

Years ago, when I was married, my father-in-law was admitted to a local hospital for having had a heart attack.

As my husband and I would go visit him in the ICU; we had to walk past this room which had a young man laying in a coma, on full life support, surrounded by friends and family.

By day three, from sitting in the waiting area and listening to the young adults cry and see the heartache on the mother who stayed at his bed side, I went to go to the cafeteria and when I returned and walked past, I felt the pressing question, 'What if that were my son laying there? Would I want someone who knows how to pray as much as myself, to pray for him?'

I walked in to say hi to the mom and asked her if there was anything I can do?

She said, 'Yes, pray. His father found him on his back, unconscious, he was blue having suffocated on his own vomit. He had excessive alcohol and drugs in his system. We don't know how long he was unconscious for but his organs have shut down. The Dr's are saying even if they can restart his organs, he more than likely will be brain damaged.'

I asked her if we could pray over him now.

I felt the Lord wanting only his parents and siblings in there as I did, as they were the ones who were desperate and would cry out to the Lord with me, in prayer, for this young man.

As I urged everyone to gather around him and place their hands on him, as did I, I began praying aloud; speaking healing and life Scriptures over this young man. As I prayed you could hear the family begin to cry, some sobbed. You could feel the tangible desperation in this family for God to perform a miracle in this young man's life.

After, I spoke with them all, we hugged, they opened the door to the room and allowed his friends to come back in. I went next door, sat with my father-in-law briefly, kissed him good night, then left for the night.

I returned the next day and as I went to walk past this young man's room, the mom came out and pulled me into the room to tell me what had happened overnight.

In the middle of the night, he woke up, tried to sit up, became combative trying to unhook all the wires and tubes.

Because his organs weren't fully functioning yet, they had to put him back into a medically induced coma until his organs began functioning properly. Over the next few days; organs were working and now the moment of truth was to take him out from the medically induced coma and to see if he would fully awaken and the extent of brain damage from his duration of unconsciousness.

They woke him up. No brain damage. At all. He had no idea what had happened or even the party he attended that night. I continued to pray for him and almost a year later my husband at the time ran into this young man's father. This young man never touched a drug or had a drink again and was enrolled in College and working at a Youth Detention Facility.

That's God. He took a young man's life that hung in the balance, brought him back from near death, cleaned him up and placed him in the area where he struggled the most; youth rebellion.