

Plead the Blood

My thoughts throughout pain

I took a deep breath, my lungs tightening as the hospital bed rushed down the tiled floor to the surgery room. Anxiety piled on my heart; fear whispering lies that I would never be the same afterward. Lies that I would never walk the same. Lies that I could never dance again. Lies that I could never lay on the dew-spewed grass in the peak of morning again.

I craved quiet in the midst of the bustling corridors; nurses speaking to me, trying to lift my spirits as they accidentally took the wrong hallways, I just wished I could sweep myself to a motionless, moonlit night. Instead, I was here. Stuck. Broken. Alone. My body draped in a paisley blue hospital gown with the words *Property of Children's Devos-Hospital* stamped on the hem. I wonder at the wording. *Who would want to take this home?*

Moments later, in the operating room, I signed a consent form stating I was aware of the potential complications from the surgery and that I knew the serious side-effects of the anesthesia.

I am no longer in control. I hate the feeling.

Questions rage as a nurse pokes a vein for an IV, a tiny bead of blood forming near the puncture. My body begins to shake.

I breathe in. Then, I breathe out. Bringing the songs I played in my headphones earlier that morning back to mind.

I plead the blood of Jesus. Over my future, over my body; I plead the blood. Over my family; I plead the blood. Over the darkness, and over that enemy; I plead the blood.

"Why did you bring us out here to die?" the Israelites asked Moses.

"Why did you bring me here God?" I ask, mask over my mouth, sharp stinging pain and heat rushing into my body.

I am met with...nothing. Yet feel a sudden impact of love. I may not hear anything but the beeping machinery, but I know He is here. In this room. Holding my trembling hands.

Those words come back.

Nothing but the blood. Nothing but the blood.

I plead the blood.

Over my body.

Over my future.

I plead the blood of Jesus.

It's more than enough.

I plead the blood.

My shield and my shelter, it's my defense. I claim it over and over again.

The doctors constantly ask if I have any questions, and I do...but they can't answer them. Only God can.

So, as I let black space fill my head, I let go.

I plead the blood...Jesus...come...

When the surgery ends, and my treatment begins, I try my best to bury it all under the ancient history files in my brain. For the first time in months, people believe me when I say I'm fine. The conversations start to return to normal. I convince myself life is also back to normal, even though I hobble on crutches and every morning I wake in pain. Minus the quarterly doctor appointments and daily medication to keep the raging dragon in its cave, I'm finally feeling slightly free. My body feels stronger; my mind sharper.

I am not fine though. I find myself looking over my shoulder to find the woman who existed before the accident. She wandered off into the distance, over ridgelines, hills, and mountains. I feel...overwhelmed by the familiar places.

Same house. Same family. Same coffee in the morning.

Yet everything is different now.

It's like I'm traveling through a desert with no map.

I am not the only one who has been taken on a desert journey.

Jesus was led out to desert by the Spirit of God immediately after His baptism in the Jordan River by His cousin John. He stepped out of that river, dripping wet, just hearing the voice of His Father and left. Jesus left a place of easy water, a place of hearing. And then where did He go? Before the imprints of His feet could dry, Jesus was led into the desert. No food for forty days and nights. Tempted by Satan with his words of mistrust. Instead of the voice of His Father, Jesus heard the whispers of Satan, who issued a dare against the Son of God.

This is the same challenge I find in desert places. Whose voice do I listen to? Will I listen to the One who woos me, and brings me in with His love, or will I hear Satan's lies that tell me that lead me to doubt God's loyalty and strength?

Jesus remembered the words of His Father: "Men shall not live by bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God."

Whose voice do I hear? Will I cling to desert stones, hoping they will turn into bread? Will I only see the difficult? I'm grasping dust with my hands; trying to bring something into existence that doesn't actually exist.

And that's when I hear it.

His wooing.

The tender words.

I stretch out my fingers on my scars.

And I suddenly see difficult beauty.

