

GOD SAID, "IT IS FOR A PURPOSE."

By: Dolores Jo and Jerry M. Gilbert

Jo and I met at her church in Marshall, Texas. Shelton Young and I were holding a youth revival at their church. Shelton was 17 and I was 15.

I had started preaching at the age of 14 because of a promise to God when I was 5 years old. The year was 1944. I had Polio, or some dreaded disease. There was no cure for Polio at that time. My head was drawn completely over to my right shoulder. I could not lift or move my head..

I had been very sick for weeks, maybe even months. It was a cold day. The only heat we had in the old farm house was an open fire place. We had no running water or Electricity. We had no automobile and the nearest road was about 1 ½ miles from our house. We had to walk down the wagon trail to catch the bus for school.

The house was basically one large room, which served as a bedroom and living room. There was a shed room on back for a kitchen and another shed room on the east side of the house which mom used as a utility room. She would bring the clothes from outside, where she had washed them on a rub board, with water heated, by a wood fire, in a wash pot. The clothes were hung on a line to dry.

I had been pretty much confined to the bed, however, this day I had gone to the fire place to warm up and as I was walking across the old wooden floor back to the bed, I said, "**Lord, if you will heal me, I will preach for you when I get big enough.**" I remember saying "big enough." I was only 5 years old, and did not think, "old enough."

I heard the bones in my neck snap like they had broken. My head was immediately upright. I could move it. I was not sick anymore. **God had healed me completely!** I preached my first sermon in 1954, at the age of 14. I preached from Paul's writing: Philippians 4:13 "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I have known, since I was 5 years old, "Jesus can and will heal our body."

At the time of this update, (for Jo's 5 miracles that are documented at the University of Arkansas), September 17, 2010, I have been preaching, teaching Bible Studies along with writing them, for over 56 years. I had a wonderful career in the Insurance Business, so I only took the offering, about 4 times, that was offered to me. The rest of the time, I would ask them to put it in Foreign Missions. I owe my life to Him.

It was in late spring of 1955, I was 15 years old, Shelton Young, (now Dr. Young) and I were holding a revival in Marshall, Texas. The first night of the revival, this beautiful young lady, (age 12), came up to me after church and introduced herself, "Hi, my name is Jo, Jo. In my mind I said, "that is her."

A week or so earlier I had asked the Lord, "I know you have someone very special for me. I can wait on her, but I would like to meet her."

Shelton called me about a week later and said, "Jerry, guess what? They asked me to hold a youth revival at Marshall, Texas and I would like for you to help me."

The revival lasted for two weeks. We did not date. That was not the purpose of being there. Every night after church was over and the young people were standing around talking, Jo always seemed to be at my left elbow or my right elbow. It has always been that way, (when she

was able). Regardless of what I was doing, she wanted to be near me. I sometime would call her, "my little elbow girl."

That is a God given advantage that men have over women. God said in Genesis 3:16, "thy desire shall be to thy husband." A smart husband will recognize that his wife just wants to be near him. Whether I was working under an old automobile or building a barb wire fence, she would be looking under the hood or holding the clips for me. I recognized that she just wanted to be near me.

The Bible also states, Ephesians 5:25: Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; (for 51 wonderful years, I tried to do this). Notice the "S," that is on husbands. He was talking to a group of people, not a husband with many wives! Just thought I would throw that in! One husband, one wife has always been God's plan.

If a man would love his wife and give himself over to loving, protecting and caring for her, and complement her for what she is wearing, or a meal prepared, or shirts ironed for him, there would be no divorces in America!

It also states in Colossians 3:19: Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.

I have been around men who never spoke a kind word to their wife. If married couples would cultivate the love, they had when they were first married, it would grow into a more beautiful relationship. Your wife should be second, only to God, in your marriage and, always, your best friend.

Jo and I had the most harmonious marriage that I have ever seen. I was in the insurance business for over 50 years and have seen a lot of married couples.

Young people should put God first in the hunt. Ask God to "let me find the perfect mate for me." He knows where they reside. Then allow Him to make the introduction. One of the reasons, I feel, God chose Jo for me was, she was always one of the last young people to get up from praying around the altar! She loved God.

By the end of the two week revival, I had gotten her address. I also told her, "You are the little girl that I would like to marry someday." This was in 1955. I was 15 and she was 12.

After looking at me with her sky blue eyes, for what seemed a very, very, long time, she said, "O. K."

We saw each other on special occasions at church and corresponded by mail, for the next two years, until I got out of high school and bought a car. I was working a full time job, six days per week and going to college, part time. We lived 50 miles apart. We started dating in 1957 and married June 6, 1959. It has been the most perfect marriage that I have ever seen in the way we have always gotten along. She is still my heartbeat.

THE DREAM

Sometime in the fall of 1998, I had a dream. In this dream, I saw a vertebra floating in the air. I was watching it. It was slowly rotating. It turned to where I could see through it. Then the vertebra turned sideways and I saw that it was broken. A finger pointed to the vertebra and God said, "**See, it is broken. It is broken straight across. It is for a purpose!**"

When I awoke, I wondered about the dream. I thought it was only because Jo's back had

been hurting so bad and I had gone to sleep worrying about her.

A few days later I took Jo to the emergency room of United Regional Hospital. They made x-rays and exclaimed, "Did you know that you have a broken back?"

"No, but, I knew my back was hurting awfully bad for some reason," Jo replied. .

When I got a chance to talk to her doctor, I asked, "Doctor, how is her back broken?" He put his hand in the air, appeared to be the same hand I had seen in the dream, and motioned with his finger and said, "It is broken straight across. Kind of unusual." In the dream the only difference was, instead of "kind of unusual," I heard, "it is for a purpose."

I told God, "I know that since it is for Your purpose, that You will take care of us and heal Jo. Please remember we are only humans and have mercy on us. I submit to Your will and Your purpose."

Jo spent 13 days in the hospital. She had some 30 tests made. Six of these tests showed she had cancer at the L5 vertebra in October-November of 1998. She was sent home from the hospital, with a hospital bed, and was told to only get out of the bed to go to the bathroom, otherwise stay in the bed and allow the vertebra to heal.

The vertebra would not heal. Her doctor treated her for osteoporosis during the next 27 months, while the cancer spread throughout her body. He had not read the reports of the test he had ordered. Instead of 1 lesion at the broken L5 vertebra, there were some 34 new places. There were even lesions in her skull. This type of cancer is in the bone marrow and eats away the bones from the inside. There is no pain medicine that will completely relieve the pain!

Around February 1, 1999, Jo said, *"You can send this hospital bed back! I am not going to lie here and die! I want to go back to church!"*

She went to church and played the piano for the next 4 years with a broken back at L5 vertebra. She had been the church pianist for Life Tabernacle for 27 years and received no pay for her labor. It was truly her labor of love unto the Lord. In the meantime the cancer had almost completely eaten away the L5 vertebra.

