

# IN GOD'S SHADOW

*"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High  
shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."*

Psalms 91:1

## Foreward

Whenever God visits, things change. Sickness is changed to health, fear is changed to faith, division is changed to unity, and confusion and strife are changed to knowledge and peace. Here is a story of God's visit to Brother Billy Mellick, and how things changed for him.

John D. Clark, Sr.



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## Preface

On Saturday night, September 12, 2009, Pastor John Clark was visiting from North Carolina. He was gathering with the saints of God at an electrical hall that was rented, off of Poplar Level Road in Louisville, KY. That night, God moved a kidney stone that He had prepared for me, which would save my life. However, this story of God did not begin that night, but many months before, and as the Spirit of Christ explained to me ever so lovingly during one of these experiences, “This is not about you, but this is about the body of Christ.”

As you read these factual accounts of my experiences, my prayer is that you, too, will see that this was not about me, but about God’s body, no matter if His body was near or far away, and that you will better understand how patient, loving, and merciful is our Father and His son, Jesus.

I never felt alone or helpless during these trials of my faith. My only prayer was, and still is, “God, how do I touch you where you, hear my cries for help?” I felt Jesus was always close to me during the time of my illness (I still feel this way) while I underwent three surgical procedures and six hospital visits in two weeks, four times being admitted. But, through humility and lowliness, Jesus was teaching me how to “touch the hem of his garment”, and stay *In God’s Shadow*.

Billy Mellick, Jr.

*“How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore,  
the children of men put their trust under the  
shadow of thy wings.”*  
Psalms 36:7



## IN GOD'S SHADOW



Billy Mellick with John D. Clark, Sr.





# The Question

June 6

Every opportunity I get to go to North Carolina to gather with God's people and worship Jesus and his Father is an honor. I love the testimonies, songs, and especially the teaching from Pastor John. Every time I return home, I have taken to heart those things from God that He gives freely to His people, which I have seen and heard, and apply them to my life. My family and I have benefited from them all.

On June 6<sup>th</sup>, 2009 Brother Rob Nelson was playing a song from a CD by Pastor John. The feelings from that song flowed through Pastor John's basement, and just about everyone in the room was wiping their eyes from those tender, comforting feelings of the holy Ghost.

I saw Sister Sheila Durham sitting in a chair as she was just being overtaken by the love of God in that song, as well as most of the rest of the saints of God there, along with me. I went over to just pray for her and felt as though Sheila and I were "one in Spirit". The more the song was played, the more of the love of Jesus I felt for Sister Sheila. She was feeling the love of God, too. Sheila kept saying, "I think they're trying to kill me by playing that song."

As we were feeling those precious moments Jesus was giving, I heard a question by the Spirit in my heart: "What is important?" Immediately, I knew what the answer was. The most important thing on this planet is what God gives, what was happening to us at that moment. Those feelings at Pastor John's house that night were the most important things on earth for any of us who were there. They are not given to everyone, and it is a very special gift from God to receive them.

Afterwards, nine-year-old Joseph Satterwhite came over to me and gave me one of the best hugs I have ever had. You could feel the love of God from him. Later, Kaylie Crum came over and did the very same thing. I have had hugs from both of them before, but these hugs went into my heart. I felt the love of God flowing through them, to me, and back to them.

I pondered on what had just happened, and understood that children have to feel safe for them to come to an adult and express that kind of love to them; they have to feel trust and sincerity for them to give themselves (share their feelings) to another person. I pray I will always be the kind of person that children don't fear to approach.

I work very hard, take care of my family, and love those things God has placed in my life, but the most important thing in the world is to be able to receive those blessings from above that God gives to purify a heart. You can be anywhere in the world, and still the question is, "What is important?" It wouldn't be very long before I would learn to lean on the One who spoke that question in my heart many, many times: my Master, Jesus.



*Joseph Satterwhite*

# The Hewitts

September 4-6

My wife, Judy, and I went to North Carolina during the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend of 2009. We had a wonderful time in the Lord and looked forward to returning when we could be with God's people again. The next time Judy and I returned to North Carolina was the Labor Day weekend, with my son, Jeremy and my daughter-in-law (whom I love), Brittany. The Hewitt family from Georgia was going to be there, along with a large contingent of God's people from Louisville, KY. The Hewitts found Pastor John from one of his websites, and my anticipation of meeting more of my family in Jesus was great. It is what I live for.

Saturday, September 5<sup>th</sup>, was just a repeat of the Spirit falling on God's people from the morning and night before. The Hewitts had never felt such freedom to praise the Lord and feel the presence of God moving from person to person. They were at liberty to be free in the Spirit without any hindrance. Hearts were made new and restored, a brother and sister were reunited, and Jesus was getting honor and praise, while all along "broken reeds" were straightened by the mercy of God.

As the Spirit was moving on the Hewitt family, people were rising from their chairs and gathering around them (one reason we call it a gathering). The power of God was falling on each of them while the saints were praying, and the ones who could not get as close as others were praying for them where we could.

My son, Jeremy, came over to me, and I put my arms around him and was praying for him. I told him, "When, you come here (Pastor John's house), you will never be the same. You will leave either better than you came or worse, but you will not stay the same." Then Jeremy fell to his hands and knees on the floor and started speaking in tongues

and praising God. It is a precious thing to see the Spirit of God moving on your children.

People were still praying for the Hewitts, while Pastor John was singing and playing a song he had written, “Let Me Follow Him”. It’s hard to put into words the depth of love that can go into a human heart from God, but it was going ever deeper into my soul from the song Pastor John was playing.

Brother Rob Nelson, who was standing behind me, put his hands on my shoulder and started praying for me. What love I felt! In the Spirit, Brother Rob kept saying to me softly, “Rest . . . rest . . . rest.” For months, I had been very tired, but soon I would find out there was more than fatigue behind the way I had been feeling.

As Pastor John was singing the same song, he got to the chorus, “Let me follow Him.” I started praying, “Lord, let me follow you; please lead me.” Brother Rob was still praying for me, and I remember saying to Jesus, “I’m so tired and worn out; Jesus, I’m at the point of exhaustion. Will you please help me?” At that point, I went from asking with my mouth, and started praying with my heart with moanings and tears. It was beyond human speech and passed speaking in tongues in the Spirit. It was a place of total rest. I had rest from my mind, and my body.

After some time like that, I felt God had heard my prayers, though I didn’t really know what I was praying for. But Jesus knew. Jesus had known all along what I needed to pray for, and just a week or two later, that prayer that day would come back to my remembrance, “Lord, let me follow you; please lead me.”



*Rob and Donna Nelson*

*Photo is from the recording room at Pastor John's house.*

*Notice the past projects that Rob has been involved with, on the wall.*



# The Electrical Hall

September 12

Saturday, September 12<sup>th</sup>, started out as another normal day. Nothing out of the ordinary happened; we were preparing for that evening to meet with God's people at the electrical hall Pastor John had rented.

That evening as Pastor John was speaking, I began to feel an uncomfortable pressure in my side and belly; I thought it might have been indigestion from something I had eaten earlier. The pain kept getting worse, and I went to the restroom to get relief, but the pain in my side and back kept growing. I came back into the room and sat back down where I had been.

As time passed, the pain was getting more severe. I was starting to sweat and get chills. Still, I thought I had some kind of indigestion, and I returned to the restroom. Now, I was in so much pain that I prayed for help. At the moment I prayed, I heard a knock at the men's bathroom door, composed myself, and opened the door. When I opened the door, it was my wife Judy. There is a women's restroom, so I could not understand why she would be at this one, but Jesus did. He had heard my prayer for help.

I told Judy, "I feel really bad; please go get Amy (French)." Amy is a nurse, and I thought she may have seen this before and would know what to do. I was just outside the restroom and Amy came back. I asked her, "Do you know what is happening?" She said, "It could be your appendix or a kidney stone that was moving, but let's go in where we (God's people) can pray for you."

As we went in, Pastor John was praying for Sister Natalie Embry. I did not want to interrupt, so I sat down in my chair waiting a turn where Pastor John could pray for me also. The pain was beginning to be

unbearable, and Judy said, “We need to get you to a hospital.” In my heart, at that moment, I felt that this was somehow connected to the body of Christ, and as I learned later, Pastor John was feeling the same things. He actually told the people before he left that my situation was for the body of Christ.

I moved back by the entrance door and sat in a chair where God’s people gathered around and started praying for me. The pain was growing! Sister Betty Pittman came over and laid her hands on me, and a real peace of God fell on my head and started moving down to my right side. That prayer comforted me enough to where I calmed down. Pastor John came back to where I was and prayed for me, too. A love of God filled my heart and great relief helped me.

The pressure and pain was throbbing, and Judy said, “I’m taking you to the hospital.” Audubon Hospital was just a few miles north of where we were gathering, and on the same street, Poplar Level Road. In just a few seconds, I was up and moving towards the car. Brother Tom Traughber helped me to the car and rode with Judy and me. Brother Tom’s comfort and encouragement helped Judy and me (especially Judy’s driving). It is wonderful to have a family in God that really knows how to help.



*Suzi & Tom Traughber with Amy French (daughter) & Richard French (son-in-law)*



Judy drove to the ER and parked, while Brother Tom helped me in. I was in so much pain that I was moved to the “front of the line.” The ER doctor performed an examination and decided to do a CT scan of my pelvic area. I was under medication by then and was able to lie still without much pain.

The ER doctor came back with the news from the CT scan. He said, “I have good news and bad news. The good news is you have a 2.5 mm kidney stone and five other real small kidney stones. The bad news is, the CT scan showed a mass on your right kidney that is 3.5 x 5 cm, and it doesn’t look very good.” He went on explaining, “Mr. Mellick, that kidney stone has just saved your life.”

The doctor was getting ready to leave his shift, but told us that he was going to stay and see this through. He called an Urologist and gave us his business card. The doctor explained to the Urologist my situation, and the doctor also gave Judy and me an assurance that he was the best person for the job. Later, I would find out firsthand how true this statement would be.

A lot of my family in God was sitting in the waiting room, waiting for any kind of news from the ER. Judy had been running back and forth to the ER waiting room to give them the information updates as they happened. After the news about my kidney stone and the mass on my kidney, I asked Judy to send Pastor John back. By this time, it was well into the morning hours of the next day.

Pastor John came in, and he embraced me and started quietly praying for me in the Spirit. There was calm in his voice that was so soothing that it just flooded my heart (Judy and I were both in somewhat of a shock from the news about this mass on my kidney). After we prayed, I told Pastor John, “God had sent me a blessed (!) kidney stone.” If this mass on my kidney was not exposed by the kidney stone, according to the ER doctor, this cancer that was now detected would be throughout my body and take my life in two or three years. But I know that life and death are in the hands of Jesus, for his Father gave him the keys of life and death. I was, in God’s hands. I felt in my heart that if God had sent the kidney stone, he was able to see this

thing completely through, and although Judy and I were numb from the news (for life for us, as we knew it, was going to change), I had faith that Jesus would be there all of the way.

Hours were going by, and I knew people had been waiting for the news of what was going on with me. I told Pastor John to send everyone home. The hospital was going to keep me overnight and there was no need for anyone to stay any longer. We said our goodbyes, and Pastor John left Judy and me.

Nothing major that night happened. I was in my room, and I reflected over the scenes of the night. My body was so exhausted from the ordeal of the kidney stone that moved, that I fell asleep with my wife by my side. Jesus had told me when I met Judy, "When things get tough, she will not leave you." Judy and I had been through many trials in 30 years of marriage. I didn't know it then, but this was just the "beginning of sorrows" that Jesus would take us through together.

# Battening Down the Hatches

September 13 – October 1

Monday, on September 14<sup>th</sup>, sometime during the day, I finally passed the kidney stone. It was 2.5 mm in size, and it's simply amazing how much pain something that small can produce. Sister Margo Ellis, had just been through an ordeal like this, and her kidney stone was 5 mm in size. I can't imagine how much pain she must have gone through. It made me very humble, knowing if my pain was that severe, then what she had gone through had to be at least double.

