



SUFFERING WITH FAITH IN GOD'S PURPOSE

June 11, 2008

Dear Faithful Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

I'm Ed Nemeth, father of Rebecca, a 12 year old girl who is a severely disabled quadriplegic with cerebral palsy (CP). I don't seek sympathy because she is my greatest blessing from Jesus, and she knows she is greatly blessed and suffers daily with joy. She has taught me much about our lives and purposes that I will share. I would like to pose a few questions regarding our mutual Christian faith:

Do you believe the Bible is the inerrant Word of God?

Do you believe that God is perfect and has a divine purpose for every believer to fulfill?

Do you believe God purposes our suffering and tragedy to help others?

Do you have faith that everything that happens to the faithful, is in God's plan, and beneficial to His kingdom and divine purpose?

Do you still have faith in God's purposes when you see a child suffering... a child that cannot walk, a child that has uncontrollable seizures, a child who cannot speak because of her brain injuries?

Do you have faith that God can use that speechless child to speak incredible and beautiful truths to you and your congregation?

I believe in and have faith in the affirmative answers regarding each of these questions. In my spiritual journey, I have learned a lot about faith, suffering and purpose, as well as the spiritual world and heaven.... yes, even heaven.

I have told many people in my travels all over the world of this story, and it always fortifies their faith. Faithful people respond to Rebecca's story, and are intrigued by the pain, suffering, challenges, miracles and glory of God that we have experienced together and by Rebecca's faithful response to her challenges.

So, I'm writing to you, to help you and your congregation answer questions regarding "Divine Purpose", and "Faith in Suffering with Purpose", and to, in turn, ask for your help and their help. First, I have to explain part of our journey. Jesus answered my prayers. Not always the way I thought, and I've sacrificed more than I ever thought possible; but, I wouldn't change these blessings for anything else in eternity, other than to have Rebecca's own suffering lessened.

Please take a little time to read this story of a little disabled girl, who has the greatest faith that you might ever encounter. This is not to say her faith is greater than yours, or your parishioners, because her faith is more like Thomas' faith - a faith based on direct experience. Yet her suffering in this world, and her responses to her suffering shows her unmistakable faith, through and through.

First, before you read further, please take a moment and pray to our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for direction and inspiration regarding this letter.

I pray that regardless of whether you decide to help us, or decline, you faithfully act in Our Lord's Will. Regardless of where our journeys go, together, or separately, I know you and your congregation will gain spiritual strength from Rebecca's story of faith. Children have the greatest and purest faith in God, and we need to remember and learn from that.

Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. Mar 10:15

***How does any profound spiritual journey begin, but in naivety.
That is how our journey began.***

Our journey started over 13 years ago, on Thanksgiving Day, 1994, when my wife, Denise, and I knelt down and prayed to conceive for our firstborn child to whom we dedicated and gave to Jesus. That night, we conceived a child. Three weeks later, when we confirmed the pregnancy, we knelt and prayed those same prayers. Then, every night afterwards we prayed to Jesus lifting up our firstborn child to Him and prayed that our child would do His Will in its life.

We were still young, but very well-off financially. We both built exciting and profitable international businesses. Denise took exceptional care of herself and I went to every doctor's appointment so I could talk with Dr Lehr, her OBGYN. At 7 months we learned our child was a girl, so we named her Rebecca Marie, symbolizing the faithful church in the both Old and New Testaments.

In late August, 1995, at nine months, Rebecca's due date came and went. At both 5 and 10 days over, we had Stress Tests that should have started labor, but to no avail. The afternoon of her second stress test, Dr Lehr told us that in earlier days, he would just take the child. But, because the tests came back so perfect, he couldn't justify a C-section to our health plan. Ironically, it was the long Labor Day Weekend, so, just in case, he notified the on-call physician, Dr. Darwish, regarding Rebecca's situation and his concerns.

Dr. Lehr's final words to us were firm, and concerned, "If you don't have the baby this weekend, we are scheduled for surgery 6 AM Tuesday morning!"

The weekend passed and nothing happened. But, Jesus' timing is always perfect. Then, about 9:30 PM Monday night, Denise went into labor. By 1:00, or so, we were at the hospital with 2-3 minute contractions. Suddenly, around 2:15, or so, Rebecca showed an irregular heartbeat. At 2:45 Dr Darwish determined that Rebecca was stressed and needed an emergency C-Section.

I didn't know the dire gravity of Rebecca's situation. I was dressed and waiting to enter the Delivery Room when a nurse barged through the door past me and hit a button on the wall, then ran back into the Delivery Room.

Ignorant, I asked, "Is it time for me to go in for the birth, now?" Without turning around, the nurse blurted out, "No! Her heart stopped beating".

"Whose heart?", I asked, in shock. But the nurse was already gone.

It was 3:15 AM, I was a now tired and slow. I just stood at the door looking into the Delivery Room through the porthole window, but couldn't see anything. Everyone was in another part of the room beyond my line of sight. I simply stood numb and dumb-founded outside the door looking into an empty room.

As thoughts congealed in my very exhausted mind, I simply cried out, "Jesus, I pray that Your Will be done, but please save my wife and baby". Then, I sought

prayer help, and comforting so I called my mother back east in Cape Cod where she was visiting. It was just after 6:15 AM her time when I woke her.

My mother, Doris, is a prayer warrior. She grew up with little faith. Her father died when she was 3 and her stepfather was a mean drunk. But Jesus blessed her with far more than her share of true faith. After I explained the tragic situation to her, she immediately got off the phone to pray with Dad for Rebecca and Denise.

