

"A surgery without scars"

I'm Benson Essien and this is the story of my life. I was born an average boy into an average family though my father always claimed there was something special about me. And right from the age of three, I began to showcase my ability within. My father would play his guitar while I would sing. This went in for years, my father was my best friend. Years went as I increased in skill and knowledge. I had mastered completely the gift that I carried. With the support of my father, I began to find my feet. It was always his wish that my musical dream found reality. From the day I was born to the day that he died, my father encouraged me, he was always by my side. Sure enough I was devastated and who wouldn't be? Life knocked me off balance, taking away my best friend from me. From time to time, I would play his guitar. The pain was still there but I felt like all would be well. You're probably wondering why I haven't mentioned my mother, let's just save that story for another chapter. Life still wasn't great but at least it got better, I might have lost my father but my I was making progress in my career. I would get a few gigs here and there, I performed at weddings, birthdays and basically anywhere. Like I said, things were okay but little did I know that my life was about to change. It was a Thursday night, I'd never forget. I had fallen asleep on the couch after playing my dad's guitar. I heard the kitchen window break and it followed with a loud thud. I jumped out of the couch in fear. Three huge men dressed in black from head to toe broke into my house, my humble abode. Before I could run or pick up the phone, they pointed their guns and ordered me to kneel. Whilst they harassed me, they took everything, my devices, my money, they were all gone. The worst of it all, was that they took his guitar. I couldn't allow it, I cried and I begged. This was no ordinary guitar, it was my dad's. The same guitar that reminded me of him and helped me through times when I was hurting. They were angry with the way I made noise, so they started to hit me, they beat me to a pulp. I lay helpless on the floor where I was battered and bruised. The thought of what I had just lost gave me a little strength to go after these men. By the time I got out, they were already on their way. I tried to follow behind with my bleeding, aching and battered body but it was to no avail. The next thing I remember was seeing the lights from a speeding vehicle flash in front of me. I heard screams as people gathered around me right before my eyes closed. When I woke up, I was on a hospital bed, a doctor came to explain that I had just been in an accident. I felt so much pain coming from my right leg, it was probably because of the surgery they had just done on it. For days, weeks and months I was relearning how to walk, my life took quite a bitter turn. 10 years passed and this leg wasn't better, it was swollen, discolored and had an ugly scar. I had been to several places looking for a fix but I found none. Of course all this time, my passion, desires and career had died. What was the point when this leg was such an issue. I never sang or touched an instrument for many years. I had nothing to ease my pain or anything to live for. By now I had turned 54, no wife, no life, I was just an old bag of dead dreams. I went out for my normal evening walk, this was the only exercise I never stopped. On this day, I met a stranger who handed me a flyer of a place she wanted me to visit. I reluctantly collected it, went back home and threw it on my table before even glancing through. I lived in a small community, I knew everyone and everyone knew me so it was strange that I met someone I had never seen before. I tried not to give it much thought, I went to bed and that was it for the day. Around noon the next day I heard a knock on my door, I wondered who it could have been since I wasn't one that people came to see. I opened the door and it was the unfamiliar face from the day before. "Hello Mr Benson, how are you today?", those were her words. I answered politely, "I'm fine, thank

you". Her name was Samantha, she came by to ask if I had considered the opportunity she talked about, the hospital card she handed over to me the day before. She said she knew about my accident and she would be really glad if I at least gave the doctor a chance. I didn't have to say much, she could see on my face how uninterested I was so before I could rudely send her away, she quickly added, "Have a nice day, I'll be on my way". Who was she to bring up my accident like that? Did she know how much agony I was in? Could she imagine my life going from bad to terrible? Was she there when I went to tons of medical practitioners all telling me that they had no answer? I went back in to sit on my bed and noticed the date. It was the day I dreaded, the 11th of May. This was the day that changed my life, the day that my father died. This was many years later and I could still feel my heart ache. For hours, I stayed in my bed, I didn't move, didn't talk, I did nothing but shed tears. As I wept by myself, this lousy card blew on my face. I was utterly confused since there were no winds blowing and my windows were all locked. I never kept them open, not since I was robbed. This was the hospital card the stranger handed to me, on it was written "A surgery without scars". Well that can't be true, you can't cut through the skin without leaving a mark to show. I threw the card aside but the thought of it remained in my mind. I mean I tried with several other places, what was the assurance that this one would be different? They would probably turn me away like the others did but the pain got unbearable through the years. I took days and weeks and urging from Samantha to come to the conclusion that I would see the new doctor. She drove me herself to the one they called Dr. Rafaela. I saw Dr. Rafaela, she was so warm and welcoming, "Hello Benson, what can I do for you?", she asked. Well it was quite obvious, the problem was my leg but I pointed it out anyway. This doctor was quite different from the rest, the others just examined my leg and made it clear they couldn't help but Dr. Rafaela didn't just examine my leg, she wanted my whole body scanned. I thought it was weird but I let her do her job, so I didn't complain but comply with all that she asked. When the results were out, she said it was just as she suspected. "There was a problem with your heart", she commented. This was a first, I had never heard that before. She said nothing about my leg that was obviously not normal but instead worried that my heart wasn't okay. "There's nothing wrong with my heart!" I insisted. This was true because I had never had a problem with it, not at birth or even after my accident. Dr Rafaela calmed me down, "Don't worry Mr Benson you're in good hands". She further explained, "Your leg is not an issue, it can easily be fixed. It's your heart I'm worried about because it can cause more damages". I was really afraid but I tried not to show it, I was here for my leg but I'm also getting a heart surgery. Dr Rafaela added again "Have you heard of a surgery without scars?, that's what you'd be getting". I remembered that I had seen that on the hospital card so I just had to ask, "what does that mean? Is it some kind of new technique?". Dr Rafaela just smiled at me, she said "well, you'll see". I know it seemed like I was in the hands of a quack but this also seemed like my only chance. I was desperate to get rid of my pain and make sure it never came back again. I agreed to let Dr Rafaela fix me up, I sealed it all by signing the consent form. Soon enough it was time for the surgery, they took me in and got me ready. There I was on the operation table, an incision was made, they cut me open. As they opened up my body, my whole life played before me. As Dr Rafaela poked around my heart, she touched the most sensitive parts, making me reminisce my worst moments. I broke down in tears watching my life's woes, "Who did I offend to be punished so?" I wept so bitterly, the pain was too much. "Why are you punishing yourself?", said the man who appeared from nowhere. "What do you mean, can't you see all I've

been through?", I responded. "Benson, I went through a lot so you wouldn't have to" the man said. He stretched out his hand and strangely it had a hole, it matched the one he also had in his feet. I grabbed onto him and asked him "what happened to you?". The man told me to watch the screen and see his own life story. His story was way worse than mine, he went through persecution and the worst kind of death when he was just an innocent man. The man said to me, "I know your pain and all that you've gone through. I can heal your heart if you give me a chance to. Even your leg can be made new, all you have to do is believe in me". He sounded sincere and compassionate, I said, "yes Jesus, I believe in you". Those were the last words I uttered before finding myself back at the surgery. Dr Rafaela was by my side, "well done Mr Benson, you have a new heart". I sat up and felt no pain, I looked at my leg and I cried again. It was completely new, it was normal again, there was no scar or anything like that. I checked my chest, there was nothing there too. "How did you do it??!!" I asked Dr Rafaela. She smiled at me saying, "You've met with the master. He is Jehovah Rapha, the Lord our healer. He's the only one who can perform a surgery without scars". This was the day that changed my life forever. I continued living my life telling people about Jehovah Rapha and from then till the day that I died, I sang the praises of this wonderful man Jesus.