On Wednesday, September 16<sup>th</sup>, I made an appointment to see my Urologist, Dr. Uhlenhuth (pronounced, OO LIN HOOT). He is a very happy and upbeat doctor. He comes into the room singing and smiling. Jesus could not have matched me with a better doctor. He was kind, passionate, and to the point about the procedure he needed to do. By talking with him, you knew he was very experienced in his field of expertise. As time passed, I learned to trust him, and lean on him. My life would depend on it.

Dr. U (as we call him) explained to Judy and me the procedure he needed to do to remove this mass on my right kidney. He would go into my right side, spread and/or remove one of my ribs, then take out only the part of my kidney that was infected. I can't speak for Judy (though she looked shocked), but I wasn't afraid. Again, I knew if Jesus sent this kidney stone to expose the mass, then he was capable of finishing the job of healing my body.

I was trying to find some knowledge about this procedure, so I looked it up on the Internet and read about it. I had a thought, "Lord, if you have Dr. U remove one of my ribs, please don't make another woman with it! Remember the last time." I chuckled, but faced with the reality of the surgery, I sobered up very quickly. Then I prayed, "But if you make women like Sister Willie, Aunt Betty, Sister Donna, Sister

Barbara, my wife, and many others like the women in our gatherings, then please take it (the rib).” Over the next few months, even though my marriage with Judy was wonderful and blessed, God was going to take that love we had for each other to the next level. I know without any doubt that my love, Judy, is my rib that God created just for me, just as Pastor John said he felt Sister Barbara go into his side when Jesus joined them together.

Later, through blood work and further testing, the lab determined that this mass on my kidney was cancerous and that it was in the center of the kidney, which is in a very tricky position to have to remove the tumor without removing the whole kidney. The mass, according to Dr. U, had blood vessels feeding it, which was stealing the life from my body and growing. Dr. U stated that if it wasn't for the kidney stone that caused me to get the CT scan at the ER, in two or three years, the cancer would be in other major organs and my lymph nodes; it would have also spread to my bones until it was too late to treat me. Thank Jesus the cancer was contained! Dr. U asked me what we wanted to do. He suggested that we move as fast as possible. Judy and I both agreed. When we left the doctor's office, Judy and I were quiet, but very thankful. We drove home and soberly rehearsed the words of my new friend, Dr. U, to our family at Pastor John's house.

From September 16<sup>th</sup> to October 1<sup>st</sup>, life went along very smoothly. God had granted me enough time to prepare my house for the upcoming winter months. In just a short while, I wouldn't so much as be able to put on my shoes and tie them. We picked up leaves, cut grass, and enjoyed each other. It was a very pleasant time with Judy and we just enjoyed spending time together. We loved riding in our Jeep with a good cup of coffee from our favorite place in LaGrange, KY, Karen's Book Barn, and enjoyed our grandchildren. We went through pre-op appointments, made sure all of our insurance people were contacted, and confirmed how much time I had with work: sick days, vacation days, and short term disability. By the time it was over, God had granted me enough time and benefits to get me through with just a few hours of vacation days left.

As the time drew nearer for the operation, we both felt the seriousness of the surgery to come. Judy and I began to know each other even more, and we could feel one another's feelings. I could tell when she was concerned or scared, and she knew how I felt. You can become "one" so much, that you really don't have to say a word to each other. A couple of weeks later, Judy and I found that statement to be truer than ever.



# The Surgery

October 2

Judy and I woke up on the day of our surgery just like any other day. However, we both were somewhat quiet and to ourselves. I knew Judy was praying silently, as well as I did. After we had taken showers and dressed, we both looked at each other eye-to-eye, and the love of God fell down on each of us at the same time as we embraced each other. We both knew that unless God and His Son would show up, that there was a good possibility that something complicated could happen during the surgery or that I might not wake up from the anesthesia. So, Judy and I both were praying that we would be able to embrace each other again afterwards.

If you have had surgery, then you know what happens next. I signed in, waited for my name to be called, then went back to pre-op where I was prepared for the surgery. There were some of my family in the Lord in the waiting room sitting with Judy: Donna Crum and her daughter Kaylie, Tom and Suzi Traughber, Aunt Dot, Junior and Natalie Embry, my son, Jeremy, and his wife, Brittany, and Sheila Durham, Sister Gwen Robinson, along with my biological sister, Allison, and my step-father, Keith Salls, with Judy's brother, Jimmy Williams, and his wife, Sherri, not to mention the calls and texts Judy received from God's people everywhere.

The last thing I remembered, before being taken to the operating room, was looking into Judy's beautiful green eyes, and asking God, "Please let me see them again." After we kissed, I was transported to the operating room.

I felt very lonely, but I knew I wasn't alone. I mean I didn't have any family or friends there to comfort me in the pre-op room. The only thing I had was the comfort of Jesus. I knew in my heart that Jesus sent this kidney stone to save my life from this cancer that had been exposed

by it. I was not afraid. I fully trusted Jesus for my life. As Brother Earl Pittman prayed when he was going through a life and death crisis, “Lord, if I live, I am yours, or if I die, I am yours.”

Meanwhile, in the waiting room, Judy was being comforted by God’s people that were sent to her. Even though there were people around her that day, Judy later told me she was very concerned and apprehensive about my surgery. I am sure she wanted to see my eyes again, too.

The surgery was to take three hours, according to Dr. U, but after three hours, I was still in the operating room. As you can imagine, Judy was really getting worried that there might have been complications during the surgery. The only thing that can help you in times like this is the comfort of the holy Ghost. I learned to lean on that comfort during my weeks of recovery.

The nurse came to Judy and told her that the surgery was a success. I had lost very little blood, and Dr. U had only to remove just 10% of my infected right kidney. The cancer was contained and there was no need for chemotherapy and/or radiation. There were blood vessels that had attached to the cancer, and the cancer was in the center of the kidney. It was a very tricky operation, but God had guided my surgeon’s hands, and the operation had gone basically according to plan. We serve a good God!

I was awakened in the post-op recovery room. When I saw my sweet Judy’s eyes, I was the most thankful person on the planet. It’s hard to explain the joy I felt in my heart. Seeing her smile was reason enough to be awakened. I appreciate everyone who came and all the phone calls that helped Judy during this operation. God’s love is truly shed in our hearts by the holy Ghost. Next, it was off to my hospital room.

The hospital room was a semi-private room that had another occupant in the bed closest to the door; mine was by the window. The room was very small and cramped! It was very hard to maneuver to get in and out, and with the other occupant, it was virtually impossible to



be considerate of each other. I told Judy, humorously, “You have to go out in the hallway if you want to change your mind.” But, Jesus had taken care of me during the surgery, and I knew he would continue to see me through it all.

The first nurse that God sent to take care of me was named, Nurse Gore. That was her real name. I said in my heart, “uh-oh.” I didn’t know anything; God gave me the best nurse in the world to get me moving, somewhat under my own power. She had a straightforward and no-nonsense type of personality. By the end of her shift, Nurse Gore had me standing up and walking. She also helped me understand that I could bear more pain in my body than I thought I could. A couple of weeks later that thought would be put to the test.



*Judy and Billy*



# Happy Birthday to Me

October 3

October 3<sup>rd</sup> is my birthday, and as I have stated earlier, the semi-private hospital room was very small. If you throw in two occupants, nurses, doctors, and visitors, then the room is “bumper to bumper” with people and equipment. Judy and I were doing our best to be considerate with the other occupant, a young man who was having stomach trouble with his intestines, but it was impossible. With two occupants, you have double the nurses, TVs, phones (and everyone bringing phones), visitors, etc. If you have stayed in a semi-private room, then you know sound is not a stranger.

During the night of October 2<sup>nd</sup>, the young man next to me watched TV past midnight, into the early morning hours. Between the medical staff and him, there was no rest. I felt bad for Judy because she had nowhere to lie comfortably; she was lying in two chairs stacked end-to-end.

At one point, I was asking for pain medication, and the young man in the other bed made fun of me and sarcastically said, “I want my medication too.” I was angered by his comment, and all I could do was keep my peace with Jesus in my heart. The young man was very nice and soft spoken to his wife, but he was mean and not considerate of others around him, like the nurses and me.

On October 3<sup>rd</sup>, I had a new nurse that day named Deborah. She was very sweet and nice to me. She saw to my every need. All day and into the evening she was seeing how my roommate was; it was the little things he did that were annoying; he thought it was all about him. He really had an unthankful attitude. He really did not care that there was a whole hospital full of people like him (sick); I was one of them.

I had a catheter, but I was having trouble emptying my bladder. This was going to be a continuous problem until my final procedure. My bladder was backing up until it was causing severe pain in my abdomen. There was nothing anyone could do at the time. Judy had called Pastor John that evening and asked for prayer for me. While everyone was praying, I heard a voice that told me to “Stand up and twist the catheter.” I stood up and ever so gently twisted the end of the catheter. Between twisting the catheter and gravity, relief came instantly! Fluid was flowing so fast that the nurse had to change the collection container, because it was going to overflow. God had seen and heard our prayer for help. Some say it was a coincidence, but I believe with my whole heart that it was my loving, big brother Jesus that was watching out for me and heard our prayers.

Nurse Deborah had seen all of my troubles with my roommate, and she was there when I was having trouble with my blockage. She approached Judy and me and told us that a private room was opening up, and that she had put my name in for it. Judy’s question was, “Is this going to be covered by our insurance?” The nurse nodded yes and said, “It won’t cost you a penny.” We were in tears of joy. I knew in my heart God was looking out for Judy, too; she was going to get better rest this night.

When Judy and I were taken to the new room, the first thing we noticed was how big the room was. There was room for everyone and everything. It was so peaceful and quiet. There is contentment when there is peace. Jesus is the King of Peace, and he enforced that peace by giving me the best birthday present that I had ever received: a private room in a hospital. I was so thankful that the King of kings took the time to take care of me. But this was to be just the beginning of His love and compassion for Judy, me, and especially for His Body.

# The Two Messengers

October 4

My urologist had told me that a typical surgery like mine would keep me in the hospital for almost a week. He told me that he has had cases with people leaving to recover at home in five days, but on a rare occasion did anyone leave in three days. I wanted to be out by Wednesday the 7<sup>th</sup>, not to break a record of recovery, but because Pastor John was coming back to Louisville to read the latest chapters of his book, *God Had a Son Before Mary Did*. I was praying and asking God to help me recover so that I could be with God's people that Thursday the 8<sup>th</sup>.

In order to recover the rest of the way at home, you have to meet certain health criteria, before you leave the hospital, so the doctor will sign your discharge. Two of those requirements are that you must be eating solid food and have a bowel movement. I was eating solid food, but since the day before my surgery, I had not had a bowel movement.

After a very long Sunday night of restlessness (but better than the previous night with the semiprivate room), Judy went home to get cleaned up. I was left there with this hunger in my heart to be released from the hospital, but without help from God, my recovery was going to go past the time Pastor John would be in town. I asked God for help. The answer came, "Do what they say."

The nurses said that the best way to get relief was to walk, and walk often. After Judy left, I started walking the floor in the room and in the hallway, all the while pushing my IV tree that had all of my fluids hanging from it. I was praying and talking to God the whole time I was walking.

I know I walked at least two hours, and I was getting so exhausted from going back and forth. Then the Spirit of God started talking with me. Over the years, I have heard this voice before, so I knew it was the Spirit when it started ministering to me. It came in a meek and humble voice in my heart.

