

George Hudson Journal Entries Extracted From The Entries About Obadiah

General: George became my roommate in about June of 2007. He had lung cancer, but never smoked in his life. He became a Christian just after being told he had cancer. I met him in church and offered him my support.

As of 29 July, 2007, regarding in George... his condition is still rough and painful, but he is in high spirits.

As of 11 November, 2007, tests from September (2007) show the lung cancer is gone from George's brain, back, lower spine, and shrinking in the left lung. He is fairly active and doing things, but not working yet. Many are saying he has experienced a miracle. Hopefully that will be confirmed by the end-of-the month (November) MRI scans of his lungs. Of, course, George continues to find fellowship with the Lord and learn His ways.

As of 7 December, 2007, George still hasn't had the tests from November completed. There was a mix-up in scheduling by his doctor. He is looking for a new doctor. Also, it seems his financial aid will limited to \$5000 for his medication, so now George will be needing an another agency or get donations from friends: about \$3000 per month. His previous agency says he owes them \$2100 which he doesn't have. I asked him to find a lawyer, as the medical receipts are inconsistent in billing amounts. Yet, it is my prayer that George has the tests completed with the hope of discovering that the medication isn't needed anymore... I told him that.

30 December, 2007 – I lost a friend. George Hudson went to be with his Lord and my Lord at 6:15am on December 26th. If George had done those tests in November, then they might have discovered the cancer had migrated, again, into his brain and would eventually form a fatal tumor – more radiation treatments might have stopped the cancer. But who's to say?

Email Accounts (I sent these to Church friends - 24 Dec 07):

Dear brothers and sisters in Christ,

Regarding our (Charlotte Hall, Mike Sabat, and me) visit with George at Newport, RI, Monday morning:

We arrived at about 3 am to his room Monday after a 11 hour drive Sunday night (Christmas Eve). The hospital was nice to let us in so early (Thank You Holy Spirit). He looked to be in a comma, but a nurse said he was not. So we talked to him about our trip to see him, and other things. He eventually woke, but he could not talk, but tried sooo hard to talk with grunting throat noises in replies to us. He eventually sat up and fully opened his eyes, still not able to talk. He reacted to us very strongly with continuous body movements; and it is our opinion he knew who we were and understood what we saying to him. He would calm down when Charlotte asked him to clam himself. He was coming down from a drug that kept him sedated. He tried so hard, in a awkward way, to get out of bed as if: "You guys, get me out of here.... you know I hate this and them drugging me" (and we knew he hated doctors and didn't want to be there). We had to get a nurse to get a groggy George back into bed. All this activity was far more than anyone else there had experienced with George. His mom was surprised to hear of this activity. She had visited George earlier, but she was not around during our first visit 3 hour visit. We talked and joked around with George - and prayed a lot.

We went for a snack, then an hour nap in our rent-a-car. At 9:30 am we returned. His mother was there too, and was visiting with the doctors. The doctors are saying he will pass-away in a week, maybe longer, maybe less... apparently there is no effective treatment. The cancer tumor is causing lots of "micro-strokes" in his brain. In time, he will lose his memories, etc. We visited for a short while, but they had already sedated George. We sat there in sadness and out-loud prayer for George to hear in his sub-conscious. Charlotte prayed and cried; then look on from a distance with just me and George there together alone positioned across from each other (him in the bed – me in a char). Eventually George open his eyes and looked directly at me for a minute, then close his eyes (Thank You Holy Spirit for that). We departed back for Virginia. We got here about 11 pm.

While many say it is over, we agreed in prayer that we will have faith for a miracle from God. We all also ask: please pray for George to get his voice back so that he can demand the doctors stop sedating him; that they then tell him what is happening. They won't tell him everything. We suspect the seizures and sedation drugs are keeping him from talking. Pray for his mom, friends, and the doctors.

