in her brain! The initial results from her spinal fluid were also clear, and the rest of the results would continue to come in clear the following week. So, with all the clear results that came throughout the day, the doctors decided to start reducing Megan's seizure medication that was keeping her in her coma state. She had been in a coma for about 36 hours at this point, and there was no sure way to predict how she would respond to the reduction in this particular medication. Before this began, however, my church leaders came up to the hospital to lay hands on Megan and pray for her. Elders Adam Burns, Kyle Campbell, John Barbur, Gary Longenecker, and Ken King were there along with associate pastor Lindsey Brummer and lead pastor Rob Ely and his wife Jamie Ely. Our nurse Kelly W. had been limiting us to only two or three people at a time, but when Rob asked if we could lay hands and pray over her she was more than willing to let a large group go in. Our nurses were the best I've ever been around! During that time of prayer each elder offered up an emotional heart felt prayer on the behalf of Megan's health and recovery, then Lindsey offered up a prayer, then before Rob could close in prayer I felt the Holy Spirit prompting me to offer my prayer. I don't recall all that the Lord brought to my heart, but I remember asking Him to use this to bring Himself glory, to take this horrible reality and do amazing things with it for His Kingdom and to draw others to Himself. I asked Him to do whatever He wanted with Megan, just so long as it would bring salvation and sanctification to those He was drawing near. I believe God heard all those prayers and did just as we asked in His perfect, sovereign way.

As all of the people that were visiting left the hospital Wednesday night, I settled into my recliner beside Megan's bed. I read her some scripture and prayed over her, then laid back to try to sleep at 10:45 p.m. The nurses had started reducing the medication that was keeping her in the coma state earlier that evening and were hoping that by 3:00 a.m. or 4:00 a.m. she would start responding and waking up. At about 11:00 p.m. I woke up hearing the nurses saying Megan's name. As I abruptly shot up from a reclined position I saw the nurses hovering over her saying her name and asking her to squeeze their hands if she heard them. She was waking up, and far before the predicted time! I jumped to her side and started speaking to her, and she turned her head toward me! She started opening her eyes but only slightly at first. She was struggling to focus and her pupils were rolled back a little, but she was aware that people were talking to her. Then they asked two of the most important questions. First, they asked her how many children she had, and to hold up the amount of fingers on her right hand. She held up four! Then they asked her if Justin was her husband to squeeze their right hand. She did! This was one of the best moments of my entire life! Tears of joy came as I praised God. As the night became the next morning, Megan would continue to sleep, and the nurses would continue to wake her up about every half hour. Every time they woke her up she was more alert and responsive. Every time they did a different test on her she would pass with flying colors. The nurses were ecstatic about her recovery process and were nearly jumping up and down each time she responded accordingly. I was so amazed at how emotional they were; they truly cared about Megan and I thank God that He has them in the profession they are in. I don't think I slept more than thirty

minutes the rest of that night and early morning, but I didn't need to; I was flowing with life, energy, and excitement that my wife was now awake!

God continued to have amazing people involved in different ways and at different times in this incredible trial. The nurse that relieved Kelly was Abby K.. I immediately recognized her last name and asked her if she was from Abilene (I had Conner K. as a student in my chemistry class). It turns out that she is Conner's older sister, and that she had recently moved back to Abilene. As we continued to talk more I discovered that her fiancé had died over a year ago in an accident, and his name was Justin. I mentioned that Megan's mom died just over two years ago, and after some time had participated in and eventually helped lead a Grief Share class. Grief Share helps people who have lost someone close deal with their grief through a biblical lens. I told her that a group was starting up again soon, and that I thought there was even a short class offered specifically for those who have lost a spouse. She was overwhelmed as she showed me a picture she recently took of a facebook post of the very class I was speaking about, and it was fast approaching! She had goosebumps and tears in her eyes as she told me that she had felt very close to us, closer than usual to the patients she attended to, and that God was working in awesome ways. We agreed that God had a clear purpose in this for each of us.

