

## **Testimony**

### **Donnie Prier**

In January of 2001 I went for my yearly physical and after running some blood tests it became evident that I had some blood deficiencies and other tests were ordered to determine the source of my problem. After several weeks it was decided that I should see a hematologist.

At Kirkland Clinic in Birmingham I had a thorough examination, several tests were run, and the doctor said he would call us Monday morning of the following week with the test results. I told him my family and I were leaving for vacation in Florida and gave him the number where we could be reached. I was not concerned because I had always been disgustingly healthy and I was not about to alter my vacation plans to wait on some test results.

That weekend we headed south for fun in the sun; Marilyn and I, our four grown sons and their families and Marilyn's mom who we call Nonnie.

When we didn't get the doctor's call on Monday, Marilyn was quietly concerned but kept it to herself. On Tuesday morning, when the phone rang, she answered it quickly and began to speak as if responding to a series of statements. She then told me to pick up the phone in the bedroom, which I did. It was Dr. Adler who simply said, "I'm sorry to tell you this but you have lymphoma cancer." He then asked if we had any questions but Marilyn and I were both in shock and had no idea what to say. He said for us to come see him when we got back in town to discuss our options.

Marilyn and I hung up the phone and then met in the middle of the bedroom where we hugged and cried and just held each other for a time. Marilyn said we had to tell our family and I agreed. We walked into the living room where everyone was just sitting and staring at us as if they already knew something was wrong. I broke the silence by telling them what Dr. Adler had just said. I then experienced one of the most incredible moments of my life as each of my family members hugged up around me and, through tears, one at a time, prayed for God to work a miracle in my life. The news of my cancer shook us all to the core but I remember that when Nonnie spoke she said "you will not die, but live." Some time later I came to realize she had quoted Ps. 118:17.

I then announced I was going for a walk, grabbed my radio headset and started up the beach road. I began twisting the dial and quickly found a station that was playing Christian praise and worship music which God used to minister to my spirit. I set out to walk as long as necessary until I heard from God. I was very emotional and simply told God that I wanted to know what was going on. God told me I could kick and stomp and throw a fit, like I had so many times in the past, or I could give my illness to Him and He would take what satan intended for evil and use it for my good. At that moment I was overcome with a peace that surpassed all of my ability to understand, and I knew that God was going to show himself strong in my behalf. I then began to praise God with my hands raised above my head in great anticipation of what He was going to do. When I

got back to the beach house, my son Gavin asked why my hands were raised and I told him I had met with God and He had revived me.

Since that time I have had several cancer treatments and periodic blood testing. The most recent tests have shown all my levels to be normal for which I give Him all the praise, glory, and honor.

Through this experience I have learned through God's Word that what Satan intended for evil, God has used for good. During these times of trial I have grown closer to the Lord than ever before and I know that I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me. He is my hope and my salvation. He is my sufficiency. He has provided for me all that I need as pertaining to life and godliness.