In January of 2001, Jo dislocated her clavicle on the right side. That is the little bone that goes from the top of her shoulder to the sternum. I took her to the emergency room. **This is when an even greater nightmare began.** This is when she was properly diagnosed with cancer.

When Jo asked her oncologist, *"How long do I have?"*

He replied, "How long have you had it?"

"Over two years, from the reports my husband showed you."

He replied, **"You have already outlived your life expectancy."**

I told her oncologist, "Doctor, we believe that the God that created this body can heal it." He gave me that, I feel sorry for you being so simple minded, look. I continued. "Doctor, when this lady gets her healing, that would make even you believe in God, wouldn't it?" He replied, "yes."

Then he started telling us the treatment options. I asked him, "Have you ever successfully treated anyone for Multiple Myeloma?"

He said, "No."

"Then we are going to M. D. Anderson. Even though we believe in miracles, I am going to do everything humanly possible to help her."

The statistics on Multiple Myeloma is: 30% die within 90 days of diagnosis. The other 70% will die within an average of about 2 years. There is no known cure for it. That is what hit my little girl in the face in January of 2001

"Mom, don't worry. God will take care of you." Mark, (our son), said while holding his mom's hand.

Jo wrote her thoughts, "The Lord is my Shepherd! You have cancer and have already outlived your life expectancy, exclaimed my oncologist. Jerry my husband was asking many questions, most of which I don't even remember. I couldn't breathe. Oh God, where are You? I've never seen Jerry, so devastated, even when our second daughter died at the age of 5.

After returning home from the hospital, we sat next to each other holding hands, as we often do, in our beautiful new home that we had built ourselves, with the help of our children grandchildren and friends. Every thing is so quite. Tears were flowing down our cheeks.

Finally I say, Babe, we need to talk. We pour out our hearts to each other, expressing our love. Thanking God and each other for our beautiful children and grandchildren. These were things that we've often said many times before, but now, meaning more than ever.

Going outside, we walk around holding hands, as we always do when we walk together. Hearing birds singing, we stop and listen at their song. Walking down the driveway, two, three, four, five, o'clock in the early morning, we look up at the beautiful sky with so many stars. I told Jerry, 'if God should choose to take me home before you, I'll still be around. Look for me in the little bird's song, in the twinkle of the stars. Look out at the early sunrise and at the beautiful sunsets. Listen to music, the gentle rain, the whistling wind, the flowers, the trees and look real close in our children and grandchildren's eyes and their smiles, I'll be there. Hold me close, never let me go.' I really don't think God is through with me, yet. He has something more for me to do. This may be the roughest journey we've ever been on, so we'd better hold on to each other and God's promises."

We went to M. D. Anderson from February through October of 2001. Each trip we would meet at least one couple that was very special. One event was when we were in the waiting room and met this couple from Bossier City, La.

Another couple we met in a most unusual way. Jo and I were in a restaurant in Houston. I pulled out my new glasses to read the menu. One of the lenses fell out and onto the table. A man from across the restaurant happened to be looking. He came to our table and told me he had seen us down the hall from their room at our hotel. He said for me to come by their room after we finished eating and he would fix my glasses.

I went by their room and in our conversation found out his wife had just been diagnosed with Multiple Myeloma, also. I invited them to our room. I told him, "The girls will probably have a lot to talk about. This is all so new to us, too." We talked and prayed together until way into the night. They live in Pennsylvania and we correspond.

God works in mysterious ways. I keep holding on to, **"It is for a purpose."**

We transferred treatment to University of Arkansas Cancer Center in October of 2001. At the University we have met at least one person that was very special on every visit. One such incident was a lady that had quit going to church. Her grandmother was a Pentecostal Preacher back in the early 1900s. I knew the name. We started a conversation in the waiting room while her daughter and Jo were in treatment. She promised she was going to start back to church.

In December of 2001, Jo had her first bout with Pneumonia. While in intensive care her blood pressure at one point went down to something like the 20s and 30s. Again God intervened and I got to bring Jo home from the hospital on Christmas Eve. I cooked a turkey and made

dressing and all of the trimmings. We had all of our family, including my precious wife, Jo, home for Christmas. God is still mindful of even the little pleasures of our lives.

After the pneumonia, her cancer markers, remarkably, went down to 0 and stayed there for most of 2002. . In June of 2002 we went back to M. D. Anderson to see her doctor there. He, again, suggested a bone marrow transplant.

When we came home I was praying, "God I need you. We need to make a decision on which way to go. Do we go back to M. D. Anderson for the transplant or keep going to the University of Arkansas Cancer Center?"

The phone rang and I heard Jo saying, "***How did you get my name?***"

Mr. Hollis Wilson called from Killeen, Alabama. He talked to and encouraged Jo for about an hour. He said her name was on the Internet. I had never put her name on any web-site, except WNOP for prayer, and they do not publish your address and phone number!

He said, "Don't worry about the transplant. I am a 16 year survivor"

"Where did you have it done?"

"M. D. Anderson, but I don't go there anymore, when Dr. Barlogie and the transplant division moved to University of Arkansas, I moved with them."

"My back has been broken now for 4 years. It hurts so bad," said Jo.

"Tell them to glue it back together! I have had mine done that way."

I said, "Thank you God. That was my answer."

In August of 2002, she was able to have Vertebroplasty,(a bone glue procedure), surgery at University of Arkansas Cancer Center, to stabilize her broken back at L5. None of Jo's doctors had mentioned the surgical, bone glue, procedure, even though Jo had jokingly told them, "I will furnish the caulking if you will glue it back together."

We tried to call Mr. Wilson after the bone glue procedure worked so well for Jo. We never could get in touch with him. We wanted to thank him. We called so many times that I began to think he was not real, however, one day when we were at the UAMS I asked if they knew a Hollis Wilson. They said, "Yes, he is a fine old man."

We finally met him in person in 2006!

The cancer came back in the later part of 2002. In January of 2003 her doctor advised that it was time for the transplant procedure. The first phase of this was done in March-April of 2003. This entailed placing a triple tube through her chest cavity to thread the peripheral vein into the right side of her heart. This was used to inject several different kinds of chemo directly into the veins. I had to learn how to flush these three lines to keep them from clotting. This was done daily for about 6 weeks. She even went to church with the lines in place and never complained.

When the chemo had brought her white blood cell count down to almost 0 they started to giving her Neupogen shots to stimulate the growth of new white blood cells. The stem cells are a part of the white blood cells. When her white blood cell count came back up to a certain level they changed the triple tubes for stiffer double tubes. Then she was hooked up to a machine that separated the stem cells out and put the other blood back into her body. Her blood was run through the machine several times during a two-day period. After the stem cell collection we were allowed to come home for a couple weeks rest before starting the second phase of the transplant.

