The Night I Got Sick

Psalm 119:71-72
It is good for me that I was afflicted, that I might learn your statutes. The law of your mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver.

The walk into the factory was a long one. I had to walk a half mile all the way back through the factory to get to my work area. When I got to my department the man who worked with me looked at me and said, "Hey Dick. You look terrible. Are you sick? What's the matter" I replied, "Oh nothing, it's just a headache and I have a sunburn." But I knew it was more than that. I was under deep conviction. I felt I had failed the Lord. I failed this test. I knew that I could not be a missionary. I could not be a pastor. I could not be an evangelist, because I was too cowardly.

All through that evening at work I felt a fever rising within me. My face was beet red, but I thought maybe it was because of the sunburn. I continued to work while the fever was raging inside me. I felt sick.

When I got to the house my dad happened to be sitting in the living room. He looked at me and said. "What's wrong with you? You look terrible. Are you okay?" I said I thought I was getting sick and had a fever. Dad went to the medicine cabinet, got the thermometer and put it in my mouth. I did have a temperature. It was 102°. I took some aspirin and went to bed. I struggled to sleep because I was still ashamed that I couldn't carry my Bible. In the morning the fever was still there. My mom took my temperature and it was 104°. They rushed me to the hospital. There was something desperately wrong.