

Mom's Aneurysm StrokeWednesday, August 21, 1996

Dad called me at 9:20 P.M. saying that Mom was in the bathtub and I should come right away. Dad didn't explain any more than that. I was a little irate because I needed to go to bed soon to beat the morning commute. Since I didn't know what the problem was, I asked the Holy Ghost for help (to give me utterance to pray about the situation) and started to pray in other tongues. Half an hour later I was in their house in Leisure World, Laguna Hills (now Laguna Woods). Mom was lying/sitting in the tub with her head slumped over her left shoulder and both of her hands over her left hip. Dad had covered her with lots of towels. I thought Mom had fallen and hurt her back; so I asked her what the problem was, but she wouldn't say anything. Mom answered with grunts to all questions, could not talk nor move, and could open her eyes just a slit.

I tried to lift/slide her up a little so she would be a little more comfortable, but I couldn't move her much because she was like a sack of flour, just dead weight. At this point I figured out that we were in real trouble; so I told Mom that she would be fine and not to worry, because Jesus was taking care of her. I stepped into the tub, laid my hand lightly on her forehead, and said something like "In the name of Jesus, you are healed." Then I asked Dad to call 911 because Mom could neither move nor talk.

While I was waiting I spoke all the healing verses I remembered, Mark 16:17-18, John 14:13-14, etc. I asked the Holy Ghost for help, spoke and believed the healing anointing flowed into her body, touched her arm, and spoke in other tongues. About ten minutes later help arrived. The paramedics took Mom's vital signs, took history from us, and, about ten minutes after arriving, lifted Mom to the sofa. Meanwhile, I continued to pray in other tongues. They injected Mom with something. They tested Mom by asking her to grasp a finger with each of her hands and she did. Then they asked Mom to push her feet against their hands and she did. They asked Mom what time it was and she answered Wednesday night. The paramedics looked relieved and packed Mom up for the trip to Saddleback Memorial hospital in Laguna Hills.

We got to the Emergency Room at about 11 P.M. The doctor checked Mom out and called in a neurosurgeon as a consultant. At about midnight, the neurosurgeon showed Dad pictures of Mom's brain and confirmed that Mom had had an aneurysm stroke and there was a large amount of blood in both sides of her brain. He said that was all they could do that night. In the morning they would do a detailed mapping of Mom's blood vessels in the brain to diagnose the problem. We went home at 1 A.M.

Thursday, August 22.

I got back to the hospital at 10 A.M. and Mom was already in radiology getting an angiogram. She came out at 1 P.M. Two neurosurgeons told us that they had found the break near the bottom of Mom's brain behind her right eye. Mom's blood vessel blistered at that point. They were afraid the blister might break again, so they recommended operating to clip off the blister. They said that in cases like this, one third of the patients die before the ambulance gets there, another one third die before the doctors can operate, and the remaining one third get to make the decision. If we did nothing, the blister might break again. Then Mom would face these risks again. If they operated, they'd try to wash off as much of the blood as possible in the right side of Mom's brain. That would reduce the chance of seizure as Mom recovered. The blood in the brain would be absorbed gradually, but until it was gone, it could cause seizures. These seizures might simply cause spasms or they might cause oxygen starvation of the brain or death. The doctors would give Mom anti-seizure medicine and keep her blood pressure elevated to minimize the chance of a seizure and its negative effects. However, elevating her blood pressure would increase the chances of the blister popping again if the blister was not clipped off. If they operated, there was a small chance that Mom would die and there was a chance that Mom would have a loss of muscle control on the right side of her face. To operate, they would cut behind the hairline, break through the brain membrane, lift up the brain, and get behind her right eye and its nerves. There might be temporary or permanent loss of control of the muscle around the right eyebrow. So it was possible

that, after a successful operation, Mom's face would look asymmetric because the right eyebrow sagged on the right eye. They recommended operating immediately to minimize the chance of more complications.

After some discussion we persuaded Mom to go ahead with the operation, even though G___ would not be back from Europe until that evening. Mom had some concern about her unbalanced appearance, so I told her that we would pray for no negative side effects and no scars and that she would be fine. Dr. W___, one of the two neurosurgeons, would operate at around 4:30 P.M. After they wheeled Mom off to prep her, Dad and I went home to get some rest. Susan had reservations about praying for no scars, but the boys and I just went ahead and asked for everything and thanked God and Jesus for giving them.