When we went back to UAMS to finish the transplant in April, the UAMS had a new clinical trial that they wanted volunteers for. Feeling that she did not have anything to lose and maybe something to gain, (by not having to go through more chemo and the triple lines again), she signed up for the new drug trial. It did not work. Her back broke at T8, (between her shoulders), and the left 9th rib broke.

She had surgery at the UAMS again in August of 2003 to repair the T8 with bone glue. This time, the results of the bone glue was not as good as the first surgery at L5. She still has a great amount of pain in her back and ribs on the left side of her chest.

In September of 2003 Jo passed out in her local doctor's office. She was having to have her blood drawn twice per week for testing.

She was taken by ambulance to United Regional Hospital. Her doctor told her, "You feel as good right now as you will ever feel. You may want to consider Hospice for pain management."

Jo wrote, "*Getting my blood drawn in the doctor's office, I passed out. An ambulance was called. What's happening? My head is swirling. All kinds of tests were made and I was sent home. A few days later I was back in the hospital with double pneumonia again. Tubes were stuck through my chest to pump the fluid off my lungs. So much of this I don't remember. Oh God, I am your child, I trust you to take good care of me.*"

Again Jo showed her faith in God by refusing the doctor's recommendation to go to Hospice. Later that month and early October, she spent 3 more weeks in United Regional with hoses sticking out of her chest draining her lungs. She had developed double pneumonia for the second time. The surgeon, before doing the operation, also suggested Hospice. Again Jo felt that God was not through with her. She loves me, and her family so much, that she has been willing to bear the pain and continue fighting.

CALL FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

While Jo was in the hospital in September of 2003, I received a very unusual phone call. When I answered the phone, a lady asked, "Is this Jerry Gilbert?"

I said, "yes."

She stated, "I am calling from the White House."

I thought, "oh sure, what white house?" I thought she was a telemarketer and started to hang up.

She continued, "President Bush wanted me to call you and ask how your wife is doing."

I said, "Well she is in the hospital at this time and I was getting ready to go back to stay with her."

"President Bush wanted me to find out if it would be O. K. for him to send her a get-well card. Due to the heavy security and screening, he just received your letter of encouragement you mailed him back in February."

I said, "Not only will it be O. K., but we will frame it."

Then it made sense. I had sent a note to our President telling him that the Gilbert family was praying for him. This was just before the Iraq war. I mentioned that my wife has been battling cancer for 5 years and was about to under go her first bone marrow transplant. I told him, "I know you are a praying man and I will appreciate your prayers. Her name is Jo."

After discovering that the phone call was legitimate, I relaxed and we talked for about 30

minutes. She wanted to know all about us.

Jo received the get-well card from President and Mrs. Bush on September 26, 2003. The card had the Presidential Seal and read, **"I am sorry to learn about your illness, and I want to send you a note of encouragement during this difficult time. The First Lady joins me in sending our prayers and best wishes. Sincerely, George Bush."** **It was even a real signature!**

She got out of United Regional Hospital in October and as soon as she was able to travel we went back to UAMS to continue the bone marrow transplant.

FIRST MIRACLE RECORDED AT UAMS

During October-November of 2003, she was in intensive care for 19 days at the University of Arkansas for Medical Science Hospital in Little Rock, Arkansas. This was when one of the greatest miracles that I have ever witnessed happened. Starting on about the 10th day of the transplant procedure she developed pneumonia again. She continued to go downhill.

The Chemotherapy had wiped out all of her bone marrow, thus all of her immune system also.

On the 17th day, Dr. Anassi brought a Surgeon with him on his visit. Surgery was scheduled for the next morning to put tubes through her chest to drain her lungs.

That evening, I went to our apartment to take a bath and change clothes. I was staying with her night and day in intensive care. I went to the computer room at the apartment complex to Email everyone to pray. Again, I put her name on the World Wide Web for Urgent Prayer.

While I was doing this a lady, by the name of Dianne Woods, came into the computer room to use the copy machine. It felt like an Angel had entered the room.

For some reason I asked, "Lady, do you know how to pray."

She replied, "I sure do!"

I explained the seriousness of Jo's condition and told her that unless God intervenes for my wife, I am afraid she will not make it through the night. She said, "not only will I pray, we have a prayer group, I will call my friends and my pastor. We will have a lot of people praying for her."

I found out that she was a member of a Pentecostal Church in North Little Rock. Her and her husband were staying at the apartment complex for only a few days due to some damage to her house! Sister Woods, is a school teacher in North Little Rock. From her home, in North Little Rock, to where the Asbury Apartments are on Chenal Valley in West Little Rock is a distance of around 25 miles or more. I am sure there were many apartments that their insurance company could have used that were closer to their home. God has a way of making coincidences happen! What is the chance that Sister Woods and her husband would be placed in, not only the same apartment complex of about 20, three story apartment buildings, but, they were in the same building as our apartment was in and also our neighbor in that particular building! She walked into the computer room a few minutes after I did! You may believe that many coincidences could just happen, but, I am convinced that the hand of God moved the players in this miracle, as a master chess player moves his pawns on a chess board.

That night at about 2:30 a. m. Jo could breathe well enough to go to sleep. At about 5:30 a. m. she was sleeping so well, I was afraid she had slipped into a coma. I woke her up and asked, "Don't you need to get up and use the bath room?" She had the 3 IV lines in her chest and were all connected to a bag of fluid.

She woke up completely alert and said, "I sure do. I'm glad you woke me up." While I was fumbling for the lever to let my legs down, in the recliner/sleeper chair I was resting in, Jo got out of bed, pushed her pole with the three bags of IV fluid with her into the bathroom!! She came back out, turned around a couple of times to get her IV lines straight, laid back down and went back to sleep.

I said, "well, look at that!"

At about 8:30 a. m., Dr. Anaissie came by and listened and listened to her lungs. As he listened, his eyes widened and he exclaimed, "**YOUR LUNGS ARE CLEAR!**"

The surgeon came by, a while later, and said, "I hear your lungs have cleared. Let me listen."

After listening she suggested, " let's do a CT scan. We need to see where all that fluid went to." After the CT scan she shrugged her shoulders and stated, "**It just seems to have dissipated!**"

This was on Wednesday morning. Thursday morning she not only was dismissed from intensive care, but, was told that she would not need to stay in the hospital. We went to our apartment on Thursday morning. She was to stay in town so they could watch her for another week.