While I was walking and pushing that IV tree, I started having a conversation in my soul with the Spirit. I said, somewhat jokingly, "Lord, they took all my clothes and gave me this lovely hospital gown." The Spirit responded back, "I know. They took all of my clothes too, but they gave yours back in a bag -- they cast lots for mine and split them among themselves. You have a gown; I was naked." I started to have tears fill my eyes. "I know, Jesus, but I've been walking all this time pushing this thing so I could get relief and go home." "Yes, son, I remember carrying a tree to Calvary, and couldn't make it, but had to get help from someone to carry my load." The tears were starting to flow now. "Lord, people have been mocking me because of my nakedness through this gown." The Spirit said, "I was not only mocked, but I was beaten, and scourged . . . for you." All this time, the Spirit I was feeling was kind and sweet, but my heart was breaking for the things Jesus was telling me. I explained, "Jesus, I have this big gash in my side." The Spirit spoke ever so softly, "I had one too, a Roman soldier gave me mine; a doctor gave you yours." That was all I could take. My mind was off of me and on what Jesus went through for me, so I could hear his voice like I heard in my time of trouble. I humbly said, "Jesus, I have been here three days, and I would like to go home." Jesus spoke back and said, "I was in prison (hell) for three days." I had no more thoughts or questions. I finally got the point.

I never felt anger, discontentment, or frustration during the two hours Jesus was speaking to me, only love, compassion, and understanding from my Lord. My questions and thoughts were not foolish to him. I was very thankful; a King took the time to walk with me through the hallway.

Jesus spoke one last thing to me just before Judy came back into the room: "Everything done to you was done to save your life." I started from the beginning and rehearsed all the things that had been

happening lately, such as the surgery itself, Nurse Gore and Nurse Deborah, and all of the people God had put in my life to help me recover. The Spirit spoke again, “People wanted to kill me, but everything I did, I did for them, so that they may live.”

I was so brokenhearted for Jesus after he spoke these things to me. I was humbled knowing that he had been on this earth, feeling the same things that I was feeling now. The Scripture says, “He is touched by the feelings of our infirmities.” Someone who has never gone through what you are going through would not know how to handle the situation you are in. But Jesus is faithful! He knew the exact words to help me and teach me the humility he has.

I went back to my chair fully exhausted by now, still not having any relief from the constipation. But after having this conversation with Jesus and walking the hallway, it felt good to sit down and recline back to get some sleep. I slept for a while until I heard Judy come in. It was wonderful to see my wife and that gorgeous smile. I love her so very much.

Nothing much happened that afternoon or into the evening, just the routine things that happen with nurses taking your vitals, the dietary department bringing your food tray, and the changing of shifts you hear outside the hospital room. I could not sleep in the hospital bed, so I slept in the recliner. I wanted Judy to at least get some kind of rest if she was going to stay this night with me again. We just had to remind some of the medical staff who was the patient. That was the way the evening ended: Judy fell asleep on the bed, and I fell asleep on the recliner, with still no relief from all of the walking I did.

Anyone who has ever stayed in the hospital overnight knows that people come and go all the time. The nurses and doctors, aides, and other staff members can interrupt your rest or meal at any given moment. After a while, you just don’t pay any attention to them; they have a job to do, and you cooperate and let them do their job.

I was still sleeping in the recliner on the morning of Monday the 5<sup>th</sup>. At 4 a.m., my eyes were completely wide-awake, and I remember

looking around in the room. It is never completely dark in the room because of all of the equipment and lights that monitor the equipment. I saw Judy sound asleep on the bed, and heard someone over the intercom asking nurses to go here and there. But when I looked at the foot of Judy's bed, I saw a man sitting on the floor with his head between his knees. I didn't think it was anything strange, because people were in and out all of the time. I just thought he was one of the staff members assigned to us. He was-God's staff!

As I raised my head to see him more closely, he raised his head also. We saw each other eye to eye. He appeared to be a young man in his thirties. He had a very nicely groomed beard and was dressed neatly and modestly in street clothes. He started to get up, but then he looked to his left. As he looked, I followed his head to see what he was looking at. At the foot of my recliner was another man sitting against the wall in the shadows of the lights, like the other man I saw. I could feel a fear, but also peace and comfort from this man at my feet.

When this man stood up, the other man sat back down. I did not see this one's face, because when he stood up, the shadows in the room covered his shoulders and upward. This man had a physician's coat on, and on the left side of the jacket over his heart was a name written. I tried to see the name, but the name was too fuzzy, and he was in and out of the shadows.

I felt power from this man, and I could tell he had more stature and importance than the other one had. He was standing up completely by this time and took one step toward me. As he took that step, he stretched out his arm, as if to touch me. There is a Scripture that says Jesus will be coming in a twinkle of an eye. I know I did not fully blink, but just as fast as I saw him approach, both men were gone. It was faster than a blink. It must be that twinkle I read about.

Immediately after they had gone, I felt a rumbling in my stomach and a sensation in my bowel. I lay there quietly, so that I would not disturb Judy. A few seconds later, I felt it again, and jumped up to go to the bathroom. Relief finally came (to be nice about it), and



joy filled my heart knowing I could tell the doctor in the morning that I had been eating solid food and had gotten relief.

By this time, things were moving very fast. I felt really good in my body, and my strength was growing by the minute. Dr. U came in early that morning and examined me. I told him all the answers he wanted to hear. He asked me, "Do you want to get out of here?" I smiled and said, "Yes." Dr. U gave the nurse orders to unhook me from all of the fluids and to remove my drainage tube attached to my side. Judy was as happy as I was, and just as tired.

A few hours later, the Spirit of God flooded my soul and reminded me of what had happened. I started crying as I was sitting on the end of the hospital bed. Judy asked me what was wrong. I told her I had a visit last night. After I told her about the two men, she started crying too. I told her about the one that was sent for me, but I also told her one was sent for her, to watch over her. This explained why he sat back down after the one who was sent for me stood up. Judy's messenger was not sent for me, but for her. I still believe, to this day, that they are continuing to watch over us, as well as God having other messengers watching over all of His children. Pastor John said that I could not see his face (the one sent to me) that morning because if I did, then I might recognize him at the mall. But, I can identify the one that was sent to Judy, if ever I see him again.

I had some student nurses assigned to me from Bellarmine, the local university. One student was named Jennifer. She was a sophomore, and she was 19 years old. She was there to fulfill her labs for school. She asked me if she could interview me and take my vitals and other things like that. She was going to be my caregiver all the time she was here.

You could tell Jennifer was not as confident as the full-time nurse the doctor had given the orders to, so I could be discharged. But, I could feel her genuine good nature, and in time I knew she was going to be a wonderful nurse, or anything else she wanted to be or do. I fully cooperated with her. You see, I remembered what I was doing when I was 19, and the years before that, which I had wasted being foolish and

selfish. I was 50 now, and when I was young, I had wanted to go to college to become a doctor, but the lifestyle I had lived robbed me of my dream. When I saw this young person giving her life to study to help others and the years it would take to do it, it gave me a very happy feeling inside knowing that this young person will not waste her life. I told her how much I appreciated her.

Jennifer was still in the room when the nurse came in and took the IV out of my arm. I was lying there in the bed when the nurse started to take the drainage tube out of my right side below the incision. Judy spoke up and told Jennifer, "Get on in over there and see how this is done; you're going to be doing this one day." In just a few minutes, the only thing left in my body was the staples the doctor used to close up my incision.

Dr. U was fascinated at how soon I was going home. It was only three days. I was discharged at 10:30 a.m. and left the hospital at 11:00 a.m. God can work fast when He wants to. I left with Judy and we were both happy. We were going home, and we both thought full recovery would be there. But, this was not going to be the last time I would be in a hospital. More hospital admissions and more discharges would be in our near future.

# The Sneeze

October 6-15

Dr. U discharged me from the hospital on October 5<sup>th</sup>, just three days after my surgery. October 6<sup>th</sup> and 7<sup>th</sup> were very quiet days, and I spent my time recovering at home. I was excited about the visit by Pastor John, for the *God Had A Son, Before Mary Did* reading that was going to take place at Brother Paul Curtsingers' house on Thursday evening, the 8<sup>th</sup>.

On the morning of the 8<sup>th</sup>, I went for a follow up visit to Dr. U and everything was healing perfectly; recovery was progressing faster than expected. Judy took me home, where I spent the rest of the day resting and waiting with excitement and expectation for Pastor John's visit.

It was an honor to see God's people. The feelings were overwhelming seeing everyone with my own eyes. It was wonderful being able to physically embrace each and every one with the love of God. Tears were filling my eyes as I spoke with everyone. An old man said one time, "If your head leaks, it won't swell." I've never forgotten those words.

Pastor John read excerpts from his new book, and he asked me to tell how I got here. I started out by spelling in a weak voice, "J-E-S-U-S!" Then, I filled in the blanks.

As I sat down, I noticed my shirt was wet at the incision. I went to the restroom and asked "Aunt Betty" Pittman to look and see if everything was all right. Aunt Betty is a nurse, and she is one of my closest mothers in the Lord. Aunt Betty told Judy to take me home and get some rest, but everything was all right; the wetness came from the drainage tube incision.

Judy and Brother Wendell Satterwhite escorted me to our car, holding me close on each side. As we got to the car, Brother Wendell embraced me with the best hug one ever had. It was very soft and sweet. We did not say a word to one another, but our spirits were having a conversation that was felt deep in our hearts. As Brother Wendell helped Judy put me in the car, our eyes met. I can't tell you what color his eyes were (it was dark), but I can tell what Jesus' eyes looked like; they looked like Brother Wendell's. Those eyes were full of love and compassion. As Brother Wendell walked back to the house, that scene was etched in my heart. I felt I had a conversation of love with Brother Wendell, though we never said one syllable to each other.



*Wendell and Caroline  
Satterwhite*

Things were quiet at the home front. From Friday, October 9<sup>th</sup>, to Tuesday, October 13<sup>th</sup>, I spent my time resting and recovering. Sister Melissa and her mother, Sister Gayle, came over and brought me dinner all the way from Indiana. It was very nice to see God's people in my home; their smiles really help heal the body. Brother Stuart Hiser, drove all the way from Tennessee (a three hour drive) after work, just to give me a new song that Brother Gary Savelli had written, *God Put Me Here*. Stuart sat at my kitchen table with me, while I ate dinner.

Stuart only stayed about an hour, and then drove the three hours back home—this was on a weekday—he had to go to work the next morning. Stuart always brings joy and peace with him, and you can feel that when he is near. On another day, Sister Jammie Curtsinger packed up her three small boys, Jacob, Noah, and Luke, and took them out into the cold just to bring a dinner she had prepared for Judy and me. After she left, I cried. With tears, I said, "God, you're so good to me."



*Brother Stuart Hiser,  
happy at work*



*Paul & Jammie Curtsinger  
The boys (left to right): Luke, Noah,  
and Jacob*

Monday, October 12<sup>th</sup>, Sister Doris White and Sister Sheila Durham brought dinner to Judy and me. We sat down and talked about my surgery and the things that I have learned from this experience in the Lord, thus far. It was a joy and an honor to be in their presence. Sometime after they left, and without any warning whatsoever, I sneezed! I didn't have the time to hold my side and brace myself to help protect the incision. When I sneezed, I felt a tear inside my body (under the incision). There was a burning sensation in my right side. I heard and felt a ripping sensation. I looked down at my side to see if I had torn loose the staples Dr. U used to close my side, but everything looked good. After the pain subsided, I went back to my recliner and took a nap. But things were not good.

On Wednesday, October 14<sup>th</sup>, Judy asked me if I would be all right by myself. She needed to run some errands. She fixed me some lunch, and I was watching TV when I started feeling the same kind of pain I had in the beginning when the original kidney stone moved. The doctor said I had five other smaller stones, and I thought that one of these was causing this pain. The pain grew and was more intense! No one was there but me (I thought).

I managed to get out of the chair and walk to the back bedroom, where I collapsed on my bed. The pain had doubled me into a little ball, where my head had touched my knees. Then I remembered that I did not take a phone with me, and I could not move to go get one.

Lying there in complete helplessness, I started praying to Jesus. Quietly, at first, then more audible as the pain was becoming more unbearable. I started screaming, “Help! I need help, Jesus! Help! Help!” This went on for 15 minutes or so, until I heard the backdoor open. It was Josh, my son. “Where are you at Dad? I hear you!” I replied, “In the bedroom, I need help!” Joshua came into the bedroom, called an ambulance, and called his mother. Josh was in the Army as an infantry soldier. He spent a tour overseas in Afghanistan, and another in Bagdad, Iraq. Joshua knew how to behave under fire. He was God’s perfect choice to be there at this time.