I lay there, in the dark...alone. Staring at the white ceiling. Throbbing, aching pain shooting up and down my scar-lines...my throat is lined with bile from the night before. All night I spent throwing up. Hot, steamy stomach acid lining my esophagus. I close my eyes as I tip a glass of water to my lips; nothing soothes the ache in my chest. My lungs can barely breathe. My heart is pinching. A headache on the merge. It all reminds me that pain is a daily battle. Whether I'm sleeping, walking, or even just sitting upright to paint a picture...pain is there.

The doctor's ask, "On a scale of one to ten, how would you rate your pain?"

But how can I rate my pain when pain is normal? How can I rate my pain when pain is all I know?

I trace my fingers down my throat, searching for anything to soothe it.

Nothing comes.

So, I lay there.

And just cry.

Tears are nothing to be ashamed of; they are there for a purpose. Your teardrops could bring light to the hurting. Your brokenness is beautiful. Your scars are a miracle.

Fear no more, My child, I am here. The silent voice beckons me in the night. He beckons me.

So, I plug in my headphones, flip through my music, and click my worship playlist.

The first song, I ache.

The second song, I'm bawling my eyes out.

And finally, by the third song, I finally let go.

I give up God; I let go.

As soon as those words fall out of my thoughts, I feel chains break. Fear loosen its grip. My tears pour.

blare the music so loud I know it could bust my eardrums, but I don't care.
I give up, God; I let go.

I realize now that a heartbreak is a blessing from God; it's just His way of letting you know that He saved you from a hidden idol.

Hope. Hold On, Pain Ends. Hope.

I take in a deep breath; the hospital staff rushing around me, asking me questions as the blood flows out of a pipe connected to the foot-long cuts down my calf; I can barely look at the red liquid without vomiting. I think of my Savior.
He didn't cry tears for Himself, but bled for my sake.
If you think nails held Him there...you're wrong. It wasn't the nails. But you. He knew you would sin. I would sin. He knew. So, He sacrificed everything for you. For me.
My mind is spinning.
I'm craving coffee.
I'm wishing this is a nightmare.
I know it isn't.
The nurses are handing me pills.
Switching the IV fluids.
I'm flipping through the TV, looking for a good movie.
I'm placing the remote down and grabbing the phone instead to text my friends.
I couldn't rest. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't forget the pain. For goodness sake, a large metal rod extended from my thigh to my ankles, rods drilled into my bone; pain was going to be there.

I'm fine, but I realize that the worst doesn't come when the storm is calm.

I sprawl out on the hardwood floor; discomfort raging in my body, reminding me of the constant battle of healing in my system. Tears build, and my throat chokes up. *Don't cry...don't cry.*
I cry anyway.
There isn't anything to stop it.
It just comes.
As I'm head first, laying on the floor...the battle continues.
I know that I have lost the war.
Fear grips me. Telling me I'll never heal. Never get better. That things are always going to be this way. That I'll never walk again. I'll forever be crippled.
Fear.
It's a silly thing.
Fear is what gripped me in its clasp when I was broken, bleeding in the hospital bed; fear is what held me, love is what saved me.
The love of the doctors. The love of the nurses. The love of my family. The love of my friends.
There wasn't a day when my friend didn't take the time out of her day to email me; and if she couldn't reach my email, she'd text my mom. Persistent. Never ceasing love.
Fear is real.

Pain is real.

Yet...so is love.

I lay here, on the floor, broken...covered in bruises and scars...but I'm alive. I'm breathing. I hear Him calling to me.

My Child, where is your faith?

Those words feel like a blade to my chest.

Fear stole my faith.

Fear stole my joy.

Fear stole my energy.

I could blame fear all day for it; but the ugly reality of it all...I let fear in. I let fear win. I let fear take hold. I had the choice. I chose fear. I didn't rebuke it. I didn't deny the lies.

I let fear override God.

My tears mingle with guilt.

My Child, let go.

Fear will whisper, "what if"

Faith will proclaim, "even if"

Don't let fear cripple you.

Let faith guide you.

I take a deep breath in, then, placing both hands on the ground...I stand up. I brush the tears from my eyes. And I take a step.

Not of fear, but of faith.

A faith step.

The war inside my heart raged.

Would I let doubt overrule God?

I had let fear overrule God before; was this the same way? Was I supposed to let doubt overrule as well??