I girded myself with my Walkman, two sets of batteries (enough for 8 hours), and my favorite steady-me tapes: Kenneth Copeland's From Battle to Victory tape set about David and Goliath. I met Dad in the waiting room at around 5 P.M., popped on my tape and headset, started pacing the hallway, asked the Holy Ghost for help, and began praying in other tongues. Periodically, I would check in with Dad to see how he was doing; but, by and large, I stayed away from the waiting room because it tends to be a negative place and people tend to talk negatively. As the evening wore on, only Dad and I and another family were left. At about midnight the surgeon came to talk to the other family. I overheard him saying that everything went well even after he operated on the dad's heart. But just before he was about to close up, the dad's blood pressure dropped. He had waited for the blood pressure to come up, but it had not. He could not close if the blood pressure did not come back up. So he had left the chest open, but covered up, waiting for the blood pressure to come up. If the blood pressure did not come back up, the dad would probably die. Then I heard the daughter cry on the pay phone saying that even though her dad was 86 she was not ready for him to go yet. So I asked the Holy Ghost to also give me words to pray for her dad. I continued to pace the hallway and pray in other tongues. About 45 minutes later, the daughter knocked on surgery's door and talked to the nurse. The daughter came back with her face lit up and told her family that the nurse said Mr. R___ G.'s blood pressure was up and they'd be closing him up soon. As they were leaving, I mentioned to her that I had added her dad to my prayer list when I'd overheard her on the phone and that I'd continue to pray for her dad. She said that she'd do the same for Mom.

At 2 A.M. Dr. W___ called and told us to come up to the Intensive Care Unit. Dr. W___ was bopping around like a kid with a new toy. He said the operation went very well. He got started late, at 7 P.M. The operation took much longer than estimated because Mom's blood vessels were calcified like eggshell. He had washed as much blood off as he could and he had successfully clamped off the blister. They had anti-seizure drug, blood pressure elevation drug, blood sugar control drug, and what not going into Mom. They had also inserted a sensor into Mom's heart for immediate monitoring. Dad and I went home exhausted. Dad was especially tired because he had just started to recover from a bout with asthma and was still taking a combination of asthma medicines.

Friday, August 23.

Mom was pretty much knocked out the whole day. I checked on Mr. R___ G. and found out that he was still in the surgery recovery room. The nurse said that although he was closed up he was still touch and go. So I prayed some more for him. By this time my voice was pretty well gone and I'd developed a cough and pain in my throat. So now I was speaking Matthew 8:17 and 1 Peter 2:24 for myself as well.

Saturday, August 24.

Mom was awake and talking, but she could not remember all the details of the stroke. I left a message with the Word of Faith Family Church asking them to pray for Mr. R___ G. if they believed in praying for healing. I did this because my voice was almost gone and I didn't want to drop him.

Sunday, August 25.

I visited Mom in the late afternoon. Mom's head dressing had been taken off. The CAT scan done in the morning showed that 90% of the blood in the brain was gone. Word of Faith Family Church left a message that they believed in praying for healing and that someone from their church had prayed for Mom's and Mr. R___ G.'s healing.

Monday, August 26.

I visited Mom in the evening. The oxygen tube was off and the stomach tube was out. Also, Mr. R___ G. showed up in the ICU. I asked his nurse how he was doing. She said that he was still touch and go – he was hooked up to a machine to help him breath. I prayed for him on the drive home.

Tuesday, August 27.

I prayed for mom and Mr. R___ G. in understanding and then in other tongues while driving to and from work. I visited Mom in the evening. All her IV's had been taken out. Mr. R___ G. was off the breathing machine but was on another machine. His nurse said that he was doing much better, but he had a way to go yet.

I visited Mom every day and would speak and believe that the healing anointing flowed into her. Then I would touch her while praying in other tongues. Mom was steadily getting better, but she did have a hard time with backache. After a few days Mr. R___ G. was back on the breathing machine. His nurse said that he'd caught pneumonia. I focused in on him in prayer for a few days and then he was off the machine and past the pneumonia. Then Mom was moved to the Progressive Care Unit. After a few days I noticed that Mr. R___ G.'s name was not on the PCU's board, so I called the ICU. They said that his family had moved him to another hospital.

After about three weeks of visiting Mom in the hospital, praying for her in other tongues while touching her, and speaking/believing the healing anointing flows into her, I took a day off (Sept. 3) from praying and visiting her. By then Mom was doing very well except for the backache and high blood sugar (caused by the anti-seizure drug). The very next morning (Wed., Sept. 4), Mom's blood pressure and pulse rate plummeted and the hospital staff performed an emergency operation to install a pacemaker in her. [G___ H. later reminded me of 1 Thessalonians 5:17. I think G___ was saying that I get better result by following direction.]