As time clicked on for another 6-8 minutes - though it seemed much longer - I watched two new nurses and a new doctor wheel an incubator with a tiny baby into the area where I could watch them working feverishly - on my Rebecca. They were obviously desperately struggling to resuscitate her.

As I watched them work, my weary mind wandered, "Well, I had given Rebecca to Jesus, and this is just His test for me. She'll be ok." I expected the physician would then revive Rebecca, and she would miraculously be fine. But, as time slowly dragged on, I knew that Rebecca didn't just need a "medical miracle", but she desperately needed a "true miracle from God". There was no other hope.

I called Mom again and told her what I was witnessing. She had already called her church in Florida, and started a prayer chain. By now, Rebecca had been dead for about 13 minutes..... so, I tearfully cried, "Only a true miracle from God could save her now!"

In her deep faith, she declared, "Well, that's what we're praying for! If Jesus will, He can!"

"And, Mom, please pray for Denise.... I don't have any idea of how she is doing. I still don't know if it was her heart that stopped beating!", I tearfully begged.

She quickly reassured me, "Everything will be fine. Just pray and have faith!"

As I stood in outside that door alone, I was beginning to feel very "alone". I wondered if, because of my prayers to glorify Jesus, had I lost my daughter? Or, if I had done something wrong. My tired mind thought that possibly Jesus didn't want our gift to Him, our child Rebecca, to be defiled by this world. So, He took her before she could experience and be tainted by the sin of this world.

I suddenly felt all alone like I was in the furthest part of the universe, away from

everyone else, including God, and felt utterly devoid, spiritually. I can't express the loneliness I felt at that moment. But, to understand it, just think of yourself transported - completely alone, to just outside Gehanna - in that part of existence where God does not inhabit. That's how alone and helpless I felt.

Another 10 minutes, or so, went by - Rebecca has now been dead for 25+ minutes - and both Dr. Lehr and Dr. Darwish came to me and each instinctively put their hand on each of my shoulders and reassured me, "Denise is fine, everything is ok with her. But, we're very sorry. We lost the baby."

I pointed to the doctor and two nurses working on her at this moment, "But, they're still trying to resuscitate her", even though I knew the harsh answer.

In solemn unison, they both told me, "Rebecca was dead for 8 minutes before we got her out. He's just doing his job, but nothing can save her because she's been dead for over 25 minutes now." Both men had tears in their eyes as they turned and left. My eyes filled with tears like I never had before as reality hit home.

Lost and confused, I peered through the window again, then called my mother, and told her the horrific news. She was very firm, "Look, hundreds of people are praying for Rebecca right now. She is going to be alright! Jesus can do anything He Wills." I thanked her and told her I loved her, hung up and cried to myself.

I prayed, "Jesus, please forgive me for any sins I committed. Please help me in my moment of trial. Thank you, God, for saving Denise! But, please, Jesus, let me have my little girl, whom I love so much! But, Let Your Will be done." Despite utter exhaustion, I still understood that Jesus has His Divine purposes in our lives, even when we cannot understand those Purposes at that moment.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to [his] purpose. Rom 8:28

This is an glorious scripture to recite during casual discussions, but is actually very difficult to comprehend during a moment of trial. This was precisely such a moment of confusion for me.

Finally, the doctor stopped resuscitating Rebecca and they rolled her away, to another room. I had no idea if she was alive, or not. About 10 minutes later, that physician introduced himself (Dr. Sosa) to me, then unceremoniously grabbed me, and dragged me to the NICU, "We got her heart beating again. But, you need to see her right now, she's going to die any moment. Her acidosis* was off

the charts, I've never seen anything like it. And, She was dead for 35 minutes. She suffered more brain damage than any newborn I've ever worked on."

** Acidosis shows the lack of Oxygen for an extended period of time*

I finally saw Rebecca, my princess, up close for the first time. She was a truly beautiful little girl. Instinctively, I grabbed her hand, and whispered into her ear, my eyes streaming tears, "Rebecca, I love you so very much, but there is a wonderful man in heaven, named Jesus. Don't be afraid to go to Him. He is God and He will love and care for you! Go, but don't forget how much I love you!"

I took a picture of my firstborn child, whom I loved so much, then was told to leave. I went to Denise's room, where she lie, still incoherent from anesthesia as well as exhausted from her labor and lack of sleep. As I held her hand, Dr Sosa and the nurses rolled a tank-like incubator into the room, "She's still alive. We need to take her to another hospital where they can better care for her. Your wife needs to see her before we go. This is the only time she will see her alive."

Denise remained in a daze, as she looked over to the incubator. She didn't understand what was happening.

Rebecca Marie
4:30 AM , September 5, 1995
Neonatal Intensive Care Unit



I followed the ambulance to the new hospital across town and when I arrived at the NICU another doctor, Dr Desai, came out, grabbed me and dragged me into the NICU, "You have to see her now. She isn't going to last more than a few minutes." I didn't put on scrubs, scrub up or anything protocol required (except I turned off my cell phone). We just ran into the far corner of the NICU room to Rebecca, where I grabbed her hand and started praying with her and for her.

Rebecca and I were alone with her new nurse watching us together. The nurse said, "I'm very sorry!" in a very earnest and empathetic voice. I held Rebecca's hand and whispered my love into her ears. We prayed, talked and I sang the wrong words to songs I didn't know. Most of all, I loved her and I showed her

that I loved her. I know Rebecca knew how much I loved her!

