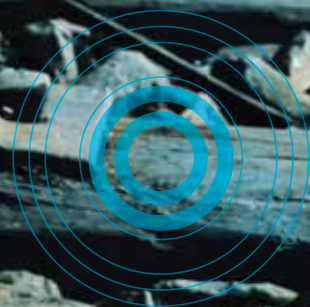


WALKING ON FAITH'S EDGE



When **Lisa Chan** was in hospital delivering her second child, survival was the last thing on her mind. She shares how, as her life hung on a thread, God performed the delicate miracle of making the impossible possible – thrice.



I was due to give birth in late November 2005. When my due date was very near, I went to my gynaecologist for a check-up. That was on a Thursday. He told me then that he was going on a holiday that weekend. He said that his colleague, another gynaecologist, would help me to deliver my baby if anything should happen, but looking at my situation, I should be able to hold for about another week.

My first baby was premature – my elder son had come early – so the gynaecologist who helped me to deliver my baby was not the one that I had chosen. I didn't like the idea of this happening again.

I kept praying: 'God, can You please let me deliver my baby *now*, like *tomorrow*, so that I will be in time for my 'gynae' to do the delivery?' Nothing

happened on Friday, so I was disappointed, but I continued to pray. On Saturday morning, right after breakfast, I felt that I was going to give birth. 'Thank You, God! You answered my prayer!'

My needs, He meets

I quickly called the clinic at Thomson Medical Centre. It was around 12 noon then. The clinic was still open – it

would only be opened for half a day on Saturdays. When they checked me, they told me that I was ready to give birth. I was elated to have caught my gynaecologist just in time before he was due to leave the next day, Sunday.



My labour was short. I was healthy throughout this whole second pregnancy – I didn't have high blood pressure or any other medical complications.

After my baby was delivered and the stitching done, my gynaecologist left. Right after my doctor walked out, the midwife noticed that my blood pressure had dropped significantly. **When she lifted the blanket, she realised that I was bleeding non-stop.**

She immediately called the gynaecologist, who rushed back. There was a lot of commotion – people were running in and out of the labour room. Although I didn't know what exactly was happening, I knew something bad must have taken place. I lay there, helpless, and allowed them to do whatever was needed.

My gynaecologist wasn't equipped to deal with this situation so an emergency doctor was quickly called to the scene. According to this doctor, my case was unique because I hadn't given birth by caesarean section, thus

my bleeding was not caused by surgery. I was bleeding because chemically, something went wrong in my body. My blood couldn't clot so it just kept flowing out.

To stop the bleeding, they were going to use a special form of medication on me. The medication was rare and not many hospitals had a readily available stock of it. In fact, I recall him saying, **'You are lucky**

that this hospital has this medication. I'm going to use it to see whether it will help the blood to clot.' I was to discover that **he was also one of the few doctors who was proficient in administering such medication.**

By this time, **I had lost five litres of blood.** Nurses and doctors poked needles into my body in a bid to stop the bleeding with the help of the medication. If my blood still would not clot, the doctors would have to resort to removing my uterus. I dreaded the thought, but knew it was a trade-off between that and my life. I told the doctor that he could do anything he deemed necessary to save me.

As a result of the massive loss of blood, the emergency doctor had to request for blood from Tan Tock Seng Hospital for my blood transfusion. Upon receiving the call, a whole carton of fresh blood was immediately delivered.

My doctor had never experienced such an easy time requesting for blood. Often, he would have to fight for blood to be sent to him because this was a private hospital. Moreover, it was fresh blood—ideal, because it meant it had not gone through too much processing.

After many hours, they managed to stop the bleeding. Due to the large volume of blood transfused into my body, blood tests were conducted to ensure that I wasn't suffering from kidney failure or any other ailments. Upon ascertaining that my condition was stabilised, the emergency doctor left; it was 11pm. While the bleeding had stopped, I was advised to remain in the intensive care ward for observation.



Upon realising the gravity of my situation, my husband immediately called Thomas and Rosie, the only Trinitarians we knew at the time. We had been in Trinity for just two months when this happened. Thomas and Rosie were quick to shower their care and concern and pray alongside our family as we went through the ordeal. We were blessed by their acts of love and support.



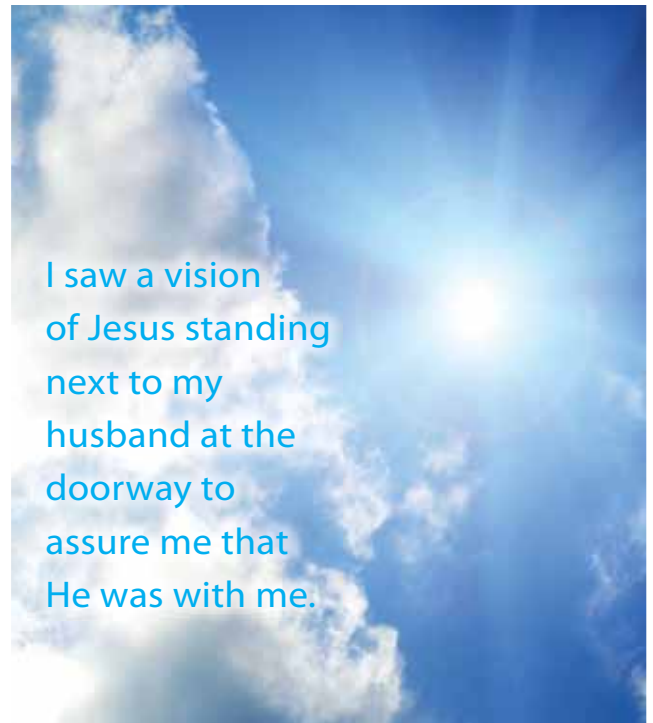
It was remarkable that throughout the four or five hours that they were trying to save my life, I didn't go into a coma, which was the norm for someone in my situation. I was not even drowsy. In fact, I was wide awake and knew exactly that was going on.

