

STORMS DON'T LAST LONG YOU WILL

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A Testimony of God's Healing Power and Faithfulness

Sunny Bhaskaran & Sheeba Bhaskaran

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Dr. Sunny Bhaskaran M.D.,

& Sheeba John Bhaskaran

INTRODUCTION

During 1983 I survived a violent storm, I can still feel the strength of the winds and the relentlessness of the rain and darkness that day. Anything that was strong and immovable to my little mind was broken, cars smashed, trees uprooted, and streets submerged under water. That was the first time I had seen fear in my father's eyes, and I knew that the fury of the storm was not to be taken lightly.

But later in life we were thrown unprepared into a storm of epic proportions. A storm darker and fiercer and more painful than before, And we survived. Life is not fair.

During my life as a medical doctor I have had to give bad news. "Sir, you have a tumor in your lung and you have six months to live." "Madam, your mother has a large stroke in her brain and may not survive" Yes, life seems to be unfair.

One day we received news that shook our world. I was not the one who delivered the news but the one who received it. I heard the news that I never wanted to hear. The sky darkened around us, confidence turned to confusion, faith crumbled and fear gripped us, we reached the depths of despair. In these depths we found that we were not alone, Christ was there. Yes, the storms don't last long but you will.

I invite you into our lives, study our thoughts and feel our pain and celebrate with us in the Joy of triumphing. As you travel through these pages you will see that we are no better than you. We were not superman in faith, we battle like you, we doubt like everyone but the God we serve is faithful.

This little book is designed in three parts. The first part is to put the events that occurred in our lives in sequence as a testimony. The second part is to express our battles and our source of strength. The last part is to provide the Scriptures that motivated and encouraged us not to lose hope.

I wish that at the end of our path together you will see Christ glorified, who will continue to motivate you so that you never lose hope. Storms don't last long, but you will.

Dr. Sunny And Sheba Washington, USA.

CHAPTER 1

TESTIMONY AS IT HAPPENED

“I Know That My Redeemer Lives...”

By
Sheeba John

This is the story of our little miracle – **Elizabeth**. Because of God’s work in and through her, our lives will **never** be the same again. May your heart be thrilled to know that our God works miracles even today. He did it for us and He sure can work in any situation that causes you even the **least** concern. Read on and be blessed . . .

Sunny and I desired and prayed for a second child ever since our son, Michael, was two years old. One July morning in 2002 as I was praying, I asked the Lord as I did many, many times before, for a child. But this time **it was different**. I could not explain it. But I knew that I was going to be pregnant soon. I told the Lord that I was dedicating this child to Him and His work. Sure enough, I tested positive in the pregnancy test the **very next month**. Michael was three years old then.

Around the **7th week of pregnancy**, I started vomiting profusely. I went into the hospital every other day to get infused with fluids. On one such bout, my son inquired why I was throwing up. I told him that we were going to have a baby soon. And he said, “***Is that Baby Elizabeth?***” I thought to myself that “Elizabeth” would be a pretty funny name for a boy. Then I told him it could be a boy or a girl. But he kept insisting even then at the beginning of my pregnancy that he was going to have a **baby sister** and not a baby brother. All this happened before we knew that our baby was a girl.

One day while I was browsing the web, I stumbled on a website that gave baby names with their meanings. I went through some names aimlessly. When I came to the name “Elizabeth” the meaning read “**consecrated to God.**” That was a very powerful confirmation for me as I had dedicated the baby to the Lord even before Michael called her “*Elizabeth.*”

January 15, 2003, began just like any other day for us. I was in the **sixth month** of my pregnancy. It was a beautiful sunny winter morning in Yakima, Washington. The sunshine was enough to make you forget the bare trees and the chill of winter.

