

The Annie Saga

It is hard to know where to start. There was so much going on that day. Tina's mother was full of drama and double pneumonia as well. Tina had taken her to the hospital on Sunday the 9th and stayed the night with her that night to try to keep her calm but when Tina left to come home the next morning her mother checked herself out of the hospital. Her mother had a really bad case of Nosocomephobia or fear of hospitals and she was literally afraid that they were going to kill her if she stayed. Irrespective, Tina was very worried about her mother and it was stressing her out very badly. On Tuesday, she just happened to have an appointment to see her doctor and when she went her blood pressure was sky high because of the stress her mother was causing so he prescribed an anti-depressant to try to calm her down and get her blood pressure under control. Her father called on Wednesday morning. Her mother was deathly ill and he begged me to take her mother to the hospital and I was about to do so when Tina broke down and decided that she would take her instead. Her mother was so sick she could not even get up out of the bed so Tina had to call an ambulance to come and take her to the hospital. Tina followed with her father in his truck and after they had her mother checked in she called me to come and get her and bring her home. She left her mother with her father and walked away because she just could not bear the thought of her mother checking herself out again. On the way home we went to the pharmacy to pick up the prescription.

After we got home Tina decided to take a long hot bath to try to calm down. She took the new medicine and got in the tub. I got my range bag out and packed it to go to the gun range and do a little shooting. Fortunately for us all, I did not go. It was Wednesday June 12th, 2013 around 4:00 in the afternoon. Tina had been in the bath for a long time, so I poked my head in and asked if she was ok. All I could hear was the music blaring and the shower doors on the bath tub were closed. I asked again and when I got no response, I just assumed that she had nodded off and was napping in the bath tub. I then went to the kitchen to wash my hands and when I turned on the hot water it was ice cold and that was very unusual so I headed back to her bathroom to check on her again.

That is when my son John came down the hallway to tell me that "mommy was making weird noises in the bathroom." Fear gripped me as I opened the bathroom door and heard her moaning very loudly. She was almost howling. I opened the shower door and my worst nightmare began. She was laying on her stomach in the bathtub with her head up at the top of the back of the tub and her head was going back and forth against the tub as she was making that horrendous noise. I looked and saw that her hands were folded up under her chin like she had some kind of palsy or brain damage and that is when I knew that she had suffered a brain injury of some sort. Fear turned to utter terror as every conceivable outcome raced through my mind.

This was not my first experience with brain injury. My mother died from a grand mall seizure when I was 22, so I knew the potential outcome. I steeled myself choking back the fear and knelt down over her and tried to comfort her and let her know that I was there and that I had her now and she was going to be ok. Apparently she was still conscious though unable to communicate as she immediately stopped howling when I touched her. I then laid hands on her and prayed for the Lord to heal her and to protect her. I covered her with a towel and checked my spirit to see what the Lord had to say and the first thing He said was, "she will Live and not Die."

The second thing He said was, "be careful what you say, for you will have whatever you say!" That chilled me to the bone. The knowledge that her life was literally hanging from the tip of my tongue terrified me. I was afraid that I would blow it and say the wrong thing and she would end up dead or be crippled for life. I had many fleeting thoughts that tried to take hold in my mind but I had to shut down my brain and not think about what was happening. That was especially true of wanting to get mad at God for allowing this to happen to us. I pray His blessing and protection over us every day and somehow the devil was able to get in and strike down my wife with a brain injury, but I knew that I would have to hold on to God for dear life and not let go. The only way that we were going to get through this was if I did and said everything that He told me to do and say. Otherwise it could end very badly for us all.

It was hard enough that I was fighting for the life of my wife, but when I added the fact that she was my children's mother and that I was also fighting for them to not end up motherless, the combined weight of everything that was happening came crashing down upon me and it seemed as though I was having to bear the weight of the entire world. The weirdest part was that when I checked my spirit the Lord had already imparted His Peace to me and it was like this was really no big deal, like all she had was a splinter and after it was removed she would be fine. I have never experienced Total Peace and Total Panic at the same time like that ever before in my entire life.

In the next moment, a very bizarre thing happened. A vision bubbled up out of my spirit and in it I was seeing my wife in the tub like Deja Vu or something when suddenly this rush of revelation hit me and I realized that the Lord had prepared me for this moment long before it happened. As Job said, Job 33:15 - "In a dream, in a vision of the night, When deep sleep falls upon men, While slumbering on their beds, Then He opens the ears of men, And seals their instruction." That was one of the strangest things that has ever happened to me, but it was a good thing as it helped to reassure me that He was going to help me to protect my wife and keep her alive and well, because He had already programmed me to do what I had to do for my wife.

I then got my cell phone out and called 911. They asked all the usual questions and had me stay on the line until the EMTs got there. I had to grab our home phone so I could call my sister to tell her that I needed her to come over to watch the children because I was going to have to go to the hospital with Tina. She actually got there before the EMTs did. I fought back the tears as I hugged her and told her what was happening. She was so amazing. She is just like my mother was and is one of the most loving and caring women that I have ever known. She never even blinked she just stepped in and took care of my children from that moment on not knowing how long this ordeal would last. She kept them in our own home and in their own beds so they would not suffer anymore trauma than they had to. I had thanked God for her often before that day, and I would come to thank Him for her every day from that day forth. Everyone should be so lucky as to have as wonderful a sister as I have, that is not to forget her husband Kelly who is literally one of the finest men that I have ever known. He was also amazing. He runs his family's business and was supposed to be leaving town to go on an important business trip, but he cancelled it and stayed home to help take care of my children instead. My sister and I prayed and prayed and prayed for him to come along and I am very glad that we did. The Lord could not have found a finer man for her than her husband Kelly King. They were absolutely amazing.

I then tore down the shower door that was on the bathtub so the EMTs could get in to help her. They got there and immediately went to work on her. I had to leave them to her and went into the den, and that was when the hardest part of that day hit me. I looked into the terror filled eyes of my five year old son John, and it literally broke my heart. Before we had him, I knew that I would love my son, but I had no idea that I would be "In Love" with him. There is nothing that can prepare you for having children. No one can tell you about what it is like, you just have to experience it for yourself. I have often joked that it is the Super Secret Society of Humanity that we knew nothing about. And once you have a child it totally changes your view of everything and your heart becomes connected to that little baby and you come alive in ways that you never imagined possible and things awaken within you that you never knew existed. The mere thought of anything hurting him cut me to the core of my being. And there he was, in danger of losing his mommy. It was all I could do to fight back the tears as I hugged him and told him not to worry and that his mommy was going to be ok. I told him that she was just sick and was going to have to go to the hospital for a while, but she would be back soon and was going to be fine. That experience steeled my resolve to refuse to allow the devil to succeed in his scheme to kill or cripple my wife.

The EMTs got her on the gurney and wheeled her out to the ambulance. She was struggling to breath and was gasping for breath. I had no idea that she had gotten a great deal of water in her lungs from the bath tub. I would find that out later that night at the hospital. Before I could leave to go to be with her at the hospital, I had to get several things together to take with me. The most important of which was our Life Covenant that we had drawn up several months before. In which we fashioned a petition from 1John 5:14 based on God's word in Genesis 6:3 where He said, "men's days would be 120 years." Being that His word is His will we had a pastor friend of ours stand in agreement with us for it, which was based on His word as well, in Matthew 18:19 "that if two or more agree as touching anything, that it would be done for them by the Father in Heaven," and he signed it with us. So we had what essentially amounted to a contract with God, and being that He cannot break his word I had total confidence that she would live and not die as He had told me earlier that she would, but I still had to speak nothing but Life and her Total Healing and Full recovery from that moment forth or it might not have happened.

When I got to the Emergency Room where she was, they had her in a medically induced coma. The ER doctor started asking me questions and telling me about her condition. He told me that she had suffered a Sub Arachnoid Hemorrhage otherwise known as an Aneurysm. Upon hearing those words my heart grew so heavy within me that I had to force myself not to panic and to keep breathing. The terror was so overwhelming that I was not sure that I could bare it. I had personally known several people that had aneurysms and none of them fared well. If they survived them at all they had to be cared for in nursing homes or by their families. I told him about her medications that she took and when I said that she had just gotten a prescription for an anti-depressant that would purportedly calm her down and reduce her blood pressure, which she took for the first time that day, he immediately told me that it was without a doubt the primary cause of her aneurysm. I don't know why but I could not even say the word Aneurysm and could only tell people that she had suffered a brain injury and that she was going to be fine. Afterwards, the Neurosurgeon that was assigned to her case came in to speak with me as I sat by her side there in the ER. After he introduced himself he looked at her and said, "Hmm, most people that have this don't live this long."