All of the nurses on the floor, (about 12), were hugging us and talking about the "miracle" that happened. I sent Bible Studies to two of them. One teaches at his church, the other Bible study went to a nurse's husband who teaches the Bible, (on a voluntary basis), at a drug rehab center. These Bible studies had been pre-arranged during Jo's 19 days in intensive care. We had prayer with several of her nurses. You get very close to each other in this amount of time and during crisis.

Jo had an appointment with, her main doctor at the UAMS on Friday. Before seeing him, she had some blood tests done, at the hospital, earlier for this day. He read the results and asked, "Mrs. Gilbert do you want to go home?"

"Well, sure I do, but, I am supposed to stay around for another week so they can watch me," Jo replied.

He smiled real big and said, "**NO, NO NEED TO, GO HOME!**"

So we came home. This was about the middle of November of 2003.

The next time we were in Little Rock we called Sister Dianne Woods, (the lady from the computer room that knows how to pray). After telling her who I was I told her there is someone here who wants to personally thank you for your prayers. I told her that she was my Angel that night and had given me encouragement. Jo told her about the miracle. Sister Woods started crying.

She said, "Well, today you are my Angel. I have just been told. 'You have tumors the size of a basket ball that must come out immediately'. I told my doctor to let me pray about it and I will let you know. That was what I was doing when you called."

We had prayer with her over the phone and put her name on the Web for prayer. We both talked to her for a long time.

We received a letter from Sister Woods a few weeks later that said, "The doctor was amazed. The tumors shrunk without surgery! I don't have to even go back for 6 months. God is so good."

Jo's cancer markers came right back. The first bone marrow transplant had only knocked them back some. The original plan at the UAMS was to do two transplants, back to back. So she

started her second one February 1, 2004. This time she was well enough to tolerate this second transplant as an outpatient, even though they gave her a more massive dose of chemo. We went to the treatment center twice each day at first, then, she was allowed to start skipping days because she was doing so well.

The test results of her bone marrow biopsy after the transplant stated in capital letters: **NEGATIVE: NO RESIDUAL/RECURRENT PLASMA CELL MYELOMA**. Each test after the second transplant in February showed she was in remission until about the early part of 2006.

SECOND MIRACLE RECORDED AT UAMS

In August of 2006, Jo had a mammogram done at UAMS in Little Rock. They have the latest in digital imaging. Radiologists in Wichita Falls had been following a spot on her mammogram for a couple of years. The mammogram at UAMS was compared with the mammograms from United Diagnostic Center in Wichita Falls. The doctor, after reading the Radiologist report, stated, "it seems to be growing, we need to do another mammogram on your next visit in November."

Upon having a new mammogram in November, the doctor stated, "yes it is growing, we need to do a needle biopsy to see what the mass is. It may just be a calcium deposit, but, we can't take a chance."

We scheduled the surgery for December 19, 2006. They took her out of the waiting room for the surgery. The nurse assured me, "I will have her back in a few minutes. The procedure only takes about 10 minutes. We will have to prep her for the biopsy. It won't take long."

Almost two hours later, I was almost in need of a straight jacket. I had gone to the window of the waiting room twice asking, "will you please check on my wife? It was only supposed to take a few minutes!"

Finally a nurse opened the door to the waiting room and called my name, "Mr. Gilbert, the doctor wants to see you in his office." I thought, "oh no, please Lord, no!"

I followed the nurse down two very long halls into the Doctor's office. As we arrived in the Doctor's office, I noticed that he and Jo were looking up at the wall. I saw they were looking at the mammograms which were lighted up.

As I walked to where Jo was the doctor started speaking, "here is the mammogram of August and here is the spot we have been following," he said, as he motioned to the mammogram with a black circle around a dark spot on the picture.

"Here is the mammogram of November. As you can see the spot is larger than on the August mammogram," he stated as he pointed to the spot he had circled on the November mammogram.

The reason that it has taken so long is, "when we prepped Mrs. Gilbert for surgery and put her under flora scope to guide the needle, we could not find anything!"

"We did an X-ray and we still could not find anything! Then we did a new mammogram and here, as you can see, it is GONE! I just don't understand!"

I said, "that is all right doctor. We understand. There are people all around the world that is praying for this lady. This is the second miracle that is documented here at the University of Arkansas Cancer Center for Jo."

The doctor scheduled her for another mammogram in March of 2007, stating, "just to be sure!" The mammogram in March of 2007 showed that she was still clear. God had performed another miracle for Jo.

THIS WORKED FOR KING HEZEKIAH!

The letter below was written on August 1, 2007, a few days before we left to go back to Little Rock for Jo's third bone marrow transplant. I read the letter at our home church, (NEW HOPE UPCI, in Electra, Texas). I got the idea from an article of encouragement written for the World Network of Prayer.

Everyone present, prayed over the letter and also wanted to sign the letter with us, which they did. I keep a copy of this letter on top of what ever bills or papers I am working on at the time. The letter reads as follows:

LETTER TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AUGUST 1, 2007

Dear Jesus,

My wife has been battling cancer for 9 long years. I have stood upon your promises and done everything I can do to help her. I am not giving up on you. I know you are faithful, but please remember we are only frail human beings made in your image, but not divine like you. We are made in your image, but have NO POWER, within ourselves, except what you allow us to have of your power. I ask you again, and even write this letter to you begging you to grant complete healing and restoration to my wife's body. Stop the pain and suffering.

You said, "It is broken. It is broken straight across. It is for a purpose." I believe I have seen the beginning of the purpose; however, again, I ask you to please heal my wife and restore her health. We will continue to give you the honor, praise and glory for her healing, through our witness of your awesome power.

We will continue the Organization that is yours as long as you will guide us and we can feel we are doing your will. I only want to see lost souls saved and know this will happen as long as we are in your care and guidance.

Here is what the doctors have said:

1. THE CANCER IS TREATABLE, BUT NOT CURABLE.
2. 30% DIE WITHIN 90 DAYS AND THE OTHER 70% WITHIN AN AVERAGE OF 2 YEARS. NO SURVIVORS.
3. YOU KNOW HOW DOCTORS' WORDS ARE ESTEEMED BY MANY AS GOSPEL!

I am Laying out my petition before you in writing, it worked for Hezekiah:

The King of Assyria wrote to Hezekiah.

Isaiah 36:15 Neither let Hezekiah make you trust in the LORD, saying, The LORD will surely deliver us: this city shall not be delivered into the hand of the king of Assyria. Isaiah 36:16 Hearken not to Hezekiah: for thus saith the king of Assyria, Make an agreement with me by a present, and come out to me: and eat ye every one of his vine, and every one of his fig tree, and drink ye every one the waters of his own cistern; Isaiah 36:18

Beware lest Hezekiah persuade you, saying, The LORD will deliver us. Hath any of the gods of the nations delivered his land out of the hand of the king of Assyria?