That day an appointment was scheduled that morning for me to see my gynecologist, **Dr. Harrington**. We were excited as we might know the sex of the baby for sure at the end of the appointment. On seeing the ultrasound pictures, Dr. Harrington said that the baby was a girl but he seemed **disturbed about something**. Sunny, who is also a family practice physician, and Dr. Harrington exchanged glances and peered into the monitor. **Something was wrong**. The baby’s abdomen was bulging like a **small balloon**. Dr. Harrington held my hands and said that there was something deadly wrong with the baby and that **she may die**. He said that we needed to go immediately to the **University of Washington Medical Center** in Seattle to get further tests done. None of this made sense to us. We walked out of his office, dazed, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. As we walked to the parking lot, I could feel **two huge angels** behind me walking with me. Only then I realized that this is indeed reality and this is really happening to us. I am not reading a story . . . **this is real!**

We got into our car not able to digest what was happening. We did not want to go home. We just drove around Yakima. We were oblivious to the sunshine that we were basking in a few hours ago. We went to our friend’s home – **Dave and Rosie Kerr**. Dr. Rosie Kerr worked with my husband. She was also pregnant at that time. We told her what we had found out about the baby. As a doctor, she told us that this was going to be **fatal**. But as someone who believed God, she prayed with us knowing that nothing **was impossible with God**.

Sunny and I helped Dave and Rosie Kerr lead a college age youth group. That evening was Sunny's turn to share God's Word with the group. Sunny had already prepared what he was going to share, even before we found out about the baby. His message was on **Worship**: how Abraham laid Isaac on the altar to God. After he shared the message and also what we had found out about the baby that morning, the youth group gathered around Sunny and prayed that the baby would be a **living sacrifice for the Lord**.

The next day we headed to **Shelton, Washington**, to leave Michael with my brother and sister-in-law so we could go get tests done in Seattle. At the University of Washington Medical Center, we had a detailed ultrasound done that lasted two hours. We saw the baby's eyes, chin, toes, everything. We also saw the distended abdomen. The **perinatologists** (specialists who work on complications with babies within the womb) said that it looked as though the baby's intestines had ruptured and that **she was leaking meconium** (fluid within the baby while inside the womb) into the abdominal cavity. Then a doctor came in with another senior doctor. They explained that chances for such a baby to live were minimal. Even if she did survive, her **quality of life** would be **very poor**. She would need to feed intravenously for the rest of her life. **So they recommended abortion**. The baby or her complications would in no way affect me or my health. But her complications were enormous so they said it was better for her to die than to live.

What made matters worse was that we found out about the baby's complications in the 23rd week of pregnancy. By the law in the State of Washington, we were legally allowed to abort the baby until the 24th week. So there was a lot of pressure because what remained was just a few more days.

It was a Friday when we were advised to have the abortion. Being a long weekend, we scheduled the abortion for the following Tuesday. I asked the doctor how they would perform the abortion. She said that they would inject a medicine that would **stop the baby's heart**. Then labor would be induced and out would come a baby that is sometimes dead or sometimes kicking and screaming for life! It felt as though something exploded within

me. I could not believe that we were going to kill our baby **like a dog**. They also said that if we were to decide against the abortion, the baby would die within the womb at any time. So they asked me to keep track of the baby's movements. But the baby was very active. She moved a lot. We had an amniocentesis done to determine what may have caused the intestines to rupture. The doctors also took some fluid from the baby's abdomen.

Sunny, being a doctor, did not know what to do. Within him raged a battle between what he was taught as a **physician** and what he knew as a **Christian**. We went back to Shelton to spend the weekend with my brother and his wife, both of whom are physicians. Sunny and my brother, John, discussed at length about what the prognosis of the baby would be. **We were all confused.**

Friends of ours, Crina and George, were visiting from Oklahoma. They told us if the baby is supposed to die, let the Lord take the baby at the right time, "Why do you take the baby's life into your hands?" That evening we talked to Dave and Rosie who further advised us against abortion. That night we decided we were NOT going to abort the baby. The next day we called and told the doctor at UW that we were not going to abort the baby. She seemed disappointed and told us what would happen if we did allow the child to live.

