

## **MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY**

### **PART TWO**

In part one I share my experience that landed me in the ER after ministering at Life Fellowship Foursquare Church in Yreka, Ca. on April 11, 2010. I take you from the racing heart problem that started in the second service to the drive home, the paramedics and firemen's arrival—a chaotic experience—the ambulance ride, near choking experience and hence part two of my story.

Arriving at Rogue Valley Medical Center, my emotions by this time were completely amok, and giving my heart a run for its money as to which was racing faster. And let me tell you, my heart was losing ground quickly; my emotions had jumped ahead by leaps and bounds. It's amazing how quickly fear ushers in negative thoughts. In the short time of entering the ER and being ushered down the hallway and into an examination room, I was struggling desperately to maintain my composure; jumping off the gurney and making a 50 yard dash out the ER doors was looking like a pretty good option. But before my thoughts could become actions, I was transferred to a bed, hooked up to an EKG machine, pumped with meds and the procedures began. Too late to escape now, I had to ride it out.

My daughter and granddaughter followed me into the room and were in the process of trying to calm me down. My pulse seemed to have a mind of its own; it decided to stay stuck in the cycle it was in and no amount of persuasion through meds were able to break the cycle. As the hours passed, it would drop back down close to the normal range, but when they thought it was stabilized, it jumped up in the 200s again.

Then my heart decided to make things more interesting; it started dropping drastically low, from the high 200's to low 30's and I knew I was in trouble. The first time my heart was racing and then hit 30, I thought I was going to die. Shelly, my granddaughter, was standing in the doorway when I let out a gasp and grabbed my chest, she yelled and nurses came running as they had seen the drop on the monitor. The doctor came running in and said, "Quick, disconnect the drip, her heart doesn't like the medicine!" It proceeded to drop several more times. It was a feeling that I hope to never experience again. Nothing seemed to be working; the change from high to low continued on and a decision was finally made to call in Dr. Eric Pena, the Cardiologist.

I felt totally overwhelmed. I had no control over my heart—over my body—over the whole situation! I had no warning—nothing! I was not prepared for this kind of an emergency. Far as I knew, my heart was in good shape. I had never experienced any heart problems before! It was one of those "coming out of left field" experiences. I remember thinking, "Lord, please don't take me now, my house is not in order—as I thought of all the things I had "put off" and the hardship it would put on my children,

especially my daughter Lorrie, who lived with me. It was all I could do to stay calm, to not panic, and yet slowly I felt the tears roll down my cheeks, as I wondered, “Where do I go from here? What is going to happen next? Am I going to live or die?” It was difficult to breathe; I wanted the elephant off my chest!

Dr. Pena came in, introduced himself, sat next to me on the bed and said, “Mrs. Kee, I have some questions for you.”

As we talked, it came out (Shelly tattled on me) that two week prior when coming home from another preaching engagement I had suffered a bout of confusion. I worked through it and didn't think any more about it, but Dr. Pena asked if I had called a doctor (which I hadn't) and then proceeded to tell me that I had suffered a mild stroke. I was shocked. Therefore, combined with the racing pulse, we needed to make some life changing decisions. The short of it was—I needed to have a pacemaker inserted, and he wanted to schedule it for tomorrow. He said the way my heart was acting, it could stop at any time. My options—have a pacemaker inserted tomorrow or face death which could happen at any moment.

I panicked! I struggled with the thought of something foreign in my body; I didn't want it done and I stubbornly resisted saying, “NO! NO! NO! I won't do it. I'll take my chances.”

His reply, “Mrs. Kee, if you don't agreed to have the pacemaker put in, I will have no choice. I will have to contact the DMV and have your driver's license pulled. You would be a threat to other drivers as your heart could stop at any given moment and cause an accident.”

Well, that did it! I was NOT going to surrender my driver's license. I wasn't going to stop driving, let alone stop riding my motorcycle. Lorrie told me later, that the minute he said he's have to pull my license and I couldn't ride my bike, she knew it was a “done deal!” that I would do it. (I love my motorcycle and yes, I am still riding!) Feeling forced into the decision, yet knowing there was no other way, I agreed to have the pacemaker surgery the following day. I do want to thank all of you who were praying for me because it was not a decision that came easily and I value the prayers of all for it helped me make the wiser decision and be able to follow it through.

The next morning as the surgery time drew closer; I struggled with conflicting thoughts and wished I didn't have to go through another surgery. But the die was cast, so to speak, and it was to be a done deal. As Dr. Pena explained the procedure, again I panicked! I have claustrophobia big time and only through the Lord's help have I been able to maintain through various seasons of my life. The thing is, he was explaining the procedure while they were doing it, drape a cloth partially over my face, tie down my hands and telling me that I would be awake through it all—although he would give me enough medicine to make me comfortable, I wouldn't feel any pain; I was screaming “bloody murder” inside! And yes, sure enough, I quickly tried to lift my hands—they didn't move—they were already tied down.

Now at this point, I had to make a quick decision. I could scream, fall apart, fight them, although I was already under the influence of the medicine, and try to get loose, OR I could invite the Lord into the situation and give it all to him. I chose the latter and instantly peace filled my very being. I said, “Here we go again, Lord, I’m just going to relax in You, pray in my heavenly language, recite scripture, talk to You, Jesus and to Joe, my departed husband of forty four years, for he is still the love of my life, and have my own praise and worship time. Together the Lord and I would work through this situation, too.

Throughout the procedure I could feel a hard pushing—a hammering in my chest, but it was tolerable. Periodically Dr. Pena would make a comment or ask a question. I would answer and then go back into my own little world; my worship time. It seemed to last a long time, yet passed quickly. I never once felt any pain.

When it was over, the doctor told my granddaughter that I was a very good patient, and I sure did like to talk. He said he gave me enough medicine that would have laid him out on the floor, but I just talked and prayed all the more. God is so good! He was with me through it all. The surgery was a success and the following day I went home from the hospital with my pacemaker in place and a new lease on life.

I still have days when the adjustments are easier than others, but for the most part, I am grateful to be alive and well and I am looking forward to visiting Ireland and Scotland in March/April of next year with my good friend, Nikki. My work for the Kingdom of God is not finished yet.

There is a part three to conclude this story. Two weeks prior to the ER visit, I was preaching when I had the mild stroke. The next time I preached, I had the pacemaker surgery, so when asked to preach on July 4th at Yreka—yes, fear raised its ugly head— read part three to see the loving and healing power of the great Sustainer, our Lord Jesus Christ to whom I give all glory and praise. Amen!