

## “I Just Wanna Thank God”



I just want to thank God first, for letting me know that I was not above trials and tribulations without which, He wouldn't have been able to show me He loves me. On Wednesday, August 29<sup>th</sup> I found myself feeling weak in the knees, very fatigued and I actually felt faint. I told the First Lady I wouldn't be able to attend bible class that night. She said maybe I was coming down with a cold or bad headache and should go home and get some rest to which I obliged. Thursday morning I awoke and found I was yet not feeling well which was when my Mother suggested I go to Urgent Care

and get checked out. I arrived at Urgent Care's triage at about 4pm on Thursday and upon getting checked out the nurse immediately told me I was diabetic because my sugar was over 400. I immediately refused to accept that diagnosis. The nurse then told me I had to be rushed to the hospital and would have to stay overnight and have many tests run. I arrived at Ingalls Hospital at 9pm that same day where they in fact did run a battery of tests, did EKG's, drew blood and put me on a saline drip/IV. I found that not only my sugar was high but also my blood pressure. The doctor told me that it looked as though I would need insulin for the rest of my life; again I objected within myself saying this can't be. They continued testing me, checking my kidneys and liver which turned out to be ok (Thank God). I was told *again* that I would need insulin for life and would have to get a prescription for it soon. The nurses came in and showed me how to take the insulin in the lower parts of my body, 10 units to be exact and would have to check my sugar twice daily on a glucose monitor and have a restrictive diet.

At 6pm Friday they were still running tests. My sister Kim, Mother and nephew Xavier had left so I was alone, but then my Pastor and First Lady showed up. I was so glad to see them. My sugar had actually gotten low at this point. The doctor came in and told me I'd be released that night which made me happy of course. I was released sooner than I thought and the Pastor and First Lady actually ended up taking me home. The Pastor joked that they were coming to visit but ended up being my chauffeurs which made me laugh. I went home and got rest then came back in that Tuesday for a follow-up appointment. The nurse took my sugar and it was 123 which the nurse told me isn't diabetic range and she thought I was ok. She was no doctor but I liked the sound of that. The doctor came in and looked at the chart and asked me why I was there. I told him I had come in for a follow-up and my insulin prescription. He told me from what he saw I did not need insulin at all, but that was no pass for me to eat what I wanted, and that I should still be fully aware of my diet. I checked out of the conversation after hearing I didn't have to have insulin for the rest of my life! I was elated and happy in the Lord. Ever since this event my sugar has averaged about 135-137 daily and my blood pressure has also been normal and stable; actually it's the lowest it's ever been in my life. I thank God for His manifold blessings and not having to worry about insulin or anything for that matter. "By His stripes I AM HEALED!" I just NEED to thank my God!

*Submitted by:*