

MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

PART ONE

Sunday morning on the 11th of May, my friend Teresa and I left Medford and headed to Yreka, CA where I would be preaching at the Life Fellowship Foursquare church. It was a beautiful, crisp morning and our spirits were high in anticipation of a God blessed day with our church family.

Just before I preached the 9 am service, which was less than half full, Teresa handed me a note which read, *“Katie, you are preaching to a full house. I saw angles sitting in all the empty seats. Every seat is taken; it’s a full house girl, so preach your heart out! God is here!”*

“God is in the house,” I whispered as the worship team opened the second service.” His holy presence filled the sanctuary. And looking out over the congregation, their faces revealed that they too, were feeling the Father’s presence, His love, and His peace; hearts truly were being touched.

“Oh Father, what is Your heart for Your children today? How do You want me to minister in this second service. What would You have me share, as I felt the Lord was leading in a different direction and was changing the message? At this point, I noticed my heart was racing. It was hard to catch my breath. My heart pounded so hard it echoed in my ears. “Lord, what is happening here? Am I discerning a heart problem? Is someone here struggling with their heart that you want to heal?” Crazy as it may seem, I never once thought that it could be me having the heart problem.

Then it was time to preach and as I stood behind the pulpit, the Lord said to open my bible, turn to Psalm 34 and preach it verse by verse. I was not prepared for this; I had no notes—nothing, so I told the congregation that this morning the Holy Spirit would preach the message, and I would simple be the vessel He would speak from. At the close of the message, people came for prayer and I thought, “Yes, God is certainly in the house today and hearts have been touched and changed!” I felt humbled in spirit by His presence and awed in His love for this precious Body of Christ. It was an incredible Sunday service.

Pastor Jim and Aaron, his son, took Teresa and me out for lunch. Teresa commented that I was looking quite pale and not acting up to par. I told her that I was feeling extremely tired and told her that I would have her drive home so I could rest. I was pretty quiet during lunch and preferred to listen rather than enter into the conversation; which was unlike my normal behavior.

On the way home, I was still struggling with the racing heart and then I started feeling dizzy. I knew something was going on in my body that wasn’t right. Arriving home, Teresa left and I told my daughter Lorrie that I was going to lie down as I didn’t feel well. I was too uncomfortable, so I decided to get up

and take my blood pressure. The blood pressure was in the normal range, but my pulse was racing at 151 and I decided to call the doctor, who suggested I call 911 and have them come check me out.

I waited in the living room for the ambulance and paramedics to arrive, and I tried to calm the panic building up within me, as I told the Lord that my heart belonged to abba daddy; He would take care of me. The door bell rang and suddenly my living room filled up with black clad men and women toting equipment in both hands. As the sixth person entered and closed the door behind him, I was, at this point, totally overwhelmed. Two or even three people, I could handle, but six all at once; it was way too much!

Two men knelt on either side of me and both intermittently proceed to try and hook me up to an IV. My veins were not being cooperative; they kept pulling a disappearing act. Finally, they got a line going on the left side which panicked me, as due to breast cancer and a mastectomy, I was not supposed to have any blood pressures taken or IV's inserted on the left side, but there the IV staring up at me and it was a go! I tried not to look at it or think about it.

Looking for my daughter, who was semi-hidden in the background, our eyes connected and panic was evident in both of us by now. I found out later that three paramedics and three firefighters had responded, which was great, but six at a time was very unsettling, especially as they seem to be throwing out suggestion and comments that to me, seemed somewhat chaotic. I felt that someone needed to take charge and bring it all together, which one finally did, but at that point, I was losing it big time. I'm usually in control of my emotions and the environment around me, but there was nothing comforting about this whole situation. It was difficult to maintain my composure.

Finally I was ready to be transported to the hospital, placed on the gurney and headed out the front door with Lorrie shouting, "Don't worry mom, I'll be right behind you!"

I was hooked up to oxygen, my IV attended to and vital signs monitored as we rolled along. The attending paramedic kept a close eye on me and tried to set my mind at ease as he shared each procedure he was doing. I know it was a short ride, but it seemed like it took us forever to arrive at RVMC. Although my IV site ached and when I touched it I could tell it was bleeding, but all in all the trip to the hospital was rather uneventful, that is until they got ready to take me out of the ambulance.

Once there they prepared to unload me and turn me over to the ER medical staff. But my stress was not to end with arriving at the final destination. They opened the ambulance door and proceeded to lower me to the ground. Suddenly I was being choked and realizing what was happening, I grabbed for the oxygen tubes that was slowly tightening around my throat the closer I got to the ground and I hung on for dear life. The oxygen tank was still hooked up inside the ambulance; it hadn't been set on my gurney to make the trip with me and I was literally being strangled. I 'm hollering at the top of my voice, "WAIT!

WAIT! YOU CHOKING ME! I'M STILL CONNECTED! STOP! STOP!" I will have to say that I felt somewhat sorry for the two attendances as they were mortified when they realized what was happening, and amidst profuse apologies quickly raised me up in order to stop the choking and untangle the tubing.

I started laughing and yes, my laughter was edged with hysteria. But, I had to admit, the whole situation from the door bell ringing to being wheeled into the ER area where I saw the nursing staff and doctor waiting for me was a story worth telling. It was already swirling around in my mind, as humor was laced throughout the experience. (Can anyone out there reading this account, relate???)

I quickly sent a silent prayer to my Father above to take care of me, "Please Lord, no more surprises! Enough is enough!" I didn't have a clue what experiences I would encounter in the ER, but I felt my journey was far from being over; truer words were never spoken, but that's part two of MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY!