

A Mysterious Illness Page 1

It was now around 1985. About two and a half years later, I became very ill. I felt like I had gotten a case of the flu, but after the third week, I started wondering. I continued to get weaker and weaker, so I went to my doctor. He couldn't find anything wrong, so I continued on to my heart doctor, my dentist, a gum doctor, and an allergist. None of them could find anything wrong. People from our church were praying that someone would find the cause of this illness. One Glorious Night as I was sleeping (my husband was in a very sound asleep), out of the walls came a Loud Deep Voice Calling to me. It Was The Lord. He Said, "JoAnn, you are going to be alright, the problem is in your mouth." Wow! I knew immediately that it was my bridge! The one missing tooth that I had pulled in order to have braces put on when I was twenty nine, was replaced with a bridge and a smaller tooth.

The next morning, as soon as his office opened, I called my dentist. I told him the story of what happened to me the night before. He said he would get the bridge out on his lunch hour but I had to sign something that would not hold him responsible for any damages. I agreed and I was there at noon. GOD Said it, and I Believed it! (By the way, he was not the dentist that put the bridge in, so he could not have been held responsible anyway.) When he got it out, he asked, "What do you want to do with it?" I asked, "What is it made of?" He said that it could be any number of metals and named a few... nickel was one. I still felt sick and very weary; it must have been about the fifth week of that illness.

It was evening and a few weeks after Christmas. A knock came at the door. My husband answered it, and it was some friends who had brought us a fruitcake. He let them in, and I asked them to sit and have a cup of tea. Then, I told them of my strange illness and that I had not been well for the previous five weeks. The wife told us that about twenty years prior that she ended up in the hospital with a strange illness, too. They could not figure out what it was, either. When she went into the hospital, she got better; but when she came out of the hospital, she would get sick again. Finally after the third time that happened, it was discovered that it was her watch that was causing her illness, and that the back of it was made of nickel. When she was in the hospital she would not wear it, but as soon as she got out, she would put it on again. The hair on my arms stood up the instant that she said the word "nickel", and I knew that I had to find out exactly what the bridge was made of.

My bridge was made somewhere in Northern California, so I needed to contact the dentist who had ordered and installed it. I called him the next day thinking that he would surely know what it was made of. The office said that they would have to contact the lab who made the bridge, and since it had been made several years before, it may take them a few days to get the information. So the wait started, one day, two days and the third day I got the call. Sure enough the bridge was made up of 86% nickel. I must be allergic to it and never knew. I had a swelling in my neck, and it had gone down since I had the bridge removed! Praise GOD for that! There was more ahead for me, though, for I didn't fully return to normal... having the bridge removed was not quite enough to totally heal me.

I will tell you that the process of healing brought me into a closer Walk with GOD, and that through it all, I have learned to have much more Compassion, Sympathy, and Empathy for others. What had happened during the following ten months was a Miraculous Journey that GOD Used To Teach and Refine me. He Was Making me more like Himself, and I am very, very grateful to Him for it!