

**Claire**'s infection destroyed her lung tissue, reducing her lung capacity by 50 percent. A small hole in her esophagus caused more damage to her lungs by allowing stomach acids to leak into her chest cavity. After surgery to drain the infection, Claire lost blood for eight days straight. She received blood transfusions until nearly two-thirds of her blood supply was not her own. As she seemed to lose blood faster than doctors could give her transfusions, the hospital called us in to be with her when she died. We asked people around the world to pray for her, and miraculously she survived. In the following days, the doctors discovered her lung tissue looked healthier than they ever dreamed possible. Instead of losing 50 percent of her lung function, she lost only 15 percent! Furthermore, though doctors thought part of her esophagus would need to be removed due to damage, they found only a small and easily-repairable hole.

Because Claire also has a heart condition and poor blood oxygen levels, it takes her body a long time to heal. After a year of recuperation, doctors were ready to perform Claire's second surgery to remove aberrant blood vessels that had sequestered the lower part of her right lung and hopefully to remove her chest tube that had been draining residual infection for the last year. The second surgery was risky due to her history of excessive bleeding, but doctors felt the time was right to operate. Her surgery went well, but the next day the hospital called saying that Claire was bleeding and she needed an emergency surgery. They needed to transfer her to a different hospital to operate, and during the transfer she coded. They were able to restart her heart and intubate her, but by the time she arrived at the other hospital doctors determined she was too unstable to operate. Several hours later, they saw their window of opportunity and took it. After the surgery, the doctors reported that there was not a single major vessel bleeding; the whole area, with many small vessels, was bleeding. They tried to cauterize the area, but it did not work, so they covered it with surgical adhesive. Bleeding slowed slightly, but it didn't stop and they said they were out of options. If the bleeding stopped on its own, Claire had a chance to survive. If it did not, she would die. After being transferred to the high-level PICU at the other hospital, her lead surgeon said that the bleeding had slowed even more but that the next 24 hours would be the most critical.

The next morning, we checked with the PICU staff and they said that most of the night was uneventful, but that at 5:00 in the morning the bleeding had suddenly increased again and Claire's doctors discovered that some clots had built up, hindering drainage from the chest tube. An hour later, the bleeding slowed but her heart rate was fast. Her doctors reminded us there was nothing more they could do... if bleeding picked back up, they were out of solutions. Over the next few days, Claire's bleeding continued to slow on its own, but the clots remained. Doctors planned an operation to remove the clots, but shortly before they were set to begin, they did another check and found the clots were gone!

Claire was past the worst. Within a few days, she was transferred out of PICU and taken off all the various tubes and wires that had been sustaining her life. The final thing to be removed was the ventilator, and the first thing she asked was if she could eat and color pictures! We have our little Claire back... with more amazing miracles sustaining and transforming her life.



God saw what the passengers in the trains rushing past could never see outside their windows. Lying in a dark, cold ditch beside the tracks and wrapped in a thin cloth with a small note pinned to the front, the baby's piercing cry roused the angels. He was never alone... not from the moment hands placed him on the ground and then turned and walked away. God was always near, and the Father who never abandons or forsakes his children orchestrated events in a divine way, bringing salvation and life to a little child left for death in a dark, cold ditch.

An orphanage doctor examined **Judson** and the reason for his abandonment grew painfully obvious. His stomach and intestines were exposed, a birth defect called gastroschisis. Judson was immediately taken to the hospital, where the orphanage director was told it would be mere hours before Judson would die. But Judson didn't die. He survived through the night and needed surgery soon—a surgery the local hospital couldn't do. The orphanage director called our foster home and we told them to bring Judson to Beijing immediately. The director's last words to us were, "Though we don't think he can make it, he deserves a chance."

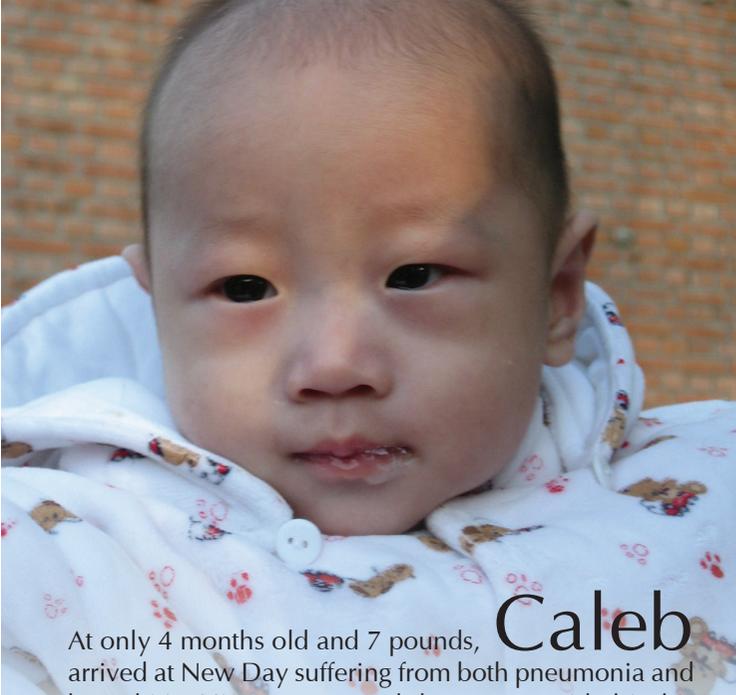
An ambulance waited at the airport to take Judson to Beijing Children's Hospital. In China, ambulances are not given right-of-way. But the Defender of the Fatherless cleared a path for this child, and the ambulance had permission to use the newly formed "Olympic Lanes," arriving at the hospital in 20 minutes when it should have taken at least an hour and a half.