Isaiah 37:14 And **Hezekiah** received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and **Hezekiah** went up unto the house of the LORD, and spread it before the LORD. **Isaiah 37:15** And **Hezekiah** prayed unto the LORD, saying, (:16) O LORD of hosts, God of Israel, that dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth: thou hast made heaven and earth. (:17) Incline thine ear, O LORD, and hear; open thine eyes, O LORD, and see: and hear all the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent to reproach the living God.. (:18) Of a truth, LORD, the kings of Assyria have laid waste all the nations, and their countries, (:19) And have cast their gods into the fire: for they were no gods, but the work of men's hands, wood and stone: therefore they have destroyed them. (:20) Now therefore, O LORD our God, save us from his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the LORD, even thou only. (:21) Then Isaiah the son of Amoz sent unto **Hezekiah**, saying, Thus saith the LORD God of Israel, Whereas thou hast prayed to me against Sennacherib king of Assyria:

Hezekiah takes the letter to the temple lays it out on the floor and prays.

(paraphrased) "God, will you read this!

Do you see what he's saying about you? He's insulting you!

He's saying you aren't interested in us, that you aren't aware, and that you lack the power to do anything about his threats.

He says you're just like the blind, deaf and dumb idols of all the other nations.

So God, what are you going to do about this?"

God's responded immediately to Hezekiah's prayer. An angel struck the camp of the Assyrian army and 185,000 died.

What do we learn from Hezekiah? We learn that if we pray, the Lord will fight our battles.

The most arresting words in this story are the words God addressed to Hezekiah: "Because you have prayed to me." This clearly implies that God would not have acted had Hezekiah not prayed.

HERE ARE SOME OF THE WORDS WRITTEN IN YOUR HOLY WORD

Exodus 15:26 And said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the LORD thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the LORD that **healeth** thee.

Psalms 103:3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who **healeth** all thy diseases;

Psalms 147:3 He **healeth** the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

1 Peter 2:24 Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

LORD THAT STATES BY WHOSE STRIPES YE WERE, (THAT IS PAST TENSE), HEALED.

THE DOCTORS SAY IT CANT HAPPEN!

YOUR WORD SAYS THE WORK IS ALREADY DONE!

YOU HAVE DONE IT BEFORE!

Matthew 12:15 But when Jesus knew it, he withdrew himself from thence: and great multitudes followed him, and he healed them all;

THERE WERE NO PRE QUALIFICATIONS FOR HEALING, THIS WAS A MULTITUDE, PROBABLY BOTH THE GOOD-THE BAD.

Luke 6:19 And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all.

Lord, I lay this petition before you. It is as hard today, to get someone to believe in you, as it was in the days of **Hezekiah**. Now what are you going to do about this? We are and will continue to be your witness. Please give this your immediate attention. We have complete faith and trust in you.

Isaiah 59:1 Behold, the LORD'S hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear:

Hebrews 13:8 Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever.

Your servants,
Jerry M. Gilbert
Dolores Jo Gilbert

THIRD MIRACLE RECORDED AT UAMS

It was a little after 6:00 a. m. on September 21, 2007 when Jo told me she was nauseated. We were getting ready to go to the UAMS to have her blood drawn for her lab tests for that day. We were excited about the prospect of, "GETTING TO GO HOME TODAY!" We had an appointment with Dr. Barlogie, her main doctor at the UAMS, for 12:00. We were hoping to get to go home after almost two months of chemotherapy and her third bone marrow transplant, as treatment of the Multiple Myeloma, (cancer of the bone marrow).

The procedure is done as an outpatient to cut down on infections and to keep the patient as mobile as possible. We were at our apartment, which was a two bedroom, two bath suite with living room and full kitchen, which can be rented by the patients of UAMS.

Jo was in one bath room getting dressed and I was in the other one shaving. She came to

the door and frantically mouthed to me, **“I CAN’T BREATHE! I CAN’T BREATHE,”** while holding and patting her throat.

This was at about 6:15 a.m. I tried the Heimlich Maneuver, which did not work! By this time she was passing out. I laid her down on the bed and started, mouth to mouth resuscitation.

The first time I breathed for her, she just swelled up a little. I breathed for her again and she swelled up more. “Oh, God, help me!”

I had taken a CPR course; however, they did not cover, in our class, what to do if the person will not let the air back out! “Please God! Help me!”

I pushed on her stomach and that made the air come back out. So each time I gave her a breath, I would say, “in Jesus Name!” Then push, gently, on her stomach to get the air back out.

She mouthed to me as she drifted in and out of consciousness, “I love you. Tell our kids, I love them. Tell our grand kids I love them. Tell them I said.” At approximately 6:30a.m. she mouthed, “I love you,” and tried to smile. Then her head tilted side ways, her eyes went blank and her mouth still.

This was about 15 minutes into the CPR, she had died! I knew I had lost her. Her eyes went blank and glassy and she so relaxed that she emptied her bladder! I knew she was dead.

“No, God! No! Please No!”, I cried!

At precisely this time, about 6:30 a. m., God strongly impressed on Brother John Routh, a close friend of ours for about 35 years and a real prayer warrior, “pray for Sister Gilbert!”

I kept giving her mouth to mouth resuscitation! “You promised! Please God! Please!”

A frothy foam started coming from her mouth. I kept giving her CPR, mouth to mouth resuscitation. I would give her a breath and gag, while I pushed on her stomach to get the air back out. This went on for another 15 minutes.

Finally after a full 30 minutes of mouth to mouth resuscitation, (15 minutes without any response) she made a very slight move and a faint cough, **THEN STARTED BREATHING!!**

I sat her up on the side of the bed and when I saw she was alert and breathing, on her own, I ran to the living room, grabbed my cell phone, opened the front door and ran back to the bed where she was sitting. I, then, called 911. I could not take the time to go to retrieve my phone and make the 911 call, until I had her breathing. The three to five minutes, that it took to make the call, would have been fatal or could have caused brain damage.

Men from the fire department arrived in a very few minutes. The ambulance arrived shortly after. One of the paramedics asked, “Mrs. Gilbert, what do you have in your hand?”

Jo looked at her right hand which was clutching something, and stated, “I don’t know,” while opening her hand.

She had coughed up a tumor. This tumor was not malignant, but, was caused by an Aspergillus fungus infection. The fungus had made a tumor, because of not having an immune system during the transplant. The infection is caused by any of the various soil-dwelling or air borne fungi.

The tumor was about the size of a large marble and round. It had come loose from inside of her wind pipe, (trachea), just below the voice box. The place where it came loose from was found by a small camera a doctor inserted in her nose and sent down the windpipe to take pictures of the bronchial tubes and lungs.

