

## **Robin – (God's Perfect Peace)**

The first thing that you need to know about me is that I panic about everything and am a worrywart. God gave me a peace that passes all understanding.

In late fall of 2003, my pulmonologist suggested that I have a gastric bypass because of my breathing. I spoke to my primary care physician and he agreed to send me to Pittsburgh to speak to the team of doctors there. I was a good candidate and tests were started. In June all the tests had been run and we waited for the insurance to give the final approval. We got the call that I was approved and that the scheduling would be in July. In early July we were given the date of July 28<sup>th</sup> for the procedure.

In the meantime my daughter was scheduled to travel with the youth to Arizona. She had never been on a plane before and she was leaving the day before my surgery. She wanted to cancel her trip but we told her no. If things went well I would be here to see her when she got home and she could only sit around and wait during the procedure. If things didn't go well they would let her know and we promised to keep in touch with her.

I had spoken to the team of pastors at the church and they had been praying and the staff that was going with my daughter knew about what was going on while she was gone.

We always have a big Christmas in July celebration for family and friends, so on July 25 we continued our tradition. To this point we had told no one about the surgery. As friends left, we spoke to them on the side and told them about what was going to happen and asked them to pray. It was also a goodbye in case things didn't work out well; we didn't want anyone to be shocked if they heard the news later that I didn't make it.

Tuesday arrived...the hospital was to call today to give me the surgery time and the youth were to leave for their trip. We loaded up our daughter and went to the church. Everyone gathered for prayer and the kids loaded the bus. I had no fears about this trip, I didn't know if I would see her again but I knew, I was given that peace that she would be safe. I went home and eventually the phone rang and it was the hospital telling me to be there at 5:30 a.m. Again I had no fear. When the doctor called to see how I was doing I told him that I was fine, I wasn't nervous and I was good. When Pastor Dick called to pray with me on Tuesday night I still had such a peace.

As we drove to the hospital on Wednesday morning, my two sisters and my husband were so nervous and scared, you could hear it in their voices and see it in their faces. But I had God's Perfect Peace.

God has so blessed me and for an entire week He helped me have very little pain and a peace that truly passes all understanding. To have what I call God's Perfect Peace is the most wonderful feeling that I have ever or will ever experience in this life. Words don't describe it; it is something you truly have to experience for yourself. When people say how good I look, I tell them that I did nothing, God truly has blessed me and it is all because of Him.