

Margaret Stringer

Prayer Letter



Dear Friends,

Many—or perhaps most—of you have followed me on Facebook. I will give you a short update for the rest of you.

On August 14, I went to the Greer ER. They diagnosed me with a slight UTI and sent me home.

Seven days later, I experienced the worst back and abdominal pain anyone could have. I went by ambulance to the Greenville ER. I was admitted and had an MRI and diagnosed with sepsis and an abscess on my spine. I have no memory of most of this.

The ER doctor gave me antibiotics and discharged me to rehab and then home.

My left leg was collapsing for no apparent reason, landing me on the floor; I went to my primary doctor, who went to work immediately, getting an emergency MRI and sending me back to the hospital with a neurosurgeon waiting to see me. That was September 10. He came on rounds at 1:00 AM.

I had major back surgery and was put on antibiotics via pic line. I was discharged to rehab on Oct. 2. I learned that the ER doctor had given the wrong antibiotic and a very low dosage. The abscess continued to grow throughout the first hospitalization and rehab.

I had 6 weeks of daily infusions of antibiotics via pic line. I am at home now, and two days ago, I had the pic line removed. I will be taking oral antibiotics for 2 more weeks. I am improving slowly, but still have very little energy.

I can never thank everyone who has been there for me through all of this. My dearest friend, Judie Noyes, flew here from Pekin, Illinois, and was with me in the hospital, rehab, and at home for a month. What a dear friend!

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

2 Corinthians 4:7



*Because
thou hast
been my
help,
therefore
in the
shadow of
thy wings
will I
rejoice.*

Psalms 63:7



My church family - Bethel Calvary Baptist, Pastor David, and sweet wife Jenni Shoemaker - certainly gave meaning to the word "family." They had somebody with me around the clock, and although I don't remember, I have learned of their love through others. Someone took me for my daily antibiotic infusions.

Thank you, nephew Tommy, who held my hand when I was in pain. I don't remember it, but love you for being there.

To each of you who sent encouraging words via Facebook, messages, and cards - THANK YOU. Flowers from many of you adorned my room in rehab.

How can I adequately thank all of you who prayed for me? God heard and answered. I am humbled by the outpouring of love from hundreds of you.

I have heard people say, "I praise the Lord for sparing my life." Heaven would have been a welcome sight.

I am asking, "Lord, WHY did You spare my life?" I want to know the answer and do it because I love Him.

Thankful and rejoicing

Margaret Stringer



WAYS TO STAY IN TOUCH

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