Later, the nurse asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m her father. I love her, and I want her to know my love.

Then she shocked me, “You know that she’s going to die very soon, don’t you?”

Staring back in my “24-hours-lack-of-sleep” face, “Yeah. Yeah, I know....”

Completely mystified, she asked again, “Then, what are you doing with her?”

Dead tired, I stumbled over myself to explain, “As long as she’s alive, she’s my daughter and she will know my love”, never taking my eyes off Rebecca.

Each new nurse and doctor asked me the same question several times. I didn’t know why it was so unusual to them, but I did what was natural to me. Rebecca was alone, and hurt. She needed to know I was there for her and that I loved her.

Later that day, I don’t even know the time, she had a CT scan and an EEG, and I couldn’t be with her so left to get a bite to eat for the 30 minutes. Instead, I reflected on the dire situation and decided that, like Daniel, I was going to fast and pray for God’s message and direction, until Rebecca lived or died.

In those days I Daniel was mourning three full weeks. I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled. Dan 10:2-3

I didn’t realize that King David had taken the same attitude for his son when he was seriously ill:

David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. 2Sa 12:16

David stopped everything to pray for his child until God’s Purpose was done.

When I arrived back at the hospital, the test results were back. Dr Desai pulled me aside to break the news to me. “Rebecca has suffered catastrophic brain injuries, losing half her brain tissue, and her EEG is virtually flat. There is nothing we can do. It’s only a matter of time now for her to pass. Here is a DNR form you need to sign. It allows us to “Do Not Resuscitate” when she eventually

passes.” My soul desperately ached for my daughter as I signed her life away.

Now, I was determined to stay with Rebecca as much as possible. I was terrified she might die while I was away from her. I could not bear the thought of my little girl dying, alone, by herself, someplace away from us, her loving parents.

Every day, we think in our limited human minds about things like heaven, angels, Jesus and the spirit world. We debate things like consciousness, and the soul. But, to me, it was much simpler: *Rebecca was someplace right now and it wasn’t here with me.* I have my faith, as many Christians do, but, all I could think of was my fear of Rebecca passing from this side of life, to the other side of God’s veil, alone, without my being there to give her my love and console.

I was also upset about abandoning Denise, my loving wife, back at the other hospital. I didn’t even say goodbye to her that she could remember. I couldn’t call her, and all I could think of was how upset she was about Rebecca. She had no information to go by and could only guess as to what was happening. But, I knew that Denise wanted me to care for Rebecca first, regardless of everything else. This was how I justified abandoning my wife for my child without guilt.

That night, at 7 PM, the nurses changed shifts, and the NICU kicked us parents out for 1 hour, minimum. I rocketed down the highway to Denise’s hospital, and brusquely ran to her. She was wide awake, clutching a tiny picture of Rebecca the NICU nurses had taken. We spent a few moments together and I, not wanting to upset her more, simply told her, “It doesn’t look good for Rebecca, she suffered a lot of injuries.” I wanted to avoid upsetting her with tragic details.

Denise knew what I meant, and responded, “I have been praying for her, and that God’s Will be done.” I remembered how I married Denise for her great faith.

Then, she told me Dr Lehr had come to her in tears, “The other day, I delivered a “crack baby” to a 19 year old, who is putting it up for adoption. Yet, I couldn’t deliver you a healthy baby! You did everything right! You wanted her so much!”

My hour was almost up, so I kissed Denise, “I’m sorry I have to go back....”.

Denise looked into my eyes with her eyes filled tears, “Please go! Rebecca can’t be left all alone! She has to know we love her!”

Back again, I met Rebecca’s new nurse, who soon cautioned me, “You do know she is going to die, right?” I responded as before. Then she shared how she lost

her first baby. It was consoling to know someone who had suffered as we were. I spent the night with Rebecca, until exhaustion truly set in. I hadn't slept in 40 hours, and my emotions had completely drained me. So, I went home to rest. No home was ever so empty as ours felt that night. My soul anguished in solitude.

A few hours later, I was back in the NICU just after the shift change (7 AM) and was grateful that Rebecca did not pass during the night. I realized I wanted to baptize her while she was still alive. Soon, Rebecca was baptized by the hospital Chaplain, with just me and the nurse. Denise had no idea. The sadness of that moment was crushing. We wanted and expected so much more for our child.

Somehow, over the next couple of days, Rebecca clung to life. One afternoon Dr. Desai pulled me aside into the Resident's Room and made sure that I knew "*Rebecca was going to die*" with another 5 minute lecture. He wasn't being mean. It was that I just didn't handle myself like other parents, I guess.



In my exhausted state of mind, all I could think to say to him was, "Look, I know there is no hope for Rebecca, except for this one thing. *I have faith that if He chooses, Jesus can deliver Rebecca with miracle. I'm not saying that He will. I am just saying that He*

can. My father's family has had true miracles. So, I'm not stopping until she comes home with me, or passes to eternity."

Dr Desai accepted my position as reasonable, I guess. Now, I had evangelized my Christian faith for the first time through Rebecca's faith and suffering. I have evangelized her faith thousands of times since then and I know many have come to know Jesus through her, and many have had their own suffering assuaged through hearing of Rebecca's faith despite her suffering.

