



One in a Million

During my career, I made so much money as a world-renowned computer expert, I was set for life. I flew all over the world, including Japan to show the Japanese how to design products to fit the American market. Trade journals featured me in articles as a successful businessman on the fast track.

My wife and four kids wore the finest clothes. I had everything I could want, including my pilot's license and a private plane. But I could never be faithful to my wife.

After sixteen years of marriage, I divorced my wife and married another woman. I made sure my ex-wife and children were well taken care of.

Just three months later, disaster struck.

I don't remember my motorcycle slamming into a hatchback on an interstate bridge going over I-285 in Atlanta, Georgia. At one point I-85 crosses I-285 and included, at that time, three bridges stacked one on top of another.

The collision occurred on the highest bridge during rush hour and ejected me from my bike. I flew airborne over the guardrail and fell three interstate bridges below—a vertical drop of over a hundred feet.

My helmet didn't protect my uncovered face as I skidded approximately eighteen feet on the asphalt of a busy highway.

My wife later told me she walked past me in the emergency room and didn't recognize me. The neurosurgeon said to her, "Ross's brain has been severely battered on all sides by his skull. Even with brain surgery, he has a slim chance of survival. He may never talk or walk again."

"You have to do something," she told the surgeon.

What was left of me came home after the surgery. I couldn't walk or read or write, nor could I understand radio or television. I could only remember the last one or two syllables of a sentence.

My short-term memory vanished, but my long-term memory remained intact. All I could do was reflect on my past business successes of designing electronic keyboards for standard, programmable calculators and desktop computers, and being the only person who could program payroll calculations from non-gross to gross for the garment and textile industry.

Now I was a vegetable. I could only sit on the couch in the sunken den at home and cry. I vented my frustrations on my family. My three daughters couldn't take it and left at different times to live with their mother. My son stayed with me and my wife and her children until I pointed a gun on them. Then he left to be with his mom. My wife made arrangements to commit me to a mental facility, then left with her children. She had a man, Kelly, take care of me. In two more days, I would be confined for the rest of my life.

While Kelly packed the furniture and belongings, I lay on the kitchen floor wishing I were dead. *If I could just drown in the lake.* The radio played a song I couldn't understand. Then a commercial aired for a revival service at a Pentecostal church. I understood it! I patted my hand on the floor for attention.

Kelly heard the sound and came into the room. I tried to talk, but couldn't. He shook his head and started to leave. I

somehow yelled, “Kelly!”

He stopped and turned around.

“I-I want . . . I want to go-go . . . to go to church!”

Kelly took me to the revival. People stopped at my pew and spoke to me. They didn’t look at me with scorn or pity. Although I couldn’t understand them, I felt loved.

A song played. “No more pain. No more suffering . . .” The lyrics melted me. I heard an inner voice say, *If you will trust Me, these words are true.* I truly felt a connection with Jesus and knew God made a promise to me. What a glorious day that would be! Warmth flowed through my skin. I found myself clapping my hands and raising them toward heaven.

When Kelly brought me home, I became despondent again. All I could think about was being alone in a nut house for the rest of my life. Stuttering, I pleaded, “I-I want to go . . . to go to church to-morrow.” I wanted to hear that song again.

The following day at the revival, two men assisted me to the altar. Later I learned Kelly had told the preacher about my condition. The minister looked at me and asked, “Brother Ross, do you believe in the power of prayer?”

I understood him. After thinking about it, I said, “Yeah.”

He started praying for me in a gentle, moderate tone. Surprisingly, I understood everything he said. He placed his large hands on my head and squeezed it. *Oww!*

The minister’s voice went up two octaves, and my pain grew worse. He shoved my head up and down and uttered words I did not understand. The congregation jumped and shouted. His voice became louder, his grip stronger.

My head throbbed and tears flowed. *God, I know You’re real and powerful. I’m hurting. Please, give me relief.*

All of a sudden, a jolt shot through the balls of my feet. Heat rose through my legs and entered my spine. It traveled up to the base of my skull. A bright white light flashed in my eyes, and intense heat shot to the top of my head.

My body became perfectly straight. The fluid around my eye completely disappeared. All the pain in my head vanished. I jumped up, raised both hands and shouted with joy. “Praise God! I am healed.”

Immediately I could walk and talk and understand everything. God healed me through His love, mercy, and grace.

The next day, instead of being taken to the mental ward, I drove myself to the doctor’s office. When my doctor saw that I was healed, she kneeled, raised her hands, and wept.

Shortly thereafter, I read *Beyond Defeat* by Dr. James E. Johnson, which turned my world upside down. God convicted me of my general lack of love toward people. I came to the realization that money and power had been my gods.

Although I grew up in church believing in Jesus as a Lord and Savior in my head, I never personally accepted Him as *my* Lord and *my* Savior in my heart. I was headed straight to hell.

I invited Jesus to become Lord and Savior of my life, and His power began to change me. God even delivered me from great prejudices I had toward black people, whom I now love.

I made several attempts to reconcile with my kids. After many years of prayers and tears, I’m very grateful that we’re reunited. Also I am friends with both of my ex-wives.

Today I aim toward love in all my dealings with people. I used to think my brilliance got me to my high position and very high income. Now I believe it came from God. I’m filled with deep gratitude and give Him thanks for the miraculous healing.

You may say in your heart, ‘My power and the strength of my hand made me this wealth.’ But you shall remember the LORD your God, for it is He who is giving you power to make wealth (Deuteronomy 8:17–18)