The doctors were amazed! They sent pictures to several colleges and hospitals trying to identify what the tumor was. They performed several tests. It was not malignant, but was a tumor called a Mycetoma, caused by the Aspergillus fungus.

One of her doctors states, "I don't understand. She did not breathe for 30 minutes?" The other doctor in the room said, "yes, she breathed. He breathed for her," nodding to me.

Jo's nurse, (also named Jo), said, "well he as always said, 'she is my heartbeat', now she can truthfully say, he is my breath!"

Several people had heard about this latest miracle. Many places we went, during the time we were there during the next week, someone would point to Jo and say, "there goes the miracle lady!"

God had done a third miracle for Jo and me.

GOD IS FAITHFUL

During a Sunday night service in Electra, Texas, we were all praying and worshipping. I was thanking God for the three miracles for Jo and that he had spared her life. I suppose that if God had not have raised her up on September 21, 2007, someone would have found both of us in our apartment, in Little Rock. I do not believe I would have given up while I had breath left to give her.

During this service I felt very impressed that God was speaking these words to me, when I asked him, "why not the big one? Why not complete healing and restoration?"

I felt like God told me, "**I am just, setting the stage. I am just, warming up the audience!**" I wrote it down on one of the blank pages at the back of my bible.

I believed God was confirming that He was going to grant Jo complete healing and restoration. As I was writing it down, I noticed that, just above where I was writing these words down, a similar thing had happened on July 15, 1986. God impressed me with these words at that time, "**before the child can say father, it will all be resolved.**"

Ten days later on, July 25, 1986, Kyle, our second grandson was born. He was more than a year old and he had never said a word. Not Da Da or Ma Ma, Nothing!

Then a phone call came. A man apologized to me for a wrong he had done to me more than a year before. I had turned the problem over to God.

The next day or maybe the day after, we were sitting in our den playing a card game, called Skip Bo, with our very close friends, Richard and June Davenport. Richard was talking about remodeling his store. Kyle, (who was spending the night with us and Jo had put to bed once), was back up and sitting in her lap. Kyle looked over at Richard and said, in a perfectly clear voice, "**shut up Davenport, go home and go to bed!**"

Then he jumped out Jo's lap and ran.

We were all laughing so hard, when Richard was finally able to ask, "did he say what I think he said?"

I said, "if you think he said, 'shut up Davenport, go home and go to bed!' That is exactly what I heard!" That incident happened over 20 years ago and Richard still teases Kyle about it.

That was the very first words Kyle ever said! A full sentence. Until that night, he would just grin when you talked to him. We had all become somewhat worried because he would not try to talk.

From that night on, Kyle could say anything he wanted to say!

Kyle graduated from Texas Bible College in May of 2007. He is becoming a minister. I had not told him why, (I felt), he did not talk for such a long time. When he told me that he felt God had called him to preach. I told him that I was not surprised. I showed him where I had

written the prophecy down in my bible in 1986, 10 days before he was born. I believe God has his hand on Kyle and will use him in a mighty way in his ministry. I feel God has already used him in prophecy.

FOURTH MIRACLE RECORDED AT UAMS

After, miracle number three, where above mentioned tumor had come loose from the inside of Jo's trachea, (wind pipe), the doctors at UAMS wanted to perform surgery to close the hole left in the trachea, where the tumor had formed in a diverticulum, (a ballooned out pocket). They also wanted to surgically repair the diverticulum. They described the surgery as, taking a diamond shaped cut out of the windpipe and pulling it back together, thus eliminating the hole as well as the ballooned out pocket. This was to keep another, "fungus ball," tumor from forming. They discussed this with us on two different occasions, stressing the need for the surgical repair.

I was very concerned about the surgery on the trachea. I knew it was a sort of hard, grisly like pipe, and I was concerned about it healing after the surgery. The trachea has a sort of rings in it and to take a diamond shape cut out, pull this together and sew it back together! I knew it would be a very tricky and serious surgery.

Jo and I discussed the surgery and she decided that she would have it done in Wichita Falls, as we have many good surgeons there and that would be near our home. Our grandchildren and children could come to visit her there, whereas, at the UAMS in Little Rock, it is a 7 hour drive, each way, for them to visit. Jo's every thought has always been for the comfort and convenience of others.

We came home on October 1, 2007. We contacted our prayer partners, telling them of miracle number 3 and thanking them for their prayers. We asked them to continue praying for Jo as she was not completely healed, needed surgery on her throat, and was still very much in need of their prayers.

On December 3, 2007, we returned to the UAMS for follow up testing. All of the tests showed she was much improved. She had not been on any follow up chemotherapy.

On December 5, 2007, she had an appointment with her doctors, Dr. Kiwan and Dr. Barlogie.

Dr. Kiwan is a refugee from Lebanon. He came to America because of Christians being persecuted by the Muslim extremists. Both are wonderful doctors and have become our friends. Dr. Barlogie was the founder of the Myeloma Clinic in conjunction with the University of Arkansas in Little Rock.

Dr. Kiwan came into the treatment room a few minutes before Dr. Barlogie. He was elated with how improved Jo looked. He, while searching for the right words, said, "you look like newly weds!"

I said, "we are still on our honeymoon. We have only been married for 50 years!"

When Dr. Barlogie came in, he was also elated with Jo's appearance. He hugged Jo, kissed her on both cheeks, and Jo said, "I thought he was going to swing me around, he was so happy with my progress."

After talking for a while, he started reading her tests results from her Pet Scan and CT scans of December 3, 2007. They read as follows:

From the UAMS DEPARTMENT OF RADIOLOGY:

FINDINGS: Post surgical changes are seen in this patient who has had repair of tracheal diverticulum at the level of T1-T2.

Radiology report continues in capital letters with: **IMPRESSION: NO EVIDENCE OF ANY ABNORMALITY IN THE NECK. POST SURGICAL CHANGES SEEN IN THIS PATIENT WHO HAS HAD REPAIR OF TRACHEAL DIVERTICULUM AT THE LEVEL OF T1-T2.**

After Dr. Barlogie read the above reports, (from the Radiologist, Chetan Shan, MD). He came over to Jo and turned her head side ways while looking at and feeling of her neck. Finally, Dr. Barlogie, with a very puzzles look, asked the following question:

"Mrs. Gilbert, did you have this surgery done here or at home?"

**Jo replied, "I have not had surgery either place, God healed me!"
Both Dr. Barlogie and Dr. Kiwan smiled and nodded their head.**

Jo is not on any chemotherapy or treatment for cancer at this time. She is not in complete remission, but, does not have to return to the UAMS for over 4 months, April of 2008! God is faithful.

God said, "It is for a purpose."

If I have seen the purpose of my wife's suffering it could be an Email I received from Moses Narayan Goddeti of India in the early part of 2005.