Early Thursday morning, our doctor came in to observe Megan. She was still very groggy and still had a ventilator in, but she was responding with head nods to every question. They had reduced the oxygen outflow from the ventilator all through the early morning, and even though it was still in she was breathing completely on her own. They decided to remove the ventilator! After they removed the ventilator, she was very confused and couldn't speak above a whisper because of the dryness in her throat. She was emotional and didn't know where she was or what happened. Each time she asked me what happened I gave her the calmest response and kept the answers simple. I was just so happy to be able to have a conversation with her that I didn't mind repeating the same thing over and over. A short while after having the ventilator removed she was exhausted and laid down for a rest, so I went out into the ICU main waiting room. I noticed an older woman in a wheel chair putting together a puzzle. It reminded me of my Grandma Mary, because in her old age as she was slipping mentally she would often put together puzzles. This woman was sharing the update on her husband with someone over the phone and was pretty emotional. As she hung up the phone, she continued crying, so I got up and sat beside her. I asked her what was wrong and through many tears she would tell me of the laundry list of problems that her husband had. I just sat there and listened, feeling her pain and loving her with a love that was not my own. When she finished, I offered to pray for her and she accepted. This seemed to have a major impact on her, such an impact that she would come back a short while later with her contact information to share with me, and of course I shared mine with her. A few days later she would also give me a card with money to buy some flowers for Megan telling me that they would be praying for us. God was already using this trial in our lives to encourage and lift up others.

I began texting news to people very early Thursday morning that Megan had awoken. I wasn't too worried about waking anyone up at four in the morning at this point! At 7:25 a.m. Ken

Robson again shared with me a devotional that he had read that very morning. It read: God is saying to you today, "I have allowed your trials to come to make you stronger in Me. What the devil meant for evil . . . I meant for good. Through it all, you are still here, and I am about to blow your mind with blessings, good health, peace, love, and favor." Once again, God's message was clear, that He wasn't surprised by this, that He is never surprised, that He is sovereign, and that He has a perfect plan even in the midst of far from perfect circumstances. As the day continued on, Megan would continue to improve, despite her short term memory being similar to that of a dementia patient. She would continue to have low potassium levels and a fluctuating fever, but she continued to improve. Friday night we moved from the main ICU wing to the less serious ICU hall. I was sad to leave that wing of the ICU because of our amazing nurses, but I was also very happy because it was a sign that we were moving closer to the possibility of going home. Home seemed like a nearly impossible reality about 36 hours prior, but now it seemed likely if the positive trends continued.

Once we were moved to the secondary ICU hall, we continued to have amazing nurses. Megan would eventually hold down solid food (her first round of solid food from Thursday afternoon and evening didn't react too well with her empty stomach and multiple medications on Friday) and would even do some short walking. Her short term memory continued to get better and better. We would also continue to be visited by many more people, twelve people on Friday, thirteen people on Saturday, and eight more on Sunday; in fact, according to the names I kept track of, we would have a total of 62 different people visit us during our nine days in the hospital in Salina. But there were few visitations more important than our kids, who would get to see Megan Friday afternoon. It was such a tremendously joyful and emotional moment to see Megan's reaction when our kids came into her room. She assured them that she was ok and she was gentle with them, especially when they seemed a little scared and emotional. My heart wanted to burst seeing Megan be a mother again to our four children in that short time in the hospital.

In the following days, we would continue to be visited by several different doctors, cardiologists, and neurologists. None of them could make certainty of what caused this issue with Megan. Our cardiologist felt that a defibrillator was the best option to ensure that if her heart stopped or had another irregular rhythm that she would be safe. However, before that was installed he wanted to do an angiogram to make sure that there were no blockages or issues with any of her arteries. The angiogram was set for Monday morning. Of course, this was another moment that could bring anxiety and worry considering that issues in her arteries could lead to more intensive surgeries, but God was still protecting my heart and my mind (Philippians 4:7) and my peace was ever present through my Lord and my God. Upon looking at the results of the angiogram, the cardiologist said he would love to have Megan's arteries! Like every critical test so far, this one would come up clean again. This meant that the defibrillator would be installed Tuesday morning assuming there were no unforeseen issues. After we returned to our room I went down to the cafeteria to get some breakfast. I had got it in a "to go" box, but when I left the kitchen I noticed another nurse that we had in our first ICU room, Ruth N. Ruth was another amazing nurse with which I had some great conversations with. She also was greatly effected by our situation. Several days ago she had told me that only around 10% of people that have cardiac arrest and are shocked by a defibrillator actually survive; and that a large percentage who do survive have significant heart or brain issues from the trauma. As I sat and ate my breakfast with



Ruth, we shared life together and I found out that she was living in Wichita but had been looking for a house in Abilene! I told her that if she moved to Abilene that I knew a great church that she could connect with, and she assured me that if she did she would visit our church.

