



1 Peter 5:10 (NIV)

“And the God of all grace, who called you to his eternal glory in Christ, after you have suffered a little while, will himself restore you and make you strong, firm and steadfast.”

We dropped our 9 month old daughter off at the sitter’s house with plans to return later that day. We headed to the medical center for what we hoped to be a simple outpatient procedure to restore my ability to have more children. While I didn’t look forward to having any procedure, we went with excitement and anticipation. Could our dream of more children still be alive? As the saying goes, “even the best-laid plans of mice and men often go awry.”

Was the fact that it took the nurse several tries to start my IV a sign? Should I have excused myself and headed home? Jumped off the table and ran? Oh, how I wish I had! All I know is when I woke up in the recovery room I was in excruciating pain. I kept calling out to the nurse and tried to explain how it hurt but I remember thinking they didn’t believe me. They didn’t take my pain seriously. They saw me as “wimpy”, or just wanting medication. Fortunately, the doctor decided to observe me overnight. My plans to go home changed but it saved my life. As I lay in the hospital bed, my condition started to decline. Rod noticed my skin started to look, as he described, “like cheese” and when my blood pressure was so low it wouldn’t register, three doctors accompanied me to emergency surgery. I was near death.

Something had gone terribly wrong. In the surgery they found that during the procedure earlier in the day, a hole was punctured in my uterus and I was bleeding internally. I was literally bleeding to death. Had Rod not noticed the drastic change in my condition and notified the doctor himself, I may have never returned home. Death knocked at my door but did not enter.


What was supposed to be a one-day outpatient procedure turned into major surgery and a week’s stay in the hospital. And that was only the beginning. There was more trouble ahead. I couldn’t understand why this was happening to me but it was that event in my life that I began to question God’s love. I am thankful that Rod was continually by my side. He refused to leave, even when encouraged to eat dinner. Looking back, I can see it was God’s whispers of grace that kept an advocate by my side.

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Day 6 - Death Knocked But Did Not Enter

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