

# Triumph Of Mercy

## Mortification

Weeks of hideous pain bent me down,  
Doctor gave me aspirin to ease the pain,  
Soon a blood test revealed the brutal force,  
I had been inflicted with the worst...leukaemia.  
Chemotherapy began the process off,  
Powerful but destructive drugs infused into my blood.  
The only way out, but hideous pain,  
Cry out to God in the night.  
He blesses his children with sleep.  
But little did I know that the real pain was coming.  
What is known as a bone marrow transplant,  
Was my only chance they said.  
Chemotherapy was just a 1% chance  
But if I could find a donor with identical stem cells,  
I could have a 25-40% chance of cure, survival.  
78% of sufferers never find a donor but something  
Interesting was there in my case....  
God had given me my father's stem cells,  
Perfect for the transplant.  
God doesn't work by percentages.  
We trusted God with all our heart  
My dad had had skin cancer,  
Any remaining melanoma would surely have taken my life.  
The immense suffering of a bone marrow transplant can  
Not be put into words.  
As I lay in my living nightmare I cried out to God,  
Who is always there.  
Two days had gone past the limit to produce the blood  
For me to survive.  
Doctors with empty faces entered the room to share the  
Devastating news.  
I needed a second transplant or I would surely die.  
We were told the second transplant usually didn't  
Work, but was my only hope.  
We needed a miracle from God, we felt his power fill  
The room. Peace overcame fear, as we gave up control  
To the almighty. Astonishment, joy, and disbelief was  
Felt by family, medical staff and doctors, were  
Shocked with the realization that the original stem  
Cells had begun to work. God performed a miracle and  
The blood began its count. Soon the graft had taken I  
Was on the road home. As I was discharged we prayed  
That all would work.  
Weeks of pain followed as my body fought to live. The  
Devastating pain was a real sick affair. I forced  
Myself on walks and to eat each day, but the immense  
Pain was more than I can say, was more than I can say.  
As I struggled to live on and fight the sickness war  
We were told by doctors that the cancer had returned.  
Two weeks I was given but we had had enough. We were  
Ready to hand all to God. No more treatment I announced  
To the cancer doctor. Standing there I was in God's  
Hands then suddenly one day a double seizure struck me  
Down. Family gathered round to see my final hours.  
Countless damage had racked my body leaving me half  
Dead. I couldn't walk, I couldn't see, my insides were  
Badly hurt, it seemed it was the end for me. Warrior

Upon warrior around our distant globe kept the vigil  
Fight of prayer of power that can't be stopped and as  
The folks cried out to God, He heard them and I live  
To stand for him. A lot more special days. God has  
Given me peace and comfort all along. As I have cried  
Out to His grace the joy is overwhelming. He has the  
Power to heal, He has the power to save, as we trust  
In his mercy we know that we are safe. I KNOW THAT I  
AM HEALED!!!!!!!!!!