Denise's brother, Greg, and sister, Anne, were in town to help us, and on Friday, Rebecca had another battery of tests. Saturday morning, Dr. Asaikar, Rebecca's neurologist called us at home. Everyone overheard the call, as I repeated Dr. Asaikar's words. I could feel their eyes staring at me as I looked down in absolute and utter defeat. "Yeah, results abysmal...very severe... 50% brain destroyed...no chance... no treatment...will die any moment....must decide...."

Then, Dr Asaikar pushed me where I feared to go, "You have to make the decision of what you want to do. Let her die on life support some time soon, or remove her from life support to end her life when you choose."

Denise and I discussed this very "final" decision, when Greg, who has a Ph.D. in Astrophysics from Columbia University, but has never said a profound thing in his life, chimed in, "*If God can work miracles, He doesn't need life support.*"

Denise and I looked at each other, and immediately fell to our faith. We decided our God was a "Great God" and this was God's problem, for His purposes, not ours. We decided to remove Rebecca from life support to end her life, tomorrow, in our faith. When she dies, she'll die in our arms, with our love, and not alone, which was my greatest fear; or, God will be glorified by His miracle. (John 9)

I called the hospital to make arrangements for removing Rebecca from life support. Then, I called our Parish Priest, and got names of cemeteries and funeral homes and started making plans for us to end Rebecca's life on Sunday, September 10, 1995 at 11 AM. The finality and gravity of our decision sank to the bottom of our souls and was deeply disturbing, despite our deep faith.

The death of a child is horrific to any parent. But, making the decision to end your child's life is the most difficult and painful decision any parent can endure. All plans stop, all dreams end, all love is stifled and all second guesses begin. Like all other parents, we were plunged into making these immediate decisions with little forethought, or education, or guidance. We only had our faith to....

"The death of a child is like a period placed before the end of a sentence."

That next morning, Sunday morning, we went to the 8 o'clock church service and Father Bland led the congregation in a moving prayer for Rebecca. While I've read how a mother wails for her dead child, I had never heard such agony. The pain in Denise's wailing cries for Rebecca was deeply unsettling to my soul.

We left church and arrived at the hospital. I ran in to see Rebecca, as always, and met with the social worker who came in to help us with our final arrangements.

We gave the nurses Rebecca's prettiest pink outfit - one that I had given her to bring her home in - so they could dress her up in it. Then, they put a pretty pink bow in her hair. We all went into a tiny room with a couch just off the NICU, and they rolled Rebecca in. One nurse stayed with us while the others left and closed the door. It was a dreadful moment of defeat, loss and finality.

Denise and I said our prayers, praying to each the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit that "God you can take away everything we own, but please let us have our little girl. But, *Lord, let Your Will be done.*" In my fasting and prayers, I hadn't

eaten in 7 days, but I did not hunger, except for my daughter with a love that I did not know existed until the moment she was born.

Then, we did it. The nurse removed Rebecca from her respirator, and we held our firstborn in our arms for the first time, like any new born baby. Rebecca was now to die in 10 minutes, in our arms. We didn't know what to do or expect so we just held her, loved her, watched her and cried. We truly cried our hearts out.

Very shortly, Rebecca stopped breathing once, but started breathing again. Then within the 10 minutes, she stopped breathing a second time, and her lips turned purple. I asked the nurse "Is this it? Is it over?" I had no idea of what to expect.

The nurse replied with soft tears, "Yes, she's gone now."

Tears flowed like rivers from our eyes as we held our baby's soulless body.

Shortly, I wiped my eyes and noticed that Rebecca's lips seemed to have a pink color again, and her chest seemed to be moving again. Although we were confused, we remained resolute in our unquestionable loss that was occurring.

Somehow, we went through the day, with nothing good or bad happening, except that Rebecca was breathing regularly and had good color. It was late that night and Denise was sore from her C-Section, so, I had to get her home soon.

We put her into her incubator and ***kissed her good night. Rebecca immediately opened her eyes and started moving her arms and legs and crying!***

No lightening, or thunder, or voices, or music or anything like that, she simply woke up and started moving and crying. Yet, it was truly a miracle!

We were so very dazed and tired - actually, absolutely exhausted - that we didn't understand what was happening, but enjoyed the moment. Rebecca stayed up with us for another 2 hours and thoroughly entertained us. We let her go back to sleep and then went home until the next morning. We arrived back at 7 AM, in time to watch Rebecca to wake up again and care for her through the day.

On Tuesday, Rebecca woke up again, but, this time, she was very alert! We've all seen newborns and they always have dull, blank looks on their faces. Rebecca was completely different. We could tell she knew exactly what was going on. Rebecca kept looking around the room and at the ceiling like she was looking right at something. What was strange was that the ceilings were designed to have

only indirect light. The ceilings were just a flat dull color, and had no lights or light variations... just the uniform glow from indirect lighting.

Yet, Rebecca kept looking up to the ceiling and her eyes kept darting around like she could see something. This is why Rebecca's "autobiography" explains that she was seeing angels. We couldn't think of any other explanation. We didn't know this was a prophetic statement.

It was at this moment that I knew Jesus gave us the miracles we prayed for and Rebecca was here for life. I swore to Jesus that I would dedicate myself to care for her for the rest of her life. I view such covenants very seriously, and I meant every word of my oath. *I have diligently kept my word to this very day.*

On the 16th day of her life, Rebecca went home with us, and on the 24th day, she had her first "positive" neurologist evaluation. That evening, we celebrated with thanks as I finished my 24 day fast for my prayers to God that His Will be done.

