

Inspiring Moments

He Touched Me, Deeply

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Earlier this month (December, 2015) I caught a flu infection in my office and landed in the hospital. After 2 days, I was discharged from the hospital; only to be re-admitted into the hospital 2 days after. This time it was worse. I was coughing out blood. The incessant coughing had ruptured one of my arteries (due to my lung operation years ago). The bleeding was so bad, I was suffocating (like drowning). I was fighting for my life. My lung doctor decided to get a cardiologist to perform an angiogram to stitch up the rupture. Unfortunately, he could not find the rupture. A CT scan was done and I had 2 blood transfusions (because I was losing blood).

So here I was lying in my sickbed, very ill. Fighting for my life. I had such bleeding episodes before. After taking some drugs to stop the bleeding, I would be fine after some hours. No hospitalization required. But here I was, lying in the hospital, with the best doctors in one of the best hospitals in Singapore. After a day of hospitalization I should be home. Why is the Lord retaining me for so many days? Why hasn't the bleeding stopped? Meanwhile, there were so many people praying for me. People from my church. Christians from other churches and support groups. Even my Muslim friends were praying for me! Friends I have not met for almost 40 years were praying for me (when they came to know of my illness). I was so touched by the love I experienced from so many of God's people. Our God is great. He moves His people to pour out His love through His people. I saw that clearly.

Why was God retaining me in the hospital? Deep in my heart, I knew the answer. I know God had His reason. I was about to discover why. The day before I was discharged, I had a deep encounter with God, alone, in my hospital room. Throughout the day when I was alone, I felt the clear presence of God. That evening, after my pastor came to pray for me and while my wife, Ethel, was bathing; I wanted to re-read Psalm 41 that was sent to me by my partner-in-the-Lord, Ramalingam. As I opened the Bible, the Lord led me to turn to Jeremiah Chapter 29 instead. It was not verse 11 (the familiar and one of the most quoted verses in the Bible, "I know the plans I have for you... plans to prosper you and not to harm you...") that attracted me. It was the next verse "Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me and I will listen to you".

(verse 12). That day I was longing to talk to God to find the answer as to why He was retaining me in the hospital. I realized then and there that before God would answer me, there was certain thing I need to do. When I read verse 12 carefully and deliberately, I broke down and cried. It became very clear to me that I was seeking the Almighty God. I need to "call upon Him" and "pray to Him" then He will listen to my cry. In my heart, I cried out to God. He answered me. I knew He answered because I felt a very deep sense of His touch. So deep, I cannot describe it. But I knew, without a shadow of doubt, He touched me. He touched me deeply. When I shared with Ethel immediately after that she could see I was a different person. I have not felt this touch of God for more than 30 years.

God further assured me in the subsequent verses "You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. I will be found by you..." (verses 13 and 14). I found God that evening in my hospital room and Ethel was there to witness it. I felt a deep sense of peace and relief. I told Ethel that healing me was a very small matter. If God could heal the woman in the bible with issue of bleeding of blood for many years; why can't God heal me?

A verse that was sent to me by Brother Ramalingam was Psalm 41:3 ("The Lord will sustain him upon ("on") his sickbed; in his illness, you restore him to health"). God spoke to me clearly and most assuredly through this verse. First, I saw God's hand of sustenance upon me (and the prayers of many of God's people that sustained me). Secondly, I knew, with certainty, that God will heal me (that He will restore me to health). Deep in my heart, I knew I was going home the next day. I was discharged the next day because the bleeding had stopped the day before.

As I looked back at this episode in my life, I realise that, sometimes, God has to "immobilize" us (in my case in hospital) so that we can have this precious, uninterrupted and undivided time with Him alone. How else can God touch me? I have been "busy" for God (and my law practice). However, it is not the same as spending time with God, alone. When God touch (or 're-touch') our lives, it is for a reason. I am about to discover that. Perhaps, he wants me to move into a deeper level of serving Him. As we journey in our lives, we need to be touched by God to re-invigorate our spiritual lives and our relationship with God. What would it take for you to experience that deep touch of God's hand?

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