We returned to Yakima that Wednesday. As we traveled from Shelton to Yakima, we felt an **amazing presence of the Lord** with us. Our prayer from that time on was, "**Let Your will be done!**" If it was His will to give us this child, let us have this child; but if it was not His will, let the child be taken away from us.

What followed for the next few months was very **trying**. Some of our family members from India said that we should have aborted the baby. My first trimester had been tough with a **lot of vomiting**. In the second trimester, I was tired and breathless. To top that, we found the complications with the baby. Starting from then I suffered a **lot of itching**; especially on the soles of my feet. No amount of moisturizers could alleviate the itching. I could not sit still for more than **5 minutes**. It was an ordeal just to attend a

church service or drive a car. I could not sleep at night. I was awake more than I was asleep. Later, the itching turned into a **severe pricking**. I was on medications to help me sleep; to help me not to itch. It was terrible. All this suffering knowing that my baby may not live! ***One can bear any amount of suffering if one knew that the end was going to be good.*** But to endure suffering knowing that the baby may die or live crippled was unbearable. But the baby was very active. The doctors said that this was a positive point.

During this time what helped us a lot was **fellowship with other Christians**. Sunny went to the youth group and I went to a Ladies Bible Study named **SOS** (Sisters of Scripture) led by Mrs. Jamal Zakhary. The ladies prayed for me fervently, sometimes weeping and fasting. When I went there they prayed for me anointing me with oil. There were times when I could feel a very warm, comforting presence come all over me. ***There were several other small groups praying for us all over the world – Singapore, India, Brunei, USA . . .***

As I approached the 30th week of pregnancy, the ultrasounds revealed that the baby's head had come down as it should. But that gave rise to a new problem: the ***fluid from the baby's abdomen was pressing onto her chest cavity, making it difficult for her lungs to grow.*** The doctors said that even if she survived the rupture of bowels, she may not be able to breathe. So they wanted her to be within the womb up to **37 weeks** after which they would induce labor to deliver her.

Around the 30th week, everything looked so bleak and hopeless. Sunny called to say our baby would eventually die because of her lungs. At that time I was meditating on the **Book of Psalms**; I knelt down by the sofa with my Bible in hand and loudly read Psalm 91. I cried out, “. . . **(2) You are my refuge and fortress, my God in You is my trust. . . (9) Because I have made the Lord my refuge, no harm shall befall me . . .** “. The Lord seemed to answer back in the last few verses of that wonderful chapter, “. . . **(14-16) Because he has set his love upon me, therefore I will deliver him. I will set him on high, because he has known me: I will be with him in trouble: I will deliver him and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.**”

These and many, many other verses from the Book of Psalms ministered to me everyday. I told Sunny one day, “***How can we read the Bible and not have hope?***” That night we knew that we had already won the victory by not falling into the trap of abortion. The rest was up to God. Whatever He did was good by us and He is always good!

We went back to UW to get more fluid out of the baby’s abdomen. We met the **pediatric surgeons** who will be performing the surgery on the baby when she came out. They offered us more hope than the perinatologists. They listened to us and answered all our questions. They said that the baby’s chances for living largely depended on the **extent of perforations** in the intestines. If they had to remove a lot of the bowels, the baby would take longer to recover and may not even survive. However, if only a small portion of the bowels was affected, we had a very good chance that she would recover well after surgery. So we started praying specifically for the intestines to be healed and to have little or no perforations. Then we also prayed for her lungs to be whole. We had arranged to get admitted into the University of Washington on the 22nd of April and to get induced for labor on the 24th of April.

On **April 3, 2003**, I woke up at 7:30 a.m. feeling a little wet. I did not know that my membranes had ruptured. I was leaking all over. Sunny rushed back from work to take me to the hospital. As he was getting into the car, something stirred within him saying, “**GOD IS IN CONTROL.**” As he turned on the car’s engine, the song by Twila Paris came on the radio singing, “God is in Control.”