After we came home from the first miracle in November of 2003, our local news paper heard about the story and wanted to do an article on it. Sherrie, from our local newspaper, stated, "most news is bad news and I want to do a story on something positive, some good news for a change."

She came to our house and the three of us talked for several hours. She did the article in March of 2005. Grace Tabernacle, a local church in Iowa Park, put the article on their web site. Moses of India read the article and wanted to know more about what we believe. I sent him a copy of the bible studies I had just written for Grace Tabernacle's web site.

He replied that he believed the same thing. He stated, "my father was a missionary here in India. He had license to preach. Dad is dead, he has 6 children, we all preach, but none of us have license, but we preach anyway."

I Emailed the Missions Director in India, Stanley Scism, a personal friend of mine, and asked him, "do you know Moses Goddeti?" He replied, "yes, he preaches the same thing that we do. I don't know why he is not a part of us."

In the meantime, I had tried to get someone from the United Pentecostal Church, International's headquarters to contact Moses.

They did not contact him, for whatever reason, the ball was dropped somewhere along the line.

I told Jo, "if all that man needs is a piece of paper, saying, I can go preach, we should be able to handle that."

I contacted an attorney. It only took about 3 weeks, we were approved by both the Federal and State government and incorporated as: **The International Apostolic Churches, Inc.** We had the authority to issue minister's license with our organization, world-wide!

We issued Moses Narayan Goddeti our first license and made him the Superintendent of India for our organization. We now have over 30 ministers in India!

A man, Benjamin David Arazu, from Africa, Emailed me after we had started the International Apostolic Church, Inc. He wanted to know more about what we believed. He had seen Jo's story on the internet.

I Emailed the UPCI missionary in Nigeria, Africa and asked him if he knew a Benjamin David Arazu. He said, "yes, he went to our bible school. He preaches for me quite often. He is a fine person."

I Emailed brother McLean, the missionary again stating, "We are needing a superintendent for Africa, what would you think of our new organization making Benjamin David Arazu our Superintendent for Nigeria?"

He said, "I think that would be a wise choice."

The International Apostolic Churches, Inc., is now approaching 300 churches. Jo and I along with my brother Bobby and his wife Billie, and Jo's brother Dwayne and his wife Nancy, (at the present) are the only contributors to the IACI. God has poured out his blessings on us, both natural and spiritually for our efforts.

We recently purchased a church building in Wichita Falls, Texas. We incorporated it as Faith Tabernacle of Wichita Falls. I was praying, "God we need a home church and one that can be the headquarters' church for our organization."

I saw a very large church that was "for sale." I knew we could not afford that church, it seats 750, sits on 4.55 acres and has a total of over 28,000 square feet of floor space. Also, it was appraised at close to 2 million dollars! Impossible situation, we could not afford this church! To purchase the land at it's great location, across the interstate highway from WalMart and about 1 mile south of Sheppard Air Force Base, it would cost over \$5,500,000.00 to buy the land and build the building.

I made them an offer of \$225,000.00. God granted us favor with the owners and they accepted our offer! Also, during the time of negotiations, I made almost the entire amount to purchase the church in the stock market! I had not invested in the stock market for nearly 40 years! So, in effect, God gave us a beautiful church, almost fully furnished, (benches, desks, 2 organs, a piano, 2 libraries full of books, along with 2 kitchens, fully furnished. We received this for about .05 cents on the dollar.

Matthew 19:26 But Jesus beheld them, and said unto them, With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.

Mark 9:23 Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things [are] possible to him that believeth.

Mark 10:27 And Jesus looking upon them saith, With men [it is] impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.

God said, "it is for a purpose."

Fifth Miracle

During the period of about October of 2008 and January of 2009, Jo had 12 more vertebrae break in her back, a total of 14. We were back and forth to Little Rock to have the Vertebroplasty procedure to stabilize the vertebrae. They spread the vertebra apart to its original height, as nearly as possible, and fill in the collapsed area with "bone glue."

January 19, 2009, she had four more of the 14 repaired, along with starting another round of chemo for the next 3 weeks. After the chemo, we were again excited about getting to go home again. We had gotten up early, had an early breakfast and headed to the UAMS to have blood drawn for labs, with the intention of coming back to our apartment to pack and be ready to go home after her 12:00 noon, appointment.

It did not happen! Dr. Barlogie had an emergency, our 12:00 appointment turned into a 5:00p.m. appointment. At about 4:00pm, I told Jo, "I need to run next door and pick up your medicine." We had dropped off the prescriptions earlier in the day and the pharmacy would be closed on Saturday and Sunday. Today was Friday, we were going HOME.

About 30 minutes later, when I came back to the Doctor's office, they were loading Jo onto a gurney to take her around the building to the hospital. I asked, "what is going on???" Jo said, "babe, I was tired, I went to sleep with my head laying on the vanity."

I said, "we have been up since before 6:00am. We were here at the hospital at 7:00am having lab work. We have been all over the hospital taking last minute tests, we had a 12:00 appointment, no lunch, she is tired."

"Well, we probably need to keep her over night for observation," said Dr. Barlogie.

This turned into the next nightmare and miracle. As she was taken through the emergency room, she picked up every disease that was in the room. He developed, double pneumonia, from a Staph infection, RSV, a respiratory virus, as well as the influenza.

The doctor on the floor was arrogant and took it on himself to change all of her medication. This put her into an induced coma. I asked him, "what is my wife on?" He would not answer me, gave me that smug look and ignored me and walked out. I went to the head nurse and asked for a list of my wife's medication. It was completely different from the medication that she had been on!

When the doctor came in again, I asked him, "why did you change up the medication for my wife that Dr. Barlogie has had her on?"

He said, "Dr. Barlogie is in charge at the clinic, **I AM IN CHARGE HERE IN THE HOSPITAL.**"

I said, "**I drive my wife 7 hours to bring her to the University of Arkansas and to Dr. Barlogie, I would not take her across the street to see you if you treated her free. Now, change her medication back to what she was taking before you put her into this coma.**" He arrogantly turned and walked out.

I went to the CEO of the UAMS Hospital and asked that my wife be moved from his care and off of the 7th floor of the Hospital. As I was telling him the reason, Dr. Anassi, another of Jo's doctors, came by and said, "Hi, Mr. Gilbert, how is your wife doing?" I related to him what was going on. He told the CEO, "I have known this man and his wife since 2003, you need to listen to him." We went into a conference room and I was asked to relate what had happened to

the CEO and Dr. Anaissie.

They had Jo transferred to the 5th floor, under the care of Dr. Anaissie. The change was a little late. Jo had started bleeding from her lungs. They would suction the blood out about every 4 hours. After another week, without any improvement, Dr. Anassi, called for a conference with our family.

