

Marty Kittle Testimony

It's the times in life you can't see the mountain top, that knock the chunks out of you and begin the process of forming you into the person that you are today. Every day life sands the edges where the trials have left you jagged and damaged. It's these times when you must turn your life over to the only One that is strong enough to get you through. That One is the Creator, The Alpha and Omega, The King of Kings, The Lord God Almighty....Jesus Christ the author of our Salvation!

2017 had been a pretty tough year for my family. Financially we had struggled, and there were some changes taking place with our sons, as they spread their wings and began their adult lives. These new dynamics weighed heavily on our family, especially myself. My wife De and I were raising our daughter, Elaina and living the best we could. I remember a conversation that De and I had the week between Christmas and New Year. We made the statement, "we are going to make 2018 a better year and we would do whatever it took to make that happen." The first week of 2018 was only the beginning of the trials that were to be put in our path. This is our story!

It began with me coming down with the flu and missing the first seven days of work for the new year. Then Elaina came down with the flu as well the second week. In that same week, De came home from work with a severe pain in her stomach and had to be admitted to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. This brings us up to the beginning of the 3rd week of the year that "we were going to make a better year."

The morning of Monday January 22nd started out just fine. De was home recovering from her surgery, Elaina and I healed from the flu and I headed back to work. The day went by quickly and soon it was time to come home. De called and asked if I would run into Buckhannon and pick up some food that her cousin had made for us, so she wouldn't have to cook. I went to her place of work and picked up the tray and headed through town to go home. I ate some lasagna for lunch that day and had the worst case of heartburn I'd ever had. A couple of the guys at work asked if I was okay or not when leaving work. I decided to stop at a local Dairy shop, grabbing a milkshake to help neutralize the acid and stop the heartburn. As I started my way up the ramp to the highway, I got a severe shooting pain through the left side of my abdomen and all the way down into my groin area. It took my breath away, but I just kept driving home. It was a twenty-five minute drive to our house, but it seemed like hours. By the time I arrived home, I could hardly get out of the truck and walk into the house. I told De I wasn't feeling well and just wanted to lie down for a bit. I tried to use the bathroom but couldn't get urine or stool out. I went into the bedroom and lay down on my right side, trying to find a position that didn't hurt as much. It seemed like hours had passed, but actually had only been 20 minutes. I asked De to call our neighbor Donna, who's been a nurse for forty years. As De explained my symptoms, Donna stopped her and urged her to get me to the emergency room as quickly as possible. My brother Danny and his wife Jamie rushed me to Davis and Elkins E.R.

I remember very little of the ride and just a few flashes of things that transpired after entering the E.R. department. The last thing I remember is doubling over in the waiting room. The rest of what happened that night has been revealed to me from my family, the Doctors and the Nurses that were put in my path to save me in this physical body. My chief surgeon, Dr. Blair, told me that I looked up at her just before they sedated me and asked if I

was going to die. She said, with tears in her eyes, “I will do everything in my power to prevent that.” Dr. Blair also admitted that she wasn’t sure I would make it out of surgery, after cutting me open and seeing the damage and condition it had left my internal organs in. My colon had perforated causing toxins to enter my entire system, causing Sepsis. Dr. Blair attempted to repair the tear during this surgery and the process of cleaning my system out began. I wasn’t expected to live through the procedure.....BUT I DID !

I remember my family gathering around me with tears and smiles as I began to wake up. I also remember being really thirsty and begging for a drink of water. During that week, I have faint memories of being in a dimly lit room, using the bathroom once and walking in a hallway with De. My next memory was seeing De on my left and Dr. Blair on my right, standing at the foot of my bed. At that time, my body went into shock and shook uncontrollably! I remember them asking me what I wanted to do, to which I replied “something isn’t right...do whatever it takes to fix it.” So, I was rushed into a second major surgery on day seven, almost to the hour of the first one. It was during this procedure that things went horribly wrong and my fight for life hit its full potential. The perforation in my colon that had been repaired had come apart and I was again in the clutches of full blown Sepsis shock. My body began to shut down; all of my organs except for my heart and brain shut down, I had to be put on life support to get through the surgery. Dr. Blair had to wash my organs and put in an ostomy in order to save my life. It was after this, I got transferred to Ruby Memorial Hospital in Morgantown, WV. The Life Flight Team transported me by ambulance because weather conditions would not allow for flight. My kidneys had not come back in line and I had dialysis every other day to keep from becoming sick even more. After waking up, I only recall one thing completely clear. As God is my Savior, what I’m about to share with you is the absolute truth and it’s as real as life itself !