I was only 34 weeks (not 37 weeks as advised by the doctors) and the risk of the baby’s lungs being underdeveloped loomed over us as we headed to the hospital. Meanwhile I called Rosie, who had just delivered a week ago; she prayed with me.

Contractions had started. Dr. Harrington performed a C-Section. The infant resuscitation team waited on the side to help her breathe. The 34 “weeker” baby came out screaming her healthy lungs out and **weighing a mammoth 6 lbs, 14 oz.** **She did not need any help to breathe.** Praise the

Lord! I had not seen a more chubby newborn before!!!

Yes, she did have the complications that the doctors had warned us of. She was airlifted from Yakima to Seattle. They performed a surgery on her 9 hours after she was born. The surgery lasted 3 hours. Dr. Waldhausen, the pediatric surgeon came out of the operating room and met Sunny. He told him that the operation had gone well. He said that they could find only **one small hole, 2mm in diameter**. So they had to remove 2 inches of her intestines. Then he asked him, *“Are you sure she was born at 34 weeks? She looks like a full term baby! She does not look premature!!”*

We stayed in Seattle for a month while Elizabeth recovered. Her recovery was slow at first; mainly because she was born premature. She did not have a bowel movement for two weeks after the surgery. She was being fed intravenously and what we fed by mouth, she vomited green. So we were faced with the possibility of long-term intravenous feeding. The Lord continued to promise us that **His mercy endures forever!** We continued to pray for Elizabeth to have a bowel movement. That Good Friday, she had 6 bowel movements. From that Good Friday onwards, she recovered in leaps and bounds. There was no holding her back. She fed well and grew well. We were discharged out of the hospital on May 5, 2003.

She is now a normal, healthy, and delightful 6 year old. Who the doctors said would die, now thrives. **She is a miracle!** Praises and thanks be to our **awesome God!!!**

Chapter 2

The Secret of Our Strength

“I can do all things through Christ that strengthens me.”

(Philippians 4:13)

**By
Dr. Sunny John**

The day starts, the glow of the sun streaks the sky, the birds are chirping and the weather is beautiful. The sea seems calm; this is the perfect day for sailing. Twelve young men decide to sail the golden calm sea.

Things were going as planned, “*The Lord is with us on the boat,*” what is going to go wrong?

Suddenly, out of nowhere dark clouds gathered, the gentle warmth of the sun turned into the wrath of nature. The chirping of the birds was replaced by the chilling breeze of the angry nature. The torrential rain shattered on the glass and wood. The wind howled and tossed the boat. All the skill of the trained fishermen was of no avail. To make matters worse, the Lord was asleep. What else could go wrong?

The disciples were in deep peril. The fury of the storm was filling their boats with water. Common sense cried, “This is the end.”

Confidence gave way to confusion; devotions were replaced by despair; faith was crippled with fear; and destruction was certain: **there was no way out!**

Does this sound familiar? Have you been in this situation before, in the center of the storm? Do you feel your situations are overwhelming? Do you feel that your strength is gone?

The 15th of January 2003 started off as usual. It was a chilly, windy winter morning. It was my day off. Everything was well planned; I was going to take Sheba, my wife, to her obstetric doctor's appointment and take the rest of the day easy, playing with my son. Hey, what could go wrong? Every test done so far, even the ultrasound at 18 weeks, had checked out fine. But this day we were in for a **rude surprise**.

The doctor's appointment went fine; we decided to repeat the ultrasound to determine the sex of the baby, which was 23 weeks old. During the ultrasound the doctor identified that there was abnormal fluid collecting in the abdominal cavity (the belly). Then he added that it meant that the baby was **deadly sick**. We were shocked! I have heard stories like this happening to others, **but it cannot be happening to me**.

It took a few minutes for things to become clear. I am hearing the worst possible news and am walking out of the clinic completely dazed. We drove the car without knowing where we were going. Our lives had come to a stand still.

