



FROM TEST TO TESTIMONY

by Rev. Mattie Dickens Gipson



It started out like any other fall morning. The day was Friday, October 15, 2021. It was about 9:00 A.M. and I was waking up and not feeling too well. But I was not alarmed, just thought it was one of those mornings. I said a little prayer, turned

over, and tried to go back to sleep. I guess I was making some strange noise because Frank asked if I was alright. I told him I was, that I just felt a little yucky. About an hour passed and he finally said, "Get up and get some clothes on. I'm taking you to ER." With only mild protests, I complied.

We arrived at ER, I got checked in and tried to explain how I was feeling. The routine questions were asked and blood work was done. The results- I had a UTI. I was given a shot and a prescription and told to get it filled, go home, take as prescribed, and rest. Again, I complied with the directions I was given. I'm not sure how many hours passed, but I fell into a fitful sleep. Frank obviously

fell into a deep sleep because he did not hear my phone ringing and ringing and ringing, nor his. But sometime over in the night, my daughter became uneasy because I had not answered my phone or returned her calls. She continued to call Frank until he eventually answered. She inquired about my well-being because I had not returned any of her calls. She asked him to put me on speakerphone. I vaguely remember her asking, "Mama, are you ok?" My response was, "Baby, I hurt," and that's the last thing I remember until around noon Saturday. My daughter says I kept saying, "*Lord Jesus, please help me.*"

Realizing I was quite ill, she asked Frank to call 911 immediately. He complied. Because both of my daughters live in Atlanta, she began to call my closest kin that lives near me, and then her sister and brother. I am told that they responded by coming to my house to render any help they could. My granddaughter, who also lives in Atlanta, called her paternal grandfather who also lives near me, and he, too, came to offer help. I don't remember seeing any of them. By this time, I suppose I had lost the ability to communicate coherently. I have a vague

memory of the EMT asking me what was wrong. I have no idea if I responded or what I said if I responded. But I am told that I continued my mantra of “*Lord Jesus, please help me.*” As I reflect on that I’m persuaded to believe that like David, even though I was incoherent I held on to my conviction that **YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL FOR THOU ART WITH ME. THY ROD AND THY STAFF SHALL COMFORT ME.** During much of the time I was in ER and being treated, I’m told that my daughters were on speakerphone communicating with Frank and those attending me. (One daughter is a nurse and she knew the questions to ask.)

For the next few hours, my life hung in the balance. I had become septic and bacteria had entered my bloodstream. I was on a high dosage of antibiotics for the next several days. I had little to no control of bodily functions; I was on oxygen to supply my system with what it needed to help fight the bacteria. Sometime around noon Saturday, I woke up. I looked around and surmised that I was in the hospital. I asked Frank how I got there and why. He filled me in on the missing hours of my life. Shortly afterward the doctor came in and talked to me. He looked so serious I was almost amused. He asked me, “Do you know what sepsis is?” I replied, “I’ve heard of it and I know it’s serious.” He then informed me that it is indeed very serious and that I had a very serious case of it and have to be on strong antibiotics daily for the next 14 days.

The next few days were a blur of horrific nausea. I had to constantly repeat one of my favorite texts just to hold on. That text is PSALM 121. “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth...He that keepeth Israel will not slumber or sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand...He shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this day forth, and even forevermore.” I had to remember that I was in the Potter’s hands and that there is healing in His House.

As I continued my recovery at Baptist Health and Rehabilitation, I was reminded that THE BOOK says, “be ye also ready, for no man knows the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh...” After spending 18 days in the hospital and at Baptist H&R. I can testify that it’s good to know the Lord. It’s good to have family and friends who know the Lord because THE PRAYERS OF THE RIGHTEOUS AVAILETH MUCH.

When I went for my checkup with my primary care physician, he just sat and looked at me for a few seconds before he spoke. Then, looking at my chart, he said, “You’ve been a very sick lady. You must be connected with some praying people.” I smiled big and told him I know Jesus and I’m connected with a lot of praying people, coast to coast.

*FROM TEST TO TESTIMONY-
BECAUSE GOD IS, I AM!!!!*



Consecration of 2022 Church Leadership **Sunday, January 9, 2022, 9:00 A.M. Worship Service**



On December 19, 2021, OFUMC Youth performed their annual Christmas program. Youth Minister Tressie Johnson (pictured above at right) coordinated the program. She also designed and set up the beautiful Nativity scene background pictured here.



Also on December 19th, Rev. Mattie Gipson, representing The OFUMC Family, presented a special collection gift to Pastor Thomas and family. Pictured above from left: Rev. Gipson, Amy Thomas, Pastor Thomas, and their granddaughter Khamyiah LaGrace Thomas.



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