

Shock Treatment

(Back in Denver)

The date: March 5, 1994. At 2:30 a.m., a slow erratic heartbeat woke me. It had been years since I had one of those – related to a previous hyperthyroid problem. Yet, here it was again and in the middle of the night. I did some calisthenics in an effort to stabilize the heartbeat. Didn't help. Nor did I have any medication for it.

Bad timing, too. I was to leave for Vancouver (Canada) that same morning. Twenty-five Trans World Radio (TWR) promotional meetings and dinners were planned all over British Columbia and Alberta. Everything was in place. It would be too late to get another speaker.

At seven o'clock I told Betty about my problem. If I was to leave as scheduled, my heart would have to stabilize right away. We needed divine intervention. I was sitting in a high-backed soft chair in the family room. Betty sat on the couch. We prayed and committed my heart and my trip to the Lord.

After the prayer, my heart still had no regular rhythm. I felt I should stay seated a while longer and said so to Betty. She went upstairs. I sat in the chair a minute or two longer, as I felt compelled. When I began to lean forward to get up, the chair, with me still in it, suddenly fell backwards instead. It was as though unseen hands intentionally flipped the chair backwards. (Later, I purposely tried to push myself backwards in that chair to flip it, and couldn't.)

It wasn't easy to get up, although I was not hurt. I had fallen into a corner. As I lay there looking up at the ceiling, it struck me as being funny and I had a good laugh. And ...I felt good, normal. While still in that awkward position, I checked my pulse. No wonder I felt normal; I was! My regular heartbeat was back. The backward fall must have had the effect of a shock. We thanked the Lord for the unusual answer to prayer. A few minutes later, Betty drove me to the airport.

We had good meetings as I shared about TWR ministry expansion in Russia during the aftermath of glasnost and perestroika. There was no doubt in my mind that I was in Western Canada because the Lord wanted me there, thanks to his unorthodox ways and means. Don Anderson, TWR's Canadian representative at that time, told me later that in our meetings more money was raised than in similar sets of meetings in the past. God did it, because I am no fundraiser.

But it's never dull co-working with him, especially when he uses least likely people, taking care of them in least likely ways. ◇◇