In all, Rebecca had six (6) true miracles from God to be here with us.

Her cause of death is unknown, and is as much a miracle as her life.

I fasted and prayed for Rebecca, and Jesus' direction for 24 days.

From that day forward, despite her abysmal physical capabilities, Rebecca was a very bright little girl. We spent all our efforts caring for her physical needs, and as a result, we ignored her intellectual development. Rebecca, you see, was very frail. So frail, that we had to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation 9 times and had many other near fatal experiences and hundreds of emergencies.

But, when Rebecca was 3 years, 10 months old, I was home alone with her. We tried a set of unopened flash cards for the first time, and she got all the words right! So, teasing her, I said, "Ok, smarty pants! You think your so smart! Let's see how you do all the words without the pictures!"

Although Rebecca's was, and is, aphasic (can't speak) I could tell her response was, "Go ahead, make my day! I'll show you who is smarter!" Then, she did. She got 19 out of 20 words correct even some huge words like "ladder" "giraffe" and "elephant"! Rebecca had taught herself to read before she was 4!

Rebecca then entered public school in regular classes with healthy kids (Full Inclusion), and was pushed ahead in her grades faster than we were comfortable

with because she was so smart. But, we had numerous issues, which I won't go into except that we battled with the school excessively for Rebecca's Equal Rights under I.D.E.A, even for nominal equipment like a touch screen computer.

Since Rebecca couldn't speak or write, she needed that equipment to do her school work. But, because she couldn't speak or write, the school argued that she was retarded and they couldn't justify spending the public funds for her - despite the fact they moved her forward early because of her brilliance!

So, when she was 8 year old, we tested her IQ and found that it 148! When we reported this to the school, they still wouldn't budge. "It wasn't a proper IQ test because it didn't include "blocks" for her to show she understood 3D concepts." I exploded, "That means that every blind person was retarded and the great Physicist, Stephen Hawkins, was retarded as well, since he couldn't manipulate blocks!" These are the types battles we parents wage for our special kids daily.

But, we did force the school to give Rebecca the annual STAR exam which is California's annual scholastic exam. Since Rebecca had an Aide, the school required a special proctor from the District to watch Rebecca take her test and make sure the Aide wasn't helping her. Because of Rebecca's severe physical disabilities, it took her over two exhausting weeks to finish all the tests.

No one, including her Aide, or the Proctor had any idea of how Rebecca did until the results came to us in the mail in late August, 2004. I trembled when I opened the envelope because these results were going to dictate Rebecca's future. I cried...tears literally poured from my eyes! Rebecca had rocked the test! She scored in the 99th percentile in both math and English!

The school finally gave Rebecca her touch screen computer,



and, this is where our story truly begins.



Because of her high scores, when Rebecca entered 3rd Grade, she got the touch screen computer she needed She soon wrote her first paper - her autobiography. Rebecca started it simply: (she doesn't use punctuation, or capitalization)

i am rebecca marie i love my mom and dad

my brother eric is a clown

i wish i was like melissa her friends play with her

i went to heaven through two big white doors

jesus told me to go back and teach people to pray

i have two cats goldie and tiger

i love to swim in the pool all summer

We knew Rebecca remembered going to heaven. But she lacked the ability to communicate her experience to us. So, we were excited about the new revelations! Now, Rebecca was educating and evangelizing her public school classmates on her experience with Jesus in heaven! She lives as a witness to God's Glory!



I was concerned about Rebecca writing about Jesus, and heaven in all her school papers. Ironically, it was at this time that an atheist, Michael Newdow, MD, sued Rebecca's own school, Stone Lake Elementary, to stop his daughter from saying "under God" in the "Pledge of Allegiance". His daughter and Rebecca would've been in the same class except we held Rebecca back in Kindergarten. His case went to the US Supreme Court several years ago. You might have heard about it.

This shows how we live in a world buffeted by spiritual warfare. These wars occur where ever Jesus' righteousness exists, but for reasons we cannot perceive.

For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high [places]. Eph 6:12

I suppose this also underlines the importance of Rebecca's purpose in our world to Jesus. Why else would Satan oppose Rebecca's words and testimony so much? I can't make that a dogmatic statement, but I feel it is true given all the very bizarre challenges we have had to fight in her short life.

As time went on Rebecca wrote more papers at school. In the middle of almost every paper, she revealed new details of her visit to heaven". All these details are consistent with the biblical text. We already read of the "two white doors" she went through to get into heaven, but she also wrote of how she went though "one door" to see Jesus. It seems like Rebecca went through two doors/gates to enter heaven, but one door to see Jesus. "*I am the door*" (John 10:7 and 10:9).

Another time, Rebecca wrote how she heard "her people" and "their cries and prayers" for her in heaven. We asked her who "her people" were, and she wrote, "mom and dad". Rebecca heard our tears and pain in heaven. She also said that our great love for her was the reason she wanted to come back to us. I now

believe our loved ones can hear our cries and prayers in heaven.