Suffering significant damage from hypothermia and severe gastroschisis, several surgeons evaluated Judson. They said he only had a 10 percent chance of surviving the surgery. We persisted and said that as long as he was alive, we would move forward with treatment. We believe our God is a Healer who moves in the 10 percent as well as the 90 percent, and so Judson was prepped for surgery.

In the operating room for less than two hours, his first surgery was a success, but only time would tell if Judson could make it to the second part of treatment—the closing of his stomach that would allow him to drink formula and restore his intestinal and urinary systems. Less than a week after his first surgery, Judson was making miraculous progress. His tissue was healing from the damage of the hypothermia and he was rapidly gaining strength. After his second surgery and two weeks in PICU, he no longer needed medicine and could drink formula!

We know that the Father was in that ditch with Judson, and the reason he didn't die of hypothermia is that he was being held by the One who wants to restore all things. We believe that the reason he made it to our foster home and through surgery is because the Creator was moving on the hearts of all the people in charge; gently prompting their spirits to not give up and reminding them that every life has dignity and purpose. And, we know the reason that he is stable today is because the Great Healer touched his little body in that isolation unit. Through Judson's life, we have seen clear examples that God moves mountains and the hearts of men to protect and rescue those He loves. It causes us to catch our breath, for we see the mighty hand of God moving in extravagant ways for a child who was believed to be a lost cause. It whispers of the day coming when justice prevails and all is made right; when babies aren't discarded and all of creation isn't groaning.





## Caleb

At only 4 months old and 7 pounds, arrived at New Day suffering from both pneumonia and bronchitis. His greatest need, however, resided in his heart. Caleb had 1 of 100 reported world-wide cases of a rare heart disease, and he was desperately in need of heart surgery.

Caleb was transferred to a hospital's PICU because he had difficulty breathing due to his heart condition and pneumonia. He was soon put on a ventilator to help him breathe. When the hospital considered him too weak for surgery, New Day transferred him to another hospital that was willing to do surgery on him.

At the second hospital, the surgeon said Caleb had no more than two days to live if nothing was done. He had to operate as soon as possible.

After a dangerous and risky 10-hour surgery, Caleb bled continuously, but after four more hours in the operating room, his doctors finally got the bleeding to stop and he went to PICU for recovery. He recovered more quickly than all the other post-op heart patients in the PICU, and he had by far the most complicated case. After being released from the hospital less than two weeks after surgery, he is on the road to a full recovery and a healthy life.



As a doctor, I've spent years learning and studying the human body. I was taught that all diseases and healing can be explained scientifically. There was little room for miracles. But this all changed in September 2010 when I met **Judah**.

When I first decided to volunteer at New Day, I thought it was going to be more of an educational trip for me. I was prepared to serve by providing some teaching sessions and assisting the staff on some cases. But I was not prepared to meet a miracle in a child named Judah. On my 2nd day in clinic, I reviewed his file. His health issues included multiple cardiac abnormalities. I tried logically to figure out his anatomy.

After a couple of minutes, I realized that his heart was so badly malformed that it would be near impossible to repair. More shocking was the fact that he was 2 years old and alive! I couldn't medically explain how a child with such an abnormal heart was alive, let alone sitting in the playroom smiling and reading a book!

After 10 years of practicing pediatrics, I have seen many interesting and amazing things, but nobody like Judah. My scientific mind tells me that he shouldn't have made it past the newborn period. The fact that he is still alive is a testament that medicine and humans are limited and we should never lose our faith in miracles.

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Make more amazing stories possible.



## Children's Amazing Stories



**Cora** was not getting any better. For seven months, she needed daily nebulizer treatment for her congested lungs. Her cardiologists kept advising us to wait to do her heart surgery, but two months passed and her lungs didn't improve. They knew she could not wait much longer. So many factors pointed towards the danger of operating... her small size, her poor lung condition, the high pulmonary artery pressure and hypertension that medicine just never seemed to correct.

When the morning for her surgery dawned, we sat down with the surgical team. "This is a gamble," they told us. "She won't survive without surgery, but she has a slim chance of recovering from the operation." Our hearts sank. Sending a child into an operating room when you know she may never come out is a choice no one has the strength to make on his own. But we have seen His good deeds in the past, so we took a deep breath and whispered a prayer. Six and a half hours later, the operation was complete. But we knew little Cora's journey was really just beginning. The post-op period was the most risky part of her operation.

Three days after her operation, her medical team gave us news that nearly left them speechless. Cora was off the ventilator. There was no medical explanation for her progress and rapid healing. So they offered only one: "You are a Godly people. God hears your prayers," said the senior cardiology nurse when she gave us the news. Our prayers were answered. Cora's adorable giggle and sparkling smile were a testimony to many.