

## The Greatest Miracle In My Life

After suffering a stroke at 54 years old, I was afraid that my life was nearing the end. Many different kinds of doctors had to perform tests on my brain, my circulatory system, my legs and my heart just to find out what caused the stroke. I had to begin a slow recovery period to relearn many things.

I had to learn how to walk without dragging my right leg and tripping and falling. I had to learn to talk in full sentences. I even had to learn many of the words that had been stored in my brain for years. Being right handed, I found I couldn't write or type the way I had before the stroke and I sure couldn't carry anything in my right hand. The feeling was even gone in my right side so I couldn't tell if the water was too hot when I washed my hands.

Even though there were so many things that I could not do as I once had done them, I was very fortunate that I had lived. Now, all I had to do was be patient while the doctors determined what had caused the stroke. After weeks of testing and having different conditions ruled out, it looked like there might not be a reason why I should've had a stroke in the left side of my brain.

I just kept my faith, gave thanks for being alive, and remained patient as all the tests were performed. In having a cardiac procedure done, it was discovered that I had a congenital heart defect called an Atrium Septal Defect, or ASD. That meant I had a hole in my heart since I was born. The doctors were amazed that it had not been discovered earlier and that I had not had any problems until I was 54. It was determined that I needed open heart surgery to correct the defect.

Two days before my 55th birthday, I was admitted to the hospital to have the open heart surgery performed. I was extremely fortunate to have a surgeon who could do the surgery through a small incision in my side rather than opening my chest. That in itself was a miracle but I continued to give thanks and praise God for watching over me and keeping me safe, and asked for another miracle as I went under for the surgery.

I told my surgeon and his staff that God was with me and with them as they performed the delicate, involved surgery. As I was put under anesthesia, I felt a calmness knowing that I was in God's care. Hours later I woke up and realized that things had gone exactly the way the surgeon had expected and I was going to be just fine. My doctors all thought it was a miracle that I had not had any health problems or illnesses due to the hole in my heart. But after surgery, it became clear how big a miracle it was when I discovered my surgeon had found a second hole and repaired it at the same time.

I am now fully recovered with only minimal effects of the stroke or the surgery. I can feel hot temperatures, remember and use words, walk without tripping and don't have any trouble talking. Two days after surgery, I was up walking. The doctors said that my faith was as important to my healing as they were to fixing my ailment. The miracle of healing my mind and body is probably the greatest miracle a person could ever have and the chance to continue living life is the greatest miracle in the world.

### About the Author

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