

WHEN GOD SAVED MY MOTHER

by
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*M*y mother visited my husband and me when we were living in Manchester, England. She went for routine physical examination and the doctor found something. They wanted to perform surgery on her and I was worried. My husband, Jo, said that we should trust God because my mother had gone through worse things.

“If your mother could survive in villages with little medical care, she will survive here with all the modern medical care available,” he said.

I thought about it for a while and agreed with him. My mind dug up a miraculous cure of my mother that I witnessed as a child.

I was very young when my mother had a very serious illness. I had not started school, or even *ota-akara*. My junior brother, Emeka, was a baby so I must have been like three or something, but this memory is still very clear in my mind even though I don't remember many things that happened when I was that age. Papa called all of us and told us to kneel down around Mama's bed. We all held hands and prayed. There was a white man with us. I think that he was a priest but I don't know his name. We prayed that God would heal our mother.

Then one man arrived in a motorcycle. I remember his name; Mr. Chukwu. I remember it because of what my elder sister, Beatrice, said. She translated the name to

English and said, “His name is God. Chukwu is God in English.”

The man looked at my mother and said, “I know what is wrong.”

He went and brought his bag. He asked for water to wash his hands.

I saw when my brother, Edwin, entered Mama's

bedroom with a basin of water and soap for Mr. Chukwu. Then we heard Mama's shout.

“Aduhu nu mu – o!”

On hearing her in her own voice declare that she had “gained back her life,” we ran to her room. She was spitting blood into a bed pan held by Mr. Chukwu.

Later on in my life, I became friends with a girl, Teresa, who lost her mother when she was very young. She told me how she and her brothers were brought up in an orphanage. She told me stories about her hard life, her father's love, and her regret at not having a mother. She liked to hear stories about my mother and the stories of the angels that Mama saw that day Papa told us to

kneel around her bed and pray.

I am very grateful to God for hearing the prayers we said for my mother that day. I thank God for intervening in a miraculous way through a man named God. She will survive this surgery in Manchester. She will leave this earth whenever God says that it is her time to leave us.