The storm clouds dark as the darkest night were gathering; the chilled wind of hopelessness was blowing. We were not ready for all this; but tell me, who will ever be ready for such events because the storms strike without warning. The enemy does not wait; he charges and attacks us with his fiery darts.

Dear Friend, storms attack everybody both young and old leaving our mind filled with fear. How can you survive? What can you do when situations are going out of control? What are the anchors that keep the boat afloat? This is what we learned from the worst storm of our life.

Dear Friend, I want to remind you that the anchor of our soul passes beyond the stormy, angry clouds into the clear, peaceful throne room of God.

Fasten those anchors and hang on tight. Let the wind blow; let the cold rain strike your face; let the darkness envelope you. In the darkest storm, remember this: “The storms don’t last long . . . but you will.” The storm will pass and you will shine . . . Victorious! Hallelujah!!!

1). My Relationship with God

Psalm 73:26, “*My flesh and my heart fail, but my God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.*”

The Psalmist David says, “*My flesh fails.*” There is a time in life when our physical strength will fail us. There is a point of time when the people you trust cannot help; the well-meaning Christians seem unable to help you. You try to talk to them and they fail to understand you and help you. These are the times you join with the psalmist and cry out, “my flesh will fail . . .”

We were rushed to a bigger hospital in Seattle to get some definitive answers. There, after an extensive study, they said the baby is having a bowel rupture and all the contents of the bowels are pouring into the sterile abdominal cavity causing inflammation, swelling and fluid collection. In short, “***Your baby is going to die.***” If at any chance the baby survives, she will be a cripple needing IV feeding possibly for the rest of her life.

My wife was in tears. In the little office space at the University Hospital in Seattle, I looked around and saw mothers carrying babies; mothers pregnant, walking tiredly, but with a joy in their faces. Any suffering is bearable in comparison to give birth to a live, healthy baby.

Sheba was having a difficult pregnancy so far. She was vomiting so bad during the initial pregnancy up to 16 weeks that she needed to go to the hospital every other day for IV infusions. She had lost 18 lbs. We thought that after 16 weeks this nightmare of vomiting would stop and everything would be back to normal, but it was not. Sheba started itching herself to madness. Then we identified that she had a rare disease called pruritis of pregnancy and she had to itch until she gave birth; there was nothing to be

done. Then came this news that, *“Your baby is going to die.”*

Satan was working overtime. It seemed as though he was unleashing all the vengeance he had against us. In that little office space, we sat there so dazed and confused that I was even unable to utter a prayer to God. We felt all alone: my wife and I and little Michael, who was running around not knowing what was going on.

Yes, my flesh can fail. My heart can fail. All I have can fail, but “my God, your God” will not, cannot fail. He will stand by you!

“Your God Will Not Fail!”

There is something that will stand the pressure of the wind and the rain. There is something stronger than the fury of nature. There is an anchor that has passed beyond the dark, stormy clouds of helplessness, hopelessness, and despair . . . that is your relationship with the Lord.

Philippians 4:13: *“I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.”*

Cheer up! Hang onto the anchor: Your God will never leave you; He will stand with you in that hospital room, in your place of loneliness, in your dungeon of despair . . . to strengthen you!

He stood with Daniel in the Lion’s Den; He stood with the Hebrew Children in the furnace; He will stand with you! When He stands, He’s all the strength you will ever need. “He stood up and rebuked the wind . . . “. Mark 4:39 (NCV).

2) The Way of the Lord

Proverbs 10:29: *“The way of the Lord is the strength for the upright.”*

Mark 4:35, 36: *“He said to the disciples, ‘let us go over to the other side.’ . . . they took him along . . .”*

The disciples obeyed the Master when they were in the boat. They were in the center of God's will.

“The safest and the most blessed place in the entire world is to be in the Center of God's will.”

