

Hope Flourished

"Baby, I'm so proud of you." My husband's voice interrupted my prayers as I waited for the biopsy to begin. I peeked over at him with surprise and asked what he meant. He said, "The biopsy is over and you never even flinched!" I was stunned. As I lay there enveloped in the Lord's presence, I had not heard the doctor come into the room or felt anything at all. I arrived at the appointment hoping the mammogram results were false and though the biopsy confirmed the malignancy, I walked out of that visit with a new sense of hope for physical healing and a blossoming relationship with my savior.

Throughout my battle with cancer, the Lord was with me, giving me just enough strength to face each challenge. My faith continued to grow as He faithfully showered me with grace. Shortly after completing treatments, I was asked to give my testimony at our church choir event. Having never done so in front of a crowd, I was apprehensive. My heart was pounding as I took the microphone but the Holy Spirit quickly took over as I began to speak. I have very little recollection of what I said that day, except for one thing. I remember declaring, "I know that no matter what cancer does to my body, I'm going to be okay, because God loves me so much that He sent His one and only Son to die for me so that I would have eternal life, forgiven of my sins and free of sickness." I walked off the stage with a changed heart and new understanding of eternal hope.

Cancer was the hardest season of my life. Looking back, I see that as I clung to hope for physical healing, Jesus was teaching me to have joy in suffering (1Peter 1:6), praise him in all circumstances (Psalm 34:1), and trust Him for every need (Isaiah 41:10). The spiritual healing I received enabled me to embrace the true meaning of hope and find purpose in my pain.