

Sample

Excerpts from

Chapter 12: Life's unexpected twists and turns

"Life offers the unexpected – some are pleasant and some are not – but when our focus is on Him the unpleasant ones seem more bearable and the surprises come as a bonus!

We end up learning and growing either ways – Acceptance and a staunch belief is key to keeping our sanity in an ever-changing, transient world. Change is never easy, especially when we get used to our comfort zones. The change was to come and it would turn my world upside down! Was I ready? Is anyone ever ready?

Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. - Philippians 4:6-7

Chapter 13: The Embrace of Grace

It was the morning of the 13th of August 1988 when Rony awakened me from a deep sleep at 3 am in the morning. "Milly! Milly!" he gently patted my arm. I jumped up like there was an earthquake! "What Happened!" I shouted, knowing instinctively that something was wrong! "Don't shout! Or you'll wake the children!" He said whispering. "I don't feel very well and I think we should go to the hospital, just to be on the safe side."

.....The hospital staff were instructed to make the necessary arrangements to have Rony moved to Hinduja that very day in the afternoon. It would have to be under Intensive Care supervision at all times. Albert, my eldest son, didn't go to college that morning and joined me in the hospital, so he could accompany us to Hinduja. I had told him about the tentative plan but had kept it from the girls who were in school at the time. My daughter, Noella was in her 10th grade – an important year for her so I didn't want her to miss classes and my youngest, Roslynn was too young to upset her so.

Rony had just been briefed on the benefits of an open-heart bypass surgery and had poured out all his worries to me - But the what if's, the hypotheticals were causing him stress. Suddenly his pulse rate went up and the monitors began to show erratic waves. There were beeps and sounds and I began to panic inside just like the machine which seemed to be going haywire! I called the nurse immediately as I wasn't sure what was happening... They came rushing in and I was asked to wait outside the I.C.U as they attended to the patient. I remember there was a wheelchair just outside and I sat in it waiting! Suddenly, there was an alarm bell sounded from within and nurses came running out signaling wildly. Doctors rushed in with equipment to administer artificial resuscitation.

All the while, we held each other's hands and continued to pray that Rony was going to pull through, not knowing or being able to comprehend the seconds that followed – they all seemed like an eternity. Everything within me, in those couple of seconds,

The Merry Tongue

A story of Love, Loss, Faith & Surrender

yelled in utter alarm and desperation. I wanted to run to him, to hold him in my arms, to drive everyone out and just hold on to him – to never let him go!

Part of me wanted to scream! “What’s happening Lord? Why!? Do you love me, Lord? Then Why? Why? Why?!!” I knew I had Albert with me and I had to be strong for him, for myself,

for Rony. I was asked a question in that dark moment – a question that instantly brought me back from the helpless insanity I felt overcoming me! – “You said you trusted me! Can you surrender?” – At that moment, I felt a surreal peace envelope my entire being! As if God himself was caressing me, stroking my head like a little child and assuring me that everything would be alright!” I felt lifted from darkness into light!

.....“Yet sorrowful but always rejoicing!” were words from the Bible that came to my mind like God was talking to me! It was the only way I could explain the serenity I felt. I had feared death all my life – it was a phobia I had to deal with. I feared the death of my loved ones more than my own and I often found myself praying that I would not outlive my parents or my husband or my children. Every single day I prayed for their protection and long life. The unthinkable had happened!

We were left alone to fend for ourselves in the BIG BAD world! Was I adult enough to hold it together? Was my faith strong enough to rely on God, now, more than ever? Did I have it in me to pull through widowhood? I was a WIDOW!

I looked at Albert and was simply swept away with an overwhelming feeling that he and his sisters were not orphans and I would do everything in my power to make sure I was a a rock solid mum to them! I wanted to make it all right! I wanted to say to them, “Everything will be OK!” I knew I had to be strong and I cried out internally for God’s help! I cried out to Rony too! “I know you’re here watching helplessly as we weep! Pray for me, Ron! Pray that I may bear this pain and that we may survive!”.....