I was shocked at how brazen he was regarding her condition. In hindsight I was very glad that he was not the one that did her Craniotomy to fix her aneurysm as I was not very impressed with him. They then moved her to ICU and they removed her from the Propofol which her other momma, Nancy Appling, called "Michael Jackson Juice," because that was what he took that killed him. They took her off of it to see how she responded and all she did was move her head back and forth from the left to the right staring blankly at the ceiling. The nurse explained that it was normal for people with brain injuries to respond that way. I went up next to the bed to get close to her and whenever she would move her head in my direction she would stop and look directly at me and squint like she was trying to see me. I knew in my heart that she was recognizing me though the nurse claimed otherwise. I would stay by her side night and day for the next several days. After they moved her to ICU, I anointed her with oil and prayed over her and spent the rest of the night speaking the words of God over her and praying to Him for her healing and protection. It was the longest night of my life. I spent the early hours of it repenting of every sin I could think of for both myself and Tina. I then repented of unforgiveness toward anyone who had ever wronged me or Tina and forgave everyone of everything so I would not leave the devil any legal grounds to prey upon me or my wife. The next day was the 13th of June. My birthday. I had spent my birthday the previous year taking care of my father in a rehab hospital after he had fallen and broken his ankle. It was beginning to become a habit for me to be in hospitals on my birthday. Not the ideal way to celebrate if you know what I mean.

Her brothers, Allen & Larry, got into town that day and came to see her. Allen was amazingly devoted to her and willing to do whatever he could for her. They would take her out of the coma from time to time to check her responsiveness and then put her back under. At one such time, Tina looked up and when she saw her brother Allen she smiled the biggest smile she could muster and in doing so warmed the hearts of everyone that was there. Allen tearfully exclaimed how happy she had just made him and how shocked he was at how many people loved her and were constantly coming up to see her and pray for her. The ICU rules required us to leave at 6:00 A.M. and 6:00 P.M. and not return until after 8:00 so they could do their shift changes, so I would go home and get something to eat and change clothes and go back to the hospital to be with Tina for the next 12 hours. 6:00 A.M. came after what seemed to be a lifetime and I left to go home and grab a bite to eat and tried to get a nap. I had not gotten any sleep since I found her in the bathtub. I laid down and dozed off from total exhaustion fairly quickly. Almost instantly I had a dream in which I was in the kitchen sitting at the counter and Tina came in and told me that I had to wake up and get dressed. I instantly woke up and when I did I heard her in my spirit say, "come here I need you!" So I jumped up and got dressed and raced back to the hospital.

That afternoon, her friends and fellow home schoolers came in droves to see her. Her brother Allen was totally shocked by the outpouring of love for his sister. He had no idea that she was as well-loved as she was and by as many people as there were coming to see her. I did not fully realize it myself and I too was also surprised by the outpouring of love for her as well. One of her fellow home school moms named Michelle Tonkin came and prayed for her and she and her husband Thomas became the front line troops in the fight for Tina. They were amazing to say the least. They knew how to fight the devil and were all to glad to do so for her. I would come to rely upon them daily for prayer and support and I am certain that I would not have made it without them and the hundreds of others that held us up in prayer every day.

I thank God for them and for all that He had them do for us. Sometime later I would find out that there were literally thousands of people that were praying for Tina and myself and for our children. There was even an entire convent full of nuns in upstate New York that were praying for her along with dozens of churches throughout Texas and the entire southwest region of the country. That is not forgetting our home church of Trinity Fellowship which had numerous prayer chains going virtually round the clock. There was even a Jewish Rabbi named Chaim Richmond, who is the head of the Temple Institute in Jerusalem and is the one who is in charge of rebuilding the temple, and he was placing prayers for her healing in the Western Wall. The outpouring of love and prayers were absolutely amazing to say the least.

I had several Pastor friends of mine including the elders from our church come and pray for her. It was critical for me to have them perform James 5:14, where the elders anoint her with oil, lay hands on her and pray for her healing so I could remind God that we had done as His Word instructed us to do and that it was His turn to keep His Word and heal her. 6:00 P.M. came and I had to leave for the shift change. Elders from my church showed up around 7:00 and they let them go in to pray for her. Her brother Allen went in with them and got down on his knees and wept before the Lord and begged Him not to let her die. I got back at 8:00 P.M. and shortly after 8:30 P.M. the nurse was sent in to tell me that the doctors had declared that Tina would not live to see morning. They said her heart was not beating right, her kidneys had totally shut down, both of her lungs were filled with pneumonia, and her brain had re-bled and was potentially still bleeding, and there was nothing that they could do for her. Those words would have devastated me if it had not been for the fact that the Lord had already told me that she would Live and not Die, between that and the Life covenant which protected her life as well and all of the prayers that were being prayed for her, I was totally confident that she was going to be ok. So I waited until the nurse left and then I bound her words and cast them down and declared that Tina would Live and not Die. I then anointed her with oil and prayed for her heart, lungs, kidneys and brain to be healed and fully restored to their normal functioning. I then sat down and used my tablet PC to scour the internet for verses that I could pray over my wife. I had to bathe her in the word of God and trust that it would do as he had spoken it to do, and though I knew in my heart that it would, my brain was doing all that it could do to keep from shorting out entirely.

I knew in my heart that she was going to live and that she would be fully healed and restored to health, but it was hard to convince my brain to discount all the physical facts and go with the Faith instead of the Facts. So I just had to shut down my brain and refuse to allow it to think anything other than what my heart was declaring by faith. I had heard IICor 5:7 hundreds of times in my life, but that was the first night that I fully realized what it actually meant. It was easy to say that we walk by faith and not by sight, but it was very hard to do for a man who had not yet fully renewed his mind to it before having to trust in the words from Proverbs 3:5 which says, "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not unto your own understanding." Today, I can testify to the truth in both of those verses which I have come to know all too well now, but I did not know them that well before that night. In man's world we say, "seeing is believing", but in God's world, "seeing is deceiving." We have to learn that what we see is only 5% of the story. The other 95% is the unseen world from which all that can be seen was made. And in it we have all that we could ever need or want for our lives in this world and God gave us the power of the tongue with which we can literally speak forth that which is not and it will become so.

I just thought that the previous night was the longest of my life, the night of the 13th made it pale in comparison. The devil and his minions assailed me mercilessly with every fearful thought they could muster and tried to get me to let go and let her die, but there was no way that I was going to do that. I had fought him for her once before in 2006 when the devil had deceived her into believing that the grass was greener on the other side of the fence. She had left me and filed for divorce so I fasted and prayed off and on for 50 days and got her back. Then too, I had an ace in the hole or rather a hook upon which to hang my faith while I duked it out with the devil. We had signed a Marital Covenant on our wedding night that prohibited divorce and made the Lord the Sole Authority over our marriage. So I was able to remind the Lord of His Words from Matthew 18:19 that said "if two or more agree as touching anything it would be done for us by the Father in Heaven" and then charge Him with keeping His Word. Thankfully, I can testify to you this day that the Lord DEFINITELY KEEPS HIS WORD! And you can literally bet your life on it. It is amazing how the Words of God come to life in you when you need them. That is if you ever bothered to put them into yourself in the first place by reading them and meditating upon them and letting them take root.

I had spent the first part of the night of the 12th repenting of everything that I could think of and getting them under the blood so that the devil could not have any legal rights to pray upon us, but the 13th was all Prayer and reading the Word of God over my wife and letting it do its job. I would take communion and assign the elements to her body for her healing and bathe her in the blood of Christ. All of which I knew would bear the fruit in her that was needed to complete her healing. I can't tell you how many times they would tell me something was wrong with her and I would bind their words and cast them down and declare that they would not prosper. In Isa 54:17 the Lord said that we have the right to condemn every tongue which rises against us in judgment and I condemned every lying word spoken against my wife from the first day until the last. He also gave us the right to Decree a Matter and it would be as we had said. One of the interesting parts of our story is that the Lord had prepared me to stand guard over my wife and not allow the devil to take her for over three years prior to her being stricken with the aneurysm. He taught me about my authority in Christ and how to control my body with my tongue and that the power of Life and Death are in the Tongue and all the other things that I had to know from His Word so that I would have what I needed to be equipped to be able to slay the dragon as it were and save my wife. The last thing He gave to me was in May of 2013 and it was Luke 10:19, "I give you authority to trample upon serpents and scorpions and to overcome ALL the power of the enemy, and by no means shall anything harm you." I cannot tell you how many hundreds of times throughout my life, I would read or hear a verse and it would suddenly come alive in me. I had no idea that He was literally programming me to be able to fight for my wife, but it was obvious that He had.

One of the notable moments from that night was that after they had told me that her kidneys had totally shut down I immediately laid hands on her and spoke healing to her body and commanded her kidneys to do their job and remove all the excess fluid from her body, and in less than four hours her catheter bag was literally overflowing and had to be emptied. 6:00 A.M. came and I left to go home and eat a bite and try to get a quick nap. I was physically and emotionally exhausted and desperately needed some sleep. It wasn't long after I laid down that her brother Allen was texting me to tell me that Tina was awake and responding to questions from the doctors.

They had come by to inspect her corpse and to their amazement she was alive and well just as the Lord God Almighty had said she would be. You have no idea how great it was to read that text. Just as the scriptures say, I gave shouts of Joy to the Lord for what He had done and was doing. Then I raced back to the hospital to be at her side. When I came in they had her out of the COMA and she was being tested for her ability to respond physically to stimulus and to see how much movement she had in her arms and legs. She was for all intents and purposes virtually totally paralyzed over 90% of her body. She could barely move a finger on her right hand and she could only manage to wiggle a couple of toes on her right foot. Her left side though was totally paralyzed and she could not move anything at all.

