

Grace Baptist Church Missionaries
Barbara Davis and William Thompson
863 Little New York Rd.
Whitesburg, GA 30185

July 15, 2020

Dear Friends and Family,

As many of you are aware, I (Barbara) finally had my hip replacement surgery on May 27th. The surgery went well and I was dismissed from the hospital the next day. Two days later, I started feeling bad. On June 2, I was back in the hospital in very serious condition. I had fallen at home and was bleeding internally. I was given 7 units of blood before I was aware of what had happened. I was certain that I was going to die. I asked William to send some short Facebook messages to several people in Mexico who have been actively working with the Bible Clubs and other children's programs that I have been involved with over the years. I still help them out as much as possible with your help. I wanted each of them to know that I loved and appreciated them and to encourage them to continue the work of reaching the children for Christ. I remember nothing else for two days.

I have never paid much attention to near death experiences but now I am convinced that they can and do happen. Sometime during those two days, I was on a path so close to Heaven that I could see the light of the city! However, I was stopped by a young girl and she told me, "it's not time yet. You have to go back." I asked if she was going with me and she answered, "It's not my turn." Somewhat disappointed, I turned back.

A couple of days later, I had another close call and was told that my heart went into A-Fib and I had a mild stroke. My memory was temporarily affected, likely caused by the medication but thank God it is clear now. I have a large hematoma (blood clot) on my left leg and it is still swollen and painful. I began physical therapy in the hospital and on the evening of June 8th, I was dismissed to go home. I was assigned a home care nurse and physical therapist three times a week until August, at which point I will begin outpatient therapy locally.

I am doing much better now except for my stubborn left leg. It is still swollen and painful to touch. My blood count is finally returned to near normal. I can walk short distances with my walker and can manage my personal needs and dress myself. I have come a long way in the past month and I look forward to the day I am once again able to do the things I enjoy and visit with my family. I am reaching my therapy goals little by little so it shouldn't be too much longer.

Your prayers have been very much appreciated! I have been able to "attend" Sunday School and Church services via Facebook and many Sundays I have watched 3 live services at different churches back to back due to their different time zones. Others are recorded and I can watch later in the day. I am grateful for the opportunity to be able to worship during this time of not being able to attend church.

My son, Larry, who lives in Birmingham, Alabama came over to help while I was in the hospital. He is back in Alabama and had knee surgery earlier this week. Although William is also back at work and has had a couple of preaching engagements, he has been a constant source of help and encouragement. Some of our church ladies have provided meals, and many of you have sent cards, texts and Facebook posts encouraging me on my road to recovery. I am very grateful for each expression of love.

I have received letters and brief phone calls from some of the ladies who attend our Friday night services at the Women's Prison. They are still on lockdown due to the Covid virus. Hopefully by the time I am able to travel again the lockdown will be over and we can resume our Friday night services.

I have learned so much during this journey and most of it is about loving one another as Christ loves us. We are all different in countless ways and we are all valuable in His eyes. Until we put His love into action in our lives we will never experience the abundant life God wants for us to enjoy and we will never reach the lost for Christ. God allowed me to survive this health crisis for a reason. Heaven is real but so is Hell! When I was so sure that I was dying, I tried to reach out to encourage others to continue on in the effort to win souls, to show the love of God and to focus not on the chaos and uncertainty around us but on the Savior and His boundless love and redemption.

I know this isn't a typical missionary prayer letter but I hope that in some way it makes your day a little brighter and encourages you to let your light shine for Jesus!

Love and deepest thanks to all of you!

Barbara Davis

Home address: 646 North Park Street Apt. # I-102 Carrollton, GA 30117 **Facebook:** Barbara Turley Davis