Looking At Perfect Praise

Part II

During the first two months of the hospital stay, doctors gave us such hope! They told us that DJ was healthy, that he just needed “to grow.” You can imagine our excitement and joy over this news, not knowing that it would not be that way at all!

 The next two weeks, the promises of these doctors were crushed, and so were we. Because DJ was so pre-mature, there was a real risk of a brain bleed, so, an ultrasound was done on his brain. We were not prepared for the heart-breaking result:

 On a late Friday evening, July 20, 1990, we received the news that would predict the life we would live from that moment on! One of the doctors came to us, pulled up a chair, and with no preparing our hearts, no easing into the life changing report, he gave us the news. He was very blunt, very flat, no emotion, no tenderness, his words broken our hearts.

 “Your son has ‘Cerebral Palsy’: he has brain damage!” Total devastation! In one instant, with only two words, “Cerebral Palsy.” What an odd thought came to mind: (surely, someone has taken my little baby boy and give me someone else’s!) This absurd thought came from total shock! I would not, could not, allow myself to hear, much less process such an awful thing!

 Hysteria! I learned what it was to be hysterical!

 It means that nothing is real; this *isn’t* happening…not *me….* not to *my* precious little boy. With my husband’s help, we made our way to the hospital chapel!

 But I had no words. My mind was not *my* mind; my thoughts were not *my* thoughts; but the tears running down my face…I realized they were my tears, and only the beginning of the many tears that were yet to be cried.

 I couldn’t pray; I couldn’t grieve; I hardly knew who I was…I had *nothing*. Just nothing. Nothing but tears…painful tears. That is all I had that I could identify as reality…pain and tears. These were a preview of what my life would be for a while.

 And where was this merciful, compassionate God of mine? He was there; I could not feel His presence, but He was there! He knew every pain, saw every tear; each step we took, God walked with us; He was true to His promise, “I will neve leave thee, nor forsake thee.” (Hebrews 13:5)

 It would take some time before I could realize that God is truly all He said He would be; as the Apostle Paul writes to the church at Corinth; “God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it” (I Corinthians 10:13).

 Yes, I was tempted; in my confusion and pain it crossed my mind, (can I really trust God? Will He make a way for me to escape?) I can testify; “My God made a way for me to bear it…to trust Him!”