

After the surgery my blood pressure went to normal, but while I was sick, I had high blood pressure. When I arrived home, I still heard the voice that told me not to eat. I was getting more and more like a skeleton and after three days Lee called the doctor and told him. I was put in the hospital that was close to our home to be feed intravenously. I remained there for six weeks, and then I caught on to the doctors pattern. He would come in and check my chart, and then he would ask the nurse how much of the meal I ate. She would give a percent, so I thought that if I ordered a little and ate some, that the percent would be high. What I did not eat, I would dump in the toilet. Soon my doctor thought that I was eating well, even though I was not gaining weight, and he released me.

When I was getting out, Rabbi Chester and his wife were back on our ranch. It was Mrs. Chester who came to get me from the hospital to bring me home. When I first got home, I went to bed... but then I decided to get something from the refrigerator. As I pulled the door open, I fell backwards and landed flat on my back. With GOD'S Help, I dragged myself to the bedroom and pulled myself up onto the bed. I waited till Myra (Rabbi's wife) came in and I told her what had happened. I really could have been hurt badly, but GOD Was Watching over me, and I was just a little bruised. She brought me some yummy cream of wheat and then left me to eat. I ate it up sooo fast, and then I went into a Spirit of Prayer. I was very thankful that GOD Had Delivered and Was Healing me from my afflictions. After I did that, I did not hear that voice ever again. When Sister Myra came back into the room, and I asked her for more cereal. At that point, I knew that I was on my way to recovery! Praise GOD!!

I began to heal and gain weight, and the demons left, I could think clearly again! No more nervous actions, no hair pulling or walking in circles. Within three months I was able to take a plane to California to see my mother for Mother's Day. I went alone and did very well, and have never gone into a depression again. I saw that GOD Was With me all along, and I knew that I would never go back to that state of mind again. The tumor was removed and the operation was completely successful, with no returning symptoms or growths.

I realized that GOD Had Allowed me to go through all this for His Own Purposes, as it is with everything that we go through. I now have much more Compassion for the mentally ill, and for the people lost in drugs. Also, I never look down on anyone, for we do not know what is going on in their bodies that might cause them to act unsociably. My tumor (as I had stated earlier) was producing steroids in me in high quantities, and the result was that I went into the drug-like state which caused me to lose my mental balance. All things work together for good to those who Love GOD, and Are Called according to His Purpose! Beloveds, everything has a purpose under Heaven, and if we Are Called to suffer for The Cause Of Christ, we Become more like Him. To this very day, I Praise GOD for the trials, and I thank Him for not letting me go through them alone.