

From Complications to God-Confidence

When our daughter, Caroline, was born and severe health complications quickly ensued, Carla and I were driven to our knees, crying to God for healing. Amid fear and fright, we sought his peace. When we felt less than confident that the story we'd imagined for ourselves as new parents wasn't going to play out the way we'd thought, we sought God's confidence.

Here's Carla's story. For the squeamish, it does get detailed.

March 1, 1994, was an incredible day. My due date had come and gone, and now Preston and I were anxiously awaiting the arrival of our new baby girl, Caroline. Caroline arrived at 7:29 a.m. on Tuesday, March 1. We were overjoyed and felt so blessed to welcome a new, healthy baby girl into our family.

Later that afternoon, as is typical after most deliveries, the nurses came into my hospital room to check on me, take vital signs, etc. After removing my catheter, they noticed something wrong: urine leaked onto my bed. Several nurses came in to look, doctors were called in, and I was wheeled over to urology specialists' offices shortly after that. During the delivery process, we found out that my bladder and a vaginal wall had been torn, therefore forming a hole through both, which had caused urine to flow directly from my bladder through my vaginal wall and leak onto the bed (or anything else).

At first, neither my doctor nor the specialists knew what to do. Once the specialists had discussed the matter, my OB-GYN (who had delivered Caroline) came in to explain these findings to us. He admitted that he didn't know how this had happened, and, although he had delivered thousands of babies, he had

never seen this before. He was concerned, and he offered to pray with us.

The next day, we took Caroline home, but it wasn't the homecoming I had envisioned beforehand. I went home with a catheter and wore adult continence garments for the next six weeks while we met with specialists to develop a plan that would hopefully lead to healing. During the weeks that led up to the surgery, my OB doctor would call to check on us and let us know that he and others he knew were praying for us. Many surgeons are egotistical and don't acknowledge their humanness. This doctor was different. He was bold in his faith and humble in his approach, and because of this, I was learning more about Christ.

There was a lot of uncertainty going into the surgery. Ahead of time, we had agreed to various approaches based on what they could find once I was on the surgical table. One method was somewhat invasive and another much less so, but I wouldn't know which method they would implement until I awoke from anesthesia. During the weeks leading up to surgery, our only option was to pray for a medical plan of action that would be successful, for skilled minds and skilled hands for the physicians, for encouragement, and for adequate care during this time for our new baby girl. We asked family, friends, neighbors, and everyone around us for prayer.

Finally, the morning of surgery came, and it was time for my family to leave my side and allow the staff to take me back. As I was wheeled down to the pre-op room, I heard someone call my name. It was my physician; he had come to walk me into surgery. (He was not a part of the urology surgical team). He held my hand and prayed over me.

I'm happy to say that the report was good when I came out of the anesthesia later that day. The team had been able to make the repairs in the least invasive way, and, thankfully, the outcome looked very hopeful!

I cared for a newborn baby for several months following the surgery while wearing multiple urinary medical devices. Needless to say, I stayed home quite a bit. It wasn't an easy time, but it was a season when God was allowing me some time alone with him to talk things out. I did a lot of praying.

At times, I remember wrestling with my feelings and thinking, Am I going to trust that God is good and that his plan for me is good, even if my body doesn't function properly and I must wear these urinary devices for the rest of my life? Am I going to trust him no matter the outcome?

God was patient with me, and he allowed me to talk about these things out with him. Ultimately, after spending much time in his Word, much time in prayer, and listening to godly counsel, I began to accept the fact that, no matter the outcome, God loves me and cares for me. He will always be there for me. He is my maker and my helper.

Several months went by before I could attempt going to the restroom independently. I'll never forget the day I was allowed to try. Right away, I knew I was healed. God is good, not because he chose to heal me—he certainly didn't have to do that—but because he is a good father. That's his character. His plans are for good, even though we may not like them at the time.

Looking back, I'm very thankful he took me on that little journey years ago. I learned to trust him, and he hasn't failed me yet.

To add to Carla's story, I remember sitting in the waiting room with her parents and my grandparents during surgery. We were hopeful that the procedure would be successful, but we were prepared for the worst. I'll never forget the post-surgery debrief with the surgeon. It was as if he couldn't believe how simple the surgery was and how well it had gone

versus how he initially thought the situation would be resolved. It was a miracle. We were delighted and thankful. We all jumped for joy and thanked God for his incredible mercy. The surgery was successful, and Carla's health was restored.

Carla and I will always look back at this milestone and be thankful for God's answer to our prayers. We didn't have anywhere else to turn but to God, to place our hope and confidence in him for a positive outcome. Despite daunting circumstances and an undesired prognosis, we prayed to God because we trusted him. When I saw God move and do what seemed impossible, it reaffirmed and further established my confidence in God.

What does God-confidence look like? It's when you move from elevating God over yourself. The Bible says, "Don't be so naive and self-confident. You're not exempt. You could fall flat on your face as easily as anyone else. Forget about self-confidence; it's useless. Cultivate God-confidence" (1 Corinthians 10:12 – The Message).

How does one cultivate God-confidence?

- Seek his empowerment.
- Request God's wisdom to navigate uncharted territory, make decisions, and solve problems.
- Seek his strength and protection to face opposition or challenging circumstances.
- Trust he'll provide and ensure an outcome that works for the good.
- When success comes, give credit to God and be thankful.
- If success doesn't come, don't let your God-confidence be shaken but let it grow through adversity.

How different would your life look if you moved from self-confidence to God-confidence? How would your home life change? How would your organization, community, or school grow? How would your world transform?

If you sincerely trust him, God will do wonderful things in you and through you. As you make a positive difference in the world, you will be in marvelous fellowship with the One who made you. You will be engaged in his enterprises, risking your life for him and his kingdom. Focusing on God and not self will make your confidence soar, and you'll be energized to do and achieve more than you imagined possible.

Do you want to learn how to grow God-confidence and become a leader others will gladly follow? Visit my website, prestonpoore.com, today!

Cheers!

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