



#### MY TESTIMONY by JERI E.

I was saved when I was nine years old. I've always loved the Lord with all my heart, but like many other people, life got in the way of my love for Jesus. And I found I wasn't spending as much time with Jesus as I should or that He wanted me too. Family, job, house seemed to always replace time with my Lord.

When I had my stroke the night of 4-11-15 I was working 60 hours a week and not going to church and definitely not praying as I should. On that evening I got off work at 7:00 PM came home, had a small bite of food and then jumped in the shower.

I wasn't feeling great, but when you work that much, you're always tired so the days run together and you don't really think about how you're feeling. When I stepped out of the shower I was toweling off when I passed out cold on the bathroom floor.

I came too ever so faintly and I tried to get up, but I had no strength. I knew my husband should be home soon, so I dropped my head back down to the floor and started praying. I don't remember much except that I went to heaven and as I was standing in the narrow gate entrance.

The pearls around the gate were so large they shined like light bulbs, but I instinctively knew I couldn't go in yet. Just then two angels came quickly by and said I couldn't come in that it wasn't my time yet. I hadn't finished my job yet, that I was going to be used in the Last Days.

I saw my brother-in-law standing near by who was waving me in, he was talking to some other people.

Just like that I was back in my body and the paramedics was putting me on a gurney and taking me outside to the ambulance. I closed my eyes, trying to get back to heaven, but only fell asleep.

When we arrived at the hospital and I opened my eyes only to see the ceiling spinning, because the staff was turning the gurney around to the right direction. I heard them tell my husband, they were taking me to CT they thought I had suffered a stroke.

I heard them tell my husband they had to take me right to surgery. Since I was in the middle of a stroke, they couldn't give me anesthesia. I woke to the surgeon scraping my brain with a tool he inserted in my groin. I felt like there was a knife in my left eye and I kept asking the nurse to help me.

I opened my right eye and I saw a man in a white robe standing on my left side of the bed. I couldn't touch him because I couldn't move my left arm, my whole body was pretty much unmovable.

Meanwhile, I was yelling at the surgeon that he was hurting me. And of course, my daughter and husband could hear my cries in the waiting room. My daughter told me later that she was praying. And Jesus had told her not to worry that He was in the operating room with me and that everything will be fine.

The next morning I was able to speak to my attending doctor who told me I had an ischemic stroke caused by a blood clot to the right side of my brain which effects the left side of my body.

Since I worked in the medical field as a Certified Medical Assistant, I knew I had to get to work in order to regain my abilities again. In the meantime, my relationship with the Lord improved. As I began praying all the time. He told me He wanted me to give my testimony so people would know HE is still in the healing businesses looking out for us.

HE said my testimony would be very important in the Last Days.

The staff and I worked very hard in my rehab and they were very amazed at the progress I was making. In fact, no one could believe I lived through that stroke that most people don't.

Remember who was standing on the left side of my bed during surgery?

I believe one of the reasons I fell away from the Lord my husband and I left the church we had been attending for many years, as it had grown so large you just didn't know anyone anymore.

But we did get back into another church. My brother talked to his pastor about my church circumstances, his pastor contacted the pastor of the church that I grew up in, which is a more 'family size' church. Small enough to know everyone and love each other, yet large enough.

The pastor of that church started visiting me with his wife in the hospital. In fact, every Wednesday evening they would stop in for a visit. I told them when I got out of the hospital I will start coming to their church. Which is exactly what I did. Oh, sure the family meant with the old laziness at first but I put my cane down and said: 'We Are Going To Church And Worship Our Lord'.

It wasn't long I was able to resume work on a part time status, and then went into full time. It was October 2017 that I found a full-time job. I had terrible pain in my lower back for which my doctor told me it was arthritis. The pain became excruciating one evening that I was crying when my husband got home from work and took me to the hospital.

There the doctor told me he would have to take a CT of my back and a copy of the one I had done many months before. By copying it he would be able to see any changes. Which he did, the next time I saw the doctor he told me the little pin shape on the old CT had grown to the size of my hand, which was cancer.

Before I had the stroke in March of 2015, I had undergone a complete hysterectomy due to uterine cancer. The doctor said I didn't need radiation or chemo that the cancer was all intact on the inside of the uterus. I found out later from my Oncologist that I should have received chemo after that surgery because the cancer that was back had metastasized to my lumbar spine and a lump on the back side of my left hip

My doctor told me that I would have to quit work as the cancer I had was a Stage 4 aggressive cancer which means he was going to have to fight it very aggressively with radiation and chemotherapy.

As soon as I started chemo my hair fell out within a week. The radiation I took was 14 days in a row not including weekends. Then followed by chemo. While going thru chemo I became very weak and frightened. I prayed all the time. I was particularly frightened one day when I was walking thru my kitchen when I heard the Lord say: 'I will never leave or forsake you'. And then I felt safe again.

I have to admit during that first year of chemo there were times I just didn't think I would make it. But the Lord gave me strength to see it through. It was October of 2019 when my doctor changed my chemo to immunotherapy. The end of the parable reminds us to always be ready for Jesus. You never know when you will go to Him or when He returns in the Rapture to get His bride.

He loves us all, and doesn't want any of us to perish without His free gift of salvation. If you are not saved by His amazing grace and the gift, HE gave us on the cross. Please say a prayer now to seek forgiveness of your sins and ask Him into your heart, HE is waiting and HE loves you so much.

I love you too. That is why I wanted to publish my testimony to give you hope and for you to see our Lord is forgiving and faithful to His children. HE doesn't want one of us to go to hell.

HE gave me another chance to get ready for Him. HE is waiting for you. Don't let another day go by without saying the Salvation Prayer.

God Bless everyone who has read my testimony. Hope to see you in heaven soon.

The Lord is coming very soon, PLEASE BE READY?

I love you too.

(my Testimony by Jeri E.)

NOTE:

It is not so much the exact words you use in a Salvation prayer, but it's your being humble before God, sincere with a repentant heart. I get on my knees (if that is NOT possible or dangerous for you, God knows all things) Pray and beg forgiveness of all your sins, release any ill will you might have against any one and pray for them also. No other name in heaven or on earth can save you except the name of Jesus. Pray for forgiveness of sin in the mighty name of Jesus, pray and beg Jesus to come into your heart to fill you with His love, grace and mercy, to lead you and to guide your steps every day.

Pray and beg the precious blood of Jesus wash over you and wash all your sins away and make you white as snow.

In Jesus Name I pray, AMEN