I have dilly-dallied with this decision. Many times this issue has aroused, but I ignored it. I have helped many couples make decisions but as for me, I was undecided; perhaps I thought this would never happen to me . . . but on the 17th of January, 2003, I was faced with the issue. I could not escape; I could not hide. I knew what the right thing was but I did not have the strength to do it. I found out the hard way that it is one thing to know and another thing to do what you know is right. The issue I am talking about is **Abortion**.

On January 17, 2003, in the cold lonely room of the doctor's office, I encountered the issue. I tried to hide from my fears . . . Abortion. The doctor said, “Since the chance that the baby will die or be crippled for the rest of her life is high, I will advise that you terminate the pregnancy.” She wanted us to decide right then because the baby was 23 weeks and we only had 5 days to terminate the pregnancy legally (according the Washington State Government; not according to Heavenly Government) . . . of which 3 days were holidays (being it was a long weekend).

We called the people we trusted, good Christian people. Some said to follow the doctor's advice; others were very silent. We were in shock and tears; we were not in a position to decide. We tried to get Christian advice and counsel but we had none at that time. I was the leader of the family; I was supposed to be the priest (spiritually mature) of the family, but here I was . . . scared to make a decision.

I told the doctor that I needed more time and facts to decide. I was learning a valuable lesson: ***“Never make a decision when you are emotionally stressed; you will invariably make a mistake.”*** So, during the long weekend I sat still, flipping the TV channels; I could not pray; I could not think clearly. As the hours went by I was leaning towards terminating my

dear baby's life and putting an end to this nightmare. Sometime during the next day we called the doctor and said we would get admitted on Tuesday to have the pregnancy terminated.

But on Sunday, there came a small impression in my heart: "Why are you afraid?" It was then I realized that the reason I was not making a right decision was: Fear. Fear; not that my child would die; but fear as to whether my child would live and be crippled for life. It was real fear; it was justifiable fear. I had to deal with fear before making the right decision. I went to God in prayer for 3 whole days. I told Him I was afraid; I told Him what I feared. As I told Him "my fears," something happened: a gentle strength descended. There in the small room under the ceiling light, Sheba, my brother-in-law and I knelt down on the floor and decided to place the baby in God's Hands and not to terminate the pregnancy. Then He (the Lord) whispered, "Fear not, you are in the center of God's will." Wow . . . Perfect Peace descended. I did not know whether the baby would live; but I knew we were in the center of God's will!

"The safest and the most blessed place in the entire world is to be in the center of God's will."

"The way of the Lord is strength for the upright."

The next anchor that will withstand the tempest of doubt is doing the will of the Lord. Whatever the outcome is, if you decide to do the will of the Lord you are the victor and the devil is defeated!

Cheer up! Hang in there!! Keep standing firm in your decision. The winds will stop blowing; the rains will die down; the tempest will be over and you will still be standing because you are standing in the will of God!

Hallelujah!!!

3) The Joy of the Lord

Nehemiah 8:10: *“The joy of the Lord is our strength.”*

Mark 4:41 (Amplified): *“They were filled with great awe . . .”*

Everyday was a challenge; the attacks were fierce and relentless. The arrows the enemy devised were hitting the mark and causing pain. The circumstances had not changed; Sheba was still itching herself to craziness. She was absolutely unable to sleep. The prognosis of the baby was still poor. Many people were watching: what would come of this ordeal?

Everyday was a battle; the enemy was whispering discouragement. The sharpness of his whisperings was so real and silent. They were screaming into our minds leading us into more discouragement and despair. All the news that we received was hopeless.

I did not have the faith to believe for a miracle. I always thought that there would come a day when I would hear the inevitable that the baby is not moving. One day I came back home from the office. Sheba was sitting at the dining room table and weeping. I gently went over beside her and asked her what was wrong. She said, ***“How can we read the Bible and not have hope that the baby will live?”***

That night we had one of the worst emotional breakdowns. Sheba was itching and crying. She said, “I am suffering so much; only to give birth to a dead baby.” I had no answer. But that night we did something together that we will never forget. We prayed and confessed how good God is. There were no positive facts in our situation to thank God for; we did not look into our hopeless situation . . . but instead, looked into the majesty of God. That night as we kept confessing, something started happening. It was the first time in many months that the Lord whispered, “Everything will be all right.” That night my heart dared to believe that *“everything would be all right.”* And we slept happy!

