

# God Met Me in the Valley of Death

## My Testimony:

I shouldn't be alive. I shouldn't be walking, and I shouldn't be talking. And I certainly shouldn't be speaking the word of God. But I stand before you today as living proof of God's mercy, His power, and His love. I once walked closely with the Lord. I can say my life was absolutely full, I had an awesome marriage, a great career, a loving family, and a blessed home. But, somehow, some way, somewhere, I drifted. Slowly, not suddenly. I turned my back on God, and in due time, I lost absolutely everything, my family, my marriage, my career, and most important, my identity and all my joy and peace.

To be perfectly honest with you, I didn't really know how to deal with that kind of pain. So, I turned to alcohol, it seemed like a good choice. I started this just to wind down in the evenings, and that soon became a crutch. And the crutch quickly became a chain. For years I drank over a gallon of wine every single day. I know it sounds crazy, but my body wouldn't function without it. When alcohol wasn't enough alcohol, I added cocaine to the party just to survive. I wasn't living anymore at all; I was simply dying one drink at a time. Eventually my body collapsed under the weight of my very poor choices. I suffered four seizures, four strokes, and two massive brain bleeds. I also underwent two brain surgeries. I spent five days in the ER, thirty-five days in the ICU, seven of those days I spent in a coma. Three separate times death tried to stake claim on me. The doctors told my family that even if by some miracle I do live, I would certainly not ever walk again or talk again.

## **But they didn't know what God had planned.**

Because in that coma when I had no strength left at all, when I was closer to death than I was life, God himself paid me a visit. I can't fully explain it because it wouldn't do it justice. All I know is the moment was real. He is real and alive. He put His hand on me. He spoke to me, and He said, I did not hurt you, my son. I'm proud of you. Keep fighting. That moment changed everything. His words carried me where medicine could not. His touch restored what no surgery could repair. His presence brought me back to life.

When the doctors said I wouldn't live, here I am. When the doctors said I would never walk again, here I am, walking. When the doctors said I would never talk again, here I am talking, and not just talking but speaking God's word. That wrecked the enemy's plan for sure. What man declared as impossible over my life, God made possible. When man said I was done, God simply said, I'm not. And because of that, today I am a walking, talking, breathing miracle. But far beyond that, I'm a child of God saved and restored by His grace. Truly my story isn't about how far I fell, but about how far His love reached to bring me back. So, I ask you one thing. If you hear nothing else at all from me, please hear this. There is no addiction too strong, no stroke too final, no coma too deep, and no pit too deep and too dark for the power of God. If He can reach into my deathbed and call me His son, He can reach into your situation and call you His too.

You know, I lost absolutely everything in my life when I drifted away from God, but I gained far more than this world could ever imagine when I returned. I shouldn't be alive, I shouldn't be walking, I shouldn't be talking, but here I stand, a living miracle, all by the grace of God. If God could save me, He can save you. If God could restore me, He can restore you. No addiction, pit, or chain is beyond God's power. I'm proof of that.

Today I walk, I talk, and I preach because of His mercy. And the same God that touched me in that hospital room, can touch you right now wherever you are. So, I will leave you with this. God is real. God still heals. God still delivers. God still saves. And if He can do it for me, He can do it for you. I truly hope this blesses you in some way and maybe see your day a little different today. I hope you have an amazing day. God's Love.