Josh got things rolling. He told me he was on his way home from work, but something on the inside told him to come over here to see if everything was okay. I am very thankful I was not alone, that Jesus heard my prayers, and that Josh was listening to that something on the inside. He said, “You’re lucky I showed up.” I smiled and said, “You should be glad you listened to your heart.” After I thanked my Master (Jesus) for sending Josh, everything started moving very fast.

The first one on the scene was the fire marshal. He was to evaluate the situation and oversee the transportation of me to the hospital. Following him were two young girls in the EMT unit, and another crew of firemen.

By now, Judy was back at home. It looked very unorganized, but I was feeling the complete peace of the Spirit, even though I was in very intense and severe pain, and I still could not walk. I was in the back bedroom where the EMT crew could not make the turns throughout the house to bring in the stretcher, so they wheeled in a “human dolly”. I was supposed to stand on this, and they were to roll me out of the house like a washing machine or something and put me in the ambulance.

The more I waited for them to figure it out, the more pain I was in. I had enough with their cartoonish behavior and asked God for strength to get up off the bed. I walked into the living room and put myself on the stretcher. The men from the fire department would not help the little young girls with the stretcher out of the house and onto

the ambulance. I didn't understand. Here I was in pain and could hardly move, and these girls were struggling with their entire might to move me out of the house, while the firemen just watched.

I was freezing inside the house. My temperature was spiking well past 101 degrees, and it was very cold outside. The young girls did not even cover me up with any blankets. Judy had draped my thick bathrobe over me to help keep me warm going from the house to the warm ambulance.

I was so thankful for the heat blowing from the vents inside the ambulance. I finally was warm. One of the young girls was prepping me for an IV, and I felt every bump and crack in the road on my right side as they drove me to the hospital.

Inside the ambulance, I was speaking softly in tongues and thanking God for hearing my prayer for help. While the young girl was working on me, I kept saying over and over again, "Jesus, you are my hero; you are my God; you are my Lord; thank you for looking out for me." The young girl looked at me and said, "That's right, Mr. Mellick."

The hospital was so crowded that the nurse put me in the hallway that had another five people on stretchers there. We looked like "human cattle" waiting for the slaughter. The ER was overflowing, and they had no rooms left at the "Inn".

When the nurse came and took my temperature and saw it was close to 102 degrees by now, I was moved immediately to the front of the herd. When they saw on my chart I had part of my kidney removed, I was moved into one of the emergency rooms where I was instantly cared for by the ER doctor on staff.

While I was lying there in the room, Judy walked in. She was wearing her concerns and worry all over her face. I still felt this tremendous peace, though the pain was greater than it ever had been. God had told me Sister Donna Crum was going to be here when I was at my house. I felt that, deep in my soul. When I asked Judy who was in

the waiting room, she told me Donna was there. I asked Judy to, “go get her. Donna has something from the Lord for me.”

When Donna came in, I saw the same Jesus in her eyes as I did with Brother Wendell. I smiled, for I knew who had shown up for me. Donna has a gift of love and compassion, and when you get to know her, you can feel it all over her. I felt pain go away from my body the closer she came to me. As we embraced each other, Sister Donna started praying for me softly in tongues, like I did in the ambulance, and like Pastor John did in the beginning when the kidney stone moved. The crippling pain in my right side left; it had to submit to the “Higher Power”. The nurse did drug me up, but that only relaxed me enough to put me to sleep.

The ER doctor called my surgeon, Dr. U, and Dr. U ordered another CT scan to find out what had happened. The scan confirmed what I had done when I sneezed. I had pulled loose the stitches holding a blood vessel to my kidney and it was bleeding. I was very fortunate that my body clots blood very fast. In fact, when the nurses were not fast enough with putting in an IV, fast-clotting blood cells actually caused the fluid in the IV to crystallize, and they had to flush it out. This clotting was my blessing this night, but it would be a curse not many days hence.

I was admitted to a room that night, and everything was calming down. I was kept there for observation to see if Dr. U would have to reopen me and correct the problem with the sneeze, but on the next day, Thursday the 15<sup>th</sup>, I was discharged with orders to drink plenty of fluids and get plenty of rest at home. Where was I going? I was so weak by this time from the surgery and this bleeding of my kidney, that all I could do was sit and sleep in my recliner.



# Moving and Shaking

October 15

Everything seemed back to normal, and I was finally discharged from the hospital and sent on my way back home. I felt really good in my body, but I was very tired from the ordeal with my kidney bleeding. After Judy drove us back home, she helped me back into my friend, my recliner. I believe I ate something, and then I pushed the recliner back to get some much-needed rest.

I was so exhausted that I went right to sleep. I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by my body shaking violently. I thought my body was in shock from the trauma it had suffered the day before. I was shaking so hard that it was bouncing the recliner on the floor. It is a wonder that I didn't wake Judy up from her nap in the next room.

I couldn't yell out. It was as though my mouth could not work. Still being bounced around in the recliner, I sat there contemplating what was going on. All of a sudden, it stopped as soon as it started. I heard a voice as strong as I ever heard a voice, saying, "I AM - a Mover and a Shaker!" I was numb in my body with the fear of God. I sat there in silence in the same place for over three hours. I was amazed about what had just happened.

This is just the start of the rest of my story about God.



# The Front Lines

October 16-18

After I was discharged from the hospital on October 15<sup>th</sup>, and after God had moved and shaken me in my recliner at home, Friday the 16<sup>th</sup> started off as a very normal and typical day. The sun was out, skies were blue with white puffy clouds, and I was very thankful the pain in my side was gone. I was exhausted again. I was still in contact with Dr. U, and Judy was still taking very good care of me. I thought my body now would behave itself and let me recover in peace, but our bodies always submit to the “Higher Power” that created us mortals, when called upon. There were many lessons to be learned in the coming days, and many skirmishes with my body would be fought.

Sometime during Friday the 16<sup>th</sup>, I went to the restroom and urinated dark red blood and some solid clots. It was very shocking but fascinating, because my body had never done anything like this in the past. As I looked down, more clots were passing. They were semisolid at first, but more solid as time went. Judy called Dr. U, and he gave me orders to drink plenty of fluids to help pass the clots and to keep him informed on my situation.

Blood in the bladder is never a good thing. Blood forming into clots in the bladder is a worse thing. By the end of Friday, the semisolid clots were now hard and much more difficult to pass. It now seemed that the blessing of my body being able to clot blood quickly, as it did that Wednesday when my kidney bled, was now becoming my curse.

I spent Friday evening and well into the early a.m. hours of Saturday morning walking the bathroom floor and hallway of our house to help relieve the pressure of my bladder backing up. It would take 15 or 20 minutes to pass 100 cc of thick bloody fluid and clots. A nurse told me a normal person would pass between 400 and 1000 cc per hour,

depending on that person's metabolism; I was straining to pass 25 cc per hour at times.

Through the early a.m. hours of Saturday to well into late Saturday morning, it was a never-ending effort to get relief any way I could. I would hold a urinal and walk the bathroom floor while I was massaging my abdomen to try to break up the clots that were causing the pain. I found talking to Jesus was my best relief. I had spent a lot of time talking to him lately. I was in complete peace, though my body was in agony.

After several phone conferences with my doctor, Judy and I decided I was going back to the hospital and see if there was anything they could do to help me get relief. We spent all day at the hospital ER in observation. The ER doctor ran an ultrasound on my bladder and told me that my bladder had the proper amount of fluid in it. We kept telling him that the fluid left in my bladder was solid and not liquid and that this was the whole problem. I asked him to do another CT scan with a dye enhancement to determine what in the world was going on, while all along, the pain to relieve myself was not going away.

The CT scan was never ordered, and the only help given to me was pain medication and a nice hotel room in the ER while I was still under all of this observation. Judy and I were there all day, and the final diagnosis of the ER doctor was that this episode was the result of my kidney bleeding from the previous Wednesday afternoon, and that the clots and blood were old stuff that had to be softened and passed by drinking a lot of fluid.

I spent the rest of the Saturday afternoon and all Saturday night doing the same thing I did before I went to the hospital: walking the floor, massaging my abdomen, and especially thanking Jesus for every drop of relief that passed, while in the meantime, continually praying and drinking the fluids. The doctor stated that there are enzymes in the bladder that will help dissolve any solid material that flows from the kidney, but in my case, I wasn't producing the enzymes fast enough before the urge came to use the restroom again.

I spent a sleepless Saturday night and Sunday morning in the same routine. My body was spent and exhausted again. Judy had not slept either and was feeling overwhelmed. Judy called Pastor John for prayer for me about 7:30 a.m. She was at her wit's end in body and spirit for strength to continue the fight. But the battle was just starting. Many more days of walking the halls, going to hospitals, and sleepless nights would continue to be a plague for my precious wife and me.



# Two More Messengers

October 18-21

To me, the definition of a messenger is one who has been sent with a message. Those of us who know Pastor John as our pastor, know he has been sent from God to help us, and we know that when God sends someone, He anoints them with the ability for the job. After Judy had called Pastor John to ask God's people for prayer, we received a phone call from one of those messengers.

As I have said before, Sister Betty Pittman is one of my closest mothers in the Lord, and her husband, Brother Earl Pittman, is closer to me than any biological family member I have. I have watched these two saints of God since I was a young boy, and my deepest prayer still is to be like them as I grow in grace from the Lord. There has not been a soul who has known them that has not felt their example of love and unselfishness. God could not have chosen two better "Messengers" to help Judy and me.

Right after Judy hung up the phone with Pastor John that Sunday morning, Sister Betty (Aunt Betty) called me. My voice was so weak that I could not talk much more than a loud whisper. Aunt Betty told me that God had put it on their hearts for Uncle Earl and her to come to Louisville from North Carolina (a nine hour trip) to assist Judy with anything needed: doing laundry, cleaning, cooking, etc. I could feel the compassion and love of God in her voice. I have said this, "God, if you ever have to take one of my ribs out, and if you make another woman with it, like you did in the garden of Eden with Adam's rib, when you made Eve, I hope you make a woman out of it like Sister Betty." I felt God was sending her here for more than to be a maid; they have faith in God, and it rubs off on you. Plans were set, and Uncle Earl and Aunt Betty were on their way.

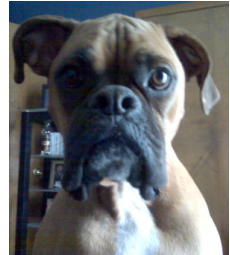
I spent all day Sunday and into the morning hours of Monday going through the same routine that I had been going through since the

bleeding began on Friday: praying to Jesus, walking the bathroom floor, massaging my lower body with a urinal in my hand, and leaning on Judy for everything. I really don't know who was more exhausted, Judy or me. Judy not only took care of me, but was taking care of her elderly mother and father at their house also.

Brother Earl and Aunt Betty arrived that Monday afternoon. My face glowed as soon as I saw them pull up in the driveway. As soon as they walked in, my strength got better, and Judy was relieved that she now was going to get help as long as we needed it. I never once heard Judy complain of the difficulty she had to face with taking care of two households: her Dad's and ours.

I was still very much clotted, but getting enough relief to take the pressure off my bladder. Still, it was very painful and exhausting to say the least. This went on the rest of Monday and into the a.m. hours of Tuesday.

I watched as Uncle Earl and Aunt Betty took over the chores that Judy did: the cooking, cleaning, and taking care of Sarge, our two-year-old boxer dog. You are either a dog lover or not, so it was a little humorous watching Aunt Betty with Sarge. Brother Earl would catch Sarge, like Judy does, after he drinks water and wipe his saggy boxer lips so he wouldn't drip water on the floor. By the end of Tuesday, Aunt Betty was giving Sarge orders, and he was obeying them. She did hurt his feelings one day by calling him a dog, but to his credit, he did share his toys with them. Sarge always thinks people come to see just him.