The next time we saw the doctor, he said, “Sheba, I think the baby’s

lungs are not developing.” So again we went through further testing and they said, the fluid in the baby’s belly is so tight that the pressure may keep the lungs from developing. So they said the best chance we can give the baby is if she is delivered after 37 weeks; i.e., full term.

But from that night, even with very discouraging news, there was a lingering joy that everything would be all right. Slowly hope was becoming stronger.

It was the early morning of April 3, 2003. I was seeing my patients at the hospital when Sheba called saying that the membranes had ruptured and she was leaking fluid. I knew it was only 34 weeks; we did not want this to happen now. It seemed everything that was happening was making it more difficult for the baby to live. I rushed back home to take Sheba to the hospital. As I was rushing, there was a whisper, “God is in control.” When I started the car, the radio (set to a Christian channel) was playing the song, “*God Is In Control.*” Then I knew that this was a silent, yet powerful confirmation from God.

That same day an emergency C-section was done. I was scared about the baby’s lungs ...Will she breathe? She was 6 weeks early. The surgery was done and the baby delivered. As the baby came out she cried loudly; she breathed normally. Hallelujah! Indeed, God was in control!!!

The baby weighed 6 lbs. 14 oz., and looked like a 37-week old baby. The baby had a 9 hour surgery after birth. I rushed to Seattle to the bigger hospital where the surgery on the baby was done; but Sheba was in another hospital. After 3-4 hours of surgery (which seemed endless), the doctor finally came out and said that there was only 0.2 cm perforation (hole) in the small bowel (they had expected a large portion of the bowel to be dead); and the rest of the bowels were well-developed. The baby did fine. We stayed in the hospital for one month with the baby recovering. Now she is 4 months old and is an absolutely normal, healthy baby.

Yes, we are thrilled and filled with joy and thankfulness to a Gvods Who is **always** good!

The anchor that defeats discouragement is the **joy of the Lord**. My dear friend, don't let discouragement defeat you. Hang in there! The fiery darts of the enemy are powerless because **the joy of the Lord is your strength**. So friend, choose to rejoice in the Lord!

Chapter 3

The Scriptures of Hope

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb

And the word of their testimony.”

Revelation 12:11

*“Were not **our hearts burning within us** while **He talked with us on the road** and opened the Scriptures to us?”*

During the time of struggle, the Lord was real to us as never before. Every time we would set our mind to Him, He would make the World come alive to our situation. And these Words of the Living God are what Sheba and I would confess and proclaim to the best of our abilities.

Our BIBLE encourages.

“Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.”

Revelation 12:11: *“They overcome him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony.”*

It is the testifying of the experienced Word that will put Satan to flight; defeat Satan and keep your hopes alive. If you are walking the path we walked, we would encourage you to walk with us as we share with you the Scriptures that strengthened and encouraged us.

This is my prayer that the Holy Spirit will quicken the Word to your soul. Just one Word from the Lord Who walks with you will make the

difference in your situation and life.

Walk through the Scriptures and receive.

Isaiah 41:10

*“Fear not, for I am with you;
Be not dismayed, for I am Your God.
I will strengthen you, Yes, I will help you,
I will uphold you with my righteous right Hand.”*

Psalms 107:20

*“He sent forth His Word and healed them;
He rescued them from the grave.”*

Exodus 14:13, 14

*“And Moses said to the people, ‘Do not be afraid.
Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord,
Which He will accomplish for you today.
For the Egyptians whom you see today,
You shall see again no more forever.’”*

Isaiah 66:9

*“‘Shall I bring to the time of birth,
and not cause delivery?’ says the Lord.
‘Shall I Who cause delivery shut up the womb?’
says your God.”*

Psalms 9:4 (GN)

*“You are fair and honest in your judgments,
And You have judged in my favor.”*

Psalms 9:4 (TM)

*“You took over and set everything right;
when I needed You,
You were there, taking charge.”*

Comment: God is there taking charge of your life. His judgments are in your favor.