On Friday, Oct. 4, almost two months after her stroke, Mom went home. By December Mom could do just about everything she used to do before the stroke, except we were not sure about her field of vision. The first time my son visited Mom in the hospital he walked up to Mom, lifted up Mom's hair on the right side, and examined Mom's scalp. He later told S___ that he was checking to see whether there was a scar. There was no scar. There was also no droop over Mom's right eye.

Thinking back, I thought of several interesting facts. First was the timing of Mom's stroke. It occurred when I was reachable. Due to my crazy commute schedule, once I was on the road I was not reachable, even for prayer. Also, because I was on temporary assignment, I did not have a permanent phone. So it was chancy getting hold of me by phone, or even by phone message. The week before Mom's stroke she complained of a backache and a nasty bruise. But I was primarily concerned about Dad who was still recovering from a nasty bout with asthma. But during the commute that week, while praying for Dad as I normally did, I did think to include Mom in my prayer. So everything worked out.

The other interesting thing was the timing of Mom's pacemaker operation. Up to then Mom had recovered steadily without any seizure. Then, just when things were looking good and I skipped one day of visiting and

praying for her, Mom's roommate (who just happened to be a former ICU nurse) noticed that Mom looked like she was having a seizure. So the hospital staff rushed Mom into surgery again. Mom was fine afterward.

This was the third toughest stand on faith I have done. The first was running on my bad left knee. That was my first big stand and it was tough because I was pretty much standing by myself. The second was standing in the fall of 95 against being driven out by my new boss. Some of my Maryland friends may recall that I had been doing this Bible study and running healing experiments for two years. My small Boeing office was merged into a local, small, Boeing subsidiary office. After a few months of all smiles, my new boss suddenly started to make life hard for me and a few other former Boeing employees. Making a change was not a problem, but leaving Maryland without sharing the good news was a problem. So after talking with someone, I knew I had to stand. That was a scary stand because I was in uncharted territory. I didn't have books and tapes to help me anymore and I did not have many positive testimonies to encourage me. So I gathered a new set of verses and went to work. After about 3-4 weeks in limbo, my new boss stopped by and told me that whatever I was doing, I was doing a great job and to keep it up. I just about fell off my chair. Then in November, I just happened to pick up a one-month temporary support that carried me to Christmas. Meanwhile, I organized my notes and started to distribute them. Then the T__ job opportunity came looking for me. The following spring, one week after I came back from my T__ job interview, I was given my two-week layoff notice. Interestingly, adding together the two-weeks notice, the 9-weeks severance (I think the other person had nine years of service, I had only seven years of service), and all my vacation days, I started with T__ on Tuesday, May 28, missing only 1 day of pay, Memorial Day, May 27. The weird thing was that my T__ line manager picked the start date, knowing nothing about my severance situation.

To finish our Maryland stories, after I was laid off I concentrated on interviewing and fixing up our townhouse. I replaced all four bathroom vanities, replaced the kitchen and bathroom faucets, replaced the second floor sliding door, replaced bathroom fans, fixed the master shower, redid the external trims, and had the interior professionally painted. So the house was looking pretty good given that we chose not to replace the carpet and the linoleum. A few days before I took off for California S__ gathered everyone together and said that we were going to pray that God would lead the right people who would be good neighbors to buy our townhouse in one week. I almost swallowed my teeth but I said nothing because I didn't want to discourage her. I coached the boys that now that we prayed and believed God heard us, we were to reinforce our faith for the answer by thanking God for the answer. Then I flew off and the house was on the market. Our real-estate agent said that there were about 150 townhouses for sale in Howard County, and she recommended setting a low price for a fast sale. So we set it at \$125K, the lowest of the comparables. A couple days after I started work S__ called and said that a young couple was in town and really liked our townhouse. He would be a dental student at U. of MD and she was interviewing for a nursing position at the Howard Co. Hospital about five blocks away. They made an offer that essentially asked us to chip in another \$10K in cash. They had no jobs in Maryland, were hoping for one MD paycheck, had two leased cars, and were cash poor. I did not take the offer seriously but our real estate agent persuaded us to give it a chance. Just to keep it going we lowered the price \$2K and said that we would pay their cash costs but they'll raise their mortgage to make it a wash. Our real estate agent worked with their people and by the end of the first week we had a workable offer. Then the boys finished school, my son had his birthday party, S__ and the boys drove to Illinois for the family reunion, S__ drove back to MD to supervise the movers, closed on the house, flew to Illinois to pick up the boys, and all three flew to L.A. S__ left her Maytag washer and dryer in MD, but we got everything we wanted. We didn't even have to tear up our big sandbox in the backyard, and S__ and the boys were able to visit her sister in Oregon before we got ready for school in California. S__ said later that this young couple was the only serious looker we had.