*Sarge and his "saggy lips"*

Tuesday was no different. We were in close contact with Dr. U, and we were debating again to go to the hospital. I did not want to go there just for them to do nothing again but medicate me and put me to sleep while Judy, Aunt Betty, and Uncle Earl sat for endless hours in a waiting room getting no rest for themselves, only for me to be sent home again with the same clotting issues. We all agreed to wait. Dr. U had set up an outpatient procedure to remove the clots in my bladder



for the next day, and if I could hold off from going to the ER again, it would be better for everyone.

I continued walking the bathroom floor again with the same vigor as before, but the clotting was getting worse as time passed. I was desperate for help. I was hating even the smell of the bathroom, not because it stank, but because I knew the pain I had to go through when I was in there. But, the peace of God was always working in my heart. That peace from God kept me from going insane with pain.

I was walking the bathroom floor again Tuesday afternoon, when all of a sudden, I was not so much as getting a drop of fluid to pass; I had become completely blocked. I did everything I could to pass the fluid, but nothing worked. I sat down on the toilet, and in a very humbled and quiet voice, I asked Jesus to help me. As I was praying, I felt relief, and looked down to see a steady stream of fluid flowing. I said in my heart, "Jesus, you were listening. You heard my prayer." My head started leaking again around my eyes, and tears flowed down my face onto my lap. I was so humbled by this experience, and my love and faith soared in God. A King came to my rescue.

I came out of the restroom and told Uncle Earl, Aunt Betty, and Judy what had just happened. The love of God and the Spirit of God filled the room. We embraced each other in a group hug while the Spirit was flowing through each one of us. I was sobbing like a baby.

The procedure was scheduled for the next day, Wednesday, and my bladder soon started to back up again, but not totally. I remember saying one time while I was walking the floor, "We can do this Jesus (get through the night for the procedure), you and me."

During the evening hours of Tuesday, every time I came out of the restroom I had a cheerleading section: Aunt Betty and Judy. One of them would ask, "How much this time (fluid passing)?" I would say, "25 cc" or "50, maybe 100." They would clap their hands and say, "Yay!" So the more I passed fluid, the more exuberant the cheers became.

Just a few more hours, and I would get total relief. Aunt Betty gave me my strongest pain medication, and Judy tucked me into bed. Every time I tossed and turned or got up to use the restroom, Judy would come over to my bed, tuck me in, and gently kiss me on my cheek and say, "Pappy, Grammy is right here. I hear you. Call out for anything you need." Judy did this every time I moved. I would turn over against the wall, cry, and thank God for Judy. There was a love and compassion for me from her; it went deeper than a wife's responsibility to take care of her husband. We were one! What I felt, she was feeling.

We did it! Jesus and I got through the night without going to the hospital; howbeit, I had a lot of help from Judy and my two messengers. We were on our way to get the procedure done that was scheduled.

Sister Donna Crum was there at the hospital, and after they prepped me for surgery, I asked to see her. I hope everyone can feel what I had felt from Donna during these trying times. Pastor John once said, "She is going to make you a good sister." She has. That love of God from her has not left, because it is a gift from God, it is within her.

Uncle Earl, Aunt Betty, Sister Donna, and Judy were all huddled around my bed. They all prayed for me, hugged and kissed me; then, everyone had to leave. There is a loneliness you feel in your heart when love walks away, when you are the only one in a room, but there is a Friend (Jesus) that sticks closer than a brother when there is not a soul around. I said in my heart again, "Jesus, we can do this."

I saw everyone again after the surgery; love walked back in the room in the form of God's precious people. I was discharged and sent back home to recover. As you can expect, I was exhausted but very thankful. Judy tucked me in bed as she always had done, and Uncle Earl resumed his duties of wiping Sarge's lips, as Aunt Betty hunkered down for the night. Life was good.

On Thursday morning, seeing I was in good shape and in good hands, my two messengers said their goodbyes. We hugged and cried. I don't know what we would have done without them. They were God's

perfect choice during this time. I watched them pull out of the driveway the same as I did when they arrived. My head started leaking again. I love them very much.



*Two more of my Messengers: (Aunt Bebe) Betty & (Uncle) Earl Pittman*



# “Again, Lord?”

October 22–31

The blood clots in my bladder were removed Wednesday, October 21<sup>st</sup>, and my two special angels, Brother Earl and Sister Betty went home the following Thursday morning, the 22<sup>nd</sup>. Life was good, and I felt again that I was on the road to final recovery. All day Thursday and most of Friday I spent resting and trying to gain strength, but things were going to change that afternoon.

I took a shower around 4:00 p.m. on Friday, and after I dried myself, I had to go to the bathroom. When I did, pure bright red blood came from my body when I urinated. It was worse than anytime previously, and it made me feel weak and light-headed. I wasn't amazed when it happened this time, as I was the last time that I started bleeding, because I knew what was coming: more blood clots in my bladder. Judy called Pastor John and asked for prayer for me again.

Immediately, I started drinking as much water as I could stand, so the fluids would flush as much blood from my bladder as possible before the clotting started. This helped, but did not stop the inevitable. I called Dr. U again, and he stated that he thinks that it is the residue from my kidney that had bled and to give it more time . . . to keep drinking fluids, and keep him updated. But, this was a different issue.

I kept in contact with Dr. U, but by Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>, things were no better; I still was bleeding (but not as bad) and feeling weak from the effects of passing so much blood. I had been walking the bathroom floor trying to get relief any way I could the whole weekend.

Judy was on an errand, and she asked Sister Donna Crum to sit with me on Monday the 26<sup>th</sup>. I was excited for her company because the love she brings with her from Jesus would help me get through another day. While Judy was gone, Donna and I were talking about the

lovely things of God. The phone rang, and it was Judy telling me I had an appointment to get a CT scan done and that I had just a short while to get there. At that time, I couldn't as much as put on my shoes, not to mention tie them. Sister Donna put my socks on my feet, put on my shoes, and tied them for me. It is very humbling to let someone do that. It reminded me of Jesus washing Peter's feet. I was so thankful Donna was there. I felt so much love of God for her and from her. Indeed, she had become, "my dear sister".



*Donna Crum, "my dear sister" with  
Pastor John, and her daughters Danielle  
and Kaylie*

From Tuesday the 27<sup>th</sup>, to Saturday the 31<sup>st</sup>, things were calming down, but I was still having trouble going to the bathroom. I still was under Dr. U's care, and we both agreed to wait and see if this bleeding was just the remnant of my sneeze. So, we all waited.

# The Pseudo-Aneurism

November 1-9

The previous CT scan, done on October 26<sup>th</sup>, revealed nothing yet, but it was hard for Dr. U to tell. Some time passed as we were waiting to see if the bleeding would stop and clear up. Dr. U was still in a “wait and see” mode to determine if he needed to perform another operation to repair or remove my afflicted right kidney. Dr. U wanted to get another opinion about the bleeding from his vascular comrade, Dr. Daren Repishti (we will call him Dr. R). So, I was scheduled for yet another CT scan by this vascular doctor on November 5<sup>th</sup>.

What this CT scan revealed, according to Dr. R, is called a “pseudo-aneurism”. *Pseudo* means “false”, but there was nothing false about what I was going through. It was a balloon-like effect on a vein that was connected to my kidney. It would fill with blood until the pressure inside would force the blood out of the vein, into my urethra and, finally, down to my bladder where the blood would eventually clot. If this was not corrected, it could cause me to bleed to death. Judy and I have a mechanic friend whose son ignored a pain in his side and stomach. He went to sleep one night and never awoke. The cause of his death was a result of an aneurism on a vein in his leg; he was 47 years old.

Dr. R stated that unless the bleeding is stopped, I could be in serious trouble. If Dr. R could not stop the bleeding with a procedure that he would do, then Dr. U would have to open me back up and correct the issue himself, possibly even removing the rest of my kidney.

It was about this time that Sister Sandy Sasser had a dream about me, and emailed it to Pastor John and copied me on it.

## Sandy Sasser's Dream

Dear Brother John:



Sandy Sasser

I had a wonderful dream Wednesday night! In the dream, Brother Billy Mellick (who I did not know at the time was having more bleeding that night from his surgery) was sitting at home, probably as he is now, recuperating. It did not matter how small or how big his request was, Jesus was there in a split second to meet whatever his need. It was really amazing in the dream how *immediately*, Jesus responded. It was a fast moving action! Billy, would ask, and Jesus was right there, "Zoom! Zoom! Zoom!" Such a feeling of love for Brother Billy! But one thing that stood out to me was that Jesus would be patiently waiting over in the shadows with whatever Billy needed, but He would not move until Billy asked. Then, whatever the need, great or small, Jesus was ready to answer whenever Billy was ready to ask. It was as if Jesus was saying, "I have this right here in my hand. Please ask for it!" He's ready when we are!

I found out the next morning that brother Billy had needed a touch from Jesus that night, because he had been bleeding again. I called him (Billy), and told him my dream. I know Jesus is just waiting for each of us to ask Him, so He can give us what He has.

Meanwhile, I was earnestly praying and asking, "God, please don't let them have to open me back up, and please don't let them take anymore of my kidney." The main thing I was asking God for was strength in my heart to help me get through this thing. I was afraid, and I found out it was okay to be afraid. I took all of my burdens and cares to Jesus. I knew in my heart that if Jesus exposed this cancer with a kidney stone, then he was able to completely see me through everything. Jesus was, and still is, my hope.

I have to admit this last bleeding made my faith waiver. The mistake I made was to let Judy see my countenance before I took my burdens to the Lord. You could look at my face and see I was very



concerned and afraid. Judy sensed this and withdrew into herself. I couldn't talk to her, and she just went into the bedroom and closed the door behind her. Later, she stated that she was praying and took a nap. But all I know is, she was not talking and communicating to me about her feelings as she had been doing since this ordeal began.

God promised, "I will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Me." (Isa. 26:3). When I saw Judy troubled, I made another mistake. My mind was more on her than on the Lord. I would pray to Jesus to help her and fix her, but my personal channel to Jesus was not opened as it had been. I had blocked my connection with Jesus by concentrating more on Judy than on what the Lord had for us both in this situation. Her healing would come with mine, and mine would come as I kept my mind stayed on the Lord.

Judy was supposed to go to lunch with Sister Donna Crum and Sister Jammie Curtsinger on Friday, November 6th, but Judy only wanted to be alone. I told Judy, "You need to go to lunch with them . . . I need to get alone with God . . . If I could drive and get somewhere alone with Jesus I would, but, I can't drive . . . so you have to go." I was putting Judy back in her place in my heart where I could hear the voice of God again. It wasn't very long at all, an hour or two, that I felt the peace of God again, and my faith was back to where it needed to be. It was like the Apostle Peter walking on water; when he looked at his situation, he started to sink. While he was sinking, he cried unto Jesus to help him not to drown; Jesus reached out and took Peter by the hand and asked him, "Why did you doubt?" When my faith was restored, it wasn't very long until Judy's was too. I love the order and government of God; everything works well when it is in its place.

November 6<sup>th</sup> - 8<sup>th</sup> weekend was a repeat of the previous weekend when Uncle Earl and Aunt Betty were at my house. I was pacing the bathroom floor again, trying to get relief from the clotting issues, praying to Jesus for help, and becoming weaker, but now everything was back in order, and I was totally happy to fully trust Jesus. One of the lessons I have learned from this experience is that if you are not fully trusting Jesus for everything in your life, you're not trusting him at all.

The planned procedure was to go through an artery in my leg at the groin area, much like a doctor would do to go into the heart to open up blockages. It was originally scheduled for Tuesday, November 10<sup>th</sup>, but the clotting was becoming worse, and Dr. R moved it up to Monday the 9<sup>th</sup>. There was a new and modern facility at Baptist Hospital, where this procedure was going to be done, and I was the very first one to use this state of the art operating room. I said to God in my heart, "God, you know how to take care of your children." God will always give you His best. He never settles for anything less, because He can't be anything less.