Some the other things Rebecca told us:

- ***Rebecca says that she was in heaven from the moment she died until the moment she awoke from her coma - a total of six days.***
- ***Rebecca had no physical limitations like she has today. She walked, she talked, she sang, ate, drank, and experienced life in heaven, and even recognized her dead grandmother whom she never met!***
- ***When she visited Jesus, she didn't sit on his lap, like a child would, instead, she stood in front of him.***
- ***She clearly remembers her experience of dying, going to heaven, and detailed her experience of coming back to this life (she says that she "fell" to earth when she returned, and it was scary).***
- ***Rebecca LOVES heaven!!!!!!!!!! (The topic an upcoming booklet!)***

Rebecca's spiritual gifts are more incredible than that. She sees and speaks to her Guardian Angel, and mine, yours and everyone else's. She also sees fallen angels and other demonic beings. She understands many things that she should never know, never mind understand. Information she could not possibly know. I asked her if she had ESP, and she wrote "no...angel told" (her angel told her).

I have many very interesting stories to share in the future, because I believe that is part of my purpose here. To be, in a way, Rebecca's voice and pen.

But, I have another mission from Jesus, first:

As you can readily tell, I love Rebecca very, very much and we have been on an extra-ordinary journey of faith together. What you don't know, is how much I have done to care for her, medically. While Jesus chose to give Rebecca those 6 miracles for her to be here, He also chose to leave her severely disabled, suffering with many severe medical issues for us to struggle with and tackle.

Jesus purposed me to successfully help Rebecca medically. I have helped her and many other children all over the world, as well. This is why I wrote this letter. I truly need your help and the help of your congregation to help brain injured children like Rebecca. Jesus has a Purpose for each of their suffering.

Let me now explain that part of our journey: Jesus directed my entire life!

I originally trained as a Neurobiologist at the University of Vermont where I researched Central Nervous System (brain) nerve regeneration in response to brain injuries, graduating with College Honors (*try to tell me God doesn't have our lives planned out for us!*), I subsequently went to business school at Northwestern for an MBA and left medicine for business until Rebecca was born. I had to suddenly put my "neurobiologist" hat back on to help her.

After her birth, we greatly struggled with her physical needs and as mentioned, she had many near fatal experiences. She simply didn't thrive, was very frail, had numerous pneumonias, regularly had static gran mal seizures each month that lasted an hour, did not develop any coordination or control and much more.

When Rebecca was three, someone gave me an article on Hyperbaric Oxygen Therapies (HBOT) for brain injured kids. And, at that time, I "knew" it couldn't work to help brain injuries because of my formal training in neurobiology.

*"The trouble with people is not that they don't know but that **they know so much that ain't so.**" ~ Josh Billings*

For the next two years I more and more desperately researched everything I could to find some way to help Rebecca and improve her health and quality of life. This is because while Jesus gave us the six (6) miracles for Rebecca to be here, apparently, He had a purpose for Rebecca and her great physical struggles.

Finally, almost two years later I came across a 1970's article that showed that brain injuries as long as 7 years after injury can be improved by reversing the "hypoxic ischemia" state. This sound like gobblity gook, but, it's relevance is:

Whenever a person has a severe brain injury, some neurons might die, and many neurons are stunned, and lack proper levels of blood flow. This is "ischemia". Our brains cannot reverse "ischemia", (re-establish proper blood flow) to those injured areas. Without proper blood flow, neurons cannot function - cannot communicate with each other - even though these neurons are still alive. Like when your hand falls asleep and feels numb and can't move well.

It only takes a little decrease in blood flow to disrupt neuronal communications. But, when blood flow is restored, many neurons can function once again, if they hadn't been damaged too badly. This return of neurological function improves the quality of life and skills of brain injured kids and reduces their suffering.



Hyperbaric Oxygen Therapies (HBOT) reverses hypoxic ischemia after injuries... and even decades after injuries occur. That is how HBOT helps improve the lives of brain injured kids and adults!

I already knew the medical principals of HBOT, which are very simple, as well as some of the incredible benefits. For example, did you know that HBOT:

- 1 causes new blood vessels to grow to heal non-healing wounds
- 2 causes an 800% increase in natural stem cells in humans
- 3 reduces all kinds of inflammation from all kinds of diseases
- 4 improves immune system function to protect against infections
- 5 gets oxygen to tissues that lack oxygen

Once I read that old article, I made airline reservations for Rebecca, Denise and I to go to Florida two days later for HBOT with Dr. Neubauer, despite Rebecca’s neurologist’s very strong admonitions. Dr. Asaikar simply said, “Don’t do it! You’re wasting your time and money. You’ll get your hopes up only to have them dashed.” I asked him if it was safe, and he said, “*Yes, it is very safe!*”

Once in Florida and after Denise and I were convinced this was very safe and pain-free, we decided to try HBOT for Rebecca. So Denise went home to care for our other kids (we had Melissa 14 months after Rebecca, and Eric 13 months after that) while Rebecca and I started a new leg of our journey together, alone, for the next 30 days. I’ve known no greater joy in life, ever, than those 30 days, alone with Rebecca with just our hope, love, faith and her improvements!

The results were nearly miraculous! After three days Rebecca could swallow thin liquids without choking for the first time in her life! She no longer had six pneumonias and bronchitis attacks each year and has not had one since! And, I could see her coordination and control improving before my eyes!

Rebecca had many other changes. She no longer had monthly static gran mal seizures, she developed rudimentary coordination and control, had more physical strength and endurance, and developed tone in her back and became more vocal. Instead of taking over an hour to feed her, she ate her meals in less than 30 minutes. This saved us 3 hours a day in direct care time! Rebecca also gained the endurance and stamina needed for going to school full time so she could enter first grade. Overall, *Swimming with Mom!!!* Rebecca made gains that where otherwise impossible!