I remember being in a fierce battle where I had been severely injured during the fight. I was being helped by a woman with long light colored hair and she was wearing a white gown. As I lay there, I could hear and see the battle progressing all around me. The sky had a strange red tint to it, with dark black clouds making a backdrop for balls of fire and thick smoke filling the air. I now know this was the scene of fighting demons everywhere I looked. There was a horrendous smell of something rotten and burning flesh. I heard terrifying sounds that were so loud it hurt my ears! Then everything went silent and that whole scene transfigured into a sandy desert-like background. I remember how extremely hot and dry the air felt and I could still smell the odor of things burning, but saw no fire. Next, I saw black clouds and a mass of NOTHINGNESS way off in the distance moving towards me. It swallowed everything as it moved in an uncontrolled, jagged and erratic way. Besides the sandy dirt that made up the landscape, the only other thing there was an old, gnarly dead tree. There was a pedestal with a book on it just to the other side of the old tree. I don’t know if it was a man, or what resembled a man, but he stayed just out of my sight, using the tree to block himself. He told me he could make all my pain go away, that I would be cured and everything would be perfect...all I had to do was sign my name in the book! I could never quite see his face, only quick glimpses of the side of it or a blurred look for a split second. He was always just out of sight and focus. I struggled with what I should do. His promise of making the pain go away sounded so good! Then I noticed the blackness had come so much closer than it was earlier. I could see its jagged edges engulfing everything in its path. I was experiencing a pain that was unbearable, like I’d never known. This pain was so unbelievable, that I can’t do it justice in words...I WANTED IT TO STOP!

I'm ashamed of myself for what I was about to do, but I just wanted the pain to stop. The man kept saying he could end the suffering and pain if I would sign my name in that book. As I began to walk toward the pedestal, I could hear the man chuckling and mumbling something under his breath. It was just low enough to know something was being said but couldn't be clearly heard. Suddenly, there was a very dry and warm breeze, as I reached for the corner of the brownish colored book that had gold inlay. I wanted to open it and make everything stop. But, as I reached the next blank page where I was to sign, that breeze turned to a gust which flipped the page over to the back. By this time the man on the other side of the tree was laughing loudly in a sinister kind of manner. The blackness from the cloud was right on top of me and was about to consume myself, the man and that gnarly old tree. That's when I read what was written on the back of the page. It read as follows: "Everything was a lie, you are so stupid to believe that I would take all this away, you have been tricked and now you are....." That is as far as I got! At this point I became angry, with a very different kind of anger. The anger that now engulfed me was like nothing I had ever felt before. It was as if every part of my being was at its capacity with a rage that couldn't be stopped. I turned and stepped toward the man who was laughing at me. I was going to tear him in pieces, ending him and his game!

As I reached for him, I instantly knew the black cloud was about to envelope the two of us. At that instant, there was a rush of lifting force coming from beneath me and I felt the pull of gravity, as I was being swept up. After this, I looked down and saw I was standing on the deck of a pure silver boat. Two hands seemed to be lifting the boat up higher and higher. There was no sign of the man I was so angry with, no trace of darkness, no desert landscape, no red tainted sky and no black clouds.....only light and a calmness I'd never known until that moment. Then there was the most powerful, soothing, intense, calming and reassuring voice that I've ever heard. It wasn't terrifyingly loud; it was completely encompassing and filled my entire being. It said this to me, "YOU'RE SAFE, I HAVE YOU."

I spent the next month or so in two different hospitals fighting infections and trying to recover from the ordeal my body had been subject to. I have some memories during that time, but not many are clear. There are a few that are clearer than I want them to be, but some things are better left unsaid. I, to this day, have not looked at the photographs my wife took to document this time in our lives, and I don't know that I ever will. It's been over two years since I and my family's lives were changed forever and I still struggle with the effects of it all. I have nerve damage, balance and hearing problems, struggle finding the right words, stutter some, short term memory issues and the list goes on. The one thing I can tell anyone and everyone is that my GOD IS REAL, and He took the time and patience to show me His Power. He has used that power to save "this" sinner's life. He has given me the opportunity to share my story and testimony to others of His Grace. I am, and will forever be grateful for all of this, because it was through this tribulation He showed me I needed to change my life. This life we have is precious and we should not take anything for granted, for it can be taken away in the blink of an eye.

If you are reading this, and you've never acknowledged God in your life, or have not given your life to Jesus Christ as Savior, I invite you to do so soon. God loves you so much that He sent His Son Jesus to pay the price for your shortcomings (John 3:16), as He did for me when satan was lying to me at that old tree. I used to think I had it all under control until this happened to me, but now I know I need a savior and can't make it to heaven by my own works (Eph. 2:8-9.) If there's anything I can do to help you find Christ in your life, please contact me, as I don't want anyone to miss Heaven or a life of peace.