I was admitted on November 9<sup>th</sup>, and I went through the process again of prepping for another surgery. This time I was going to be awake and could watch and hear what Dr. R was going to do.

I was rolled into the operating room, and the nurse shaved my groin area where the incision was going to be. I wasn't embarrassed any more about who saw my nakedness because all I wanted was relief -- and not to have Dr. U take the rest of my kidney out! Three nurses started to make fun of my body in a secret nurse code talk, but the Spirit of God was showing me what they were doing. I guess it was just their way of dealing with things. I was not so much embarrassed, but I was hurt. I was wondering why these health care professionals would behave like this, but when Dr. R came in, things got very serious and quiet.

Dr. R put a lead wire into my groin and pushed it to where the pseudo aneurism was. He blocked it off by inserting a wire coil that blocked the blood and was suppose to bring an end to this problem that was causing me to bleed the past few weeks. Before he pulled the lead wire back out, Dr. R put in another coil to prevent the main artery in my leg from bleeding. He also put a sandbag on my groin to put pressure on the artery.

I was lying there feeling no pain while Dr. R performed the procedure. I was still hurt by what the nurses had said. I said, "Lord, it doesn't mean anything . . . please forgive them." Then, I started feeling this overwhelming love of God coming down over me. It felt like a

curtain being draped over my body. It was so much love that I started to tear up. I felt the tears roll down the sides of my face and flow into my ears. When I felt the tears inside my ears, I heard the tender loving voice of my Lord, “This is not about you, but about the body of Christ.” I had heard his voice many times already since the beginning, and I recognized this was Jesus’ voice. I started crying more; the love I was feeling was not from this world.

If what I was going through was about the body of Christ, then what I was feeling too was about the body of Christ. All of this love and these wonderful feelings I was having then are exactly how Jesus and his Father feels about his Body. These feelings did not belong to me alone. Jesus was teaching me how to love and share these feelings.

After the procedure, I was rolled into my room for more observation. I was still numb from the effect of the love that I had felt, and was very weak. The fluids they were giving me were backing up in my bladder because the procedure did not remove the existing clots that already had formed, it only stopped the bleeding. I told the nurses and the doctor on staff, “You’re filling me up with fluids, and the fluid is not coming out.” I felt like my bladder was literally going to explode. They did not listen.

That night, a different nurse came in for the graveyard shift. She saw the problem I was having, and she turned the fluids way down and eventually put a catheter in. Whew . . . this was the relief I was hoping for. Again, I felt no embarrassment, only gratitude. When she put in the catheter, it brought enough relief for my body to be able to get some much-needed rest.



# Agony

November 10

I rested into the morning hours with my friend, the catheter, until Dr. U found out what the nurse had done. Dr. U ordered the same nurse to take out the catheter right away, because he wanted as much fluid in my bladder as possible to help break up the clots that were still in there. She did what she was told, but I don't know how I could have gotten through the night without having one in. In just a few hours, I would experience the greatest pain I had ever felt in my body, and the greatest love in my soul.

There was a change again from night to morning shifts, and my new nurse on November 10<sup>th</sup> read my chart. The orders stated how many fluids I should have received. When she saw that the night nurse had turned my fluids down because I was passing very little urine, she opened the flow to where Dr. U wanted it so my body could produce more fluid. Good idea, if you can pass fluids . . . bad idea if you cannot because the fluids just back you up and fill your bladder. I trusted in Jesus, so I followed doctor's orders.

Judy had spent the night at home in her own bed, and she came into the room at 8:30 a.m. or so. I really didn't need her at night; I was in very good hands with all of the healthcare professionals God had put all around me. But I still got excited, knowing she was coming. She still makes me feel like a school kid, after 30 years of marriage.

After a few hours, Judy wanted to know if I would be all right because she needed to take care of her father and mother, and also run some errands. Things were going well at that moment, so I said, "No problem. Stay out as long as you need to." Judy left.

At 11:10 a.m., I received a phone call from Sister Gwen Robinson. I have known Sister Gwen since I was a very small boy, and

she had become another one of my closest mothers in the Lord. Her love and faith in Jesus, as well as her total trust in God, make you feel so good after you're in her presence, whether on the phone talking to her or with her in person.

She asked me how I was feeling, and I asked her how she was doing . . . you know, small talk, but then she asked me if she could pray for me. Sister Gwen has prayed for me more than once. When the holy Ghost is moving on Sister Gwen, the power of God takes control of her, and you can feel the anointing of God flowing through your body. It doesn't matter if you're on the phone or standing next to her, when God moves, He moves, and she is obedient to His voice. I felt the power of God flowing from my toes to the top of my head. I didn't know it then, but I would need every ounce of that power in a few minutes.

We said our goodbyes, and I hung up; it was about 11:30 a.m. I still was feeling the surge from the Spirit, and I was also feeling a pressure on my bladder to go to the restroom. At 11:40, the pressure was so great that I had to hurry to the toilet. My IV chord was stuck under the chair, and I could not get up fast enough. By the time I did, I could not make it to the restroom. I soiled my hospital gown, but I passed no urine from my bladder. It was all clotted blood.

When I got to the restroom, I called the nurse. The nurse brought me a clean gown and helped clean me up. I was passing thick clots (but at least I was passing them) while all along, the fluids were still being pumped in me at a faster rate than anytime previously, and now my body wanted the fluids out. It was now noon.

I cannot describe the pressure and pain that started after I hung up with Sister Gwen. There is nothing I have ever experienced to which I could compare that pain. The pressure would come, and I would go to the restroom, but nothing would come out, and that is where the pain came from. When I could not pass fluids, I would do as I always had done at home: walk the floors with a urinal in my hand, massage my pelvic area to break up the clots, and, especially, pray to Jesus for help.

This went on for the first hour. The hospital room I was in was a recovery room for hip and knee replacements, and the nurses were trained for those patients, not urology patients like me. I kept telling them the fluids that they were giving me were actually helping to cause this severe pain. They were still under doctor's orders.

I walked the floor in my room screaming in total pain and agony. I was completely backed up and not one drop of urine or blood was draining from my body. I closed the door to my room out of respect for the other patients, but the nurses told me later that you could hear my cries down at the nurse's station (a good way from the room). I walked the floor because I could not sit down. The pressure from sitting down would push up against my bladder and make the pain worse.

I was begging and pleading for Jesus to help me. Why not? Jesus had been there every single time I even whispered for his name. He even gave Sister Sandy a dream, and in the dream, she watched how Jesus would be ready to move to help me before I was ready to even ask for help from him.

At the end of two hours, I was in complete exhaustion, while I was still screaming in pain. My temperature had risen to over 101, and I had completely soaked another gown with sweat. By this time, I had cold chills and had sat down on the toilet to rest. I could sit on the toilet without the pressure pushing up on my bladder.

I pulled the bathroom cord for the nurse while I was leaning against the wall to rest. The tiled wall was cold and felt good to the side of my face. When the nurse came in, she told me, "Mr. Mellick, you need to get to the bed. If you pass out, I will not be able to lift you to help you." I told her I was unable to move, that I couldn't walk, and I couldn't stand up. Besides, it felt good where I was. She pulled the second gown off of me and put another clean one on. While I was sitting there, she took my temperature again; it was close to 102. Dignity flees when there is this kind of pain; all one wants is help and relief. Sitting there in my nakedness, all I could do was to continue to ask Jesus for help.

Dr. U had been called two hours before. He was trying his best to get here, but I know I'm not his only patient. I was completely at the mercy of the Lord. Dr. U did give the order to remove me from the fluids I was receiving. Yay, Jesus! So, now I could pace the floor without the IV tree.

After I was cleaned up for the second time, I continued to walk the floor, still screaming in between my breaths of prayers to Jesus. I prayed in tongues; I prayed in a whisper; I prayed loudly (as I was doing when Joshua showed up the day my kidney was bleeding); I prayed within myself, and I just prayed. Contrary to Sandy's dream, Jesus, for whatever reason, was not answering me this time. I was all alone: no nurses, no wife, no phone calls, and no visits from God's people. And yet, the most severe pain was still to come.

Going on to the third hour, close to 3:00 p.m., my body, soul, and spirit were all spent. I did not have the strength to even pray. The only company I had was pain, pain, and still more pain. I had been screaming almost three solid hours, and still was. My only relief was to scream. My biggest fear through all of this was not the screaming and pain, but the idea of pushing so hard to pass the clots that I would mess up the procedure that Dr. R did and move the coils he had inserted to stop the bleeding, or do more damage to my kidney. Still, Jesus was not talking to me. But I knew He was listening.

It was 2:45 p.m. Still screaming and in pain, I heard Jesus' precious, tender voice, "Are you going to deny me because you feel pain? Are you going to curse my servants (nurses and doctors) whom I have sent to help you? Are you going to get mad and throw things or punch the wall? Are you going to quit before the doctor even gets here?" Every question Jesus asked me made me feel more lowly and humbled. All I could do was think on the scenes of Jesus' trial and crucifixion, and how he did not puff himself up to be anything, but he, was as the Scripture stated, silent "as a lamb led to the slaughter". I started crying between my screams of pain, remembering what he had done for all of us on that day. I said, "No, Lord, I will not deny your name, or curse your servants, or get mad." How could I deny my Master? I just was excited to hear his voice again; it felt like an eternity



for me (not hearing his voice the last three hours); I had been so accustomed to hearing his voice on a daily basis that not hearing it was strange to me.

At 2:55 p.m., I went to the restroom to rest against the tile again, but I felt different in my spirit. It's amazing, but from the nurse's station down the hallway, I heard Dr. U talking in a normal voice about what was going on with me; it was as though I was next to them. I heard his footsteps coming down the hall, and all of a sudden, he was in my room with a seasoned nurse from the urology side of the hospital. Dr. U looked in the restroom where I was and said in a meek voice, "Mr. Mellick, I am so sorry I could not get here sooner." I just smiled at him with tears in my eyes. All I could feel was the mercy of Jesus, and I thanked him for Dr. U.

Now that Dr. U was here, he was giving orders at light speed. The nurses were at his command, getting him the tools needed for me to get relief. I didn't think I had the strength to get to the bed where he could work on me, and truthfully, I can't remember how I got there, but there I was, flat on my back, waiting to see how Dr. U was going to help me.

I was still in very much pain. Dr. U pulled my gown up to my chest, while a trio of nurses were watching and waiting for more orders. I didn't care. In fact, I was happy. Dignity was cast out a long time ago. Dr. U was trying to get the largest size catheter in me so he could remove the largest size clots, but he could not. The last time, he had to put me to sleep to do this procedure. He finally took a pair of needle-nose, hooked-bill pliers and tried to pry me open enough to get a catheter in. I put my hands behind my head, and I stared at the ceiling, cringing from the torment. It did not work. Dr. U tried a variety of sizes until he found one that worked. As soon as the catheter took, immediate relief came. All the backed up fluid passed, and Dr. U was purging my bladder with sterile water.

It was over! Dr. U and the nurses left the room, and I was in the room, left alone in perfect peace, just as I was left alone in total agony the three hours before. There is a special kind of peace that comes

when your body has been relieved of great pain and has rest; you cannot know it unless your body has been through such agony.

Lying there all by myself, I asked the Lord a question, “Did I do alright, Jesus? Did I treat your servants okay? Was my temperament okay?” I was crying again, “Lord, did I drink from the cup all that you wanted me to drink today?”

Still crying, I heard the tender voice of the Spirit, “Yes, son, not a drop left.” Then, the love of God came down like a curtain over me, as it did in the operating room the day before. I know now that there is a peace that passes peace. The peace and love of Jesus filled my whole being. This peace I felt was beyond the peace my body had felt after the catheter was inserted. This peace cast out the memory of the agony and pain I had suffered through the previous three hours. All I could focus on was the love of God. As I lay there, feeling this love and peace from God, Judy walked in. I know Jesus wanted her not to be here during those three hours. It was my test and not hers. I told her, “Have I got something to share with you!”



