

During the time of my father-in-law being in the Hospital, I would sit in the waiting room at times to give space for other family members to be in the room with him.

One of those times I sat in the waiting room, I was overhearing two families speak on how each of their 14 year old sons had attempted suicide. These families didn't know one another.

I asked each if I could pray, both families said, 'Yes'.

The one boy, as I lay my hands on him, I had a vision of him, once again playing football and even the color of the jersey. The mom and dad confirmed the jersey color and said he loved football. I encouraged them that he would come out of his coma based on what the Lord was showing me and encouraged individual and family counsel as well as making sure he didn't have something going on chemically or neurologically, (tumor) that would have caused him to do this; that they needed to cover all bases.

It was disturbing seeing both of these children in these beds, in coma's, their faces discolored and necks severely bruised as both had attempted to hang themselves.

What disturbed me was the second 14 year old I had prayed for.

When I lay my hands on him, I had a vision of him in a closet, being physically abused- innumerable times. I felt he didn't want to come back and saw in that vision the Lord and the boy standing beside Him closely, as to hug the Lord's arm.

I heard the Lord say, 'He's here with Me now.'

I pulled my hands back and became quiet.

I went back into the waiting area as that is not something you can say to a family holding onto hope.

I asked the Aunt what had happened... it was what the Lord had showed me, the boy's Mom, her boyfriend physically abused him and would lock him in a closet in his room for punishment.

The day he committed suicide, temperatures were near 100 degrees, no air conditioning and he was locked in the closet. It was in that very closet he hung himself. The Aunt was upset that the Mom was more concerned about keeping this boyfriend that she didn't care what he had been doing to her son.

Several days later upon my return to the hospital, the second boy's family was there in the waiting room. The Aunt told me the other boy woke up and was sent home.

Her family had to make a decision to disconnect him from life support.

I felt the Lord give me permission to share with the Aunt how when I prayed the Lord said, 'He's here with Me now.' That his suffering had ended.

She cried, fell into my arms. I held her but felt the Lord wanting me to comfort her knowing he was in a far better place.