Bubba, (Jo's brother), and I went to the conference. Our children had gone back home after their visit that week end. Carmen, our daughter, stayed with her mom in the hospital room.

As we got to the conference room, I opened the door. The room was crowded with doctors and nurses. I thought I was interrupting a meeting, so I started to close the door. Dr. Anaissie said, "Mr. Gilbert, you are at the right place, come on in."

He motioned for us to take a chair across the table from him. There were about 20 or so nurses and doctors in the room as he started talking. "Mr. Gilbert, as Mrs. Gilbert's doctor, I must inform the family, that **in my professional opinion**, Mrs. Gilbert can not last more than 2 weeks."

Then he stood up and addressed his audience! He started with, "don't count this little lady out. I was her doctor in 2003 that when we were going to operate to drain her lungs, I announced, her lungs to be clear and let her go home from intensive care."

He then related the other miracles and ended by telling me, "expect another miracle." That will be miracle number," looking around to me. I held up my hand indicating 5 and said, "that will be number five."

Again, God intervened for Jo. Her lungs stopped bleeding, she awakened from the coma and we were able to come home a few days later on or about March 11, 2009. Jo said, "***Thank you so much for the cards and many, many gifts and phone calls since then. I feel so loved.***"

HEALED AT LAST

During the next year Jo had breathing problems. The last 12 vertebrae to break, most of them were in her chest area. She had lost almost 5 inches of height, most of which was in the chest area. She continued to go down hill. We went back to the UAMS in April, 2010, and they were going to do another bone marrow transplant. They could not get anyone to insert the lines needed, so we were going to start the transplant the next Tuesday. We came back home. Jo had to be hospitalized and was not able to travel to keep the appointment so they rescheduled the appointment for a later date.

We had purchased Faith Tabernacle and had a tent revival scheduled for April to precede the opening of Faith Tabernacle. Jo insisted on going each and every night of the revival. Church and God has always been first in her life. She played the piano each night of the revival. She felt so much better, that we were excited.

It seemed that every time I would make arrangements to go back to the UAMS, she would have to be taken to our local hospital for blood or other reasons. We would have to reschedule.

On the morning of July 19, 2010, as I helped Jo out of the bed, as she stood up, she exclaimed, "my legs won't move." I lay her back down and lifted her legs back onto the bed. Then I called her local doctor. I asked Dr. Stutte, if he could call the hospital and get Jo admitted to a room for tests, without having to go through the emergency room. He called me back with the room number and I called for an ambulance to transport her there. They ran many tests and concluded there were no nerves compromised to where she should not be moving her legs. I

brought her home on July 23, 2010. She wanted to go to church that Sunday. She was so weak that she played the piano with her right hand only, while supporting herself with her left hand.

On Monday, we went for her labs as usual. After we came back and she was sitting next to me, a small end table separated her lift recliner and my recliner, she looked at me and said, "babe, let me go home, I have suffered so much." Each time she had said that before, I had said, "no, I can not do without you." This time, I had just gotten her out of the local hospital and she had lost the use of her legs, almost completely, I said, "let's pray about it." I did not want her to get bitter against God for so much suffering. I was also beginning to ask, "why God, why so much suffering."

I did not let her hear my prayer, but, I asked God, "if you are not going to heal Jo, here on earth, or at least give her some decent quality of life, then go ahead and take her home with you and heal her there." I believe that was on Monday evening and she died that Wednesday night.

Carmen, our daughter, was with us. Jo was in the bed. Our bedroom door is just behind my recliner. I always kept the door slightly open so I could hear her. I heard her talking and as I got to the door, she said, "Dad," then I could not understand what she was saying. I stood at the door and did not disturb her. She was carrying on a conversation with her dad and mom. I went back to my recliner and cried, I knew what that probably meant. She was more over there than she was here and her body had not shut down, yet.

Carmen was standing at her bedside and Jo turned to her and said, "Carmen, pack my bags, I want to go home." Carmen said, "but, Mom, you are home." Jo said, "no, I am going Home." Carmen and I were at her bedside when she went "Home" a short while later, at about 11:00pm, on July 28, 2010.

So while Jo did not get her healing as I had wanted for her to do; however, she is now healed and restored. God took her home to make her complete healing and restoration. By faith, I can see her making circles, running and playing with Angela. You see Angela was our little 5 year old daughter, who was born with a birth defect. She was paralyzed from the waist down and never could move her legs. When I think about, Jo being in Heaven, streets of gold, gates of pearl, walls of Jasper, reunited with, Angela, her dad and mom, my dad and mom. I want to rejoice for her. When I turn and start to say something to her, and realize that my wife, for the last 51 years, is no longer with me, I want to scream, and a few times I have.

Keep me in your prayers, when my work here on earth is done, I want be able to rejoin with her. In Heaven there will be no more pain, sickness or death. It will be a wonderful "life everlasting." Here on earth, we are just warming up for that meeting in Heaven.

God said, "It is for a purpose." So to God be all of the Honor and Glory now and forever. Amen!

From: [Anaissie, Elias J](#)

Date: 9/28/2010 9:21:05 AM

To: ['Jerry M. Gilbert CLU ChFC PhD ThD'](#)

Subject: RE:

Thank you Mr. Gilbert for sharing this moving account of Mrs. Gilberts' journey. We, at the U. of Arkansas, have been privileged to have worked with both of you and frankly stated, our team would have never been able to deliver as well for Jo if it were not for your determination, positive attitude, your strong belief in good and God and your incredible devotion to her.

May the thoughts and prayers of all those who love you help sustain you at this trying time.
May her soul rest in peace. You have been an incredible caregiver. Sincere condolences
With best wishes

Elias J. Anaissie

Professor of Medicine

Deputy Chair, Myeloma Institute for Research and Therapy

Director, Division of Supportive Care

University of Arkansas for Medical Sciences

Very touching and true testimony of 2 Christians who I am very glad I got to know. If there is anything I can do for you, please let me know.

My prayers are with you.

D'Juanna Diggins, RN, BSN, OCN

Dad,

That is such a beautiful story of you and mom... I often talk to my husband about you and mom, I pray God will continue to bless my marriage as He did you and mom's..

Thanks a lot.... Yes mom is right at the feet of God, and watching all of her loves ones she left behind, but we both know we will see mom again and she want have that terrible disease, and if there is a keyboard there mom is playing it.. smile. Everything is going good at UAMS we just moved into a new building (cancer clinics) it is very nice!!!!

Please stay in touch

Love Connie Brown

Jerry M. and Dolores Jo Gilbert, 6750 FM 368 N, Iowa Park, 76367, jmgilbert1@gmail.com - phone 940-592-5752). This story and others can be viewed at our web site: www.iachurches.org
The bible studies were written by me and are free down loads. Keep me in your prayers. Jerry