The answer was no.

I wasn't supposed to let doubt or fear overrule God.

But sitting there on the hospital bed, I had second thoughts.

What if I wasn't meant to live?

What if I wasn't meant to breathe?

My mom prayed and sang beside my bed as they pulled me into the surgery room; I sang along with her, tears slipping down my face.

They said it wasn't going to be easy.

I marked my leg with an X, signifying I let them work surgery on my leg.

I didn't want to, but it was needed.

That mark was on my leg for weeks afterward.

A symbol marking me.

I just wanted to leave this place.

I take a Jesus step.

I didn't understand then

and I don't understand now

but that is alright

I pray, Jesus come, please
Jesus come...

All He's ever been is kind
All He's ever been is love

If it doesn't make sense right now, it's not done yet. Let Him work. There will be joy in the morning!

I gave into my feelings.

Doubt.

Fear.

They consumed me.

It was rough, yes. But I know now that this whole journey was necessary. Without it I wouldn't have learned to trust. Without it I wouldn't understand the sacrifice needed as a follower of Christ.

Pain is real.

Very, very real.

But so is peace!

And love!

I am a Child of God.

I am loved.

I am needed.

I am forgiven.

I am me.

Kylie.

Daughter of the King.

Survivor of brokenness.

Jesus loves me.

This I know.

Why God? It's so cliché. But I still ask why? Why would you do this to me? Why would you let me go through this? I don't understand. I'm sorry...I have no clue, why....why God.

I try so hard not to let the fire in me die. It's a constant battle. The flame has flickered - it has burned down so low that sometimes it's hard not to wonder if it's reduced to ashes. And each and every single time I get back up again, I crawl, and I try to light it. Why? Because Jesus lit it, and I don't want His grace to go unnoticed. I kept hoping, praying, that it would be bright enough to show people that I'm alive - I'm pushing - I'm trying - I'm praying - I'm striving to love as He would. I know that's a battle so many people have to fight, each person for his own with Christ. I know it's a feat - and I kept praying 'please, let the fire, let the Spirit be noticed'. I was crawling and...striving to light a match again as I fought with daily pain

March 15, 2024 - I will try so hard. I bend to other people. I yearn to help but by and by, this ragged soul is bound to collapse. I'm trying to keep my head up but...I want, I need, help Yahweh. I need help understanding why you gave me this pain to bear. Is it just me or do you want me to see through these broken mirrors of myself. Can you show me I am loved? Can you show me life is worth fighting? My heart tells a story, and it yearns to scream it.

April 12th, 2024

I choose to praise you Abba. Teach me to dance so that I can dance with you Father! Yeshua, thank you!

Jun 7th - a couple more days before we go see if these plates and pins can come out and...honestly...I'm a bit scared. Sometimes I cry at night, midnight that is and I cry so hard that my back bends and the tears slip down my night shirt. I have this pain. Sometimes it isolates me. Or that's what my brain says. And I have to cope, right? I have to push past the mental barriers and fight. (inserted June/10) *Fight what? Myself? My mental state? Or the demons? I choose to battle, I choose to fight, whatever it be.*

June 10th

*i think i'm done manicuring my fears
covering up my flaws
you see
i'm still afraid of the dark
making friends and taking charge
i still vent
when life is chaotically a mess
i sometimes have anxiety
uncomfortable in my own skin
i still mold to other people's opinions
people pleaser
never wanting to step on your toes
i don't wanna lose the ones i love
so i sacrifice my own esteem
so that i never impose
but archiving all these issues
in my mind
gets exhausting
so i choose to embrace them
because sure, i'm a mess
but a mess that is lovely and loved
a beautiful mess*

*we all are
and Jesus loves the beautiful messes
so i'm done manicuring what He loves*

June 8th

*dedicated to my younger self - how you've grown. dedicated to the people who stare in
mirrors and struggle to find worth - how you glow.*

embrace of the daisies

can i tell you something?

