



## Miracle Baby

She was my 12th child, little Denise. When the nurse brought her to me, she was not breathing normally, and I questioned her about it. "Oh, it's nothing, she will be fine."

Having had 11 children prior to Denise, I was a bit apprehensive, but I pushed it out of my mind. By the third day, Doctors and nurses became alarmed and admitted all was not well. Her condition was life threatening, and it was in her lungs. The Doctor gave her a shot that was a last resort before transferring her to Riley Hospital in Indianapolis. My husband and I followed the ambulance not knowing what would take place, and I prayed for my little daughter's safety. One of the nurses was quoted as saying to another person, "she won't survive the trip to the hospital."

Once we arrived and went to the floor where she was assigned, we watched in anxiety as one of the attendants put a shot in the little tender heel of her foot, and later placed her in an isolette. She had a tiny sandbag on her arm to position it for an IV. My little girl was so vulnerable and defenseless, and we as her parents were as well. Later

We went to the cafeteria and watched through a huge glass window, students swimming in a large pool. How does life keep going on, I thought, when my baby's life was hanging in the balance? It was a sobering thought indeed. All Denise's siblings were awaiting her arrival, and were disappointed when we arrived there later that night without her.

Although we had to return home, we made several trips back to Indianapolis. Our church was praying, and every time we talked to her doctor, there was no real hope offered. However, with each negative report, we seemed to grow more in faith that she would be healed. We continued petitioning our Heavenly Father.

On the next to the last trip to see her, I took an anointed cloth with me and wondered how I was going to administer it to her, since she was always in the isolette. However, upon arriving there, an aid was changing her. "May I please hold her?" I asked. She handed little Denise to me, and since I had the cloth in my hand, I laid it on her chest and prayed silently.

The next time I called her doctor, she was exhilarated! "We didn't diagnose her lungs with any disease because we really didn't know the cause of her condition, and as a result we were not giving her any medication. But now her blood count is normal and she is ready to be taken home!"

Denise's Doctor didn't know the cause or the cure! But the Great Physician knew the cause and he had the cure! Seventeen days after she was born our baby arrived home to face another problem. The rest of the children were in various stages of chicken pox. She later broke out in a few little bumps, but came through again!

Denise now ministers to you through this website, along with her husband Terry. God knew her destiny, and spared her life for a great purpose. She is his miracle baby!

## Don's Miracle

At the age of 15, my son Don was helping a lady to separate a Mare from her colt. As a result Don was kicked in the head by the Mare. When we were notified of the accident, Don's father and my daughter Diana and me, were called and we rushed to the barn. Don was lying down, with his head bandaged. The owner of the horse was a nurse and she said it didn't look good. Don was conscious and he must have seen the look of unbelief on my face. He asked me what the matter was. I don't remember my reply. The ambulance came and picked him up and we followed him to the hospital.



The events that followed were tragic and sobering. Don was operated on by a surgeon in Cincinnati. His brain had many splinters, and though the Surgeon tried to get them all out, some were still lodged there. After the operation the Doctor said he might have trouble speaking, or be retarded. In any event he had to leave an opening in the skull because of the swelling of his brain. It was certain; he said that he would need a second operation in 6 months.

Don was talking incoherently for a few days, however, our prayers were answered in about a week, when Don was aware of his hospital surroundings, and knew all of us, and was able to engage in conversation.

The rumor that Don had died circulated among his fellow students in the high school that he attended. Imagine how excited they were to find he was still living! His friends came to visit, along with his girlfriend at the time.

We believed in divine Healing because of the stripes Jesus endured before his crucifixion. The Bible is adamant: "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED. Isaiah. 53:5 KJV

About a month later, liquid was seeping out of the sutures, and Don went back to the hospital to repair that situation. From then on, he began to mend. We were most grateful for this miracle and we knew God had answered our prayers. Don returned to school, and was progressing.

However, we still had to face the 6 month checkup, but we were believing God for another miracle. We believed he would not need further surgery! And God granted our request, because the doctor said his operation site looked good and required no further surgery. The doctor then looked at my husband and me and said, "you folks don't seem to realize that there has been a miracle performed in your son! We laughed and said we knew it, but didn't think that the doctor knew it! It was good to hear a doctor that believed in miracles!

Now 36 years later, Don has MS, which the doctors say is not related to his injury at 15. We are still depending on our Creator to heal him. He is the same God who performed many miracles in the life of our family!



## Dale's Miracle

Dale, affectionately nicknamed Buzz, is the 11th child in our family. While in his 15th year, he had a job at our local high school. During the course of the workday he attempted to move a 7 foot cabinet full of books, which was enormously heavy. There was a crew in the adjoining room that was stripping and waxing the floors. Dale's job was to remove all the furniture from the room. He put the cabinet of books on a dolly, by tilting it back. As he proceeded to walk he feels that he slipped on some wax that was accidentally spilled, and the whole cabinet came down on his leg. Miracle number one is that it didn't fall on his head and crush his skull!

When he arrived at the orthopedic doctor's office, he was x-rayed. The doctor was alarmed and very concerned when he saw the results. The bone was completely severed and crushed with splinters and fragments throughout. The concern of the doctor was that gangrene might set up, or that the leg might have to be amputated. His leg was put in a cast up to his hip. The doctor gave him strict orders to follow, and Dale did his level best to carry them out meticulously. Meanwhile, we as a family were praying, along with many different churches. He was anointed with oil as the scripture reveals in the book of James.

Many weeks later, it was time to see the results on the x-rays. The doctor could not believe his eyes! "Look at this!" he exclaimed, "the bone is perfectly normal and everything is back in place!" He knew it was a miracle, and asked what church we attended. He had the cast removed and put another one from his kneecap down. Dale followed all the doctor's orders and regained the use of his leg after what must have seemed years to our young teenager.

The Reed family witnessed again, the power of God's healing mercy. This was only one of many healings we saw in our family!

## Dennis's Miracle

My son Dennis is the 6th child in line. Dennis lives in Indiana with his wife Lorene, and they are the parents of two daughters, Brandy and Jessica.

Years ago, when Dennis was in the Marines, stationed in Okinawa, Japan, he was on a part of the island that he was warned not to go. While he was stepping into a cab to return to the base, he received a life-threatening blow to the head.

That led to an out of body experience. He said he was walking along passing a series of gates. In his mind he thought he was looking for the Pearly Gates, but unable to find them, he heard a voice saying, "It's not your time, go back!"

He said when he awoke, three days later, the doctors told him he died twice, and they revived him. They said they really thought they had lost him. Another great miracle in the lives of the Reed family had taken place!

