

A testimony to the goodness of our Lord in my life by Lori Milburn Enskaya

My story begins with finding out that I was expecting our third baby. It felt different to me because I was very sick and I even told my mother I thought I had twins. My sickness started with two ruptured cysts on my ovary revealed by an ultrasound. My doctor explained that this was the reason for my pain and bleeding. I continued to feel pain and sickness which I attributed to gas. I had a doctors appointment to be rechecked but was in such excruciating pain from my stomach to my shoulders along with vomiting that I didn't go. I was talking with my mother on Skype when my doctor called to see why I missed my appointment. I told her I couldn't walk because the pain was so bad and she told me she wanted to do an ultrasound. We hung up and she called back in minutes to tell me that they were waiting on me at the hospital and to go right away. I told my mother that I was going to throw on some clothes and go and would call her the minute I was done. Oleg stayed home with the children. I took a taxi to the hospital to find a waiting room full of people and was relieved that I was rushed to the back room. On May 7, 2012 I experienced the Hand of God on my life. He arranged every little detail beginning with my doctor calling ahead to have the head of gynecology waiting on me otherwise I would have had to wait or perhaps not even been seen that day. Dr. Lani immediately took me for an ultrasound and then very speedily for an exam. He told me I was bleeding internally and needed emergency surgery to find the source and that I was in the process of miscarrying our baby. They immediately started prepping me for surgery and were talking in combined Russian, Hungarian, Polish and Ukranian very fast and I couldn't understand what they were saying. I told them I was a foreigner and I couldn't understand and was scared. A doctor came over and touched my arm and explained in Russian what was happening. I told her I needed to call my husband before they did anything. As they continued to work, she handed me my phone and I called Oleg to tell him this dreadful news. His immediate response was to try to get me to Hungary because health care there is regulated and more trustworthy. Dr. Lani assured him and me that I wouldn't make it to the hospital in Hungary which is about an hour away from our city. We agreed this is what we had to do and the surgery began within 15 minutes. Oleg had to find someone to stay with the children and did not make it in time but I did ask my doctor if I could pray before they put me to sleep and he agreed. I had gone to the hospital for an ultrasound and found myself about to undergo surgery. What was so comforting was the fact that I was not afraid to die. I didn't want to leave my babies and my husband. I asked the Lord to spare my life if it was His Will, to forgive me of my sins that I could remember and to comfort my family. That was the last thing I remember.

The Lord protected me in so many ways. I learned that they thought I was a Jehovah's Witness, who are opposed to blood transfusions because they believe your soul is in your blood, so I did not get a transfusion.

As I was waking up in the operating room I could hear the nurses discussing what a Baptist was which made me giggle inside. I couldn't move but I could hear them. Before the surgery they had asked me what I was doing in Ukraine and I was able to tell them a little about myself and our ministry. This was one of many opportunities to share my faith during my stay in the hospital.

I was moved to recovery where I found a very relieved Oleg waiting on me. We were so grateful to see each other and know that I had made it through the surgery. Dr Lani came into to explain what had happened to me. I had a rare condition known as heterotopic pregnancy, an ectopic pregnancy with a regular uterine pregnancy which occurs 1 in 30,000 pregnancies. The ectopic pregnancy was located in my fallopian tube and had ruptured causing massive internal bleeding and extreme pain. He was able to stop the bleeding by removing a fragment of the tube, leaving a good blood supply to my left ovary. He was not able to save our babies but the Lord did spare my life. I know my babies are with Him and I will see them some day. Dr. Lani's bedside manner had little to be desired but I was told that "he is a skilled surgeon and I was "lucky" to have been attended by him."

I was kept in recovery for two of my six day stay in Mukachevo Hospital. The first night, the night nursing staff slept in my room (3 nurses). This was comforting because there are no call buttons or telephone phones to call for help. I was in a room far away from the others and was unable to even call out in case of an emergency. I was still a little shaken about bleeding too death and not being able to get help. The Lord is so good about taking care of every detail. These particular nurses became my favorites and the Lord gave me special opportunity to witness to them on my last night.

I was moved to the gynecology ward which has 50 beds and only ONE bathroom. I was so thankful to learn that it was cleaned regularly and it didn't smell. The Lord gave me opportunity to show kindness to the lady who cleaned. I expressed my gratitude and praised her for her excellent job of taking such pains to keep this bathroom clean. I was able to share my abundance of candy with her given to me by my church family. I don't believe she receives much recognition for what may be taken for granted but was a luxury to me.

As I mentioned, I was talking with my mother when all of this began and assured her I would call her when I got home because I knew she was worried about me. After 2-1/2 hours later she knew something was wrong and began calling my cell (which was turned off), home phone (which no one answered) and Oleg's cell (he was at the hospital). When I was able to turn my phone on, within minutes she called. When I told her I had had emergency surgery she began to cry. I told her how the Lord saved my life and we both praised the Lord together. She called our sending church and my American prayer support began in earnest. Our Ukrainian church family has taken such good care of us. We have felt the Power of Prayer and the power of the Body of Christ working together to serve one another. Our hearts were so encouraged by the love and care shown by our small assembly as we have lacked for nothing.

One unusual difference between the American and Ukrainian health care system is that the patient has to provide basically everything except doctors, nurses and a bed. You are responsible for surgical supplies, needles, catheters, medicine and food. The Lord was so good to use our church family to provide for our every need above and beyond what we could have asked for.

When my eyes were focused enough to be able to read, I picked up my Bible and opened it to the Psalms. The first thing I read brought tears to my eyes because it was as though the Lord telling me what He had done for me.

Psalm 116:1-9 “I love the LORD, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the LORD; O LORD, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the LORD, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. The LORD preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the LORD hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.”

The Lord gave me opportunity to find Dr. Lani in his office and I was able to express my gratitude for his help in my distress. I told him that the Lord used him to save my life and that I would always pray for him. He thanked me and then he told me I was a “unique person.” Since it was my last night there and the hospital was almost empty, I asked if he would let me just go on home. He said “honey, you are not a gypsy to run away” and his answer was no--you need to stay. However, I did sneak home for a desperately needed shower and head scrubbing. Oleg was so excited to see me that he thought I should just stay there with him. However, we agreed together that though it was the norm to just leave the hospital, as a believer I had to go back in obedience to my doctor’s authority over me.

It was storming as I hailed my taxi to head back to the hospital. It was empty and eerie feeling so I began to roam the halls. My favorite nurses invited me to their room and we talked until I am (one of the doctors dropped in to join in the conversation). I was able to share my faith and they were very open to what I had to say. After the doctor left, I was invited to stay the night with them and I did. Please pray for the doctors and nurses on the gynecology ward in Mukachevo Hospital to come to know Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

The privilege of seeing the Lord work in small and big ways during my stay there has increased my faith tremendously. It has also reminded me that every day the Lord holds our lives in His hands. Colossians 1: 16-17 “For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.” Often in the extreme we so clearly see His hand working, but Colossians reminds us that every day “by him all things consist.” He holds us in His hands and saves our lives every day. May I never forget to praise Him for this on a daily basis.