How I made it over: A Journey to healing

* Introduction
	+ In this book I want to share how I was delivered from the spirit of infirmity. This is the story of how I was diagnosed with diabetes, how uncontrolled diabetes affected my body, leading to my organs and other systems in my body shutting down, needing to receive three transplants, and walking in freedom. I was diagnosed with diabetes at the age of 12, I spent more time at the hospital that normal, doctors would use scare tactics to try and force me into eating right and taking my medication. The doctors and nutritionist even threaten my parents with child abuse, they were military doctors so they believed that would scare me into submission. All it really did was cause me not to want to live anymore, what they asked of me was too hard. I dreaded every appointment, and they would last for two hours.
* **Main Idea #1**: Telling the story of how I was diagnosed with diabetes this chapter will be called “In the beginning…”
	+ In this chapter I want to discuss how my eating habits started to become a problem, to tell this story, I would also have to share about being molested, being exposed to porn, and masturbation. I would eat because when I engaged in sexual acts, I would feel so down and low that eating was the only thing that made me feel better.
		- Example: When I was younger and would engage in masturbation or watch porn, I would feel bad so I would sneak into the kitchen and steal little Debbie oatmeal crème pies. I was doing it so often that my mom blame my brother for it until she cleaned behind my bed and saw all the wrappers.
			* When I was diagnosed with diabetes, they wanted me to change my eating habits, I became so angry. I would have to eat baked chicken, salad, and drink diet pop while everyone else ate fried chicken, ate cookies, and drank sweet drinks. I felt like I was being treated unfairly and I believed that I should be able to eat what I wanted. I went back to what I knew and started sneaking food, and drinks at night. I thought I could trick the doctors and my parents by lying about what my blood sugars were, but I didn’t know there was a lab test called the Hemoglobin A1C that checked your blood sugars over the course of three months. The numbers I had written never lined up with the lab test.
			* As I journeyed through middle school and high school, I became ashamed of being a diabetic. In middle school I got to leave class early to go to the nurse’s office to check my blood sugars, I was so ashamed, and I didn’t want to be different from the other kids so sometimes I would wait until after lunch to go check my sugars.
			* I was eating what my parents fed me at home but at school I was eating hot Cheeto’s and cheese, Fruitopia juice, caramel bars and whatever else I wanted. My mom called up the school and they put my picture up in the ASB room and was told not to sell me anything., That didn’t stop me I would just ask other people to buy things for me. The doctors appointment became brutal at that point I didn’t care anymore, and I didn’t believe the things they would tell me.
			* They told me I would lose limbs, I would go blind, and the one that stuck with me was that I wouldn’t make it to see 30. Depression started to sit in, I thought if this was going to kill me anyway why should I do all the things they are asking of me? It go so bad that the pill form of medication wasn’t working, and I needed to start taking insulin.
			* I was in high school around this time, and I had checked out completely, I did what I wanted to do even though I was starting to see some of the effects of diabetes. I would feel weakness in my legs, like something was clogging them up, I knew when this happened, I needed some insulin. I would urinate a lot throughout the night which was another sign my sugars were high, and I was always hungry. Diabetes was trying to take me out for four years and I had given up the fight, I finally wrote my mom a letter telling her I was sorry that she had to go through all this with the doctors and that I felt like my life was out of control and the only thing I had control over was my body and I felt that if death was my outcome I would help it to come quickly.
				+ I had been depressed for a long time and the doctors asked me if I wanted to see a therapist but they way they treated me in the doctor’s appointments I knew I couldn’t trust them. So, I said no to therapy plus black people don’t do therapy.
* **Main #2**: the big effects that the doctors told me would occur weren’t taking place the way the doctors told me they would. I was around 17 when I was transferred out of peds and into adolescents, these doctors weren’t like the doctors in peds. My appointments were shortened immensely and one of the doctors told me that if I didn’t want to take my health seriously what could he do, he said he would continue to adjust my meds and give me his medical opinion, but it is up to me to use it. I though finally someone giving me control over my life.
	+ - When I turned 18, I felt like I was free to do whatever I wanted and that included deciding if I was going to go to the doctor or not. I rarely went, I was still covered under my dad’s insurance, I just didn’t want to see any military doctors. I thought I was fine, but my body was telling me differently, I was getting yeast infections, still urinating a lot, and I was loosing weight. I loved the losing weight part, but I didn’t know it was because my blood sugar was too high. I would take my sugar because I knew the signs of high blood sugar and the meter would just say “HI” I would have insulin laying around and I would take a lot and then just go about my day. I wasn’t eating right but I did walk a lot so that is what I attributed the weight loss to.
