

MY STORY OF FAITH

Tiny Striegel

I don't or can't talk about most of the things that have happened to me in the past—only when it sounds interesting enough to write in poetry. I will only mention here that I know that God helped and guided me through some very trying times, as I was left a widow at the age of 24.

I would like to tell you about 2 incidents that made me feel that God was in total control and in charge of the situations.

1. This happened back in the '50s or 60s. I was a nurse and technician working at the Colorado Hospital with Dr. Hurliman. Our patient that day was a three-day-old baby who was hemorrhaging. The baby was a hemophiliac, and in dire need of a blood transfusion.

We did not want to use stored blood and his grandmother's blood was compatible so she donated blood for the transfusion. In all of my training I was well aware that inserting a 22 or 20 gauge needle into a small infant's arm vein was virtually impossible without doing a "cut down". For me it was a miracle that on the first try that needle went in perfectly. The Doctor held the baby and I held that tiny arm until all the blood had been given. You can understand that it wasn't my doing, but God was guiding my hand through the whole procedure. That patient, now a grown man, is still alive. He has had many other transfusions during his life, but still is a productive citizen.

His grandmother was a "Jehovah's Witness" at the time, and thought she had sinned because she had given the blood and the Jehovah's Witnesses interpreted this as "eating of blood." I even wrote letters to the national offices of the organization for explanations of their theory. I got no satisfaction from them, and they only picked out part of a verse to explain their interpretation, and that was not in context with the verse or chapter. I tried to explain to the grandmother, that this had nothing to do with "eating" of blood, that the blood was given intravenously for medicinal purposes. I think in time she finally accepted my explanation. And I know that it did save a human life.

2. The next episode I want to tell you about is about my recent illness.

About a week or 10 days before Christmas, I knew that I was ill, generally feeling bad, and running a fever. Doctor sent out antibiotics and cough syrup on Wednesday and in great confidence I thought in 2 days I would be well. (Duh!) Thursday I could hardly get out of bed. At 1:00 AM, on Friday morning, I got up to let Miss Tilde (my little dog) out. I got as far as the bedroom door before I fell into the edge of the door. My forehead and nose were bleeding. I told Miss Tilde to hurry because we had to make a decision here!

Well a message came to me and said "Call your nephew, he is already up!" I did that and sure enough he was up walking the floor with a cramp in his toe! I told him "I fell

and hurt myself and am bleeding to death; but you don't have to hurry because I will just lay here on the bed until you get here!" He was there in less than ten minutes, He put me in the truck and took me to the hospital to get my head sewed up. While the doctor was doing the procedure he said "Did you know you are running a high fever?". Well, I sort-of knew that but had not done very much about it.

Well, it was good that I hurt myself because I was admitted and could be taken care of at the hospital. So this is what I figured: God was telling me "Tiny, you are not listening. I will mash your face in and get your attention!" Now, God would not say that. He would say, "I will let you mash your own face in and you can do that all by yourself!" And he must have told me that my nephew was already up at one o'clock in the morning!

Was that a COINCIDENCE ??? I don't think so !!!

While I was in the hospital I was hallucinating! I don't talk much about this because people think you are going crazy!. I still don't know the cause, maybe from the medication, the fever or the blow to my head. If you have ever had hallucinations you know how terrible that is. I couldn't sleep . Every time I shut my eyes all of those strange people were there. They were all in 3D Technicolor. One nurse said to just join them and then it wouldn't bother me.

I said "No Way!" and I prayed long and loud to God to take them away and let me be in control. Well, it worked and He took those miserable people away and they left me alone. Oh, I thanked Him so many times for that.

God has not only helped me through all the trials but He has given me the courage and strength to cope with them.

All you have to do is have faith. I feel that God has given me the talent to paint portraits to preserve important local people in history, and the ability to write. A good friend once told me that it would be a sin to waste a God-given talent, and the gift should not be wasted.

I have 7 portraits of historic important people in the permanent collection at the local museum and history center, and I am working on my 5th book that I hope to have published soon. Memories and history should never be forgotten.

Thank you God for your many blessings.

Respectfully submitted by Tiny Striegel
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Proverbs 3; 5-7