

From Seizure to Significance

I awoke to movement. It was pitch black, the clock read 12.50am. In my sleepy state I realised that it was my husband Angus in the bed next to me. "Angus" I said softly but audibly. 'Angus it's okay, wake up, you are having a nightmare'. There was no response. He did not wake up. I sat up and switched on the light and sleepily turned around to wake him. What I saw jolted me into a state of full alert. Angus' whole body was arching and thrashing violently around. It was like short, sharp waves of electric bolts were jolting through him. And his eyes were rolled to the top of his head. He was frothing at them mouth and a small trickle of blood ran down from one corner of his mouth. I realised with a start that he was seizing. I jumped out of bed and called 111. Angus had been having colds on and off for a couple of weeks and had complained of a headache that night before we went to bed. Nothing out of the ordinary – or so I thought. At the emergency ward sitting alone in the waiting room while the doctors attended to Angus one of the paramedics sat next to me and said: "You shouldn't be alone at a time like this. I have never seen anything like this before, it's really serious what's happening to him." My parents were on their way from Whangarei and I had asked them to start praying. I used another 'life line' and 'phoned a friend'. They came to be with me and got our home group praying – at 3am in the morning!

Meanwhile Angus continued to experience seizures. One of the ICU doctors on duty that day was one of the top neurological doctors in Auckland – God certainly had his hand on the situation! She sat down with me and my parents and said they were doing everything they could and using the most powerful drugs to control the seizures. She said that I must know that we would be looking at only one of two options, 1. Severe brain damage or 2. Death. I sat there, tears rolling down my cheeks. Stunned. When I went home for a rest I emailed everyone I knew to let them know and ask them to pray. I found out later that thousands of people and churches (that didn't even know us) from all around the world were praying for us. I had a sense that collectively it was like we were banging on the doors of heaven, pleading and petitioning. The support from our church, friends and family was phenomenal. The verses (in particular Psalm 91) and prayers held me up and also in a zone of God's peace I had never known before. Angus was kept in an induced coma, transferred to Auckland hospital, had many tests and his doctors were liaising with doctors around the world to try to understand what it was that he had. They brought him out of the induced coma, however he remained in a coma and his prognosis was looking bleak. A brain stem test showed no activity above his brain stem.

On the 7th day a miracle occurred as he started to show signs of movement. The doctors were amazed and one remarked, "the lights are starting to come on". They advised me that his recovery was going to be long and it was very likely that he would not fully recover. We watched, waited and prayed as "the lights came on stronger" and noted he was aware of who we were, had his sense of humour and was able to begin to move and get physically stronger. Four days later he was home. Within three weeks he was back at work working part time. I can still remember the look of shock on the doctor's faces when we took him for a visit and

to say thank you to the staff. To this day we don't know what it was he had only that God performed a miracle and used this experience to bring others to Christ. Angus did fully recover and when you talk with him the only way you would ever know anything happened is the small scar he has across his throat from the trachea tubes.