

Revival & REFORMATION

The Official *United in Prayer* Weekly Blog and World Church Prayer Requests
www.RevivalAndReformation.org

October 28, 2022

One Last Miracle for Me!

By Debi Tesser

Mom's gnarled hands lay peacefully on the sheet. The breath of life that filled her lungs more than 86 years before had finally left her after a hard-fought battle. I reflected on the miracles God had performed for her over the last 18 months.

In Spring 2017, Mom was still at home, exactly where she wanted to be. I did my best to honor that but I was cracking. After working a full-time job, commuting every weekend from where I lived, grocery shopping, taking her to doctor's appointments, etc., I was physically, mentally, and spiritually weary. I was trying to control things and failing wretchedly. God was there, patiently waiting for me to let go. Finally, I started looking for a place to take care of Mom. Unbeknownst to me, God was already at work.

A few weeks later, the hospital called me at work to come and be with my mother as she had been diagnosed with deep vein thrombosis. Within what seemed like minutes of my arrival, the nurses and social worker announced that she would have to go to rehab. I needed to decide which facility. "Fine," I thought. "How am I going to make that decision when I live two hours away?"

I was handicapped with a lack of knowledge. God's plan, however, was beginning to unfold. The next day the social worker thrust three pages into my hands. She was nice but offered no direction when she instructed, "Choose your top three facilities." She turned and left the room.

I blankly stared at the list. I saw the name of a facility where I had worked a couple of summers during college. The nursing home where Mom had worked as a nurse was also on the list. I saw it and remembered the seed that had been planted.

Just five days before, our church had celebrated 50 years in the current church building. We had many visitors that Sabbath, most of whom I knew. One lady was particularly talkative. When she and her husband were newlyweds, they lived across the road from my parents in a tiny Michigan village. She commented, "Mom and Dad are finally in the same room. They are at *The Laurels*."

I did not think anything about it and just continued to visit. Now I saw the same name on the list. Was this a miracle for Mom in the making? Did God plant that seed so that I would have the information?

As I was praying about the decision, one of the nurses walked in to check on Mom. She could see I was troubled by not knowing what to do. Nurses are not supposed to offer those kinds of opinions, so she took a risk in helping me. She pointed to a couple of places on the list: "Don't go there."

I pointed to the two places that were familiar to me, and she nodded with little interest. When I pointed to the facility that was mentioned at the potluck, eagerness entered her voice: "That location is fairly new. It's only nine years old and it's lovely!"

Praying as I went, I chose three rehab facilities. I called the social worker and left her the message of my choices. I wanted *The Laurels* considerably more than the other two. She returned my call in about 15 minutes to tell me we were scheduled to be at *The Laurels* as soon as Mom was released from the hospital.

God had worked this miracle for Mom. Was He finished with the miracles? No. He had more in store for my mom. The next day, Mom was released. The people at the rehab center were waiting for us at the door to help Mom get to her room.

After I unpacked her things and made sure she was settled, I left. I walked through the lobby and noticed a book on one of the small tables next to a chair. I read the title: "Expect a Miracle." The book was published and printed where I worked! God had confirmed that I had correctly used the wisdom He put in my heart, and I was following the path He had ordained.

A little more than three weeks later, I was at a care conference with the facility leadership. I learned that the recommendation was that she should continue to live at the nursing home permanently because she needed 24-hour care. I was also told that they had no room in the long-term section of the home. Again, I was bewildered, not to mention crushed. I wanted to honor my Mom's wishes and take her home, but God had other plans.

Not 10 minutes after the meeting was dismissed, the social worker and her assistant came to me and said, "We have room in the rehab section. She can stay there until something in long-term opens up." Within another couple of short weeks, I took another call: "We have an opening in long-term. Do you want to take it?" God took such good care of my mother.

But He had one more miracle just for me. Twenty-four years prior, I said goodbye to my father after a hard-fought battle with illness. My last memory was watching him being zipped away in a body bag. The pain of that experience lingered and I prayed that I wouldn't have to go through it with my mother, too.

One day I went to visit the nursing home, spending some quiet time with her in prayer. I received a call from the funeral home not long after I left, sharing that she had passed. My final memories of my mother are peaceful! What a wonderful God we serve.

Debi Tesser returned to her native roots in Michigan in 2007 where she works for Remnant Publications. This testimony is shared with permission from [Time to Get Ready Ministries](#).

World Church Prayer Requests

October 28 – November 3, 2022

- Pray for our church members throughout the 10/40 window who have limited resources and ways to worship collectively.
- Pray especially for our Waldensian Students and workers throughout the Middle East.
- Pray for a large Great Controversy distribution project being organized by the Women's Ministries of the West Central Africa Division. Pray that many women and children will take part in this special initiative.
- Pray for the year-end meetings being held in the different divisions around the world.
- Pray that we as a church will continue to be a light on a hill to the communities around us as our world continues to sway thru tumultuous times.