

MIRACLE ME !!! BY CHRISTIANA ACHA
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I was once what you could call a vegetable, there was nothing i could do for myself. I was in a state of total incapacity, I couldn't move any part of my body. From my neck down to my feet nothing was functional even to my internal organs. The only part of my body that was functional was my brain and facial features. I needed help for practically everything, from brushing my teeth to scratching my hair. I was helpless and at the mercy of God. I couldn't feel anything, if someone touched me I wouldn't know, if you even hit me with a baton I won't feel it.

My mum had to do everything for me, from brushing my teeth to feeding me, and helping me scratch my hair when I had an itch. Even after being discharged from the hospital For almost 3 years I did not go out of the house. I saw the door but I couldn't go through it because I couldn't move, I couldn't even crawl.

I was carried like a bag of rice around the house by my brothers and whatever position I was left at was where I would stay because I could not move.

I wasn't always sick, it all started one day when I was in my final year in secondary school. I came back from school for the holidays and one day I woke up with back pain at my lower back. I told my mum and she helped me massage it , to ease the pain. But the pain persisted, It developed into shocking sensations in my legs and before we could comprehend what was going

on, I could not use my legs again. The pain was excruciating I couldn't sit, I couldn't stand and I couldn't lie down. It felt like hell on earth. My parents were so confused, we ran tests, did x-rays still the doctors did not know what it was. My parents were devastated because I was flying through school, at 15 I was in my final year in secondary school so expectations were high. Being the only daughter and first child there were so many expectations and it was as if the door was shut in my face suddenly.

We went to Gwagwalada specialist hospital to see the doctors there and at that time i got there I could still use my hands, it was just my lower limbs that were dysfunctional but before the consultant could come in the morning I could no longer feel my hands. I woke up asking my mum where my hands were , expectedly She was paranoid. When the doctors came to see me they said I had GBS, gullain Barre syndrome (post - infective poly neuropathy) That my nerves had all collapsed and it usually ascends from the leg to the neck and if the patient survives that phase, recovery will start from the neck to the feet. So it ascends and then decends.

It was a terrible experience and I was in the hospital for one year, recovery was very, very slow.

There was a day that I thought I was going to die.

I woke up that day in the hospital gasping for air, the doctors who were on the ward round immediately came to my bed and sent for oxygen but the hospital was out of oxygen and so the 6 doctors on ward round stood watching me loose life. There was nothing they could do for me, They were waiting for me to breathe my last and die but mercy said no.

By divine arrangement my dad came that morning with a pastor and when he saw the state I was in he started to pray, he travailed, after hours of praying God heard his cry and saved my life. I slept off and woke up a better, my breathing stabilized. That was how my journey to recovery began. It was not an easy journey at all, I had bed sores from staying at a fixed position for far too long, the bed sores became more dangerous than the initial sickness to the extent that they had to be treated surgically. I also had to take blood transfusions, I took three pints of blood because I couldn't eat and I was anemic, I was always throwing up at the sound of the word "food".

My mum stood in the gap for me she prayed and fasted and waited on God, she never left my side for a day for the whole year we spent in the hospital and God saw us through.

I had to learn how to do everything again ..each activity took more than six months to perfect, some took longer. I learnt How to feed myself, when I tried to eat, before the spoon gets to my mouth all the contents would spill to the ground because my hands were unstable , I learnt to sit down, write like an adult rather than a 2 year old. My ability to feel also returned.

God was with me through out, the devil came like a flood but the spirit of God raised a standard against him.

God was faithful, he surrounded me with angels in human form to help me out. The doctors were eager to see me recover. They were far too kind, they bought me books, treated me with extra care, my physiotherapist was even treating me in the mornings and evenings, of his own free will, free of charge. I didn't pay a dime throughout my one year stay in the hospital yet I was given special care and a special ward to avoid any contamination from anything and anyone all free of charge and without even asking for it. All the people in the hospital showed I and my mom so much love. I knew it was God's way of telling me that he was with me and I need not worry.

I started to experience God for myself when I got home after being discharged when the loneliness hit me I started to seek for God and the Holy Spirit showed up. I started to pray, read my bible and hear his voice clearly. He is the best friend anyone can have. A friend that sticks closer than a brother. Recovery was a snail walk but God always gave me hope. I spent all time reading and developing myself, I read books, articles, dictionary, and anything I could get my hands on, I was even watching my weight, because I had faith that one day I would get better and see sunshine again. I believe strongly that God who kept me alive and sustains me will perfect what he has started in my life.

I am not where i ought to be but thank God I'm not where i used to be and I'm more than grateful.

it doesn't matter what you may be going through, a job loss, a heartbreak, or a disappointment of any sort, just have hope. As long as you have life in you, never stop improving on yourself, read a book, develop a skill, practice more just become better everyday. Tomorrow is pregnant and it may just be carrying the answer to your prayers, so be prepared for it.

I had every reason to eat and drink myself to stupor and watch TV all day long but I chose to act the way God expected me to. You never know when the opportunity you may be waiting for will come, never give up.

God bless you!!