Thankfully Friday the 14th was far less stressful than the two previous days. The doctors were encouraged by her strength and will to live as were we all. She had been healed enough that she was at least minimally cognizant and could respond by nodding and shaking her head, and you have no idea how relieved I was to see the dramatic improvement in just two days. Especially after the doctors had declared that she was as good as dead. The flow of people coming to see her was constant and it was very comforting to see everyone who cared for her and to hear of their prayers and support for my Tina. That night Tina's brother Allen stayed at the hospital with me till late that night. We passed the hours by talking about a myriad of subjects and trying to keep our spirits up.

One of the most memorable moments of the whole ordeal that night happened when Allen looked up at her monitor and noticed that her blood pressure had spiked up very high. I immediately got up and went over and laid hands on my wife and spoke healing to her body and then commanded her kidneys to do their job and bring her blood pressure back down to normal. Afterwards I went and sat back down with Allen and continued our conversation. He then proceeded to keep one eye on the monitor and one eye on me. After several minutes he pointed excitedly to the monitor and in shock and disbelief exclaimed, "Her blood pressure has gone back down!" I then explained about Proverbs 18:21 which says, "The power of life and death are in the tongue..." and proceeded to try to teach him a little about God's word and how powerful it is only to see that glazed look in his eye at which point I knew it was over his head and he was not getting it. But thankfully, Tina's body did get it.

The Lord had taught me years before about the power of the tongue from Proverbs 18:21 and from James 3:2 which says that if we can control our tongues, that we can control our whole bodies. The Lord taught me to speak to my body and command it to obey, and to my surprise, it would. I cannot tell you how many sprains, strains, cramps and pains that I have commanded to be gone and they would just go! That includes infirmities and injuries of all sorts and kinds. I could literally write a whole book just on this one subject alone. Now what I had not learned until Annie showed up, Annie is just a euphemism for Aneurysm, was that when the Lord said, "that the Two will become One flesh" that it was totally true and it also meant that because our flesh had become one that I was literally able to command her body as well as my own.

Though this was probably only possible because of the fact that she was totally sedated and in a medically induced coma and as such her will was also sedated and so her body would actually respond to my Will and to my words just like my own body would. So I learned very quickly that I could command her body to do whatever it was that I needed it to do and it would Obey!

I proved this fact time and time again and literally watched my words come to life in her day after day for the next several weeks. I testify to the fact that this is true and if you or someone you know is battling a terminal injury or illness, their spouse can literally command their bodies to heal and they will obey. They might need to get their doctor to sedate them so they can take the wheel as it were and then they can start commanding their body and speak life and healing to them and watch their words come to life in them as well. The only caveat to this is that I am convinced that they have to believe it in their heart for it to work. If they don't then their words will not come from faith and as such I am not certain that they will carry the power needed to be effective. One of the things that the Lord has taught me over the years is that the mouth is the speech function of the heart and not your Pie Hole with which you eat. That is just the orifice that your words come out of when audibly spoken.

One of the greatest blessings that the Lord gave me during that time was that Tina was so heavily drugged that she had no clue what was going on, but the most amazing thing was that she never asked what had happened or why she was in the hospital nor did she seem to be the least bit concerned at any time ever. The only thing that she would ask or signal with her hand that she wanted to know was where our children were and if they were ok. I thank God to this day that He kept her as oblivious as she was for as long as HE did. That was critically important for her healing to manifest as it did because I do not know whether she had the faith to be healed or not.

Saturday the 15th came and the doctors wanted to do an Angiogram on Tina to see if they could find the Aneurysm and try to decide if they could fix it. This was a very hard moment because the doctor had to verbally state everything bad that could happen and everything that she could suffer if it went bad. The whole time he was speaking I was binding EVERY Syllable and casting them down and declaring that they would not prosper. It was very hard to hear all the things that could go wrong. It was like one of those TV commercials for some new drug. As they are showing all the happy people having fun romping in the surf or laughing with friends they are listing all the side effects of the drug, and it makes one wonder why ANYONE would be dumb enough to take the drug. It seems like the cure is worse than the disease. It was the same for the list of complications and problems that could come from an Angiogram. I was shocked and wondered to myself why anyone would allow such a procedure to be done at any time for any reason, given all the negatives that were involved. Fortunately for me, I knew that the Lord had us covered and I had nothing to worry about. I just bound his words and spoke life and total healing over my wife and signed the consent form. While she was in surgery I went home to change and get something to eat. As I was driving back to the hospital, Holy Spirit spoke to me and told me that they had found the Aneurysm.

When I went inside to see if the doctor had come in yet, Tina's brother Allen met me and told me that the doctors said they had found an Aneurysm in the back of her head but they were not sure of the one that caused the bleed in the front of her head. That confused me because I was certain of what Holy Spirit said to me on the way back to the hospital. Tina recovered well from the angiogram just as I knew that she would. Fortunately for me, Allen offered to stay at the hospital that night so I could go home and get some sleep. It was a nice thought anyway, but as stressed as I was I tossed and turned all night and I only got 2 or 3 hours of sleep the whole night.

Sunday the 16th was more of the same. Nurses and doctors taking her out of sedation and prodding and poking her to see how much she responded which was minimal at best. The constant flow of friends and family helped to keep my spirits up. A lot of that time was a blur to me and I don't recall much about that day. Monday the 17th began with the Neurosurgeon that was over her case telling me that he was going to call in a favor at some hospital in Dallas to see if they would handle her surgery. He believed that it was too difficult for him to handle. They removed her breathing tube and at last she could talk. She seemed very cogent and very talkative and it was so good to hear her voice. I had to fight back tears the whole time. The first thing that she said to me was, "did you hear me calling for you?" I wasn't quite sure what she was asking but I figured that it had to be either one of two things. The first possibility was that when the Lord put her back into her body she was actually cognizant and heard me calling to her when I first checked on her a few minutes before I found her in the tub, and she was forcing herself to howl or moan as loud as she could to get my attention as the only thing she could do to call me to come help her. The second possibility was the morning of the 13th when I went home to try to get a nap and she was speaking to me in my dream and telling me to wake up and when I did, I heard her say in my spirit, "come here I need you!" Irrespective, I was not sure what she was asking so I just said, "yes I did."

A little after 1:00 P.M. that afternoon, the nurse came to me and said that the doctor was on the phone and wanted to talk to me. I went to the nurses station in ICU and they handed me the phone. The Neurosurgeon that was handling Tina's case spoke to me and told me that he had arranged for her to be life flighted to Dallas to Zale-Lipshy hospital for her surgery. I was totally unprepared for that to happen and I was not comfortable going to Dallas to have surgery without my family and our support group with us. I was totally prepared to refuse to go if he said that it was to fix the Aneurysm that they found in the back of her head and not the one that had bled. I asked him if it was to fix the one in the back of her head, as Allen had told me that they had found, and the doctor said, "no it was to fix the one that bled behind her right eye." The Holy Spirit immediately assured me that this was the one and only one that there was and it was good for us to go to Dallas and get it fixed. So I agreed to have her sent to Dallas and started trying to figure out how I was going to get my stuff together to go with her to Dallas in less than an hour.

I figured out pretty quick that there was no way I could get my stuff and make the plane, not-to-mention how I was going to get all that things I would need to spend several weeks in Dallas. Not forgetting my vehicle that I would need for transportation while I was there. So I asked my sister-in-law Linda to fly with Tina to Dallas and I and my brother Kevin would follow that afternoon in my Expedition so I would have what I needed to handle having to be in Dallas for however long we would be there. It was one of the hardest decisions that I had to make, but I was very thankful that Linda was going to be with her. She is a very loving and caring woman who has been a great blessing to my family ever since she first started dating my brother many years before. Both she and my brother were invaluable to me throughout the entire ordeal.

I would not be with my wife to watch over her until I got to Dallas many hours later and I desperately needed someone to come and pray over her before they flew her to Dallas. Fortunately for me a Pastor friend of mine and his wife, John and Sandy Craig came and anointed her with oil and prayed over her before they took her to the airport and saved the day for me which gave me the assurance that Tina was going to be just fine without me.

I then raced home and packed as quickly as I could and hit the road. I was so sleep deprived I was afraid to drive for fear that I would fall asleep on the road. Thank God my brother Kevin came to the rescue and he drove for me so I wouldn't have to. I have driven to Dallas from Amarillo many many times, but that was the longest drive of my life. When we finally got there we went straight to the hotel and unpacked so I could get everything set to go to the hospital because I knew that I would not be leaving till late the next night if then.

Tuesday the 18th. I got to Tina's room in ICU about 3:00 A.M. she was awake and glad to see me. As soon as I got there my sister-in-law Linda left with my brother Kevin and Tina's brother Allen and they all went to the hotel to get some sleep. So all of a sudden I was totally alone and the walls started closing in on me. It was very hard being away from my home turf and not having my support group with me. The nurse that was attending to her that night was far from friendly and it was very uncomfortable to be around him. I proceeded to take communion and apply the elements to Tina for her healing and began declaring the Word of God over her and binding any evil words that were spoken over her while she was away from me.

