

God, Save Our Baby!

With a life-threatening condition and the spectre of surgery hovering over their newborn baby girl, Pastor Dennis Lum & his wife Yun Lin could only pray for a miracle.

I'm a
Miracle!





About 2 years ago, my wife conceived for the first time. As expectant parents, we were just so happy and excited that we were going to have a baby. But it was not to be. We lost our child within the first three months of pregnancy.

Different people came up to me and told me that this was a fairly common thing that happened to many couples. But just because it is so common, doesn't take away the pain. I tried to console my wife, telling her that God is sovereign, He loves us, He has a purpose, and that we just have to put our trust in God. But deep inside, I was angry. I was in pain.

I came to God in my anger and pain and asked Him, "God... WHY? Why did You let this happen? WHY?" I was frustrated and disappointed. **You may think that all pastors are spiritual giants who never doubt God and never worry. But I confess that I am human.** I brought my anger to God. God can take our anger very well – better than what most of us think He can. He can take our honesty.

The miscarriage happened while we were on a self-drive holiday. Just as we were grappling with this issue, everywhere we went, we saw rainbows. We took

a picture of every rainbow we saw. I have this whole series of rainbows in my photo collection! I wondered why the rainbows seemed to be following us around.

Then God spoke to me. He said, "Do you know that a rainbow is a sign of my covenant? It is a sign of my covenant with man. It is a sign that I have a covenant with you. And though you may not feel

it, I am watching over you. I am following you everywhere you go. I know the pain that you feel. I know that you are hurt and angry. I know and I care!" **I never got an answer to my 'Why?', but**

God came and reached down to take away my pain and my anger.

Last year, my wife conceived for a second time. We were very excited that God had blessed us and given us a baby once again. We covered the whole pregnancy in prayer. Everything was incredibly smooth. After 10 hours of labour and a lot of pushing, our little baby Sophie was born.

Immediately, I realised that something was not right. They placed her on a table beside us and I saw that she was turning purple. The doctors and nurses rushed in and there was a flurry of activity. **They put her in an incubator and wheeled her out without telling us anything.** We didn't know what was happening. Wondering where they had taken my daughter, I rushed out and found that she was in the neonatal intensive care unit (NICU).

Nothing prepared me for what I saw in the NICU. I saw my daughter lying there. She wasn't even cleaned



up; they didn't even have time to do that. There were tubes going into her from all sides. She was on a ventilator, and there was a tube in her mouth to help her to breathe.

We waited almost until midnight for the diagnosis. The X-ray showed that my daughter's diaphragm was not functioning properly. It was pushed all the way up into her chest. Her lung had not expanded and she couldn't breathe. **Without the ventilator, she would die.** The doctor told me that she would probably need surgery to correct this problem.

I thought, "She is barely one day old, and she needs surgery?" I asked for a second opinion. A specialist looked at the X-ray, looked at my daughter and came back with the same conclusion. That night, I didn't sleep at all. I just cried and cried out to God, not in anger but in despair.

I took out Psalm 23:6 and declared, "Surely goodness and love will follow me all the days of my life." God, You've got to heal my daughter!" I really wanted to be like the Centurion that came to Jesus and sent his messenger to tell Jesus to just say the word so that his servant will be healed. I wanted to have that kind of faith. But in reality, I felt like that man who carried his son to Jesus and said, "Jesus, if You can, heal my son. Lord, I believe. Help me overcome my unbelief." That's how I felt.

The pastors prayed, our friends prayed, the family interceded. There were signs that God's covenantal love was following us. The radiologist who did the X-ray was a Trinitarian. When my daughter had to be transferred to another hospital, the doctor in the receiving hospital was also a Trinitarian. **Like the rainbows, these were gentle reminders that God was following us.**

As we prayed, my daughter began to breathe. Soon, she could breathe normally and they could take her off the ventilator. **As we continued to pray, it was as though God was pushing the diaphragm down.** Her lung expanded a little bit more. We continued to pray and intercede. Soon she was taken off the feeding tube. All the tubes were taken off her. The doctor said, "We don't think she needs the surgery anymore."

A week later, they did a third X-ray and the diaphragm was back in its normal position. The doctor said, "She's healed, she is perfectly fine, you can take her home."

When I got to carry Sophie for the very first time, the nurse came with a bottle of milk and asked me if I would like to feed my baby. After I fed her, Sophie looked up at me and smiled at me for the very first time. Today, Sophie is a happy and healthy five-month-old. When I look at my daughter, I can testify that surely goodness and mercy – God's covenantal love, God's unfailing love – will follow me, pursue me and chase after me, overtake me, protect me, cover me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

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