

Jeremy's Story

When our grandson, Jeremy, was about 4 years old, he became very ill with a bronchial respiratory problem aggravated by allergies. Their family has a ranch in the Sierra Nevada foothills at about 2000 ft elevation, near the entrance to Kings Canyon National Park, and about an hour east of Fresno. As the evening progressed, Jeremy got worse and worse, with his little chest heaving as he gasped for air. His mom and dad wrapped him up, and laid him on the back seat of their car (no air conditioning), and rushed him through the summer night to the hospital an hour away. At first, in the flow of cool night mountain air, he became better. But as they drove down into the Fresno valley on their way to Kaiser emergency, the air temperature rose and his breathing became even more tortuous and labored. On arriving at emergency, they carried him into the admitting area where a nurse took one look at this pathetic little bundle and got him immediately onto iv's and assisted breathing equipment, without even starting admitting paperwork. They did revive him, brought his vital signs back to normal, and, praise God, he suffered no permanent damage from his struggles to gain air that night.

About a week later, his mother had just put him in his car seat in their driveway, and Jeremy, out of the blue, asked her the question, "Mommy, tell me about Jesus." His mother, taken aback by the sudden question, replied in return "Well, Jeremy, what do you mean, tell you about Jesus?" And he said, "You know mommy, when I came out of the dark cave, and there was green grass, and Jesus was there."

Now, his mother had never told him a story like this, and knew that this was completely his own offering. After his mother had told Jeremy about Jesus, about what a good and kind friend he is and always with us, and as she finished prepping him for their car trip, Jeremy leaned toward the car window, waved to the heavens, and said "Hi, Jesus. Here I am."

Note: Ken's mother related a similar near death experience to Joyce at a time when her heart slowed and she lost consciousness, prior to receiving a pacemaker. She told of "being in a tunnel and seeing the light at the end of the tunnel."

Ken's note: I am convinced that Jesus is there waiting to welcome us into his kingdom as the Good Shepherd, always faithful, true and loving, even as witnessed by this little boy and my mother. I live in the hope and confidence that we have nothing to fear in passing from this life to the next. In fact, I am sure that our first experience will be to be embraced by the Lord.

Submitted by Ken and Joyce Dolan.