By 8:00 A.M. I was having a full blown panic attack and was convinced that I had made a horrible mistake and desperately needed to take her back to Amarillo. I sent out a text to several of our prayer warriors that were praying for us and by the grace of God, Thomas Tonkin and his wife Michelle called me almost immediately and talked me down out of my tree and convinced me that it was the Lord who had taken us to Dallas and that He had plans for Tina's healing to be done there. I cannot tell you how important it is to have a church family and the love, support and prayers of Godly Spirit Filled men and women around you at critical times like those. They were amazing and they helped me cope with the panics and get calm and regain control despite the exhaustion and lack of sleep. Bo Williams who is one of our senior elders at my home church of Trinity Fellowship in Amarillo also helped keep me calm and focused on several occasions throughout this whole ordeal. I have come to greatly appreciate Bo and his wife for all that they have done for both me and my wife over the years.

Then came the doctors with the release to do another angiogram. And with it they again had to go into the satanic diatribe of all the bad things that can happen with an Angiogram. So once again I would not let them speak these things over my wife and made them go out to the hallway to speak their evil and I bound all of their words and cast them down and declared that they would not prosper. I would then declare "that she would be 100% Fully Healed and would be Fully Recovered, Lacking Nothing and Suffering NO ILL EFFECTS from the Aneurysm what-so-ever!" Then I would Decree "that she would rise up from her bed of sickness, and she would Run and Dance and Sing and Rejoice for many, many, many, many, many Years to Come!" When they were done with the Angiogram it was just as I had said it would be and that she was fine and suffered no ill effects from it at all. Later I left to go to the restroom and when I got back there were several doctors quizzing Tina to see the extent of the brain injury. They were asking her to tell them her name. She kept saying, "I know my name stop asking me what my name is." It was hard to hear and I was fairly certain that she did not remember her own name, but then one of the doctors pointed to me and asked if she knew who I was? She smiled and very sweetly said "yes I know who he is, he's my sweetie!" They then asked if she knew my name and she coyly answered, "it's Randy!" Which made my day. I was so glad that she could remember me and my name despite the fact that she could not recall her own name. I really needed to hear that.

One of the most notable things that happened in all of this was that the doctors in Amarillo kept saying that Tina's heart was not beating properly and that there was something wrong with her heart. From the very first moment that they said this, I immediately prayed over her for her healing and then I bound their words and cast them down and declared that they would not prosper. I then declared "that her heart was fine and that there was nothing wrong with it." Time and time again every time it was brought up I would bind their words and declare "her heart is fine, there is nothing wrong with it." Later that afternoon, Allen and I met with Dr White who was the Neurosurgeon that was in charge of Tina's case. He explained what the aneurysm was and showed us the pictures they had taken during the angiogram and told us the options of either Coiling it or Clipping it. Coiling was the easiest and least invasive procedure where they essentially do an angiogram and put a coil into the Aneurysm and thereby plug it from inside the artery to keep it from bleeding anymore. The down side of Coiling was that she would have to be checked every 6 months to make sure that it was still coiled and not coming back open which was a possibility if we went that route. Clipping required her to have a Craniotomy where they would cut open her head and go into her brain and place a Clip on the Aneurysm thereby Fixing it permanently.

The major concern with Clipping is the potential for brain damage from the surgery. I have known several people who have had Craniotomies for various reasons and most of them suffered added brain damage from the surgery and that was a very frightening prospect that I really did not even want to think about. Irrespective I trusted that whatever option the Lord put in my heart for me to choose He would make sure that she was 100% healed and damage free no matter what. Allen then asked Dr. White about her heart. Dr. White replied "what about her heart?" Allen then explained what the Amarillo doctors had said about her heart not beating properly and he wanted to know if she was strong enough to survive the surgery. Dr. White turned to him and said, "her heart is fine, there is nothing wrong with it!" Which is exactly what I had been declaring over her from the first moment that it had been mentioned. So it was just as the Lord had said when He told me, "be careful what you say, for you will have whatever you say!" Because I had EXACTLY what I said and her heart was in fact fine and there was absolutely NOTHING wrong with it. And they said there was no God! One of the things that I learned from all of this was that one of the primary reasons why bad things happen to good people, is because good people say bad things, and they end up word cursing themselves and don't even realize it.

After Tina was fully healed and out of the Hospital she admitted that she had always feared having an aneurysm because she had battled headaches all of her life. So she had done to herself just as Job had done to himself when he said in Job 3:25 "What I feared has come upon me, and that which I have dreaded has befallen me." So technically speaking, she actually cursed herself with the aneurysm and enabled the devil to strike her down with it by fearing it instead of fearing the LORD and standing in Faith with him. I have learned that Fear is nothing more than Faith in the devil and his schemes. When you fear him you are actually submitting to him and are technically worshipping him and are opening yourself to him and empowering him to prey upon you by doing so. To fear is to believe the devil. To faith is to believe the Lord. It is easy to say and yet sometimes hard to do. It requires us to renew our minds to the Lord's way of thinking instead of ours or the devil's.

It is just the same for us as it was for Peter. When he stepped out of the boat and started to walk on water he took his eyes off of Jesus and started looking at the storm that was raging all around him and the waves that were roiling at his feet he began to fear instead of faith and instantly began to sink beneath the waves. It is very hard to ignore the facts that we see with the eyes in our head and focus only on the things that we see with the eyes of our heart through faith. I had to ignore everything that my eyes were seeing about my wife and her condition that the devil had done to her and then focus only on what I saw in my heart by faith in the Lord and what He was doing for her in the unseen of the spirit. I could not have done it if I had not been holding onto Jesus for dear Life and He had not been totally Faithful in carrying us through that horrible nightmare. I will never be able to thank Him enough for all that He has done for me and for my wife and my family. I had never really understood being "More than a Conqueror" that Paul declared us to be until I stood in Jesus victory and watched death and the devil bow at our feet and slither back into the pit because they were already defeated and they knew that I knew it. I also knew they had no authority over me or my wife once I repented for her and myself and submitted ourselves to God. I thereby had the Authority to command them to be gone and they had to go. And that solely because of what Jesus had already done on the cross when He stripped the devil and all of his minions of any authority that they had over Him and all of those who would believe upon Him. That was when I fully realized for the first time that Jesus really is "The Man!" And that there has never been nor will there ever be anyone greater than He is.

Wednesday the 19th was one of the longest days of my life. The Lord had put it in my heart to Clip the aneurysm rather than coil it, and thereby Fix it instead of just Patching it. So the doctors came in with the release form and the accompanying Satanic diatribe that went with it and I bound their words and declared the Lord's Words and signed the release. That was one of the hardest things I have ever had to do in my life. The game was on and there was no turning back now. I was desperate for someone to come and pray over my wife before she went in for surgery. I called Pastor Bo, who had been ministering to me and holding us up in prayer since day one, and I asked him if he could get someone from Gateway church there in Dallas, which our church Trinity Fellowship had helped to start many years ago, to come and pray for my wife and he said that he would try but he could not guarantee me anything.

So I was on pins and needles as the clock was ticking down for them to take her back for the surgery. Fortunately they were delayed by the operation that was ongoing in the operating room that she was scheduled to have her Craniotomy in which pushed the clock back another 45 minutes which gave more time for someone to get there to pray for her. About ten minutes before they came to take her back, in walked a very mild mannered man named Anthony Cheek. Much to my surprise a pastor friend of ours in Amarillo named Mark Rector had called Anthony who was of the same church denomination that Mark was and asked for him to come and pray for Tina which to my delight and great relief he did complete with anointing oil and the whole nine yards. He did an excellent job of praying over her from binding the evil one to blessing the surgeon who was to operate on her. He was a very kind and gentle and soft spoken man who pastored his own church in Grand Prairie south of Dallas. It was a God send that the surgery was delayed as it took him quite a while to drive from his church to the hospital to pray for her. If her surgery had not been delayed he would not have been there in time to do so. I was greatly thankful for his prayers for Tina and within minutes they were taking her to the surgery prep area to wait for her Craniotomy.

I was and still am deeply puzzled by the fact that she never asked what was going on or why she was having surgery or anything, but as I have said previously that was one of the greatest blessings that the Lord gave to us during that horrible ordeal. The nurse came in and said, "it was time," so I kissed her goodbye and they wheeled her back for surgery and thus began the longest seven hours of my life. The surgery was only supposed to take five or six hours but it ran long and every second past the sixth hour seemed like an eternity. Finally after over seven hours, Dr. White came into tell us about the surgery. He said that everything had gone well and they successfully clipped the aneurysm and that she should be fine. He then cautioned me that the fun had only just started as we had the next seven days to get through wherein she could have a stroke or another hemorrhage and could still die or suffer brain damage as a result.

So I bound his words and declared the Lords Words and went in to see her. I was horrified by how she looked as she actually looked dead. They had her not only in medically induced coma with Propofol but they also had her body totally paralyzed with a paralytic drug. It was all that I could do to ignore how she looked. One of the good things was that they did not have to shave her head which she was very glad about later on when she came to. It was hard to look at the line of staples that were closing the incision all the way from the middle of her forehead to behind her right ear. It looked like a tiny railroad had been built on her head. Our son John, who loves trains, would have probably thought that was pretty cool.

