

Breast Cancer

by Jeannie St. John Taylor

Melodie *knew*. She knew because of all the blood on the gauze pad. She knew because she could sense the angel over her shoulder.

She had no idea how she knew the angel was there since she couldn't *see* it. She'd never had any experience with angels before. But it was there all right. And she did *not* want it because an angel hanging over her shoulder during a biopsy had to be a very bad sign.

So she chose to ignore it, and eventually the angel went away.

In its place, cold, dark fear stalked Melodie. For several days, she waited by the phone in a fetal position, afraid of dying, afraid of leaving her husband and children. When the phone finally rang, it was several seconds before she could make herself lift the receiver and answer. "Hello?"

It was the doctor, and he sounded agitated. "I'm sorry I have to tell you this over the phone." He paused and Melodie's world hung like a fragile glass bauble swinging on a single thread. "I'm afraid you have breast cancer."

The thread snapped, the bauble shattered. Melodie trembled violently.

"It's a very aggressive cancer," the doctor continued. "We have to take care of it immediately."

The conversation ended, and Melodie huddled on the couch alone. Terror settled around her like a palpable fog. She breathed in fear. She exhaled fear. "I'm going to die! I can't do this, God, please help me!" No matter how fervently she prayed, the horror seemed to increase rather than decrease. "God! Help me! Spare my life!" she cried over and over. Finally, she submitted to the Lord, telling him she would do whatever he asked of her.

As soon as she did, an audible voice spoke. "It's not that bad." God had spoken to her! But before that had time to sink in, angels began filing into the room. With eyes wide open, Melodie saw the huge beings in beautifully colored robes. They crowded into her entry, feet on the floor, heads skimming the ceiling. There were thousands, too many to fit in her house. Out the window, she could see angels streaming toward her house. Saying nothing, looking determined, they neither frowned nor smiled. They simply thronged her home, as though they had been dispatched to do a job they intended to successfully complete.

Once again, as Melodie stared at the angels in amazement, she *knew*. The cancer wasn't about *her*. It was a spiritual battle between God and Satan and her body was simply the battlefield. God had sent his angels to form a hedge of protection around her. He *would not* let Satan win. All he required of her was that she wait and trust.

For two or three minutes, Melodie stared at the angels in wonder and they gazed back at her. Then they disappeared. But they weren't gone; she knew it. They would stay with her, protecting her, through the whole ordeal. She *knew* God intended to save her life—to heal her. Bowing her head, Melodie thanked him. Then she asked for one more favor. “Could you confirm all this for me through scripture?”

God answered that prayer. On Tuesday, just before her surgery, Melodie's mother opened her Daily Bread to read to her daughter. The featured scripture passage, Psalm 30, was the biblical confirmation Melodie had requested. She had called to the Lord for help and he had answered. She would not die. No matter how hard the enemy fought to kill her, God would bring her up from the grave. She *knew* it.

Four years later, she still knows it.