

# Sometimes a Miracle Cometh Part 2

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This is my testimony I owe my life, my love, my heart, my soul to God. This is the second miracle I witnessed in my life.



Published on  
**Booksie**

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I worked for several years in a dialysis unit. A dialysis unit is the place where people go when their kidneys stop functioning. If they do not take the treatments their bodies are poisoned by the waste it can't pass and those people die. The treatments vary most of the time patients run for 3 to 4 hours, three times a week. The patients are attached to a machine and their blood is filtered. It is not a pleasant treatment and it can be painful.

The story I am about to tell you is true. I cannot reveal names, but I can give details.

One such patient was a young boy. When I first met him he was twelve years old. He had been on dialysis the better part of his life. His kidneys were not working from birth. The physicians informed his mother that he would die and not survive. Treatment was started and the baby no one believed would live, did live. He went through two kidney transplant over a course of several years, but the condition he was born with destroyed the donor kidneys.

He was the brightest star in God's crown. He had the faith and kindness that I envy. He always had a smile, a kind word, and the wonder which only children possess. He was not a normal child. He grew old quickly and he was very wise for his age.

I spent five years with him. He went through numerous surgeries and serious complications, yet he took it all in stride. I do not think given the circumstances I could have done as well.

He taught me how to play cards and I actually got pretty good at some of his video games. Each day I saw him he looked more haggard, but he accepted what was tossed at him and went on.

Only once toward the end of his life I did hear him ask, "Why?"

The fact that a baby with no hope of survival, did survive is a miracle unto itself, but for him to reach manhood and hold true to his faith is the real miracle. I have never experienced the pain and suffering he underwent and I ask God "Why?" rather frequently.

He is with God now and I know he is waving at me with that smile I came to love. You might not perceive this to be a true miracle, but I beg to differ. He lived to be eighteen years old and touched the hearts of so many people when in fact he shouldn't have lived past birth. If that isn't a miracle then tell me what is.

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