Standing for Mom's brain operation was tougher than standing for recovery from her aneurysm stroke. When confronted with Mom's stroke, I had my back against the wall and I just had to go ahead and do what I had done many times before. And Mom recovered on schedule. In the emergency room that Wednesday night, except for the blood showing on the brain scan, Mom showed no stroke symptoms. When confronted with Mom's brain operation, I felt the victory that was in hand might slip away. I was discouraged because I was a little tired and was facing another tough faith fight with high stakes. I knew I had the primary responsibility for this faith fight because I was the only experienced person in my family at standing. Also, due to the rapid pace

of development and the time difference to Maryland, it was difficult to call for help. It was a tough nine hours of standing that Thursday night. While other families got a steady stream of updates, we got none. Dad was worried and I had to be careful not to get dragged down. The operation lasted much longer than Dr. W___'s estimate; and, as the night dragged on, I frequently had thoughts of Mom's blood all over the operating table and the surgical team scrambling to save her. Then I would remind myself that I was praying in tongues, that the Holy Ghost was giving me words to pray, that I interpreted the intercessory healing examples correctly, that I had to respect the supernatural help I was getting, and that things would work out well. It was especially tough when my Walkman batteries ran down at around midnight. But all the practice I had paid off. At the end, I was staggering a bit, but I was still standing.

Dad's Asthma Bouts

1st Bout. After I was laid off in Maryland and before I got to California (late spring 96), Dad went into the hospital to get some kind of scan for his stomach problem. While he was in the hospital, he had an asthma attack of such severity that his fingernails turned blue. They rushed him to emergency, pushed a tube down his lung, tied him down, gave him oxygen, and shot him up. After some scanning and diagnosis, the doctors thought he had had a heart attack somewhere along the line. They suspected that part of the heart muscle was damaged. His major heart artery was very clogged up, so they pushed a balloon against the clog and left a wire mesh at that place. Dad survived the heart operation ok, but the doctors could not figure out what had caused the asthma which they thought caused the heart problem. Their best guess was stomach flux. So after Dad got out of the hospital, he's left with lots of asthma medicine. Of course we all prayed for him. By the time I got to California he was home, but with a regular schedule of asthma medicine.

So Dad's asthma got better, then worse, then better, and then worse. Amazingly, Dad's asthma was under control during Mom's bout with a stroke. After Mom got better, Dad's asthma gradually got worse. Then one Sunday morning my sister called me to meet her at Dad and Mom's. Dad had already applied his big-gun asthma medicine twice (the maximum), but his peak airflow test showed that his airflow was getting close to dangerously low. She finally talked Dad into going to the emergency room for a check. Dad had trouble walking the twenty feet to the car. We forgot that Dad's air transfer capacity was already dangerously low even when sitting on the sofa; Dad had no extra capacity for walking. While driving Dad to the emergency room, a ten minute drive, I held his hand, asked the Holy Ghost for help, spoke/believed the healing anointing was flowing into his body, and spoke in other tongues. We made it there ok. Once the emergency room figured out Dad was having a hard time, they immediately wheeled him away and injected him with 600 some units of steroid.

While checking Dad over, Dr. L__ saw that Dad's bile count was way up. So he suspected the culprit might be an infection around the gallbladder. He thought the passing of gallstones might have caused Dad's previous stomach pains. Apparently Dad had lots of gallstones in the gallbladder. After checking to make sure that there weren't any gallstones in some tube, he recommended taking out the gallbladder. Meanwhile, Dad was responding to his asthma treatment. He was discharged and then went back in later to have his gallbladder removed. Dad recovered and stayed on his regimen of asthma medicine. Of course, during all this time the Chen family was praying for Dad. The Chen family has gotten quite experienced at praying for healing and, I think, has gotten stronger at it. So we managed to have an uneventful Christmas 96.