*I think you're kind / lovely / beautiful / you're like rays of warm light / the gentle fuzz of
dandelions / the energetic music blaring in my chevy / you're like dancing in tall grass / like
the daisy crowns braided in my hair / the rolling down meadows covered in fireflies / you're
like the caramel coffee aroma / the laying on the patio / the chocolate latte in the hospital /
you're like the mountains / the dew on the ground / like honey in my mint tea /
you are all of these wonderful things
and more...so much, i'd wish you see
the beauty God created in those scars you carry*

May 29th

broken images of grace

spilling out grief over the churches heart

broken crayons still color

that's what i found out when i was five

glow sticks sticks need to be crushed in order to shine

that's what i found out when i was seven

glass is see-through and fragile

that's what i found out when i was ten

you see...

i drew Mona-Lisa's with the stubby ends of crayons

i made necklaces with cracked glowsticks

i made sun-catchers with shards of glass

so why is it now that at seventeen

i look at the hurt and pain and see no value in the fragmented art?

what is the clay to say to the potter who is still fashioning the vase?

splintered, ruptured, torn, rent, separated, and crushed

seventeen year old me wants to be the weirdo to look at messes with an exorbitant amount of love

because broken is still beautiful

this is the truth i've found at seventeen (edited)

May 12th

Kylie (Ky) *May 12th at 11:35 PM*

some day you'll look back, you'll take a deep breath...you'll say "thank you" to God for the breath in your chest. that might be today, you'll wake up and smile. do a little dance bc you realized "worry", well, it really isn't worthwhile. some day you'll look back, see every hurdle you faced, every tear soaked pillow, that you would have had to replace, bc those teardrops were heavy. oh yes, yes they were. you labeled yourself "not enough", "amateur". But this is your reminder, in case you forgot, Jesus still washed Judas's feet, even though he had the forethought of betrayal. you are an image. an image which is precious and no matter your faults

you can still come to Jesus

some day you'll look back, you'll see that you're valuable, special, awesome even...

so today, don't let the devil

steal God's love from you

sincerely

my heart, my thoughts, my prayers

May 9th

i just wanted to explain what i see:

who i can see in the in between

who i have been when the effort is lost



my love is like marbles of glass

something that you can hold in your hands

my energy is tangible

a thousand rainbows reflect when i pass
i'm the type of friend who always smiles
and that smile is radiant – like sun-kissed flowers
i thought it was dull, “not enough” “i’ve gone through too many trials”
turns out that voice in my head was wrong – my smile is worthwhile
its one thing to love yourself healed
something entirely different to love yourself scarred
i find solace in the little joys
Jesus dwells beside my heart
pain is painstakingly annoying at times
suffocating my soul to the point of drowning
yet...
its in this pain i’ve found a sharpening like none other
i’m stubborn and scared
sometimes i doubt if God is really there
i have never been a writer
but the writing still pours out
somehow these words find the way
out of my shut mouth
the way calloused hands hold heartbeats
eyes laid to rest
every irrational fear that held me back from my very best
what if faith is what i need to take the next step
who i am is not who i was
that much is true
and i fear often times
that self love is over-due
Jesus made me special
like that one children’s church song
“he loves the little children”
the lyrics aren’t wrong
i place my hand on the mirror
can i see myself now?
i’m bright, bold with energy
incredibly smart
and as i look in the mirror
i wish to impart
just one simple thing
that’s all i ask
that you would love who you are
because your life is precious – like those marbles of glass
if we cannot love ourselves

*is it that we do not love ourselves
or what if our cup that once was overflowing
has been broken, destroyed in some way shape or form?
the only true repair
to mend all those broken shards
is through Jesus
our savior
who created that piece of art
because the worth is still there
wether you see it or not
because you are winning battles
no-one else knew you ever fought
sincerely
my heart, my thoughts, my prayers*

*Break my bones
Just leave ny heart alone*

and suddenly it all made sense...

why you chose me and why i chose you

I wish i had more coherent of thoughts, my feelings are an allgade to whatever feelings your not

And i'm hurting, and it hurts like hell, the burn in my chest

You said no, my heart...said yes? Question mark, bc i didn't know if i was ready yet...

I had no peace, i had no hope...and i wish others could see that, and it wasn't just me manipulating myself to that.,