Psalm 18:4 (NLT)

*“The ropes of death surrounded me;
the floods of destruction swept over me.”*

Psalm 18:35

*“You have given me the shield of your salvation.
Your right hand supports me;
Your gentleness has made me great.”*

Psalm 18:36

*“You have made a wide path for my feet
to keep them from slipping.”*

Psalm 18:50

*“You give great victories to your king;
You show unfailing love to your anointed,
To David and all his descendants forever.”*

Comment: Even death cannot defeat you because the Lord is with you.

Psalm 27:5

*“For He will conceal me there
when troubles come;
He will hide me in His sanctuary.
He will place me out of reach on a high rock.”*

Comment: Troubles cannot touch you because He will hide you.

Psalm 28:7

*“The LORD is my strength,
my shield from every danger.
I trust in Him with all my heart.
He helps me, and my heart is filled with joy.
I burst out in songs of thanksgiving.”*

Comment: If He is your strength, your heart will rejoice for sure; and the day will come when you will burst forth in thanksgiving. Do not give up hope.

Psalm 30:2,11,12

*“O LORD my God, I cried out to You for help,
and You restored my health.
You have turned my mourning into joyful dancing.
You have taken away my clothes of mourning
And clothed me with joy,
That I might sing praises to You and not be silent.
O LORD my God, I will give to You thanks forever.”*

Comment: Whenever you cry for help, the neighbor may not hear; your family may not hear; but your God will hear and restore.

Psalm 33:18-19

*“But the LORD watches over those who fear Him,
those who rely on His unfailing love.
He rescues them from death
And keeps them alive in times of famine.”*

Comment: He watches over your every move. Keep your faith alive, your hope alive, your fire burning and your joy alive. If He Who never slumbers watches over you, you will live.

Psalm 68:19

*“Praise the Lord; Praise God our Savior!
For each day He carries us in His arms.”*

Comment: He is carrying you every day, even when you feel lonely, sad and confused; even when you are too weak to believe; the Lord is carrying you. Do not lose heart!

Psalm 85:8

*“I listen carefully to what God the LORD is saying,
for He speaks peace to His people,
His faithful ones . . .”*

Comment: Dear child of God, stop listening to the voice of man, the advice of friends, and the prognosis of the doctors for they result in fear and confusion. But listen, listen to what God the Lord is saying . . . Ssh . . . Listen . . . He speaks peace to your heart; He speaks peace to your storm.

Psalm 91:2

*“This I declare of the LORD:
He alone is my refuge, my place of safety;
He is my God, and I am trusting Him.”*

Comment: Let us join together and say out loud, “This I declare; This I am so confident that I can shout: God alone is my refuge and I will keep trusting Him in every situation.”

Psalm 91:15

*“When they call on me, I will answer;
I will be with them in trouble.
I will rescue them and honor them.”*

Comment: Does it say, “I may answer or if they have enough faith, then I will answer?” No! NO! It says, “I will answer.” Cheer up, your situation may say, “It’s Impossible,” but your answer is on the way.

Psalm 126:5

*“Those who plant in tears
will harvest with shouts of joy.”*

Comment: You will harvest. Your tears will never go to waste; your tears will never go unaccounted for. You will have a harvest with shouts of joy!

Psalm 147:11

***“Rather, the LORD’s delight
is in those who honor Him,
those who put their hope in His unfailing love.”***

Comment: Dear child, God delights in you . . . the way you are. He delights to bless you; He delights to answer your prayer; and He delights in your affairs. He wants to know every detail of your life. Don’t ever say that you are unworthy; you are not because He delights in you.

NLT: New Living Translation

TM: The Message

GN: Good News Bible

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