Dad's Cancer Surgery

In early 97, Dad's asthma was up and down and up and down. By April, he was consistently up. Then in April Dad's x-ray showed a lump in his lung. Two biopsies were negative for cancer. But the doctors were not impressed. They said that biopsies only confirm positive for cancer, they do not disprove cancer. Because Dad

used to work in a shipyard where he probably breathed in asbestos and because he was a life-long smoker, the doctors suspected lung cancer. The other symptoms for cancer were that the lump on the x-ray had grown quite a lot over the past year and the CAT scan showed that the lymph node closest to the lump in the x-ray had grown to twice its normal size and (I think it was the CAT scan) showed feathery edges going outward that are characteristic of cancer. In their experience, these symptoms gave Dad more than a 75% chance of lung cancer. Dr. C__, the chest surgeon, suggested a progression of surgical operations: (1) take out the lymph node and test it for cancer. If cancer is found, close Dad up and later apply chemotherapy. This is now stage 3 cancer and Dad has only about a 20% chance of surviving. (2) If the lymph node tested negative, Dr. C__ would continue and go in through the side and cut out the spot on the lung and have it lab tested. If the spot tested negative, he would wedge out a band around it and close Dad up. Dad would have tested negative for lung cancer. (3) But if the spot tested positive, Dr. C__ would probably cut out that lung lobe and Dad would be left with 80% of his previous lung capacity.

On Monday, June 16, 97 Dad had his exploratory operation. His operation started at around 10:30 A.M. I showed up a little after noon. Dr. C__ came out at around 12:30 P.M. He said that the lymph node tested negative. Then he took out the lung spot, but because the spot was in the center of the lung lobe, he took out the whole lobe. He said that if the spot had been near the edge of the lobe, he would have saved the lobe. But the spot was in the center and he would have wedged out too much, it was easier to just take out the whole lobe. The good news was that Dad did not have cancer. But the pathologists might change their mind tomorrow, he said. We were stunned that he took out the lobe when there was no cancer, but he ran out too fast for us to ask more questions. That afternoon, at the ICU, Dr. L__ confirmed that the pathologist said there was no cancer.

Later, my sister got more details out of the doctors. Dr. C__ said that during the operation he saw that the lung lobe was 90% inflamed and the lung spot had an indentation, which is a classic cancer symptom. In addition, the lobe was adhering to the rib bone so it made sense to him to take out the whole lobe. So now pathology was checking for other causes from fungus to asbestos to TB. The preliminary diagnosis was fungus infection.

Of course, during the week before the operation, the Chen family prayed for healing. I did my usual praying in understanding and then prayed in other tongues. But this time I had the benefit of the Appendix: Authority, Power, Faith, and Will. So I stood on the fact that because the Centurion got healing for his servant, the Syrophenician woman got freedom for her daughter, the nobleman got healing for his son, and Jairus got healing for his daughter, Jesus would do same and heal Dad because I stood in the gap in faith to receive healing for him. And this time I spoke the healing verses and the healing words, in the Mark 11:23 fashion based on John 14:13-14, with much more conviction.

On Monday June 23, 97 Dad went home.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego Revisited

Daniel 3:14 Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up? 15 Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; [well:] but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who [is] that God that shall deliver you out of my hands? 16 Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we [are] not careful (anxious) to answer thee in this matter. 17 If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and **he will deliver [us] out of thine hand**, O king. 18 But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

In my Maryland notes, I pointed out that in Daniel 3:17, the three Hebrew boys executed Mark 11:23. I didn't realize that many people think that the "if not" in verse 18 undercuts the case for Mark 11:23. I think the question is what are the "If it be so" in verse 17 and the "if not" in verse 18 referring to? It could refer to (1) "whether our God delivers us?" Or (2) "whether you, Nebuchadnezzar, follow through on your threat to throw us into the furnace?"

In case (1) verse 17-18 can be paraphrased as: "If it be so that our God decides to deliver us, then He will. But if He decides not to deliver us, we won't serve your god". In case (2) verse 17-18 can be paraphrased as: "If it be so that you do what you said you were going to do (throw us in the furnace), then our God is able to deliver us out of the fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of your hand, O king. But if you don't do what you said you were going to do (i.e., If you change your mind, King, and now tell us that you are not going to throw us in the furnace) we want you to know that we are still not going to serve your god".

I think case (2) is the correct interpretation and they did execute Mark 11:23 because case (1) does not make sense. Case (1) does not make sense because if their God does not deliver them, they would be burned up quickly and they would not be able to serve anybody, not even their own God. This interpretation would make verse 18 nonsense. An exaggerated paraphrase of this may be: "18 But if our God does not deliver us, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods because we will be burned to a crisp."

And how were they able to believe that their God will deliver them? I think they believed in their Abrahamic covenant and they stood on it. We have the New Testament and we are to stand on it too.