

# LET YOUR WILL BE DONE

by  
SUSAN MAY

"Dear God, what do I ask for? Do I want Nick to live or for you to let him die peacefully? Help me. I don't know. Please let Your will be done."

In April of 1989, I poured my heart out to God like I had never done before. At no other time in my life had I ever sincerely prayed "Your will be done" and meant it. Before I had always had the answer I wanted in mind. Nick, our new baby boy, had just been diagnosed with a life threatening heart birth defect and was to have surgery in three days with a less than fifty/fifty chance to survive..

Would the right thing be to pray for Nick to live? He was the youngest of our four children, the oldest having just turned five. Nick was a baby and the other children did not know him as a real member of our family. A newborn, I thought, would be easier to let go of than a child who became an integral part of our everyday life.

Andy and I were told that if Nick made it through this surgery alive there would be others to follow when he was older. If he died during one of those how would we ever explain his death to his brothers and sister? It would be much more difficult to lose him at four, ten, or seventeen

years of age. But I could not bring myself to pray for him to die. I loved him.

As I talked to God I knew he was the only one who had the answers to my questions. Only He knew what was in the future. That night I handed my fears over to Him, asking for His will and not mine. A total sense of peace entered me. I knew then that God would be there for me and my family no matter what happened to Nick.

As the day of the surgery arrived, I knew Nick was completely in God's hands. I had given Nick over to His care. Nick came through the first surgery with flying colors, went on to have two additional heart surgeries and received a heart transplant all before the age of two.

Eighteen years later, I know it was God's will that Nick live because I have a tall, strong, and loving young man at my house.

"Dear God, Thank you for holding Nick in the palm of your hand. That's where I am happy to have him."

Copyright by Susan May