

OVERCOMING BY FAITH

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My Mother inspired me to be what I am today. She played a very important role in my life. She read the Bible and prayed to Jesus for me and my little sister when we were young. By the age of 16, I longed to know Jesus, myself.

While growing up, I attended church regularly and Percy L. Julian High School. I graduated third in my class in 1988. I also received a scholarship to attend Tuskegee University in Alabama to study computer science. In my freshman year, a counselor in my dorm room offered bible study classes which I attended on a regular basis at least once a week. I also learned to witness for the Lord Jesus for others.

At the end of the summer of 1990, I completed my second internship with IBM in a data entry position in Lexington, Kentucky. I returned to Tuskegee, Alabama to start my third year of college. Everything was going smoothly for about a month. I registered for classes and was moved into an honors building because, with God's help, I had maintained being an A and B honor roll student. Repeating the scripture in Romans 8:28, "All things work together for good to those who are the called according to His purpose," I asked the Lord, "Why am I writing this scripture over and over again?" It was around the second week in September when I had a headache for a couple of days that would not go away. The Tuskegee Hospital said that I was okay. I asked my friends to pray with me. At night, the enemy said to me up close, "Ha, ha, ha! You do not know what you are going to get into!" I was afraid. My dorm room counselor called my mother to come pick me up. She said she dreamt about me three days before my counselor called. My mother, step-father, aunt and cousin came to pick me up. By this time, my whole right side felt like pins and needles and I could not talk.

On September 14, 1990, my family packed up everything in my dorm room. We were back in Chicago by Sunday night. Monday through Wednesday, my family and I went to the hospital. The doctor said I was okay. I had the stroke on Wednesday afternoon, September 18, 1990, while my family and I were walking up the stairs into our apartment. My whole right side was paralyzed. My family and I rushed to the hospital. I was there for about a week. Doctors and nurses would come to examine me. Every four or five hours, the nurse drew blood from me. Even though I could not talk, my mother transferred me to a rehabilitation nursing home. I was in a wheelchair. People that I knew came to see and pray for me. I had to start over. It was almost like being a baby again. I had to learn my ABC's, basic math, reading and comprehension. But I continued to believe that the Lord Jesus would help me.

During this time, my mother was very angry at the Lord. She thought that some women had placed an evil voodoo curse on me. But as time passed, she realized that the Lord was helping me heal. She and my step-father, who showed me tough love, watched as the Lord restored faith, love, joy and peace in my life. As I was recovering, my grandmother shared with me that she had had a stroke when she was about two or three years old and that my great grandmother had a stroke, but I don't know how old she was when it happened. She never told me about it until I had a stroke.

On March 12, 2005, I talked to my earthly father about my grandmother, my father's mother. He told me that his mother had a stroke when she was 30 yrs. old or so and that she lived until she was over 60 yrs old. I did not know my father when I was growing up.

Sometimes at night while I was lying in the hospital bed, I would sing songs to the Lord in my spirit because the Lord had not left me nor forgotten about me. I did not know why, but I trusted in the Lord, Jesus Christ. I would buzz the bell to go to the bathroom to use the toilet, but no one came. I waited for about 5-10 minutes, but I did not want to use the bed pan. So, I moved my body to the edge of the bed, then I balanced myself, with the Lord's help, to move myself to the bathroom. After I was finished, the nurse came in and said, "May I help you?" My response was "No!"

About two months went past and my parents came to pick me up because the doctor released me. I was so depressed and I wanted to commit suicide. I prayed to Jesus. I knew that if I killed myself, I would go straight to hell. I checked my spirit and told my speech therapist, "As an individual I can not do everything, but the Holy Spirit said, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthens me.'" Philippians 4:13. This quickly changed my mind to be set to God's word.

For the past 14 years, I have received rehabilitation through speech, occupational therapy, physical and vocational therapies. Now I can walk, talk, read, write and dance for the glory of the Lord. No matter what everybody says or if everything is negative, you can trust and obey in the Lord because He will see you through with love, joy and peace.