The doctor had a nurse come and care for me. Then, another amazing thing happened: **this particular nurse was the same one who had nursed my son when he was previously admitted for pneumonia.** She had been very nice and we liked her very much. I thought she worked in the children's wards, so it was a surprise meeting her. It was comforting to see a familiar face, moreover one we really liked. I knew that I was in good hands.

Back then, I didn't know how to say long prayers or speak in tongues. All I did was to keep talking to God, just like how I would talk to any other person.

I said: 'God, I know I will walk out of here safe. **I know You won't let go of me.**' I kept repeating these two sentences over and over again. I didn't ask, I just said 'I know'; and trusted Him.

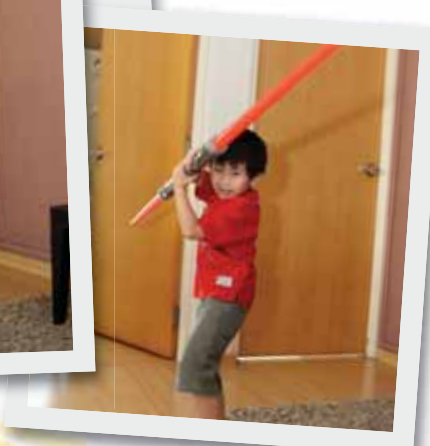
Looking back, I marvel at how everything was in place for me. It could only have been God at work. Throughout the episode, I was calm, neither struggling nor crying. I don't know how I managed to stay so.



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Perfect peace

While I was still warded, the hospital placed a sofa for my husband near the doorway of my room so that he could rest while being with me. I remember late one night, I saw a vision of Jesus standing next to my husband at the doorway. He was smiling at me. It felt like He was



making a happy visit after everything was over, to assure me that He was with me. At first, I thought that I was hallucinating. However, I was pretty sure that I wasn't because I was wide awake. It was so real.

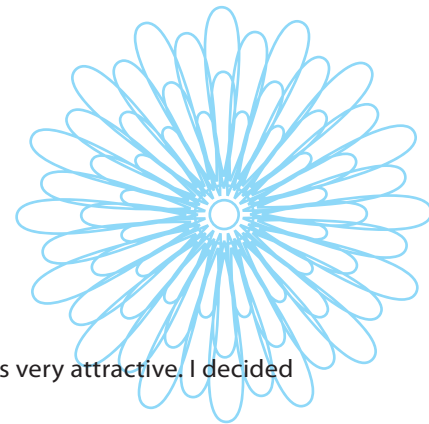
Partially due to the rarity of my condition and how I almost lost my life, I became a mini-celebrity in the hospital. Moreover, my gynaecologist happened to be the son of a reputed gynaecologist that co-owned Thomson Medical Centre. I had inadvertently caused my gynaecologist to delay his holiday for a day because he wanted to ensure that I was alright. His family had

I had survived postpartum haemorrhage, a condition which is the leading cause of maternal mortality and which posts a 50 percent survival rate.

to proceed without him. As a result, the whole hospital came to know about my case, and many came to visit and send their regards.

According to my gynaecologist, I was very fortunate; I had survived postpartum haemorrhage, a condition which is the leading cause of maternal mortality and which posts a 50 percent survival rate. He was personally shocked that I had contracted this

ailment since I had been healthy throughout my entire pregnancy. Later, his father also visited me and reiterated that I was very fortunate to have good medication and a good doctor attending to me.



Favour in the marketplace

Prior to the incident, my husband and I had opted for a nicer room since the delivery would be considerably affordable. However, with the sudden turn of events, we immediately downgraded to the cheapest room in hope of reducing costs. Nevertheless, because the special medication used was very costly, the bill came to a five-figure sum. Paying it off took a huge chunk of our savings.

Despite being entitled to three months of maternity leave, I went back to work after two months due to the hectic nature of my work. Two or three days after returning, a head-hunter called me. She said that she had been actively searching for me. At that time, I was working as a brand manager for luxury brands. This head-hunter was representing a foreign, mid-end beachwear brand to look for a brand manager.

I had previously turned other head-hunters down because after 13 years, I had grown comfortable in my company. Furthermore, the job offers were often not suitable for me. However, this time I thought that I would give it a shot. I prayed, 'God, I don't surf, nor am I a beach person, but if it's for me then I'll get it; if it's not for me, then I won't.'

I went with an open mind and didn't prepare much for the interview. To my surprise, they liked me and offered me a salary 40 percent higher than what I was currently earning. Having depleted most of my savings paying

the hospital bill, this offer was very attractive. I decided to accept it.



Not long after, **news reached that I might have been retrenched or made to take a pay cut if I had stayed at my former job.**

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Before my postpartum haemorrhage, I didn't have any personal encounter with God. This incident marked a turning point in my relationship with God. It revealed to me that if God could keep me alive in the most dire of situations, then there truly isn't anything that God could not do. I will always remember what I went through because it reminds me that nothing is impossible with God.

Share with us what God has done for you! We know that God has been at work in your life! Let others be encouraged by what you have experienced of God. And let's shout His fame together! Email testimonies@trinity.org.sg