



The Testimony of Kista Lynn Patterson

The following is my testimony regarding the events of May 2, 2005. My son Richard was scheduled for an oral surgery at the University of Illinois. I set the alarm early to ensure our timeliness to the appointment. However, I woke up sick long before morning. I had a severe headache, bouts of nausea, vomiting and dizziness. I woke my husband and told him I was not going to make the appointment. This is my last clear thought.

My next memory is of seeing my husband sleeping on a cot next to my bed (a week and a half later). I also remember my husband standing over my bed. I have scattered memories that do not make sense. My next clear memory is of entering a house and my children surrounding and hugging me. Although this had been my home for nearly four years, it was unfamiliar to me.

My sister-in-law Val-Rie took care of me when I came home from the hospital. She was a great source of encouragement during this time. Even though God had delivered me from the hospital, I believed I was going to die.

On my first return visit to the doctor, Dr. Sheetal Acharya, my Hematologist, questioned me as to whether or not I understood what happened to me. I told her I did not understand. She explained that I suffered a ventricular brain hemorrhage. As a result of this brain bleed, my short term memory was affected and they were not sure of the extent of brain damage, my life would be different for the rest of my life. She told me my doctors would work with me and my family to help me recover. This is the first conversation I had with a medical professional regarding my condition and I recorded it in my cell phone.

I don't know at what point my brain began to function. Most events seemed to come to me in segments. Although I now know the difference, most times I was unsure of whether I was having a dream or dealing with a real situation. I spent a lot of time in the bed, drifting in and out of sleep. I also experienced spells of crying and having an overwhelming feeling of sadness. Although I was aware I did not have any particular experience that should make me cry, I found the urge to do so uncontrollable at times.

After a couple of weeks, Val-Rie did not have to come in the morning anymore, because my son Richard had completed his school year and was on vacation. But, she called everyday to check on me and see if I wanted to come out, which I rarely did. I believe those around me did not know the full extent of a brain hemorrhage.

Although I was talking and effectively communicating, I could not remember a conversation for more than a few minutes. The best way I can describe what I was experiencing, is similar to watching a film and when you come to the end, blank frames run. I experienced times of blankness and a lack of ability to respond and gather my thoughts when addressed. I sat in my bedroom and lost track of time, I could not remember what I had been doing until my children spoke to me. I told this to my Primary Care Doctor on my next visit, since I was seeing Doctors monthly. My primary care doctor, Dr. John Schumann made an appointment for me to see a neurologist and neurosurgeon; he felt that the appointment scheduled in the hospital was too far away.

Dr. R. Loch McDonald my Neurosurgeon told me that my case was unusual because brain hemorrhages were not something experienced by people my age, but by people in their late 50's and 60's. He said that a cause for a brain hemorrhage was usually not found in about 50% of people. He remarked that I looked exceptionally well for someone with my medical history. He said that he would repeat all the tests that I had in the hospital and try to find a cause. I was scheduled for a CT-scan and an MRI. Following the CT-scan, I had an appointment with Dr. Thomas Kelly, Neurologist. He remarked that all the blood from the hemorrhage appeared to have been reabsorbed by the brain. He said that this was very unusual because the blood was usually present for months following a hemorrhage. On July 20, I had an MRI with dye-injection. On July 30, very early in the morning, I received a phone call from Dr. McDonald. He stated that he thinks he found the reason for the hemorrhage. He said the MRI revealed a small growth on my brain ventricle. He told me that he would recommend surgery to remove it. He also stated that he had done many of these types of surgery, they are very successful, and most people go on with no other problems. He asked me what I thought of having surgery. I stated that I needed to talk to my husband and have a consultation with him to get more details. We agreed to meet that Wednesday. When I left that meeting, I felt no hope of escaping brain surgery. Although my husband continued to encourage me and tell me that, he was praying and we were going to believe God to take me through if surgery was in His will.

I asked my husband if he thought it was all right for me to share with the church family what the doctor's prognosis was. He told me that whatever I wanted to do he was in agreement. Later that evening before Bible class started, my husband called me to address the church regarding my consultation with the doctor. I relayed my prior conversation with the doctor to my church family and requested prayer from them. As I spoke, I could feel the hush in the room and felt an out-pouring of love and sympathy so great, that it reduced me to tears. My tears were not tears of

sadness, but I felt such an out-pouring of love and prayer in that moment. I was overwhelmed at the prospect of what I was facing.

