

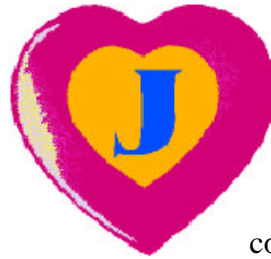
# Lord you have strengthened me

Lucilla Pun

Three years ago, I was diagnosed with a very large brain tumor that needed an operation as soon as possible.

I was only 46 when this happened to me. I felt that I was very blessed to be diagnosed with the disease as it had no significant symptoms at all and without suffering from any headache except I kept on falling for no reason. The doctor said one of the symptoms of brain tumor is imbalance. I didn't have to wait too long to have the operation only about a month and a half after the diagnosis. The operation took 12 hours. The most unfortunate thing is I got a stroke during the operation. At that moment, I was so scared and asked "WHY ME?". I couldn't move, not even touch my nose nor speak fluently. I couldn't eat nor drink water between meals as the dietician was worried that I might choke. I couldn't even go to the washroom on my own. Once I pressed the bell and told the nurse I needed to urinate but they told me to wait and how could I wait. Another incident was they put me in the toilet and told me to sit there until they came and picked me when they would be free – I waited and waited and nobody came to pick me up after 15-20 minutes. So I tried very hard to stand up myself but I fell and could not get up and waited and waited again. I got a bad reply from them and saying, "Why did you try to get up as you know you have a stroke and you can't." How sad I feel! Unable to drive, unable to walk, move, talk – like a person with no life – no independence. But I never gave up. On second thought, it might be a sign from God to help me to strengthen my faith. By thinking of this, I just took that as carrying the cross for Jesus and how painful He would be and how He suffered, dying on the cross for us. I invited my husband to drive me to St. Paul's Adoration chapel whenever he could. Though he didn't pray with me every time but I thought through my prayer, God and Mary heard

me and helped me. This started before my operation because it was my only reliance and my only trust and my only belief that they could help me through. One thing I realize is that we must be humble before God and have total trust in Him that He will receive our prayer. I still remembered once before I had the



operation, I went to the Adoration chapel. I wasn't sure whether I was thinking too much of the operation, I saw Jesus' face wearing the Thorne Crown on His head and at that very moment I was sure that I could be saved and well. I prayed when

I went to the operating theatre. I knew and I told my husband, "You saw me walking into the OT but you might not be able to see me walking out," and it was so true. I stayed in Vancouver General Hospital for about 2½ months and got transferred to the Rehab Centre. When I was discharged from the Rehab Centre after 5½ months still on my wheelchair. Yet after that long period of time I really wanted to go home.

I still couldn't walk or speak fluently. It's my daughter's high school graduation year before entering university. My social worker told my husband to let me go without regret for life. You guess what — I started to stand up 2 days before the graduation and I was able to walk into the graduation hall with my crane only. I was so proud of myself. I thank God for what He had granted a miracle to a sinner as me. Well, people may think I am superstitious but I don't think so. Think it in another way, this is your faith and trust.

Now, I can drive and do things myself independently like before and I am so blessed and be thankful to God for what He had given me. I think I should reciprocate by spreading the Word of God and His unlimited love to us.