Tuesday morning came around, and Carol Wondra and Ken Robson came to be with me in the surgical waiting room as Megan's defibrillator was installed. I didn't feel it was necessary as I was at peace, since God was with me, but I did deeply appreciate it and was not about to turn away their fantastic, supportive company. As with everything that had occurred since we were in the hospital, Megan came out of the surgery with great success and ease. After the cardiologist and neurologist checked on Megan, they both agreed that she was ready to go home after 24 hours with the defibrillator in. The thought of going home was so exciting! We had really struggled the last couple of days in the hospital. Our current ICU room was a third the size of our first ICU room so we were getting a bit of "cabin fever", not to mention that we were super ready to spend a night together in our own bed.

Wednesday came around and we had plenty of information to try to digest. Megan would be on two seizure medications and would have follow ups with the neurologist. She would also need to set up a device that would come via mail to connect with her defibrillator so that data could be collected and stored from it, along with follow ups with the cardiologist. She would also need to take potassium supplements along with antibiotics for her incision where the defibrillator was installed. She would also need to schedule appointments with our local doctor in Abilene. The only thing that was actually troubling, though, was that we still didn't know what happened or what caused this all to happen.

As we prepared to leave the hospital, it felt surreal; we had spent the last nine days in two different ICU rooms and now we were going home. I had only seen my kids three times in that time and Megan had only seen them once. As we arrived home there would be lots of challenges. Megan was not allowed to drive for six months because of both the cardiac arrest and the seizure, so planning rides for her and the kids would create lots of planning. Thankfully many people from our church and community had already offered to help in that way. Our church also created a food tidings schedule and had been delivering meals from a week prior to our coming home, and was going to continue for another week. Settling back in would prove to be difficult, though. Megan was ready for life to get back to "normal", but I wasn't. I didn't want to go back to work, I didn't want to get back into any type of routine; instead, I wanted to see every part of our lives changed and impacted from this amazing series of events. It wasn't that our "normal" life wasn't great, but this had such a powerful impact on me that I didn't want it to simply become a story or memory that we would recall at various times in our life. I wanted God to get more control and glory in our lives, I wanted our "normal" life to look anything but "normal". It would take some time for Megan and I to get back on the same page in many ways, but through lots of patience and prayer we are doing great now, and also grateful beyond words.

So how would I sum up this experience? I have said it before, and I'll say it again, I'm never surprised by the amazing work of our Heavenly Father, but I'm constantly amazed by Him. I know He calmed a raging storm, but I had never felt Him calm the raging storm inside me like this. I know He holds the universe in His hands, but I had never felt Him hold my heart and mind like this. I know He is working all things together for His good, but I had never seen so many things work together in such a dire situation like this. I have never seen God's Word come to me and move in so many ways by so many different sources so perfectly in time and tune. Hebrews 4:12 says, "For the word of God is living and active, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing to the division of soul and of spirit, of joints and of marrow, and discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart." I won't continue to explain all of the different times and ways God's Word would work in and through me throughout my time in the hospital, but I'll provide a list in case anyone would like to seek Him out. One thing will always be, I will offer my whole heart, my whole life, and my whole self to the God who gave all for me and has shown me His perfect love and kindness at Calvary, and continues to show His perfect plan through imperfect circumstances. Praise God; Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Colossians 3

Romans 8

1 Peter 5:7

Psalm 46:1,10

1 John 4

Psalm 27

John 10:10

James 1:2-3

Philippians 1:6

Ephesians 5:15-17 Titus

Jeremiah 29:11

Philippians 4:6-7

Ephesians 3

1 John 5

Jeremiah 1:5

Deuteronomy 31:8

Psalm 146:5

Psalm 116:7