Twitter Thread by TheSharpEdge

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Do y'all mind if I share a personal story about my faith and witnessing a miracle?

It's a pretty amazing story. So I hope you stick around to the end.

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Years ago, while on a family snowboarding trip, my mom came down with a cold. By the time the trip was over, it had gotten worse. Hours after we flew home from the trip, my mom was admitted into the hospital. In less than 24 hours, she would be in ICU on life support.

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A sickness had taken over her body and started shutting down her organs. Weeks went by with my mom's life hanging by a thread. It was such a delicate balance between medications to keep her alive and fight the illness. The doctors and nurses did an amazing job. True heroes.

3/13

Eventually, the doctors came to the conclusion that they'd tried everything they knew, but my family wasn't ready to give up the fight. We stood strong and pushed forward, holding out hope for a miracle.

4/13

So the doctors kept fighting to save her. Many days had passed with my mom under sedation and other heavy medications. At this point, the cure was almost as deadly as the illness. They took her off the sedation, but my mom never woke up. She was in a coma.

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They ran all kinds of tests on her brain. The results weren't good. They told us that if she ever woke up from her coma, she wouldn't be the same. She was severely brain damaged. If she survived, her quality of life would be drastically lower. She'd need care for every basic need

The doctors presented my family with a choice to discontinue life support. Hardest decision my family ever had to make, but we didn't want my mom to suffer anymore. (I always get choked up at this point in the story). We decided to pull the plug.

7/13

That night, when my family gathered together, it was like a funeral. We were already mourning the loss, even though we weren't pulling the plug til the next morning. My dad handed out a few pieces of jewelry and treasures that were dear to my mom, but I wouldn't accept.

8/13

I wasn't ready to stop fighting. I wasn't ready to give up faith. There was still time to pray for a miracle. The next morning my dad went into the ICU to say his last goodbye, 30 minutes before we were scheduled to pull the plug. We waited outside somberly.

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Just a few minutes passed before my dad returned. He was laughing and smiling. "She's awake!" he shouted. I was in shock and disbelief. At that moment, we didn't care about the ICU rules. We ran down the hall to my mom's room. There she was...awake and NOT brain damaged.

10/13

When all hope was lost, when everyone including the experts said there was nothing more that could be done, minutes before we were ready to pull the plug, my mom defied all odds. It was nothing short of miraculous. I can't explain it other than to say that miracles do happen.

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That day changed my life forever. I learned to never give up my faith, to never stop fighting the good fight, and to never, ever question the will of God.

In short, I learned to trust His plan. This lesson has served me well.

12/13

I hope my testimony reaches someone out there who needed to hear this today.

Much love to you all. God bless.

13/13