

A few hours later, the doctor called the house to inform me of the need to be tested. I had not yet taken the time to think about myself! This unexpected call created a brand-new set of questions.

Am I positive as well?

How could I not be? We've been married eight years.

Who will take care of my sons?

How will the church be affected by the news?

What will this do to the unbelievers in my family?

My mind was all over the place. I could identify with David in Psalm 55:6, "Oh that I had wings like a dove? I would fly away and be at rest". I was mentally and emotionally exhausted, feeling as if I had been buried alive. I did not sleep at all that night; I searched scripture after scripture, looking for relief. I made the mistake of looking for a spiritual answer for a physical condition: I was mentally and emotionally drained. What I needed was sleep.