*Sister Gwen Robinson “Ma”*

# Honorably Discharged

November 11

After Judy and I had rehearsed everything that had happened to me that day, it was time for Judy to go back home. It was around 7:30 p.m., and I was in and out of sleep. I really don't remember her leaving. From 7:30 p.m. until the next morning, I mostly slept.

I was awakened at 7:30 a.m., November 11<sup>th</sup>, by Dr. U coming down the hallway, singing, "I've got sunshine on a cloudy day . . ." That's my doc! He is always happy and upbeat. Dr. U had left the catheter in all night and had propped it over the bed rail to make sure the fluids in my bladder would dissolve any leftover clots.

"Mr. Mellick, how are you today?" Dr. U asked. "Wonderful, doctor, I feel good and slept well," I replied. The room was still dark, and he turned on the light and told me, "Mr. Mellick, let's turn on the light and brighten this place up." He walked over to where I had drawn the shades from the previous night and said, "There is light out there, Mr. Mellick; let's let the light in." He opened the shades, and there was a bright, sunny, blue sky staring me in the face. The warmth of the sun felt good on my chest. "Mr. Mellick, there is life out there (he pointed to the world outside the hospital room). How would you like to get out of here?" I started to tear up. I can't explain this, either, but I knew in my soul that all of the trouble and trials I had with this, ex-cancer was over, and my road to full recovery lay before me. Dr. U flushed my bladder with more sterile water through the catheter, and he told me he would write orders as soon as he left for my discharge. Dr. U left the room singing the same words he was singing when he walked in: "I've got sunshine on a cloudy day . . ." Off to his next patient. "They will be in good hands," I thought. "He is an amazing man."

I wanted to clean up for Judy before she arrived. It was now 8:00 a.m., and I had asked the nurse to cover the IV still in my arm (but

not connected) with something so I could shower and shave. It had been three full days since I had a shower, and to quote Lazarus' friends, "He stinketh by now."

The nurse came in and covered my IV with a plastic bag and taped it at both ends. I scrubbed until I could not scrub any more. The hot water felt so good, and the soap smelled so wonderful. I started crying in the hospital shower and thanking God for all of the amenities I had: soap, towels, shampoo, and especially the care that surrounded me. It all "Came from God", as Brother Tony Ellis' song says.

I dried myself, dressed, had breakfast, and was reading a newspaper when Judy walked in. Judy said, "Pappy, you look good!" I told her, "I feel good, too." I knew, without one doubt, it was over, and I wanted to see and feel this life that Dr. U wanted me to see and feel outside these hospital "prison" walls (or an oasis), depending on whether you're sick or well. I was well and wanted out of jail. The nurses who saw me the day before in total agony came in, and they were amazed at how well I looked today. I must have really looked very bad to them the day before even by their standards. I signed the discharge papers, and off we went, not looking back.

After I returned home, ah . . . home . . . there's no place like home. I had to look down to see if Jesus put a pair of ruby slippers on my feet. He did, spiritually speaking! I sat back down in my recliner and reflected on everything: the way the kidney stone exposed the cancer, the two messengers sent in the beginning, my other two messengers (Aunt Betty & Uncle Earl), the total agony I felt, screaming for three hours, and finally, Dr. U coming in that morning singing, and me signing the discharge papers.

A day or so after I returned home (Pewee Valley, KY), Brother Gary Savelli called from his home in North Carolina, over 500 miles away. He felt in his heart that this was over and he asked how I felt about it. I told him the same as I felt in the hospital room, "Brother Gary, this is the end of it; I'm on my road to full recovery." We prayed "with the Spirit and with the understanding," we cried together, and we honored and praised our heavenly Father and His precious Son, Jesus. It

was a wonderful time on the phone. You do not have to be in the same room, or in the same state, to have fellowship in the light of Christ.



*Gary "milked-out" Savelli*



# No Pain and No Worry

June 19-Present Time

Dr. U advised me to pay attention to my body. He told me to call him if there were any complications, such as more bleeding, excessive abdominal pain, etc. Dr. U explained to me that it would take a year to be back to 90% normal in my body. I had felt wonderful (in my spirit) since the bleeding had stopped, and I was looking forward to going back to work, but I was having abdominal pain around the incision.

I started back to work on December 1<sup>st</sup>, 2009, after being on medical leave from work for three months, with strict instructions not to lift anything heavy. Dr. U told me to use good judgment when performing my work-related duties. The abdominal pain was getting worse. It was becoming very difficult to perform my duties at work and at home. The abdominal pain felt like someone had put a clothesline around my mid-section and would tighten it. When I would try to stand up or lift something, a sharp pain would go up and down my spine and into my legs. Sometimes the pain was so great that it would take my breath away. After some time, I needed help getting up from my chair, but I would fight through the pain because I felt it was part of my recovery process.

I would drive for long hours to a job, do my work, and drive home. At times, the pain would be so severe in the truck that my legs would go numb, and the muscles in my back would spasm. But, being a good trooper, I didn't complain, though Judy saw the pain on my face. In time, she started worrying that something serious might be wrong.

I brought the pain I was having to the attention of Dr. U, during my six-month evaluation, in April of 2010. Dr. U did not find anything out of the ordinary, and told me I still was recovering from the operation, and that it is still going to take time. The pain I was having

was giving me headaches by now, and I was losing sleep from the pain. It was very difficult to roll over in the bed to change positions. I would start my day with pain and my day ended with pain. There was no relief, but it wasn't keeping me from doing my job, though there would be days of total exhaustion and long hot showers from my achy abdominal muscles and back. Still, I just thought this was part of the recovery process.

April through June would be more of the same. I noticed I needed more and more help getting up from my chair and bed. To get out of bed, I would have to roll over onto my stomach, slide my legs over the side of the bed, and in one motion, roll onto my knees on the floor. Once my knees were on the floor, I could get my legs under my body and push up into one agonizing stand. I tested the waters and tried to do pushups one day, but when I pushed up, a sharp, knife-like pain shot around my mid-section. I couldn't do one pushup. Prior to my cancer illness, I could do 20 to 30 easy, in one workout.

Everyone who was around me knew I was in some sort of pain, whether I was at home or in the gatherings with God's people, it was no secret how I was feeling. I needed help. Then, Jesus started putting prayers in the hearts of the ones who love him and me. They touched him!

My wife, Judy, had been taking great care of me, and our bond as husband and wife was growing beyond even my expectations. Jesus was sewing us together, one stitch at a time, and making sure the knots were tied permanently. But Judy was taking that love that was normal in Jesus, to a worrying stage that would steal her peace in the Lord if I didn't keep a check on it. Judy also takes care of her elderly father and mother. At one time, when I was at my worst after the operation, her father was admitted into the hospital with pneumonia, and her mother was scheduled to have a new pacemaker put in.

Judy's worry was getting so severe that she was slipping into a state of panic and depression, though she did not see it herself. It left her physically and spiritually exhausted to the point she could not sleep at night because of the worry of what might happen the next day with



either her parents or me. Judy and I had many talks about this state of worry and how it was affecting our relationship. I know I could not help her, but I know a man who can: Jesus. He is the same one who sent my kidney stone to save my life, and he is the same, “. . . yesterday, today, and forever.”

We were planning a trip to go on vacation to Ocean Isle Beach, N.C., with Pastor John and a group of God’s people. Judy’s worry about who is going to take care of her parents was heavy on her mind, but she really wanted to get away and get refreshed.

Friday, June 18<sup>th</sup>, before we left, Judy and I were in our pool, when out of the blue, the Spirit of God through me told her, “Judy, you have to quit worrying about what is not in your power.” I thought, “Where did that come from?” But I knew it was from God. I had been praying about Judy’s worry to Jesus for a long time. I told Judy, “That worry you are carrying is taking your peace and joy. You have to have more faith in God than that. You do the best you can, and trust Jesus for everything else. You have to believe Jesus is in charge of everything in our lives.” Judy replied, “Billy, how do you just let it go?” I explained, “Judy, you just give it to God.”

The next day, Judy and I loaded up the truck and we were making our way to the beach. It was a very long trip in my condition, and I did all of the driving. Though we stopped regularly, the stabbing pain in my side was becoming unbearable, and Judy’s worry about her parents and me was becoming more overwhelming to her by the mile.

After a long, twelve-hour drive, we arrived at the beach house we had rented, exhausted. We went to the beach where everyone was starting to gather. It was good seeing everyone. I tried to throw a football; I could throw it but just a few yards, and after a few times of throwing the football, sharp pains would flow up and down my spine. I played the game “corn-hole”, but I started feeling the spasms in my back and neck taking over. It was time to get settled in for the evening at the beach house.

Sunday, at the beach, we swam in the ocean, but around 1:00 p.m., I left because of the pain again. It seems the only relief I could find would be to go to sleep. My body was so tired from fighting the pain the last few months, that sleep was my only haven.

Judy and I watched our grand-daughter, Sophia, so our son Jeremy and his wife, Brittany, could go do some activities that night with other people.

Brother Darren Prater came over earlier that evening and ate dinner with us and our house-mates, Cliff and Julie Ayscue. After dinner, Darren sang some songs for us. I could feel the love of God reaching through Darren’s songs for me. Besides sleep, the only comfort I had was Darren’s songs. Darren had promised his girls that he would take them to the beach, and, so, he left, along with Cliff and Julie, to take them there. Judy and I were there by ourselves. I was there because of the pain in my side and back, and Judy was there worrying about me and to take care of me, as she had always done since my operation. I went to bed early. Maybe Judy would stop worrying now.

While Judy and I were at the beach house, Cliff and Julie were sitting with Pastor John at the beach explaining to him how bad I had been hurting. They both had helped me out of my chair more than once, and they had seen the expressions of grief and agony on my face as I clinched my side with my right arm when I stood up.



*Cliff and Julie Ayscue*

I didn’t know it, but Pastor John had sent text messages to me while he was on the beach. I had my cell phone with me all night, but I didn’t receive the messages until the next morning. One of the messages said, “On the beach missing you.” And another said, “Wish you were here.” It really touched my heart knowing people were thinking about me.

Earlier the day before, Pastor John sent a message and wanted everyone to wear their PJH shirts for a group photo at 10:00 a.m., Monday morning. He said Darren would be there for breakfast, and maybe we could talk Darren into playing some songs for us. I felt my heart twitch knowing that Darren's music always touches me in some way.

Monday morning at 7:30 a.m., Judy and I stepped into the living room where we were staying with our PJH shirts on. At the same moment, Cliff and Julie stepped into the same room with their PJH shirts on. We had not been invited for breakfast at Pastor John's, but I knew in my soul if Darren would start singing, I would be healed from this pain. Cliff and Julie had told Pastor John about me, and they told me, "I think we need to go on over there." My heart melted from the love I felt from them; they were looking out for me.

We walked to Pastor John's beach house, and each step I climbed going up to his boardwalk was total pain. We stopped outside the door on the boardwalk, where Judy and I leaned on the rails, watching the ocean. I knew Pastor John would be up, but I didn't want to disturb any others in his house that may be sleeping.

At 7:45, the door opened, and Pastor John and Brother Earl came out of the beach house, walked over to me, and prayed softly for me. I heard later, from a CD recording describing this moment, Pastor John saying, "Jesus met Billy on the boardwalk." I pulled Pastor John's hand down to my right side, and told him, "It's right there." He prayed some more and said, "Let's go inside."

I sat down on the sofa, but the sofa was uncomfortable on my side that was hurting. I moved to a chair that was by the entrance door. Pastor John asked me if I wanted some breakfast. I told him, "No, thank you. I'm not hungry." While Sister Barbara was cooking breakfast, Pastor John played a CD of Darren's song, *Loving Me*.

Almost immediately, I was having the same tender feelings of the Spirit that I had the night before when Darren was at the beach house I was staying in, singing his songs to us and others who were

there. The feelings of the holy Ghost were taking me to a place of rest for my body.