One of the remarkable things that happened during all of this was that from the very first night while she was totally sedated in a medically induced coma, her spirit must have still been awake and aware of what was happening, because whenever I would place her iPhone next to her ear and play her favorite praise music that she had on it, tears would form in the corners of her eyes as if she was praising God in her Spirit despite being comatose. It was an amazing sight to see. Of course the nurses all said that because she was in a coma that she could not hear anything and that it was useless to play her praise music for her, but in my heart I knew better.

Thus began seven of the hardest days of my life. They had doctors and nurses tending to her around the clock. They were seemingly a constant frenzy of motion, checking this and adjusting that. Time and time again they would take me aside to tell me more bad news about what was going on what damage she could be suffering. And every time I would bind their words and cast them down and declare that they would not prosper, and then I would speak the Words of God and of Life over her and decree her total healing and full recovery and send out text messages to all of the prayer warriors that were fighting for us to tell them what to be praying for and then sit back down and wait for the rollercoaster from hell to ramp up for the next plunge. Up one moment and down the next. It was so totally exhausting I cannot even begin to adequately describe how hard it was to take. Day in and day out, up and down, up and down. Just as soon as we would get over one hump and I would start to feel like everything was ok the next one would arise and take me back down again. I would never have been able to make it if it were not for the Lord Jesus carrying me through it and for all of the friends and prayer warriors that were constantly praying for us and keeping us lifted up. Whenever the prayers would wane I could literally feel darkness trying to encroach upon us, and then when they would begin to wax again it was as though the armies of heaven were encamped all around us.

One of the things that I learned through all of this was that Luke 6:38 is true when it says, "give and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, mixed together and overflowing shall men give into your bosom!" Tina and I had prayed for several terminally ill people over the years. We had not only prayed for them, but we also Fought for them and tried everything that we knew to do to try to keep them from dying, and because we had given to others, when our day came, the Lord was truly faithful and raised up an overflowing army of people to pray for us and to come along side of us and help us in every conceivable way. It was literally so overwhelming how great the outpouring of love for us was that we will never be able to repay everyone ourselves, but fortunately for us the Lord is the one who mixes it together and pours it back into the bosoms of all those that helped us and they will unquestionably get back many times that which they gave to us just as we did.

One of the blessings that the Lord gave to me during all of this was that He made sure that there was not a single day that I was alone. He had someone there to help me and help keep my spirits up from the first day in Dallas till they moved her out of ICU on the 7th of July. First there was my brother Kevin and his wife Linda along with Tina's brother Allen. They had all left by Friday the 21st. Well that afternoon right after Tina's brother left, one of my best friends and fraternity brother, Zeb Payne came to the hospital to be with me. His wife, Kim Payne, came later and stayed with Tina which allowed Zeb and I to go run errands and get some things that I needed to have while I was there in Dallas. Then that Sunday the 23rd, Tina's other mother Nancy Appling, who is a very sweet and caring woman who has a very jovial type personality and always seems to have a smile on her face and a laugh in her heart, came into town and stayed the whole next week. She loves Tina very much and I was very touched by her obvious love for my wife. Then as she was leaving, Zeb and Kim would come back to be with me for the weekend. They would even take my laundry home with them and do it for me which was seemingly a small thing but you have no idea how big it was to me and how grateful I was for them and for all that they did for me while I was there. Zeb is a good man and one of the funniest human beings that I have ever known. When he goes into his "Funny Mode" he can make you laugh so hard it hurts. And he did so for me many times then and I definitely needed it. After that my sister-in-law Linda came back to help me. I was deeply appreciative of her for coming to be with us. She is a very good woman and my brother Kevin was lucky to get her. So except for the last few days that we were in Dallas, the Lord had made sure that there was someone there to help me and keep me from being alone. I testify to you this day that I have seen the Goodness of the Lord in the land of the living and I am eternally grateful to Him for it and I will never be able to adequately thank Him for all that He did for us.

On the 25th of June they brought Tina out of the coma and she was very cognizant and able to respond to questions by nodding and or shaking her head, and by gesturing with her hands. I have never been so glad to see her awake and alive as I was at that moment. The past week had been a rollercoaster ride from hell and I was glad that it was over; however, we were not out of the woods yet. They continued to monitor her day and night and would regularly test her for feeling and movement to see how much improvement there was to her paralysis. Her right side had improved a great deal and she was able to move it almost 90%. Her left side was not faring as well as the right. She could lift her left arm and move some of the fingers but her left leg was still almost totally paralyzed. She could not write or operate her iPhone so communicating with her was very limited except for when she would ask about her babies.

She could always get that one across and I would tell her that they were fine and that they were with my sister Christi who was taking excellent care of them and she had nothing to worry about. It was then that I really began pouring it on in prayer for the Lord to manifest her healing. The Lord had already given me the story of Elijah praying for rain and how he had to keep praying until the rain finally manifested so I knew it was going to be a pray-a-thon before I would see her healing manifest. Although I had been praying for her healing from day one it was just a few days after this that I asked the Lord how her healing would manifest. He then spoke to me and said, "that it would be the same for her as it was for the paralytic, when I told him to "rise up, take his mat and walk" as he did it he was able to do it and it will be the same for Tina. The very next time that she tried to use her phone she was suddenly able to send text messages and check emails. I was so overjoyed and so deeply grateful to the Lord and for all that he had done and was doing for us, there would never be enough words to adequately thank Him nor would I ever be able to repay Him for all of the miracles that He was manifesting for us almost every day.

Over the next several days they would continue to adjust her medications and the drain in her head and make sure that her brain pressures and her blood pressure were within safe limits. I don't know why, but almost every nurse and every doctor that came to see Tina had to tell me just how bad her Sub Arachnoid Hemorrhage was and how long it would be before she recovered if she recovered at all. And again I would just bind and curse their words and cast them down and declare that they would not prosper and then speak Life and healing over her instead.

Unfortunately for us, she had contracted MRSA which was a really strong Staph infection in her lungs. She had been battling pneumonia and had just been cleared of it when they had to start treating her for MRSA. One of the amusing side notes to all of this was that her breathing machine made all kinds of different noises which would indicate different breathing problems to the nurses. One such sound was when she would cough. The machine would make a noise similar to a donkey going Hee-Haw! I cannot tell you how many times I would just get to sleep and it would go off and wake me up. It was torturous to say the least. I remembered hearing stories of American Prisoners of War and how our enemies would use sleep deprivation to torture them. I can totally sympathize with them and I can honestly say that I know how they feel. I suffered so much sleep loss that it took over six months after she came home from the hospital for me to get caught back up.

We had a lot of really good nurses and doctors who took excellent care of Tina while she was in the hospital. One of which was Dr. Robert Funk, who was the chief resident in charge of the ICU at Zale Lipshy while we were there. He had informed me that they were wanting to give Tina a Tracheostomy to put a trach tube into her throat for her to breathe through so they could remove the breathing tube from her mouth. I was adamantly opposed to them doing this to her and Dr. Funk was kind enough to set up a test to see if she could handle breathing on her own without the machine. So he turned down her breathing machine to where it was only providing supplemental oxygen and forced her to breath all on her own. If she could do so through that weekend, he would just have them remove her breathing tube and forgo the Tracheostomy. And it was just as the Lord had said, as she did it, she was able to do it and was breathing totally on her own without the machine.

So Monday morning came around and I was waiting for Dr. Funk to come in to remove her breathing tube and to my surprise in walked a new Resident who had taken over for Dr. Funk who had gone off duty as they apparently worked in shifts for a few weeks at a time. I will not tell you the name of the new doctor who relieved Dr. Funk for I do not wish to speak evil of him directly; therefore, I will simply refer to him as Dr. Evil. So Dr. Evil refused to remove her breathing tube despite the proof that she was breathing on her own and insisted on giving her the Tracheostomy. I was again adamant that she did not need it and did not want to let them do it, but I knew the potential dangers of having a breathing tube for too long a period of time and I wanted her to get out of the hospital as soon as possible, so I relented and allowed them to do the operation and give her the trach tube. It was the beginning of the worst part of all that we went through as it was the cause of the worst pain that Tina suffered throughout the whole ordeal.

From the first moment that I saw her as they wheeled her back into her room after the surgery, I could see that she was grimacing in pain. I had never seen any indication of her being in pain from the first day till then. So needless to say, I was very disappointed with Dr. Evil and had to add him to the list of people that I had to forgive for the evil that they had done to us. Unfortunately we were in a University hospital and I had learned from a good friend of mine who was an Orthopedic Surgeon that anytime you are in a University hospital if there is any way they can do a Tracheostomy on you they will because that is how the students learn to do them, and that was the primary reason that I did not want them doing that to her because I knew that they would let a student do it. Whoever the student was that did hers botched it as badly as they *could and still get it done. When we returned to Amarillo for rehab, every nurse and doctor that cared for Tina during her rehab all commented on how bad the incision for her trach was and would ask why it was so bad. All I know is that somewhere in America there is a young doctor who is terrible at performing Tracheostomies and hopefully he is just a GP and does not have to do any surgery of any kind, because he is obviously not very good at it.

Any way as long as we were in ICU it was bearable because of all the heavy pain medications that they were giving to her. It wasn't until they moved her out of ICU to a regular room that the nightmare really began. It was then that everything shifted. I could feel the darkness encroaching upon us. I learned later that everyone that the devil had his hooks into and could control, he turned against us, and everyone that had been fighting and praying for us or were trying to help us, that he did not have his hooks into, he just attacked. It was one of the most bizarre things that I have ever witnessed.