Her naysaying Neurologist was so impressed that he has written her HBOT prescriptions and supported HBOT for her and other patients ever since!

While Rebecca remains a quadriplegic, the quality of her life has immensely improved and her medical costs have dropped significantly. Most importantly, ***Rebecca can actively achieve her “Purpose” (to teach people to pray as Jesus told her) by attending school, and writing her papers!***

Every step of the way, my wife, Denise, and I prayed for Jesus’ Will in our lives. While we thought that Jesus’ Will would be to evangelize, we came to learn in our lives, it also means providing help for kids who truly are God’s favorite children. I say this, because He seems to ask a lot of those He truly loves. He has asked so much of Rebecca, and he asks so much of these faithful families.

So, with my background in Neurobiology, and having Rebecca I learned it was my calling to help kids like her. After seeing these results, I have dedicated myself to helping other brain injured children get HBOT on a timely basis. So I founded the CHERISH Foundation; sponsored International HBOT Medical Symposia, and Debates; a Discovery Channel Special on HBOT; I wrote a chapter (chapter 7) in the late Dr Neubauer’s book on HBOT; and much more.

The non-profit CHERISH Foundation was founded to do 3 things:

- 1 Give grants to brain injured kids to pay part of their HBOT
- 2 Conduct HBOT physician training courses (with the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York).
- 3 Conduct ***very safe*** HBOT research with top medical schools to provide these kids free medical care. (*Most research will measure the benefits of the HBOT care that families are already providing their kids*)

Learn more about CHERISH by going to:

www.CHERISHfoundation.org



Today, CHERISH gives many medical grants to families each year for HBOT and, this has actually changed the lives of children who suffer horribly, similarly to how Rebecca’s life has been improved.

Unfortunately, many, many more families need this help. And, CHERISH has yet to start its first Physician Education Program due to the lack of funds.

But, very importantly, we've started our first major study for treating children with Autism with HBOT. We're doing this Pilot Study with the University of California, Davis, College of Medicine's M.I.N.D. Institute, here in Sacramento. M.I.N.D. is one of the leading research centers in the world for autism. To Learn more about M.I.N.D., goto: <http://www.ucdmc.ucdavis.edu/mindinstitute>

I won't go into all the medical details, but HBOT truly makes a great difference in the lives of many children with autism. You will never know joy, until you talk to a parent who tells you that their son, for the first time in his life, has developed feelings he can demonstrate and can now say, "Mommy, I love you!" I have seen this, and much more many times!

This study has three purposes, to:

- 1 give safe effective care to kids who could not otherwise get HBOT
- 2 scientifically detail improvements in kids with autism from HBOT
- 3 **force third party payers to reimburse according to legal mandates**

This last point is critical because HBOT is expensive, for families that are broke already because they cannot work for income as readily as families parents with healthy children. They also have extensive additional medical and non-covered bills to pay to support our children. For us, Rebecca's needs cost over \$120,000 each year for 4 years. Many years she is over \$60,000 per year. Few families can afford the care their kids have absolute legal rights to.



These are very high penalties for families who have devoted themselves to the Purpose God has given them to love and care for children who are closest to Jesus' heart. But, they suffer joyfully with their blessings from these kids!

The MIND Institute - CHERISH Foundation HBOT pilot study is now showing promising results, and some parents have written about their kids improvements on the CHERISH website. You can read about it on the "Testimonials" page.

But, CHERISH has long run out of money for the study, and has taken loans to get where it is now. CHERISH desperately needs funds to complete the study in a timely fashion. **ALL FUNDS GO DIRECTLY TO HBOT FOR THE KIDS!**

Also, the fact remains that under both Federal and State laws, all brain injured children MUST have HBOT reimbursed when it is prescribed by a license physician. For example, in the *Federal Medicaid Act, paragraph 5 details the*

EPSDT regulations that mandate this; while in California, for example, we have the 2002 FDA Approved Off-Label Drug Reimbursement Act" that mandates reimbursement, as well. (85% of all prescriptions for brain injured kids are off-label uses - drug prescriptions that are not FDA approved!)

So you know, HBOT is one of the most studied drugs in the world, possibly second to only aspirin. It has been greatly studied since WWII with the advent of submarine warfare and deep sea diving. HBOT is reimbursed for many medical conditions, including Burns; Non-healing Wounds (a brain injury is a closed non-healing wound); Septic Infections; Infected Bone Wounds, and more. In fact, for Diabetic Foot Wounds, HBOT saves 75% of patients from amputation! And, HBOT is the only treatment available for Radiation Necrosis!

But, families of brain injured children never get these reimbursements. HBOT for brain injuries, illegally, has different standards to achieve, and laws applied, compared to other pediatric care drugs. Brain injured children have to conquer hurdles that no other US patient has to overcome to attain their legally mandated Healthcare and Civil Rights. I've discussed this with Cherif Bassiouni, the world's leading expert, and I feel these issues are "Crimes Against Humanity".

When viewing this objectively, these issues fall under the categories of either, "mankind's greatest lunacies", or "Spiritual Warfare". You take your pick. For me, after seeing Michael Newdow sue Rebecca's school over saying "God" in public school, at the very time Rebecca was writing her first words about her experiences in heaven and meeting Jesus, I have to lean towards the spiritual warfare alternative when things adversely affect her life and purpose.

