January 7th, 2021 during the big freeze I had an attic fire. Arrived home from church meeting, built a small fire in woodstove. Was pretty excited to use wood stove as fire always helps to wind down. Went to bed and my dog was barking and came in and jumped on my bed pulling at quilt. I knew something was up and when he barks uncontrollably, generally means danger. I jumped out of bed and opened bedroom door to a blast of smoke all around me. I could not see through the smoke so grabbed a bath towel and tried to locate the cause of fire. Got to my attic and I could see flames in the rafters and under the attic insulation. Immediately called fire department. Rushed up to the attic and hooked up hose to run to attic. Fire department took a long time to arrive. I was on phone with dispatcher. Dispatcher indicated that firetruck and personnel were lost and to stay on phone with her until they arrived. Heck with that idea and started to put fire out myself. Pretty much got the fire out but started to fade and I could not find the attic ladder. On my hands and knees attempting to locate ladder, asking God to help me get out. Praying entire time. I went too far to the edge of attic and took a pretty traumatic tumble down to cement floor. Fireman arrived and found me unconscious and called ambulance. Pretty much remember that they told me fire pop ups were contained. I came to in a few minutes and ambulance carted me off to hospital where they performed exam and many labs for smoke inhalation and carbon monoxide poison. As I was waiting for results, the firemen and Fire-Chief came to hospital to check on me - Or to scold me. Got the lecture about the danger I put myself in, etc... Finally, I allowed them to scold me and I told them that my God was with me entire time. Did I listen to the voice of "wait." NO- All i could think about was losing my home that I had built and it was my first time in house to sleep. I asked the fireman if they knew the Lord and His goodness. Then I lectured them for a bit and shared with them my testimony. All of the men in my room was crying at that point.

Two weeks went by and few things started going down hill. But, I know my Savior and I trust him to guide and protect me.

I started having headaches and Fire Marshall came out and told me the contractors did not install the woodstove piping correctly. Pipe/stack from living room to attic was not connected to the outlet going outside. So essentially, I caused the fire. But they also told me contractor was responsible as well. So the grim news of headache resulted in a hemorrhagic brain bleed. Was taken by helicopter to Dallas and EMT told me to call daughter as I may not make it to surgery. And again, I asked the question, Do you know our mighty Savior? Do you have faith in man or Him? No answer.

Arrived at hospital and went into surgery immediately. Neurosurgeon removed my skullcap as the pressure on my brain was life threatening. Again, I asked neurosurgeon if he knew who the great Healer was? No answer.

When I woke up in recovery my daughter was at my side laying hands on me and praying.

Neuro surgeon came in to talk with me and indicated it would be a long recovery. Again, I told him that is not acceptable to me and was able to talk to him about Beatitudes (why this, HS laid on my heart)Matthew 5:3-10.

Was it a long battle-NO-I was healed immediately. Spent few weeks in ICU and I did have few issues speaking and communicating. I knew it was not forever and I would walk out of hospital ready to get rolling.

Swelling down in about two months and Neurosurgeon asked to take my photo for medical journal. I said by all means if you give some of the credit to the Mighty Healer. Afterall, he (surgeon) was a tool for God.

Released from hospital and felt amazing. I had to wear a special helmet around animals and was good with it. Did not like it, but I needed to be smart.

To this day, I visit with Dr. Patel (man he is a gorgeous). WE talk about God every visit.

I was back on the rodeo trail against Medical Advice.

Thank you faithful, merciful, precious FATHER.

My prayer-hoping this testimony would help others-NEVER GIVE UP OR ALLOW THE ENEMY TO STOP YOU FROM DOING ANYTHING.

Melody Chapman