Apparently the devil was mad because his plans had been thwarted and as such he could not kill or cripple Tina and so he decided to do the next best thing and that was to create as much pain for us and those who were helping us as he could. They moved her on July the 6th. Fortunately we had a really good nurse. He was a Vietnamese man named Kim although that wasn't his real name. Apparently his real name was too hard to pronounce so he just went by Kim. He had originally lived in Amarillo and had moved to Dallas because he loved Pho soup and they did not have any that was good in Amarillo and he got tired of driving to Dallas to get Pho soup so he just moved there instead. I found that many of the nurses that had taken care of us had originally started practicing in Amarillo hospitals. Apparently the hospitals in Amarillo don't pay very well and are not very concerned with keeping good nurses so they just leave and move to Dallas.

But I digress, Tina began to be in horrific pain and would plead with me with tears streaming down her face to help her because she was in such pain. Terror would grip my heart and I would fear that the aneurysm had ruptured and she was in trouble again, and that was when I made one of the biggest mistakes that I made during the whole ordeal. The Lord had warned me to be careful of what I said, because I would have whatever I said. Unfortunately, I spoke of the pain, and the pain got worse. I said it was becoming a nightmare and the pain became a nightmare. I had held out as long as I could but when she was screaming in agony I just could no longer ignore what my eyes saw and my ears heard and hold on to what my faith was saying. So I stopped trusting the Lord and started leaning upon my own understanding and folded like a cheap suit and as a result she suffered in pain for the rest of the time that we were in the hospital until she finally ripped the trach out herself a week or so before she left the Hospital.

The pain was not solely due to the trach but also to the residual pain from her surgery and the withdrawal pains from all the heavy narcotics that they had her on from day one. So we would pray for them to get her something for pain and the doctor would relent and let her have some pain medicine and then she would be fine for a few hours and then the pain would resurge and we would have to wait till they could give her another shot of the pain medication because they could only give it to her every four hours. It is amazing how long a minute is when you are in pain, and when you have to count scores of them, it is literally unbearable. Because of this, I think it would be great if the Lord would have someone invent a machine that allows doctors to feel the exact same level of pain that their patients do; so they can feel for themselves just how bad their patients are hurting and make it mandatory for them to have to wear it day and night and then see just how long it takes them to dole out the pain meds. I am pretty certain that if they had such a device there would be far less suffering from pain in hospitals and throughout the entire medical world.

The one truly great moment that occurred during that time was that I could finally talk to my wife and she was able to speak to me because they had removed the breathing tube and given her a trach which we could cap so she could speak. It was at this point that I first asked her if she remembered anything that had happened. She nodded her head excitedly and her eyes got real big as she exclaimed that "Jesus was in our House!" She said it as though He was someone important like Elvis or someone like him. She then told me that she remembered floating over the bath tub and seeing her body in the tub. She then turned and saw Jesus who was right there next to her. He then took her hand and told her, "Don't worry, you are going to be ok!" She then told me of several memories that she had of being with Him in Heaven. She then told of being in this lush green field sitting on a blanket with Jesus like they were having a picnic. She told me that she had even seen my mother and that she had given her a message for me.

We would find out later that Jesus had told her several things about the future of America as well as others that she cannot clearly recall as of yet. One of the bizarre things that she did was that she kept asking for our Chinese babies. She kept saying that we had Chinese twins and wanted me to get them for her so she could hold them. She had been constantly asking for her babies from the moment that they brought her out of sedation. I always thought that she was asking about our babies at home and had no clue what she was asking until then. I finally learned what the deal was when she told me about the nursery for aborted/miscarried babies in heaven.

She was shown the nursery where the angels care for the aborted or miscarried babies and raise them in heaven. It was huge and filled with a countless multitude of Moses baskets filled with babies. And Angels were everywhere taking care of them. While she was there, one of the angels came over to her and handed her two Chinese babies and let her hold them. The angel told her that they were twins that had been aborted and so I then understood that they were the Chinese babies that she had been asking about the whole time. She also told me about seeing our unborn son who we lost to a miscarriage between our son John and our daughter Christina. We had named him Maximus Deus Hare or Max for short. Tina had learned from her time working at Carenet Crisis Pregnancy Center that aborted and miscarried babies were still alive in Heaven and that we had to pray and ask the Father if it was a boy or a girl and then we had to name them, which we did. It was very moving to hear her recount her seeing Max and how he jumped into her arms and hugged and kissed her. She said that it was the highlight of her whole ordeal. I had prayed in agreement with several pastor friends of mine and others for the Lord to have Tina with Him and for Him to be ministering to her while she was in a coma. I can honestly say that He heard our prayers and had my Tina with Him just as we had asked for Him to do. We are not sure of everything that she saw and experienced in heaven but we are sure of one thing, she was definitely there, whether in the spirit or in visions we know not but we know that she was definitely there. Our Lord is truly an Awesome God and He never ceases to amaze me.

Almost immediately after we were moved to the regular room, the Physical Therapist came to check on Tina and see what she was capable of doing. They managed to get her to stand up for a whole 30 seconds with the aid of a walker and with two therapists holding her up. The next day they came back to check her and had the exact same results as she was only able to stand for little more than 30 seconds. Later that evening the nurse had her sitting up on the edge of the bed and was preparing to give her a bed pan because she had to go to the bathroom. Well apparently Tina decided that she wasn't going to do that, so she just got up and walked to the bathroom dragging the nurse and the IV machine with her. Once again it was just as the Lord had said it would be and as she did it she was able to do it and was no longer suffering any paralysis in her legs and was totally healed from it and could walk from that moment on.

The morning of July 7th, I began praying for us to be transferred back to Amarillo where Tina could do her rehab so we could be back home among our friends and family and most importantly with our children. We had never been away from our children for even one night from the day our son John was born until Tina was taken to the hospital and it was literally torturous for us to be away from them and worry about how they are doing and if they were ok and worried about them being traumatized by our being away from them for as long as we had. I am not sure which part was harder for me to deal with. My wife having the aneurysm, or me having to be away from my children. Irrespective, I was ready to be back home with them and wanted to leave as soon as we could. So the next morning when the doctors came by to do their rounds at 4:30 AM, I asked if we could be transferred back to Amarillo for her rehab. The resident that was in charge of Tina's case was very enthusiastic about her being able to be transferred back home and said that she would get the ball rolling and we should be leaving in a day or two at most. One of the things that I had been praying for was for the Lord to redeem July 11th for me as that was the day that my mother had died when I was 22 and I wanted for Him to take us home to Amarillo on the 11th.

But from the way the doctor had talked we would be home on the 9th or 10th. Strangely enough, there was a snafu with the insurance company and they could not get it approved through them until late on Wednesday the 10th. So just as I had prayed, the Lord sent us home on July 11th which transformed that day from being one of the worst days of my life to being one of the best days of my life. It was a very long ride home. I followed the ambulance in my car as we went. Tina was very anxious and unsettled and they had to sedate her to keep her in the ambulance. Despite the sedation, she made them stop repeatedly so she could talk to me. Every time that they stopped she would beg me to let her ride with me, but because of the feeding tube and that they had inserted into her stomach and the IV that she was hooked to I could not take her in my car. So all I could do was to calm her down and assure her that we were almost there and tell them to give her more sedation and we would hit the road again. Late that evening after taking over seven hours to complete a five hour drive, we were finally home in Amarillo.

Back at BSA where the nightmare had begun, they put us in a room on the rehab floor that was in the new wing of the hospital which was very nice and much more accommodating than the rooms that we had been in previously. It was still very strange to me that Tina would be so communicative and seemingly cognizant of everything that was going on and yet be totally oblivious to all that had happened and that was happening. She had yet to ask anything about what had happened or why she was in the hospital which as I said before was one of the greatest blessings that God gave to us throughout the entire ordeal. One of the best things about being back in BSA was that the doctors were very pain sensitive, and were more than willing to solve the pain problem by giving Tina a Fentanyl patch that minimized her pain around the clock.

The Physical Therapist would come and make her walk and bathe and do exercises several times a day. She was still very weak from lying in bed for over a month at that point and could only do so much each day before she was out of gas and had to quit for the day. I stayed at her side that night and the next day, but then I hired a nurse to stay with her at night so I could go home and get some sleep. I have never been that exhausted in my entire life. I was so sleep deprived that it was literally painful. My entire being ached for sleep.

With the help of some sleeping aids I finally got a full night's sleep which I hadn't had in weeks. I slept till almost noon the next day. After I got up I went back to the hospital to be with my wife. Later that evening when the nurse returned to watch over Tina, I left to go see my children which I had not seen since I left to go to Dallas over a month before. After I got to my sister's house I tried to steel myself for what I might encounter. I had no idea how my children would respond or if they would even remember me.

The moment that my five year old son John saw me he got the biggest smile on his face and excitedly exclaimed "Daddy!" He then ran to me and jumped up and threw his arms around my neck and gave me the biggest "Bubby Hug" that I had ever had. Unfortunately I did not have enough steel in me and I began crying like a baby and just stood there weeping and hugging my son for what seemed to be an eternity. I would have stayed there hugging him for hours if it hadn't been for my baby girl Christina. I looked up and saw her standing in the kitchen looking at me. So I put John down and went over to pick her up and suddenly a look of fear came over her face then she screamed and turned and ran to my sister and clung to her in fear. I was devastated. I could not believe that my baby girl had forgotten me that fast.