If you believe that the Pre-Flood world was a natural hyperbaric environment that enabled people to live very long lives, then it is easy to see why HBOT is an important fulcrum for Spiritual Warfare! If HBOT is a life extending, powerful, healing drug, it proves the biblical record is extremely accurate! CHERISH's work is both urgent and exceptionally important and it provides very safe and free care to kids that they would otherwise not be able to pay for.

So, this is our story and our prayers to Jesus. Like Job, I do not have all the answers of where this is going, or why, or answers to many other questions.

And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that [there is] none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Job 1:8

Job was not privy Satan's challenge to God regarding Job nor to God's Purpose:

But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. Job 1:11

All Job knew was his life was devastated. He lost his children, his wealth, and his health. It is easy to see in hindsight, that God allowed Satan to injure Job and challenge God in order for us to see and learn of the spiritual battles taking place around us. How many people have been strengthened by Job's steadfast faith despite his suffering? Yet, how could Job foresee this as he scraped his boils?

I know Jesus directly touched our lives through Rebecca, and we have gained incredible perspective and much faith regarding what has happened to her and us during our journey. I am certain Rebecca's faith touched your heart and spirit. If we accomplish nothing else, your spiritual enrichment is a measure of Jesus' success in His Purpose for Rebecca's suffering through her great faith.

One of my favorite passages is Jesus' healing of the blind man. Here, Jesus declares that some faithful suffer only to demonstrate God's glory!

And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind? Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him. John 9:2-3

Jesus then healed that blind man and showed God's great mercy and power! Similarly, Jesus has shown us his mercy and power by giving Rebecca six clear miracles so that she could be here. To reward Rebecca, in His glory, Jesus gave her the memories of the glories of heaven, burned into her mind! To show us His truths, He gave Rebecca the gift of speaking with her Guardian Angel! Satan, knows the power of truth and glory and he has chosen to attack us and Rebecca. I can say, without elaborating, that our lives have been filled with spiritual attacks of all kinds.

Some attacks have distracted us, while others caused us to sin. Sometimes, our hearts have become faint with the ongoing challenges. This is exactly what Satan wants and needs to succeed! We see Satan attacking Peter in Luke 22 even after Peter declared, "*Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death.*" Yet, before the night was over, Peter denied Jesus three times!

Jesus told Peter that Satan sought to destroy his faith. "*Simon, Simon, behold,*

Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat" Luke 22:31 This means that Satan sought to shake Peter violently, to discourage and overcome Peter's faith. This is the same demand and effort Satan made against Job.

Yet, as we each act in our faith to do Jesus' Purpose, we will travail from Satan's *sifting and shaking* our faith, for Satan's goal of discouraging and distracting us. But, in these times, we have to remember in Whose Hands we rest, both Jesus' and the Father's! (*John 10:28-29*) Just as Jesus prayed for Peter He prays for us: "*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not*" Luke 22:32

Like Job, we have been greatly blessed in all ways. We have suffered greatly, and continue to have incredible challenges in our lives. Yet, we are so greatly blessed, because while you can only read Rebecca's story and Jesus' Glory, we have lived it! We held her as she died a second time! We watched her wake up out of her coma that night! We experience her communicating with her angels!

Can you imagine the power and strength afforded your own faith if you were to have such clear miracles, and daily Angelic interactions in your life? We have shared very few of the stories in this brief booklet. We hope to share more soon.

Yet, sometimes we get weary. This is one of those moments. I'm writing to you to share Jesus' Glory, and to ask your help. This past year has been challenging, spiritually. I shared our faithful purpose, and ask you to pray for us in your faith.

Please pray for every child, like Rebecca, who suffers for God's Glory! It's difficult for kids to understand why they suffer and others do not. Why others walk, and they cannot. Please pray for each of them to know and understand Jesus' love and Purpose for them and their suffering!

Remember, Jesus loved children the most! No where else does he say:

But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and [that] he were drowned in the depth of the sea. Mat 18:6

Please pray for our efforts to help these children. Pray we are protected from the spiritual battles that can engulf us and derail our efforts. Pray that we do as Jesus Purposes for us, in our mission for kids like Rebecca. Pray that we succeed for our Lord and Savior's Purposes!

I hope that our small effort bears fruit for you and your congregation. I have no

doubt that some of your faithful brethren are challenged far more than we and they also need prayers and a spiritual uplift. This booklet is written for them and you. Please let us know if it has helped those in need, or if you have questions.

Also, pray to Jesus for your direction in response to this letter, He will guide you and your Congregation in His Divine Love and Purpose.

Pray so Rebecca fulfills Jesus' command to her:
“teach people to pray!”

Blessings on your journey in faith, in these challenging “Latter Days”!

In His Name, and With His Love,

Ed & Rebecca Nemeth
EdNemeth@CHERISHfoundation.org

Rebecca and I believe, in faith:

- 1 *The bible is the inspired word for God and we take every passage, word, and “jot and tittle” seriously.*
- 2 *Jesus is God and one with the Father and with the Holy Spirit*
- 3 *Salvation is free by accepting Christ in each of our lives*
- 4 *Every called Brethren has a Purpose in their lives to fulfill*
- 5 *My calling is to care for brain injured children and promoting their care, as well as being Rebecca's “pen and voice”*



Rebecca Marie

*“and jesus told me to go back
and teach people to pray”*

Read Rebecca's
“autobiography”:

www.CHERISHfoundation.org

under our picture,

Click On:

“And, God Kissed My Forehead”

*Like all of God's priceless blessings,
Rebecca's story is free, but it will truly
enrich your soul!*