

## Dizzy Spell

*Vera Hardiman*

In the days before mobiles,  
I had a debilitating dizzy spell that  
derailed me.

I was in my thirties, a new believer  
in Jesus, with young children to collect from school.

The dizzy spell comes suddenly.

I stop driving and get out of the car.  
My head is spinning.  
I'm too sick to drive.

I vomit on the bonnet.

Maybe now I will feel better and  
be able to drive?  
I ask myself.  
I get back into the car.  
My head spins.  
Now I feel sick again.

Oh God, help. Help me, God. Oh, God, I feel so sick,  
I call out to my Lord.  
I get out of the car yet again and  
I am sick on the bonnet  
again.

Yet again, I climb back into the car.  
My head is still spinning.  
Maybe I can try driving now?

I again ask myself.

No, I can't drive yet.

I don't feel better.

I call out to my Lord,

I can't believe this. What am I going to do?

How do I call my husband for help?

Should I knock on someone's front door?

Ask to use their phone?

I have no answer from my Lord.

I tell myself how silly I am:

Good idea, Princess, but you are forgetting something.

You are forgetting that you can't walk.

Your head is spinning.

I pray,

Oh, help me, God. I am desperate, and I need you.

Help me, Jesus.

A man appears

at my driver's side window.

I ask myself,

Is he a friend? Or is he a foe?

I don't know.

I decide to take the risk.

I open the window.

He is holding a strange-looking long device.

I cannot work out what it is.

I frantically ask myself again,

Is he friend or foe?

I think I answer:

Friend.

I don't think he wishes me harm.

He says:

I can call any number you need. I work for Telecom.

I repeat his reassuring words to myself.

I can call any number you need. I work for Telecom.

For a moment, I am lost for words.

Then I think about God.

How does he do this?

I ask myself.

I explain to the Telecom man what has happened and what I need.

He is very matter of fact.

He does not plague me with questions.

He does just what I ask.

He calls my husband and tells him where to come and why.

Before leaving, he rings the school and tells them what has happened.

No questions asked.

Thank you,

I whisper.

Thank you, God! You are amazing!

My peace returns.

I relax.

I wait.

My husband appears. All is well.

They say God sends angels

to help his little flock.

Later that day, my husband takes me to the doctor.

Diagnosis: Labyrinthitis.

Here are tablets to stop the vomiting.

The doctor is helpful and kind.

Thank you, Jesus.

To the kind stranger:

So tirelessly you telephoned.

You have been a trustworthy and  
tender-hearted Telecom technician. Thank you