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### Forty-Five Minutes

I believe God still works today, and I believe this with every fiber of my being. I was raised in a Christian family, but that does not necessarily make everyone who was raised like this a Christian. When I was thirteen, I coded. I had no heartbeat or breath for approximately forty-five minutes, but thanks to a prayer chain that reached around the world and the Power of God, I am right here at AUM.

On September 28th of 2008, I was an above-average kid. I could do back-flips, skate, and even walk on my hands. Who would have thought the next day my life would change forever? On September 29th, six years ago, I was going for a normal Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) scan. The first round, without contrast, went okay. The doctor did not notice anything so, he needed to use the contrast. I was unaware at the time that I was, and still am, severely allergic to gadolinium, which is one of the primary ingredients in the contrast used for MRI scans. I immediately experienced an anaphylactic allergic reaction, which led to respiratory arrest, cardiac arrest, and death.

As important as God's Word and modern day miracles are, an individual cannot make people believe, until you have experienced a miracle like mine. My miracle began with surviving death, although September 30th was the first day of my twelve-day coma. When I awoke, the rest of the miracle began. I woke up with a breathing tube in my mouth, which made me unable to speak, and Cortical Vision Impairment, which means my eyes are fine but my brain cannot interpret the

information. The doctors told my mom that I would never wake up from the coma and if I did, I would not know that I was in the world. Here is where God really started to show off in my life. The doctors said I would have no cognitive abilities. However, when I woke up one night, I was extremely aggravated. My mom noticed, and asked me what was wrong, but I could not talk because of the breathing tube. So, she said, "Let's spell." She said, "I will go through the alphabet. And you blink when I get to the letter," I blinked at 'A', and she said, "Are you sure?" I blinked again.

We went through the alphabet many times, and without missing a letter, I spelled "annoying blue light." The oximeter light was bothering me, although I did not know what it was called at the time. My mom took a sock and covered the light, and I went right to sleep. When she told the doctor about this he laughed. My mom says the look on his face said, "Wishful thinking." The doctor then tested me. He gave the words 'big', 'cow', and 'head', and I spelled them all correctly. Then he told me to spell 'tongue'. I forgot the 'u' and the 'e'. The doctor said something along the lines of, "He's intelligent, but he needs to learn how to spell 'tongue.'"

I began doing intensive physical and occupational therapy. I made more progress than anyone expected, so much so that I was discharged from the hospital the day before Christmas Eve. My sister, Cheyenne, had been begging Mom for a dog while I was in the hospital. On Christmas Day, Mom rolled me out into the living room in my wheelchair, and put a tiny puppy with a big red bow on its head on my lap. The puppy was so small that Cheyenne asked Mom if she got a bow for Christmas. The bow was bigger than the dog, but then it yelped. Since then, the dog has become more mine than hers, despite Cheyenne naming the dog. She named her Apple.

Through Apple, God showed His powers. She was the first thing I saw clearly, though briefly, after my injury. It occurred again in June, 2010. Then, two weeks ago, I focused again, but this

time instead of seeing Apple, I saw the floor because I fell out of bed. I thought I was dreaming, because I immediately went back to sleep. The next morning, Mom asked me if I was okay, and I told her that I was.

She asked, "You don't remember falling off the bed?"

I replied, "Did that really happen?"

She told me, "Yes, Logan. Why do you ask?"

I responded, "I saw the floor and thought I was dreaming." Before the injury, the carpet in the room was gray. So I asked my mom, "Did we get new carpet?"

Mom asked, "Why do you ask?"

I replied by saying, "Because I remember the carpet being grey and now it looks beige."

I believe that God has raised people from the dead. Anyone can read the Bible or other books. Lots of people know someone who has come back from death. In the Old Testament, I Kings 17:17-24 tells the story of the prophet Elijah, with the Power of God, raising the Widow of Zarephath's son. Elisha raised the great Shunammite woman's son from the dead with the help of God in II Kings 4:1-35, and Elisha's bones raised a man from the dead in II Kings 13:21.

In John 1, Jesus raised Lazarus from the dead after four days in the tomb. Jesus told Lazarus to wake up, and he did. In the book of Mark, Jesus raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. When Jesus said the girl was asleep, they laughed at him. However, he shook her and told her to wake up, and she did.

There are also examples of Jesus' Power in modern times. In his autobiography, *90 Minutes in Heaven*, Don Piper tells the story of a car wreck in which he was killed upon impact when an 18-wheeler collided head-on with his car. According to his account, he was in Heaven while dead

for an hour and a half. He then woke up in a hospital bed, not knowing a thing about his car crash.

Holly Green, a good friend of mine, took care of me for me for a while. She was also killed in a car crash, was dead for thirty-five minutes, and miraculously came back with the ability to walk, speak, see, etc. Forty-Five minutes may be a short time to live, but it certainly is a long time to be dead. I thank God for every minute that I am alive.