That hurt in a way that I don't even have words to express. It was a deep inside the core of my being kind of hurt, but then again she was only two and a half years old at the time so it was understandable that she might react that way but it didn't make it hurt any less.

So we went into their family room and I sat on the couch hugging my son John and I kept trying to coax my baby girl into coming to me so I could hug her. Whenever I would look at her she would look away until I averted my gaze and then she would look back at me and would carefully examine me as if she was searching her memory banks for any information about me. Finally after a long while of examining me and my sister trying to encourage her and repeatedly telling her that it was ok, she slowly started glancing at me with the cutest little grin and then she finally got up and with huge smile on her and face loudly exclaimed "DADDY!" At which point she ran into my arms and hugged me. I cried even harder then. In fact I don't think that I ever quit crying the entire time I was there with them.

Finally after several hours I had to leave, which was one of the hardest moments in my life. I had been gone from them for so long and when I finally got them back, I had to leave them with my sister because I had no way of taking care of them because I had to be at the hospital taking care of their mother. So I reluctantly left them and went home to try and get some more sleep. I wanted to take them home with me and have them with me from that moment on but I couldn't. Tina was not out of the woods yet and I knew that I would have to be at the hospital with her day and night for some time to come and I had no one that could be with them at our house while I was gone. I had asked my sister to find a nanny for my children while I was in Dallas. She was not able to find anyone except for a 16 year old girl who was still very wet behind the ears and was barely old enough to take care of herself let alone my children. So I was trapped like a rat and I had no way out. I just had to deal with it and keep moving.

The pain from the trach was still a problem but not nearly as bad as it had been in Dallas. Unfortunately for Tina, the Fentanyl patch had come off and her Respiratory doctor would not allow them to give her a new one because she had relapsed with pneumonia and was still fighting MRSA and the doctor felt that the pain medication was adversely affecting her respiration and as such he refused to allow her to have anything other than Tylenol 3 for pain. So the pain problem had returned. Several days later on the 18th of July, Tina finally asked where she was and why she was in the hospital. So I told her for the first time that she had suffered a Sub Arachnoid Hemorrhage from an Aneurysm that had almost killed her and had caused her to have to have a Craniotomy to fix it. She referred to that day as the day that she came back on the grid, and from that day on she was totally cognizant of everything and was fully aware of what was happening. She also began to insist that I bring the children to see her and I had to keep putting her off and telling her that it was not time for that yet as I was afraid of how they would react to her. Especially little Christina, I could not risk having her run screaming in fear from her mommy in the hospital and then have to deal with Tina in the aftermath of such a thing happening.

Tina became obsessed with getting out of the hospital and getting home to be with her babies so she worked very hard to convince the doctors that she was ready to be released. Finally the doctors set her release date for July 30th. I decided that she needed to see her children before she left the hospital just in case there were any issues which I could then blame on them being scared of being in the hospital.

So on Saturday the 27th with our children in tow I went to the hospital so she could see her children. I was very anxious as to how it would go and I had prayed and prayed for the Lord to make it a happy reunion. When we got off the elevator to go to her room all the nurses were excitedly scurrying about and alerting all the others that her children were finally coming to see her. It was almost as if they were more excited to see them than she would be. We finally got to her room and I opened the door and waited with baited breath to see what would happen. My son John immediately ran over to her bed and gave her a big hug and kiss and then got distracted by all the buttons on her bed and started pushing them to see what they did. Finally little Christina looked up and saw her mommy sitting up in the bed and she let out the sweetest sound I had ever heard her make. She gasped with delight as she said "Mommy" and ran over to her and climbed up on the bed and laid on her chest and just clung to her and refused to move for the longest time. Thank God she remembered her mommy and was so happy to see her. I was deeply grateful that the Lord had made sure that our children were excited to see her and had made sure that it was a very happy reunion. All the nurses were gathered at the door and were just as elated as Tina was to see her babies loving on their mother. That was a very good day.

A week or so before then, the Lord had finally brought me a wonderful young woman name Ashley Smith to be our children's nanny so I could leave them to go to the hospital to be with my wife as needed. She was a very sweet 19 year old college student that was very mature for her age. She had a very loving and caring nature and had a servants heart, and was a very capable woman as well. She took excellent care of our children and would become an irreplaceable part of our family over the months to come. We eventually came to the point that we became her God-parents after we led her to the Lord. After which, I was greatly blessed and deeply honored to have her ask me to baptize her which I gladly did. There is no way that we would have been able to handle it without her and we have thanked God for her every day since.

The 30th finally came and Tina literally walked out of the hospital under her own power 100% fully healed from the aneurysm, lacking nothing and suffering no ill effects from it what-so-ever! It was one of the happiest days of my entire life when I got to take her home and cuddle up in bed with her and our children for the first time in 49 days since this whole ordeal began. As we lay in the bed cuddling our children I looked at her and said, "This moment is brought to you by the Lord Jesus Christ, without whom it would not be possible," which became our favorite thing to say whenever we were someplace enjoying time with each other and our children.

One of the amazing parts of our story is that a friend of hers named Sherrie Slayton had come to see her in the hospital to pray for her the day after it had happened. Come to find out, Sherrie had suffered the exact same type of aneurysm that Tina had suffered from in the exact same place Tina's was when she was 23 years old. She too had also been miraculously healed and restored from it by the Lord as well. The amazing part is that Sherrie had walked out of the hospital totally healed exactly 7 weeks after she had gone into it with the aneurysm. So unbeknownst to us, she had actually imparted an anointing for healing and recovery to Tina when she prayed over her because as I said, Tina had left the hospital 49 days after she went in which was exactly 7 weeks to the day just like Sherrie.

She was just one of the many people that the Lord had used to help us through this entire ordeal. We can't thank each of them enough for all that they did for us and all the prayers that they prayed for us that helped us immeasurably and without which we are certain that we would not have fared as well as we did. So thank you to each and every one of you that came to our aid and helped us to have the happy ending that we have been so blessed to have.

We are truly blessed with one of the best families on earth. Both my brother and my sister and both of their families rose to the occasion and came to our aid in the most amazing fashion. My father is Carl Hare. He is one of the greatest men that I have ever known, and he was there for us in the most amazing ways. It was like I was a little boy running home to tell daddy that I was hurt, and needing him to pick me up in his arms and make it all ok, which he did in grand fashion. He then moved heaven and earth to get us the money that we would have to have to cover all the medical bills and expenses. Mere words cannot adequately express the immeasurable worth and value of a loving Father. I will never be able to thank him enough.

One of the most bizarre aspects of the whole ordeal was that it was literally a Test. It was not the Lord that gave Tina the aneurysm but it was obvious that He chose to make it into a test to see if I would do as He instructed me to do. I literally felt as if I was back in college and I was taking an open book test. The only difference was that Jesus was the Professor and He was literally sitting at the table with me and had the answer sheet in front of Him. So any time I was not sure of what the answer was He would just point to the answer sheet and remind me what it was. It was one of the strangest experiences that I have ever had in my life, but I can safely say that I Passed! I can also say that I finally get 1Peter 4:12 - ¹²”Beloved, do not be surprised at the fiery ordeal among you, which comes upon you for your testing, as though some strange thing were happening to you.” And I know what it means and what it is like to be tested and having such knowledge, I have the utmost confidence that whatever tests may come my way in the future, as long as Jesus is the teacher, I am guaranteed to pass so long as I trust entirely in Him and do whatever he says to do, and I want everyone to know that they can too! Jesus will never fail us, because He doesn't know how!

We have prayed for 10,000,000 people to come to know the Lord or to be saved from death through this testimony and we have been blessed to receive the first fruit of our prayers for such. In December of 2013, Tina gave her testimony to a women's group from our church. An elderly was there that day and heard Tina's testimony. Not long after that her 8 year old granddaughter suffered an Aneurysm, but because she had heard Tina's story she knew to speak only Life over her granddaughter and forced everyone else to do the same. Not surprisingly, her granddaughter lived and was totally healed and suffered no ill effects from the aneurysm. So she is number 1 and now we only have 9,999,999 more to go and God willing we will get every single one of them and debar the devil from taking any of them.

Now that all that has been said, this yet remains. I testify to you this day that there really is a God, and Jesus Christ really is His Son. He is in fact the Most High God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and there is none like him. And He truly does Love us and created us to be His dwelling place and your existence on this earth is proof that He loves you and has a specific purpose and a destiny for you to fulfill and the sooner you become born of Him that you may then be in Him where you need to be, the sooner you can get on with fulfilling His will and purpose for your life. I whole heartedly encourage you to seek Him while He may yet be found so that you too may live and not die!

