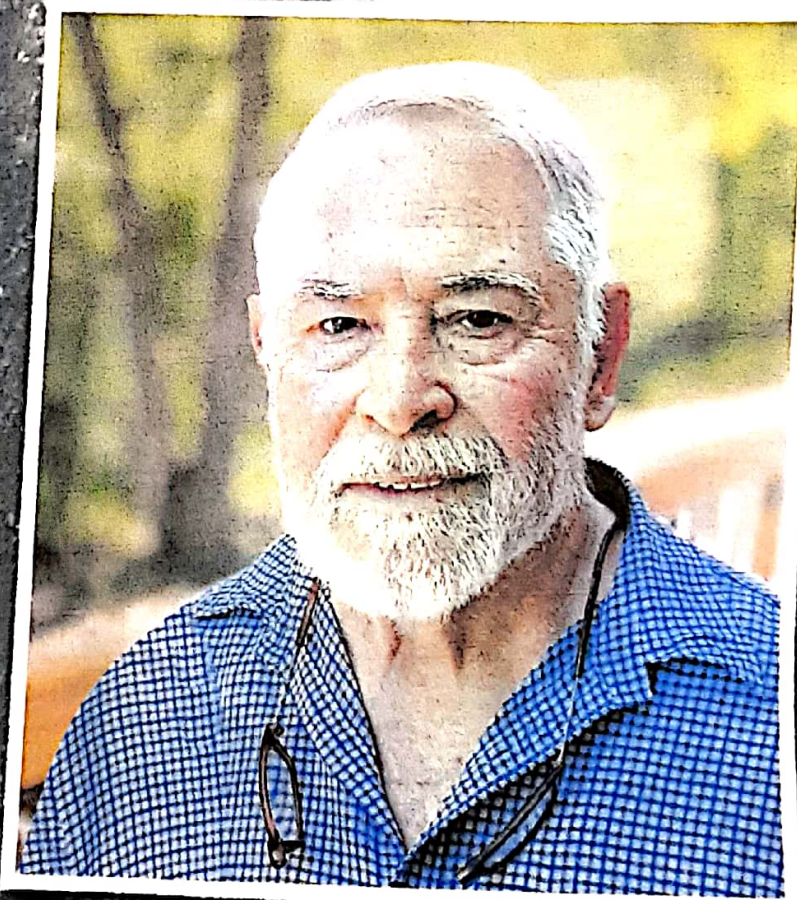


■ TESTIMONY

TRAPPED

How God Miraculously
Saved My Life



Imagine this: You are all alone on a mountain – hiking, taking photos, and having fun hopping on top of rocks. It is a lovely sunny day, and the beauty around you overwhelms you. Then things take a turn for the worse. You miss your footing, fall down between boulders, and find yourself trapped with no way to escape. You are in pain, the sun that you were enjoying starts to set, and you are left hopeless, hurting, and afraid... This is the testimony of Alvin, and how the Lord miraculously saved his life.

It was the 22nd of September 2008, a day that I will never forget. It was a beautiful spring day, and the afternoon was wonderfully balmy. As a photographer, it was the perfect day to spend outside in nature. I was alone, photographing at the Mac-Mac Pools in Mpumalanga. I was sporting a new pair of bi-focal lens glasses, and hopping from rock to rock, planning for that beautiful photograph to take back home with me to Cape Town.

Trapped and alone

With camera in hand and plotting to hop from one rock to another rock, the dream of actually landing on the target was short lived. I hopped, in a massive leap of faith, and realised that the first rock was not where it was first 'seen' to be. I missed my footing, slipped between the rocks, my feet went up in the air, and I fell into a

deep crevice between the boulders. Metres deep, I tried to get up, but realised that I was trapped. I could not move. I was on my back, with my shoulders wedged and my crossed arms locked firmly. My hands were out of

I tried shouting for help, but no one was around to hear my cries.

reach of anything that I could use to lever myself out to freedom.

Crying out for help

The sun was setting; the car guards had left for home, and I was unable to move. I tried shouting for help, but no one was around to hear my cries. I was all alone. In the silence

of the evening, I cried out to Jesus. I was a Christian, but I was not actively living for Christ. In my fear, I resorted to talking to God, repeating the Lord's Prayer. I then prayed scripture, reciting Psalm 23. *"The Lord is my shepherd... He leads me... He guides me... and even though I walk through the valley of death, I will not fear. You are with me..."* I repeated these words over and over, until I passed out. I do not know how long I was out for.

God saved my life

Hours later, I woke up in the darkness. Miraculously, I found myself starting my walk to my car in the distant car park. I do not recall waking up, getting free, or knowing the way back. I was in pain, yet I was determined to get home. I managed to find my way to my car. I drove back to the hotel where I was spending the night and tried, without

success, to obtain a stiff drink to sooth my night's sleep. When I finally climbed into my bed, I passed out and slept peacefully. I woke up the next morning in massive discomfort, yet packed my bag, ate breakfast, paid my bill, and drove myself to the local airport. I caught two connecting flights home to Cape Town, where my loving wife, Chip, met me. She was extremely worried about me and drove me straight to see the doctor for his diagnosis and treatment.

Knocking at death's door

The doctor briefly checked me out, and told to go home and pray. The next morning saw me at the local hospital being examined by a cardiothoracic surgeon. I was sent to the ICU for intensive care. It was suspected that I was running the risk of a blood clot on its way to my brain. The doctors dosed me with Warfarin, an anticoagulant that was intended to thin my blood. The doctors did not send me for any x-rays, yet my whole body was in pain. The following day, Chip visited me. She pulled back my bed covers and was met by a 'ghost' with an internal band of blood around his hips. I was feeling within a millimetre from death.

A divine experience

I was at death's door. I could not see anything but black. I lay in the hospital bed; feeling like life was slipping away from me. Then I had a noteworthy experience. My vision restored and I saw a grey image of three heads in conference against a dark background. They were discussing my future. They asked me of my future plans, should I be healed? Was I going to continue with my multi-million investment brokerage? I interjected loudly, shouting

Today I am healed by God, without any known medical assistance.

that I wanted to do the Lord's work and spread His Word. Within moments, the grey screen disappeared. My eyes were wide open and my healing commenced. I instantly felt healed, and instructed the doctors to send me home. I was no longer in pain. Through all of this however, I was not aware of the extent of my injuries.

God saved me, again

Fast-forward eight years; I had a MRI scan that revealed the true extent of my injuries:

- 3 crushed vertebrae at the base of my spine,
- 3 broken ribs,
- a cut artery,
- a pierced lung,
- and my spine had been broken into two places.

Today I am healed by God, without any known medical assistance.

Living for Christ

After my experience, I turned my life around for Christ and devoted my efforts to bring glory to Him. I am still an avid photographer, and have a website that displays my images alongside scriptures and daily devotions. You can find this at www.inchrist.co.za. All the beautiful images are in praise and glory to Jesus, our Maker. My life is no longer about me, but all about Christ and what He has done for me. Amen. ✦

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