

## Happy in a wheelchair?

I'd like to share with you a little bit about myself – first off I wasn't always in a wheelchair and also I wasn't always happy.

You see, at one time I was in perfect physical condition. Riding my bike, playing sports, swimming, fishing, ... and all the things children usually do was how I grew up. But all of that changed suddenly one June night in 1974.

On that night my life changed drastically. I had my beginner's license and decided to take the car my parents had gotten me out for a spin. I was with a friend at the time, and after a night of drinking it sounded like a good idea to the both of us.

As my car was going over a bridge at a rather fast speed, I saw oncoming headlights from another car heading straight for my car. I swerved to avoid a crash – but because of the speed and the road being embanked, my car started to roll. It tumbled several times & because it did I hit my head repeatedly damaging my Central Nervous System. My friend, the passenger in the car that night was able to climb out of the vehicle. The rescue squad had to free me from the wreckage since I was unconscious and unable to be reached.

After freeing me from the car the ambulance made it's way to the hospital. My heart stopped beating two times that night; once in the ambulance on the way to the hospital & the other time in the operating room. Both times they were able to revive me.

After a several hour operation, the Doctors gave little hope I'd survive the night. I was in a coma for 30 days and the doctors said that I'd either be totally paralyzed, a vegetable, or both if I ever awoke. I slowly started to awake, and regain a little strength and movement over time. The first thing I was able to do was to blink my eye. Communication opened up between me and the outside world; one blink for “yes”, two blinks for “no”.

Over period of about a year and a half of living in a rehab hospital doing all the therapy imaginable, improvement was slow. And there came a time

when I stopped improving. One of the Doctor's called me into his office one day and told me there's nothing more that they can do for me, it was time to leave the hospital, I regained about all I'd ever regain, and I'd need to use a wheelchair for the rest of my life.

The day came when I returned home. Now in a wheelchair, things I could easily do on my own before were now a major task I couldn't do anymore on my own anymore. I felt cheated and I became bitter inside. Back then I wasn't too nice a person. I probably wouldn't have liked you but, you would have felt the same way towards me, for sure! I was angry at almost everyone, especially angry at God. How could He let this happen to me? Why won't He help and heal me? And many, many other like questions. One day I remember shaking my fist at the heavens and cursing God out!

I started feeling sorry, alone, and scared for myself and started experimenting to make myself happy again. I'd find temporary happiness with alcohol, and drugs, music, etc..... but nothing was lasting and able to reach me hurting heart.

The only time I'd be at peace was when I was sleeping. I thought to myself; "why not make my sleep permanent and take my own life?" I was just waiting for the right time and place.

In the meanwhile though, I heard about Jesus. Why He came to earth, what He did on the cross, and how He can heal our hurting hearts. I got hold of a Bible and read and reread all about His life. Something He said in the Gospel of Matthew spoke to my heart, it reads, "**Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.**" [Mat. 11:28-30]

I realized one night as I cried myself to sleep, that Jesus was the only One who can heal broken hearts. Because of our sin and rebellion we're separated from God. He [Jesus] came to bridge the "gap" between us here on earth & God in Heaven above.

So, that night I prayed half doubting and half believing – I said, "if your real Jesus come into my heart and life. I no longer want to be in control of things,

I want you to take over. That night after that prayer, a peace entered my body that hasn't left since.

Sure, I'm still in a wheelchair and I still have days filled with problems. Problems are a fact of life, they're going to keep coming. If one goes away – another seems to replace it in a very short space of time! But now the difference is that I'm not alone anymore.

Jesus is with me as I go through the problem. Right now I can honestly say that I'd rather be in the wheelchair and know the Lord, than be perfectly healthy and not know Him. I've been in a wheelchair for 34 years now, my only regrets are the years I spent without knowing Him.

He's the reason we're here on this earth. Thanks for taking the time to read my story. It wasn't an "accident" I had that day because I truly believe God engineered the circumstances of that day & it wasn't an "accident" you came to read my testimony. I trust & pray that someday you'll know the God who puts eternity in the hearts of men; **"He has made everything beautiful in its time. He has also set eternity in the hearts of men; yet they cannot fathom what God has done from beginning to end"** [Ecc 3:11]

There's more to life – and Jesus came to give us an abundant life! He says, **"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly"** [John 10:10]