On Wednesday, my husband and I went to the scheduled appointment with Dr. Macdonald. The doctor first showed us the picture of the MRI on the computer and he explained that only things that are abnormal would light up on an MRI. My husband asked if they would have to shave much of my hair. He told us that they would part my hair in the middle and shave off a line and that if I combed my hair to the back you could not tell. He showed me the approximate part on my head where the incision would be. He told us that following the surgery, he would put a drain in my head to allow the fluid to pass thru and not build up in my head. He also stated that if he could get the drain out in a couple of days, he would then send me to a regular floor and I could go home in about a week. He also recommended approximately one month of bed rest before returning to normal activities. We spent about 45 minutes talking with Dr. Macdonald.

When I left the appointment, I felt no hope of escaping surgery. I continued to give myself to the Lord in prayer, even though the enemy constantly bombarded my thoughts with thoughts of death. I was even provoked to tell my children things that they should do in the event of my death. I instructed on how to conduct themselves in relationships, even though they were only children. I was operating in a spirit of fear. During the month I was waiting for surgery, my husband teaching a series in bible class entitled, "The Original Prayer – What Did You Ask God For?" I asked God to heal me without surgery.

Five days before my scheduled surgery, I received a call from Chris Ameidi, R.N. to schedule my arrival for surgery. She gave me instructions and arrival time. I questioned her as to the scheduling of my pre-surgery MRI. She said the doctor did not order an MRI for me. I told her I would not go into surgery without another MRI because the doctor promised to repeat the test. The rescheduling allowed me to attend the Third Jurisdiction Church of God in Christ Holy Convocation. I went each night, although I was weak, tired and my equilibrium was off. On the last night of the Convocation, after our Bishop Robert R. Sanders preached, the Spirit of God was very high and he called me to pray for me. As Bishop Sanders laid his hands on me he spoke these words "Satan in the Name of Jesus I rebuke whatever you introduced into the system of this woman that caused this thing, and I command it to go! IN THE NAME OF JESUS!" I went back to my seat rejoicing and praising God. At this point, I was just thanking God for strength to go through surgery. On Sunday morning as I was sitting in service on the front row, the Spirit of the Lord came in the service and the Saints of God began to rejoice. The enemy began to torture my mind and say, "enjoy this, this is probably your last time." The Spirit of God spoke to me and

reminded me that I had not danced since I had been out of the hospital. I said to myself, "if this is all the time I have, I better give God everything now!" I jumped from my seat and began to dance and praise God! When the Saints of God saw me rejoicing, they began to praise harder. They knew my strength had been limited. I danced until I could not stand any longer.

When I went home that night, the Lord did not allow me to sleep. I had doubts as to whether or not I should go ahead with the surgery. I asked the Lord why He was keeping me awake. He answered me in the wee hours. God said, "What did you ask me?" I answered, "I asked to be healed without surgery." God replied, "Why did you not trust me?" My spirit was broken, and I repented before the Lord with tears for my lack of trust. I asked God to forgive me and give me another chance.

In the morning, my sister in law Val-Rie picked me up to take me to the pre-surgery MRI. I told her I changed my mind, God told me not to have surgery. She told me, "If God says no surgery that means He is going to heal you Himself!" I had the MRI at University of Chicago Hospital and went across the street to the doctor's office to get the results. When Dr. Macdonald entered the room, my heart hit the floor because he had such a strange look on his face. I thought the tumor had gotten larger. Dr. Macdonald pulled up the MRI from July 20, 2005 and said, "Mrs. Patterson, here is your July 20, MRI, the tumor is right here. Now, here is your MRI from today, I don't know happened, but I can't find that tumor anywhere!" My sister Val jumped up and began to dance, she told the doctor, "you know what happened, God happened!" I began to cry and praise God; I could barely listen to the rest of the doctors instructions as he told me to come see him in six months, maybe the tumor would be back! To date, the tumor is not back, and Dr. Macdonald is not at the University of Chicago. It has been an uphill fight. I have struggled with migraine headaches, blood pressure problems and peripheral vision loss over the last three years, but I thank God for Doctors that continued to work with me to keep me physically balanced.

TO GOD BE THE GLORY FOR THE THINGS HE HAS DONE!