Sister Lou Finch came into the room where we were gathering. Sister Lou testified about the healing she had received the previous Saturday night. She had a lump on her left arm and could not raise her arm high enough to praise God. The following is Sister Lou's own words of that testimony.

### **Sister Lou's Healing**

**For about three weeks, I was having pain in my left shoulder area. So much pain, that it was running into my neck, and down my arm into my fingers. It got so bad that I couldn't raise to turn my arm very high without it hurting.**

**I took a beach trip with my brothers and sisters in the Lord, and one day while out on the beach, I showed my arm to one of my sisters (Betty Pittman) and Pastor John. I told them how much I was hurting, and Betty looked at it and saw a big knot where it had swollen. As we were leaving the beach, Bob and Ellen Payne asked Debbie and me to come and eat some fish with them that Bob had caught earlier in the day.**

**As I was driving over to their house, my arm and shoulder were hurting pretty bad, and I was going to ask for prayer before I left. As I walked in the front door, Rob, Gary, and Donna were standing right in front of me. Rob asked me what was going on with my arm and shoulder. He had heard earlier how bad it was hurting me. Well, as I began to tell them about the pain, those three reached out and began to pray for my shoulder and arm. Then, everyone began praying. Oh, could you feel the power of God in that room!**

**All of a sudden, I raised both my hands over my head and started praising God-and realized the pain was gone! I turned my arms to the left and to the right, and raised them again, and the pain was absolutely gone. It all happened so quickly that it surprised me, and I kept raising my arms and praising God, pain free. He is good!!!!**

Pastor John and some others came in and we were telling them what God had done. It was so sweet. Pastor John reached out and rubbed my arm where the knot had been, and I realized it was gone! I pulled up both sleeves and said, "Look! Look! Oh, thank you, Jesus!!!!!"

I love how God works. I was going to ask for prayer before I left, and God had another plan. He wanted to heal me then and there, at the beginning of my vacation, so I could enjoy being with my brothers and sisters, pain free. I also love how God had everyone in their place when I walked into that room. I love feeling the precious Spirit of God, and I love my family in Jesus. They are the sweetest people in the world. Thank you Jesus for your precious healing power!!



*Sister Lou Finch, "This is big, y'all!"*

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I was feeling the power of God during Sister Lou's testimony of her healing, while Darren picked up his guitar, and sang a new song he

had written, “Go On With Me.” By this time, the power of God filled my whole being. I was holding the words to Darren’s song on my lap when Julie Ayscue relieved me of that duty. Julie saw me feeling the power of God, and she knew I needed healing for the pain in my side.

Darren sang for us the song that I had heard on the CD a few moments earlier, “Loving Me.” The beginning notes he played on his guitar felt like Jesus was plucking the strings on my heart. I began crying uncontrollably from the depths of my heart. At that moment, I felt a hand on my left shoulder and saw Pastor John standing beside me; it was his. When I saw Pastor John, I didn’t see, him, I saw and felt as though Jesus was standing beside me. The love of God was so strong coming from Pastor John, that it literally took my breath away. Looking straight ahead, I saw Brother Stuart Hiser kneeling in front of me and praying for me, too. I looked into his eyes and saw the same love of God in his eyes as I did with Brother Wendell, the day he escorted me to my car, just shortly after my surgery. Jesus had shown up and took over what was going on in the room.



*Darren singing, me crying, Pastor John praying and Stuart kneeling at my side*

I remember losing all awareness of people in the room. Everything turned black, and I felt I was in a blanket of total love and security. There was, “Nothing between, my soul and my Savior”, as Brother John’s song declares. I was thinking, “I have been here before.” It is a place where healing is. It’s a place where only love and truth

abides. It's a place where it's only Jesus and your heart. I told Jesus, "I need healing, Jesus."

More people were coming in, and Pastor John asked Darren to sing again, "Go On With Me." As I was coming back from the place where I asked Jesus for healing, I noticed my side felt different. Different as in, NO PAIN! I started getting happy. Started? Phooey. I was happy! I started laughing in the Spirit . . . standing up and sitting down (multiple times) . . . I danced in the Spirit. I was beyond happy. I looked over and saw Sister Lou raising her arm that was healed by Jesus, and praising Jesus for what he had just done for me. God is good!

After I caught my breath, I looked at Pastor John and said, "It's Gone!" Pastor John started praising God; the whole room was praising God. I made eye contact with Jessica Embry, and she felt the same joy for me that I did. Jessica had seen my pain, and she knew how much I had been hurting. My joy was her joy! I looked at my wife and said, "It's gone, Judy. It's not coming back." She started crying. My joy was her joy, too.



*Jeremy, Brittany, and Sophia Mellick at Ocean Isle Beach, NC (June, 2011)*

I felt so good in my body! I wanted to lift something to prove what God had just done. I looked over the room and saw a few people (to lift them). Then, I walked across the room and picked up my daughter-in-law, Brittany. She was a good place to start. I carried her back across the room, smiled, and gave her to husband, Jeremy, and said, "Here, she is yours." I walked back across the room with so much power of God on my body. I hugged Judy and told her, "You're not allowed to worry anymore." God pulled the lid off of Judy, and she was praising the One who had just healed me.

After it was over, Judy and I walked outside the beach house where we began and stared at the ocean. I had no pain, and she had no worry. It is now November 4<sup>th</sup>, 2010, and I have not had one pain in my side, nor do I expect to, and Judy will not need to worry about me any more; she's not allowed to, as the Spirit spoke the words to me. The

next day, at the beach, Donna Nelson told Judy, “You’re not allowed to pick that (worry) back up.”

I know in my heart, there is a place where healing is. It’s a place of total rest for the body and soul. There is a chamber where nothing else is allowed but God and your heart. It’s a place of absolute love and peace. It’s a place of joy and happiness. We can go to that place. All we need to do is forget our own selves and keep our eyes on Jesus. He knows where that place is. Jesus is already there, and he is waiting. It is only the Spirit of God that can take us there, and that is why it is so important to have the Spirit of God alive in us. Jesus knows the way. He is the way



# The Final Payment

December 23, 2010

The final payment to the hospital was actually from the first night that I went to the emergency room on, September 12, 2009. Below is an email that I had sent Pastor John, December 23, 2010, concerning that final payment:

Hi Pastor John:

While going through my healing from my cancer, I have never missed a paycheck. By the time I returned to work (3 months later), I had two vacation days left, but had a bill still being negotiated by the hospital and my insurance company, because I went to an, "out of network" hospital to be treated. The remaining bill, since just a week or two ago, was over 12,000.00 dollars.

Judy and I have talked to many people, many times, about the balance, and each time we were told the final bill was being negotiated, and the bill amount was pending. The bill would come in with the balance on it every month or so, but it would have "pending" printed on the invoice.

Judy, as any wife that cares, kept thinking, "What are we going to do if they make us pay the whole amount?" I told her, "We need to have faith in God, and He will work it out. If God can send a kidney stone, then he knows how to pay for it. Remember Tim (Sellers), and what he says about "God's economy." That was two weeks ago.

A week ago, we were sent a check for over \$3,000.00 from my insurance company, and of course we applied it to the big bill. When Judy took the bill over to the hospital and applied the check toward the big bill, Judy asked the attendant, "What about the \$10,000 balance?" The lady replied, "We will apply this check and wait and see what happens. The outcome is still pending."

Fast-forwarding to yesterday, December 22, 2010, we received a letter from the hospital for the final bill stating that we only owe a little over 600 dollars, and if we pay the balance in 30 days, there would be a discount of 20%, from the final bill. We are going to the hospital this morning and pay the balance in full. When Judy called the hospital about the balance, they said, "That's it, that all." The thought came back to my mind when I told Judy that "God is able to pay for the kidney stone." After all, he owns cattle on a thousand hills.

But my thoughts also went back to the last time I was in North Carolina (putting your window parts in). I didn't want you to pay for the window parts, even though you had offered. You told me, "Billy, God will pay you back (for the window parts)." I believed you.

When we did not know how we were going to pay for the hospital bills at times, I kept telling Judy, "Remember Tim (Sellers), and God's economy." All of our need was met going through all of the treatments, over the past year, because, "God knows our need before we ask." To God, and His son, Jesus, I am thankful. Judy and I give Him, all of our praise.

This was just too good to keep to myself. Thank you John, for all you have done for my family,

Billy

## Afterword

After writing the last sentence of my experiences and putting the period at the end of that sentence, I went back to the beginning and read what I had written. I noticed how many people God had surrounded me with to help me, love me, and pray for me. These past months have been a tremendous experience. I can't thank God's people enough for all of the help Judy and I received. God's people brought us food, cleaned our house, cut our grass, not to mention calling us with encouragement, emailing us, visiting us, and most importantly, praying with and for us, and the scores of doctors (especially Dr. U) and nurses with their staff that Jesus used to take care of me and were there at my every beckoning (almost). This has truly been a story of God and His Son's love. Yes, they are alive and doing well!

One of the things I have learned through all of this is that: God is fully in charge and fully in control. Everything is done for His Son's body on earth because He loves the body of Christ. I have also learned not to give up; I could have done that many times, but the love I have for Jesus just would not let me give up. I remembered that King Saul, in the Old Testament, gave up just prior to Samuel returning. Saul's patience and faith gave out just before his answer came. As a result, his kingdom (Israel) was taken from him and given to another, the shepherd boy, David.

I had to fully trust God for everything. I had to trust the doctors and nurses He surrounded me with. I had to lean on God's people for strength when I didn't have strength, and above all, trust in Jesus. At one point, I reminded the Lord again about what Uncle Earl had told the Lord when he was going through a life-and-death test of his own: "If I live, I'm yours, or whether I die, I'm yours."

Also through all of this, I have found out what a real foot-washing is. It is to allow the people whom God puts in your life to do

their job as He puts it on their hearts to do, the way Peter did, sitting there in humility and letting Jesus wash his feet. From tying my shoes, like Sister Donna did mine, to getting over your own nakedness and embarrassment to allow the medical personnel to do their jobs, or sitting back and watching people do the basic household chores for you as Aunt Betty and Uncle Earl did. This is letting Jesus wash our feet; he ministers to us through others and in all situations. Jesus wants us to enjoy perfect fellowship with him and his Father.

But above all, I learned that Jesus will put you through physical pain to get his point across. He will save his body by whatever means is at his disposal. The thing is, all things are at his disposal. The most important thing to have in a body of Christ is “flow” (fellowship with another in the light of Jesus). We need flow coming in and flow going out. My body needs fluids to come in so I will not dehydrate, and fluids to go out so I will not be backed up and hurting. Jesus will use all things to get you to a point where you know that, “all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.” Looking back, I see how many people He put in my life to help me these past few months. I could not have even come close to getting through this alone; this is the love of God in action. I needed everyone God sent and used for my healing and recovery. What Jesus wants us to know is that the safest place on earth is to be, *In God’s Shadow*.



*Billy with Eric R. Uhlenhuth (Dr. U) M.D. Urologic Surgery  
(Photograph following six-month follow-up examination)*

*“Feeling Good, Dr. U”*



# IN GOD'S SHADOW

Visit us at these websites:

[www.PastorJohnsHouse.com](http://www.PastorJohnsHouse.com)

[www.Isaiah58.com](http://www.Isaiah58.com)

[www.GoingToJesus.com](http://www.GoingToJesus.com)

[www.SevenPillarsMusic.com](http://www.SevenPillarsMusic.com)

And, for good music all day long, go to:

[www.SongsOfRest.com](http://www.SongsOfRest.com)





*Thank you, Jessica \*!, for all of the help and guidance that I have received from not only you, but to all of my Family that Jesus has given me, that has helped make this little book come together. Truly, we are a body of Christ. I appreciate all of your time, and labor of love on this book and in life. I am very thankful that Jesus has put us on the same team.*

*With all my heart,  
Billy (#25)*



*Jessica Token Embry & Billy Mellick*

*“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples,  
if ye have love one to another.”*

*John 13:35*