

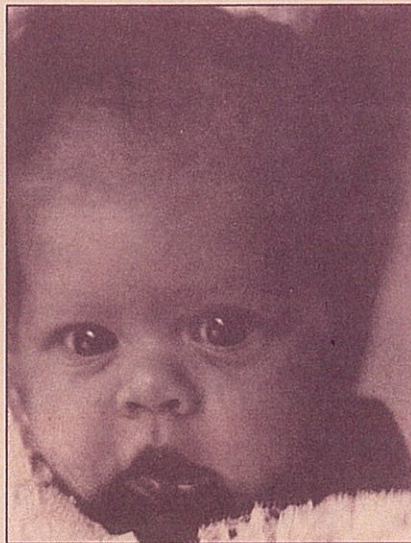
JACKSON FAMILY NEWS

A Newsletter for Friends and Partners in Ministry of Bruce & Brenda Jackson Summer/Fall 1990

It had already been a busy, intense week—full of concerts, plane flights, last-minute papering and painting in the nursery and of course, unending physical discomfort. But somehow, I'm sure, Brenda had missed the realization that this could be her final week of pregnancy! (One might surmise that parents of two children would realize that babies burst into your lives when they are ready even if it's two and a half weeks early.) When we awoke on Saturday morning, July 14th, neither one of us knew what kind of emotional rollercoaster ride we were about to take, but it started with the simple, early signals of labor.

By early afternoon, our concerns began to mount as chills and a slight fever would not subside. Brenda could not remember whether she had felt the baby move all day. We reluctantly called the hospital, not wanting to unnecessarily worry or make a wasted trip. We prayed fervently, even before calling, that God would give us wisdom and that this little, unborn life would be protected inside Brenda. After speaking with doctors at the hospital, we felt compelled to go immediately.

The doctor's responses were urgent as he assessed the situation. In all probability an infection was present and the lives of Brenda and the baby were threatened. Miraculously, Brenda's body naturally began the labor process,



*Behold, children are
a gift of the Lord;
The fruit of the womb
is a reward.*

Psalm 127:3

which lasted a total of only 90 minutes! Six pounds of kicking, screaming, beautiful little girl were born quickly. Elation turned to concern, though, as the doctors and nurses worked feverishly to help Brenda. Her temperature had risen dramatically to 105 degrees in just twenty minutes! Hospital staff scrambled to administer IV medications in an effort to stabilize her condition. I watched her—shaking with convulsions and unconscious—wondering if I could ever deal with the reality of losing her.

I know I'll never perfectly understand how deeply God loves His children, but it became a little clearer the first time I held Brook laDonna Jackson in my arms. The trauma all seemed to be past as they had been able to gain control of Brenda's fever and halt the spread of the infection. The focus of attention quickly turned to joy and

thankfulness for a precious little girl. In that moment, we had no way of preparing ourselves for the news that the blood tests revealed the same infection in Brook's bloodstream. (Knowing this, the doctor told us that had we arrived just one hour later at the hospital, Brook probably would have been killed by the infection.) Aggressive testing and precautionary measures had to be taken, including a spinal tap to test for meningitis! We were confused, frightened and emotionally spent by every new twist. We waited, holding that precious little life in our arms every day, asking God to