		- I grew up sheltered so I wanted to do everything that I couldn’t do growing up. I started going out, smoking, drinking, and being promiscuous. This added fuel to the fire it started off socially and then I would need to drink or smoke regularly. I was feeling sluggish and tired all the time, I was tearing my body down and not even realizing it. I was living in California and then I moved back to Illinois in 2008, by this time diabetes had effected my nervous system I developed neuropathy which felt like someone was stabbing me all over my body, I had pain in my feet and legs, and it was difficult to walk. I never told anyone that I had diabetes because I made me different, and I didn’t want to be different. I ended up getting on Medicaid and started seeing a doctor, I wasn’t taking her advice. I just needed my meds once I got back on my meds, I thought I was fine.
		- Illinois was the same cycle different scenery, I was still experiencing all the same symothms and new ones were developing. I still didn’t think to slow down and get myself together. I grew up in church so I would do a little worship and a little prayer and thank God for covering me. I wanted to change so I moved to Houston with my sister, and I started paying for insurance and I found a new endocrinologist. I told her the regiment I was on, and she tried to follow it, but she couldn’t get my sugars under control. Instead of blaming me she asked me was I sure I was a type 2 diabetic. There are two types of diabetes type one is insulin dependent. You need insulin because you don’t make any and type two is controlled my weight loss or pills. She asked me if she could take a test that would determine what type of diabetes I have because whatever you are diagnosed with it cannot change. The test came back, and I was diagnosed with type two but I was actually type one.
		- True enough I could have eaten better and exercise but the medications that was given to me couldn’t help me because I wasn’t making insulin. She started me on a long and short acting insulin, and I started to feel better, but as the doctors say the damages of diabetes are irreversible but my God said that because of Jesus stripes I was already made healed. I became sick, I was having stomach issues. I had diarrhea since 2012, nausea, vomiting, and weakness. I didn’t know then, but my stomach muscles were paralyzed, I had orthostatic hypotension (low blood pressure when I stood up causing me to feel as though I would pass out), and neuropathy (nerve damage).
* Main Idea # 3: I moved back to Illinois because I wasn’t doing well at all, I stayed in the bathroom all day long. I couldn’t eat anything but peaches and Gatorade. I was wasting away, and depression had sat in. At this point I had totally given up on God because I didn’t understand why He was doing this to me.
	+ I wasn’t making any money, and my parents were taking care of me and I felt bad so I started working a temp job at Awana, they made Christian based curriculum for children. I had a great relationship with the manager, and I would share with her what was going on with me and she was empathetic. She wanted to hire me permanently, but the company decided to go a different way. I was sad but I had to move on. I applied for a job with my gastroenterologist office, and I got the job. I was down the street from my house, and they had great insurance.
	+ I started to see my endocrinologist and primary doctor frequently and I worked for my stomach doctor. The endocrinologist decided to get me on an insulin pump, and it was the best thing she could have ever done. I was feeling better, but I was still having the stomach issues, this is when I found out my stomach muscles were paralyzed and that I was vomiting because my food wasn’t being moved and the only way to move it was to vomit. I would come to work every day, but I was miserable. I could barely stand, I was always dehydrated, and I was experiencing so much warfare on the job. I wanted to quit but they continued to make ways for me to still be able to work. I was eligible for FMLA, and they allowed me to go from five days a week to four.
	+ I was thinking that life was going to turn around but then I got the news that my kidneys were failing. I started to see a nephrologist and he monitored my GFR (kidney function levels), I felt awful every day and I stayed on the job because I needed the insurance. My eyes were also effected by diabetes, and I needed to get injections in my eyes every four weeks. I went to the hospital one day because I was having so much pain in my stomach and they told me my gallbladder was a mess and they needed to remove it. while in the hospital they told me my kidney numbers were low and I needed to start dialysis.
	+ Even with this information I wanted to go back to work, and I heard the Lord say if you let go, I will help you, so I quit. I had no money; no insurance and I was feeling lifeless.
	+ I started dialysis, I started with a positive attitude and towards the end I felt like I wanted to die if this was how my life would be. I was surrounded by people who felt the same way. I started to look for transplant hospitals and decided on Rush Hospital in Chicago IL.
	+ On November 2019 I received the call that my liver and kidney were available, the surgery was easy, but the recovery was difficult. They split me right down the middle and I had to learn how to walk again, I had tubes coming from everywhere, and I was in so much pain. Once I was released from the hospital, I thought I was going to live a normal life, but I would continue to be in and out of the hospital, even after receiving the pancreas. I now had all the organs needed and I was still spending large amounts of time in the hospital.

I believe that the story I must tell is important because during this whole process I didn’t have much faith concerning healing. God had to send many people and even used my doctors to encourage me through this process. I believe now that I is my turn to encourage those who have given up, who feel it too hard to fight anymore, and who believe that their situation is too much for God to handle. I am a living testimony that everything that the enemy tried to do to kill the plan of God for my life failed because God is faithful even when I was faithless. This book will ignite hearts and bring them back to Jehova Rapha and to believe that he can do this thing.