The Most Important Lessons from Annie

1. **There really is a God, and Jesus Christ really is His Son** and He really did rise from the dead and is a very real person that my wife Tina can attest to because she has actually seen Him and been with Him.
2. The Lord also stressed to me many times, from then to now, that He is very **deeply grieved by the fact that “His people perish for lack of knowledge.”** We literally do not know what He has done for us and the power and authority that He has given to us to use in His stead. The devil has unfortunately done a very good job of stultifying the Church and Conning it into believing that he is more powerful than he really is and in dumbing the Church down and keeping it from teaching us what we need to know to be able to take our place at the Lord’s side and effectively be His hands and feet in this world and thereby fulfill His will and purpose as we are supposed to. I have heard several testimonies from people who lost loved ones and became angry at God, as I did when my mother died, and He told them as He told me that it was not His will for them to die but unfortunately they did not attend a Church where His truth was fully taught and as such they did not Know what they needed to know to keep them from falling prey to the devil and as such they died when they did not have to. We desperately want everyone to know that **Jesus is the Lord of Life and NOT the Lord of death.**
3. The next most important thing that He taught us was about Authority. **Whoever has the Authority to SAY SO is the one who gets to SAY SO.** There are only a handful of reasons why He will choose to allow anyone, over whom He has the SAY SO, to die. The catch here is who has the SAY SO? **Jesus has the SAY SO over ALL who submit to Him and come under His Lordship, but He allows us the control of the SAY SO and if we say Die His hands become tied and He can’t keep us alive.** (Though there are exceptions to this) We have to learn to speak Life and not death. Every husband and every wife has been given SAY SO over their spouse, and it will be unto them whatever they SAY SO! **He has also given every parent SAY SO over their children. Every parent has the God given authority to declare Life and to intercede for their children.** They can even repent for them and seek the Lord’s mercy and forgiveness on their behalf and then speak forth whatever their child needs and it will be as they say, unless their child deliberately wills against it, at which point all bets are off. Irrespective the knowledge that they can speak and declare life and IT WILL BE AS THEY SAY is critical for them to know. They also have to know how the SAY SO works and that if they by word or deed give the SAY SO to the devil they are in grave danger because he is the one who comes to Steal Kill and Destroy and it is a given that he will do one of the above to them any and every chance he gets. They need to know that their Fear not only negates their faith but it also empowers the

devil and gives him the right to prey upon them as does their pride. Both of which are major stumbling blocks to us and we need to avoid them like the plague. They then need to know that when they have given the SAY SO to the devil by doing one of the above stated, all they have to do is to confess that they sinned in doing so, repent of having done so, and ask the Lord to forgive them and He will instantly forgive them and they will once again have the SAY SO and can then SAY SO to life and health and blessing abundantly thereafter. We have to learn that we must avoid doing or saying anything that the devil can use in the courts of heaven to get the right to prey upon us like he did Job and possibly Tina.

4. The next most important lesson is God's Authority. One of the most asked questions regarding God and His existence is, "If there really is a God and He really is a good and loving God, why is there so much pain and suffering in this world? The answer is simple, We do not know or understand how Just and Righteous God is. He lives by very strict rules and laws that govern Him and all of creation, and He will NEVER contradict or countermand himself, or break or bend any of His rules. He gave the authority over the whole world to Adam and he surrendered it to the devil when he obeyed him and ate the forbidden fruit thereby making the devil the Legal Ruler of this world and it is in fact the devil who is directly responsible for all the pain and suffering in this world and NOT God. Now Jesus defeated the devil and took back the authority from him and gave it to us His Church to exercise on His behalf. Unfortunately, the devil has been very successful in stultifying the Church and thereby making it totally ineffective at fulfilling the Lord's will in this earth because He conned the church into not doing the Lord's will by convincing us that we don't have any power or authority over him. Jesus told us that which we allow, He would allow and that which we would not allow, He would not allow, and the Church has unfortunately failed miserably in doing its job. Anyway the point of all of this is that when WE TIE His hands by giving the devil the legal right to pray upon us, the Lord CANNOT do anything but obey His own laws and rules and allow the devil to prey upon us as he did with both Job and Peter. (There are exceptions to this but they usually involve the authority of another person in our life like a parent, spiritual father or spouse) He may be able to limit what the devil does to us as He did for Job but He HAS to let the devil do his evil to us, because He has to obey His own laws and Authority. Prayer is largely a legality, and the primary reason we have to pray is because the devil has God's authority to prey on us, but because of Jesus and His atoning sacrifice, God can override the devil and not allow him to do the evil that he wants to do to us, but only if we pray and ask Him to.
5. The next most important thing is HOW we empower the devil to pray upon us. The top three are Sin, Fear, and Pride. When we Sin we get out of bounds and the devil can come against us, but confession and repentance get us back in bounds and cancel out the devil's right by superseding it with Jesus's right. Fear is not as

obvious as sin, but it is one of the most dangerous and we have to be careful not to allow fear to get ahold of us. *Fear is just having faith in the devil and his power over us.* Both fear and faith are Spirits and they can both affect us as we allow them to. *The devil gives us spirits of fear to control us and the Lord gives us the Spirit of Faith to empower us. Fear actually empowers the devil to prey upon us just as Faith empowers the Lord to act on our behalf,* and both have to be received and can be refused and or repented of and thereby negated. Pride is an obvious one as the Lord has clearly stated in His Word that He resists the proud, and pride goes before the fall, etc. It was pride that gave the devil a clear shot at Peter and it was a major reason that the devil was allowed to prey upon Job as well. The scriptures are replete with references to our need to humble ourselves. *We have to be very careful not to think too much of ourselves and not give the devil any inroads to us through pride.* If we do fall to the sin of pride all we have to do is humble ourselves, submit to God and repent and seek forgiveness and we are back to right with Him once again. Another way we empower the devil to pray upon us is by Rebellion. *When we rebel against authority we are actually rebelling against God and the authority that He has instituted over us and thereby give the devil the right to prey upon us.* We also have to be careful not to regard iniquity in our hearts or to fail to love our spouse like the Lord says we are to love them *as these both can cause the Lord not to hear our prayers and that can definitely be fatal.* I don't know all the answers, *but what I do know is if we whole heartedly trust in God and submit to Him and trust Holy Spirit to lead us and to guide us, strive to do His will and obey and put His teachings into practice, and remain forgiving and repentant, we will be ok! Then He CAN and WILL keep His promises and His Word to us.*

6. *Proverbs 18:21 – The power of life and death are in the tongue... This is one of the most critical things that every Christian needs to know.* People drink themselves to death, smoke themselves to death, work themselves to death, etc. But the number one way that people kill themselves is they TALK themselves to death. Jesus wants us all to know that we can and should speak Life over ourselves and our loved ones and not death, and if we will do so we will live and not die. (Rom4:17)-We do not know that we can speak that which is not as though it is and it will be as we have said. Further, II Cor 4:13 – I Believed and therefore I Spoke. Rom 10:17- Faith Comes by Hearing and hearing the Word of God Speak to us, every time that I have heard the Lord speak to me I have instantaneously had Faith for whatever He said. As long as *I obeyed the Lord and did as He instructed me to do and spoke Life and Healing over my wife there was no question that she would live and be fully healed and totally recovered.* Just as He says He does in Job 33:15-16 He did for me. He had given me my instructions while I slept and they broke forth in a vision while I was listening for Him after I found Tina.

7. James 3:2 teaches us that if we can control our Tongue we can control our whole body. The Lord taught me this years ago and I cannot count all the sprains, strains, cramps and pains that I have rebuked and commanded to be gone from me and they went not forgetting illnesses, ailments, and injuries of all types and kinds. I testify that it is true that we can in fact control our bodies with our tongues. The part that I did not know was that when the Lord said that the two become one flesh that meant that I could control my wife's body as well as my own. While her will was sedated I could command her body and it would obey me just as my own body does and anyone who is married can do the same thing for their spouse as they too are one flesh.
8. One of the greatest things I learned from all of this was the fact that Jesus is "The Man." And He is what our story is really all about. I now know what it means to be "More than a Conqueror" as I have literally stood in His victory and watched death and the devil Literally flee from us. I am reminded of the verse in Isaiah chapter 14 that says, "they will look upon him and say, is this the man who shook the earth and made kingdoms tremble..." because I have learned from my experience with the Lord that the devil is really nothing but a bully who tries to rule over us by fear and intimidation, and once we realize this fact and the truth of Jesus victory over him, his big scary facade disappears and all that is left is this tiny little pipsqueak standing where the false image of the great and terrible beast once stood. And then we can realize that he was never any real threat to us because Jesus had already defeated Him and thereby empowered us to stand in His place and reap the fruits of His victory in his stead. So once we have done all we can to Stand, then we just Stand in His Victory and thank and praise Him for it.
9. Our greatest hope through all of this is that we can convince as many people as possible that Jesus is truly real and that HE is truly alive and well and that He truly is the Son of God endowed with all the powers and authorities of His Father, the Most High God, and that He has imparted the same to us and that death and the devil DO NOT have any power over us as long as we are in Jesus and we have placed our trust in Him. And we can literally bet our Lives on Him, just as I did with my wife's life. We do not want anyone to lose loved ones unnecessarily because they lack this knowledge and it is our greatest hope that we will be able to convince as many people as possible of this and thereby save as many as we can. We are claiming 10,000,000 lives to come to Christ or to be saved from death, and we are praying that this story will play a major role in making our hope come true, and it is our sincere prayer that it will do just that.