We are greatly saddened by the affair of George's circumstances, yet we feel, indeed, "called" to be there; and we very feel "blessed" by George's reactions to us. Myself, as his roommate, feel a strange deep connection during this time which involves intense loving compassion for George.... a lot of tears... I am sure the others felt similar.

1 Corinthians 12:26 - If one member suffers, all suffer together; if one member is honored, all rejoice together.

All my love, Tracy

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Dear brothers and sisters in Christ,

At 6:15 am George Hudson, age 37, 26 December (2007), went to be his Lord and our Lord, in peace and with all our love.

All my love in Spirit, Tracy

I want to share this. I wrote this yesterday in the morning after breaking down in tears; talking back-and-forth with George through the Holy Spirit -- and myself with the Holy Spirit. It was as if I was feeling, spiritually, all of George's frustrations, anguish, and shock of what was happening -- plus my own frustrations... so painful, spiritually. This happened after waking-up from the first sleep since getting back from Newport, RI, early Christmas morning, 5:00 am. This is one day before George went to be with our Lord.

A Prayer Lament For My Friend George Hudson:

Lord, "help my unbelief." Forgive me of my sins! Thank You for washing me clean, my Creator; my Awesome God! You, oh Lord, pour Your love into me for others so deeply - so much empathy and loving compassion; yet my prayers to see them healed oft go unfulfilled, as if my faith oft is too weak to see Your glory expressed in their lives for You.... Jesus, Yeshua, I find myself blaming myself even if it is Your Will another must suffer or die. Oh Lord, increase my faith to the tiny crumb size of an atom, not the huge size of a "mustard seed," that I might not be so weak in serving You in sincere love in the lives of others; these brothers and sisters that you have brought into my life circumstances during my stumbling walk with You -- a "walk" for service in Your Kingdom; in all love and peace - Lord, my Master, let not my failings and sins, or my weak understandings, be a reason for Your loving kindness and mercy to be held-back from those I find myself praying for, in love, in Your holy Name! Teach me quickly so that my friends might suffer less of me and my errors in faith! Yet, let Your Will be done even if I must suffer in seeing my friends being hurt or dying; friends I cry for in many tears of lament, at times, Oh Lord. Again, hear me, I will not give up on them, even if all my prayers are seeming exercises in futility... even to the bitter end of this life time in this sick terrible world. Adonai, my Salvation, hear my plea! Abba Father, hear my cries and laments of this changing and repenting contrite heart for my friends that I love!! Oh Adonai, cause me to see myself in your Strong Tower daily: unable to ever leave while understanding Your Love is too great for me ever to cease noticing or experiencing; yes, finding myself being washed in the Spirit of Your Love and forgiveness -always! Holy Spirit, Rauch HaKodesh, my Fortress, make me your passionate experiment in Love that has a wonderful conclusion in real time in You and all Your Creation. This, a prayer lament, in Yeshua's Name. Amen.

Tracy

In memory of my friend who was on fire for Jesus; a friend I loved and watch grow quickly in His devotion to our Lord; my frustrations in love and tears of the hard things of life in the walk of faith in Jesus, our Lord, Yeshua HaMashiach, Barukh atah Adonai.

Journal Entry: The Miracle Of George (Jan 10, 2008)

(25 Dec) I arrived back from Newport Rhode Island; here to my condo at about 12:30 am. Tired; I've been awake for over 40 hours. I took a shower and finally broke-down to hard tears when my cat "Bubba" begins to howl. He has never done such a thing. It was as if my cat "knew" something was wrong... asking me: "Where is George." * Bubba and George were good friends. I was too tired to cry for long. The shower ended and I went to bed.

(26 Dec) I suffered terribly over George this morning. I awoke into hard long tears of lament at about 4 am. I talked with George through the Holy Spirit.... it was as if we were spiritually connected by the efforts of the Holy Spirit. George was in terrible spiritual pain; he was feeling alone and confused; fearing death; frustrated that God had not healed him after it seem God had done so. I was feeling George's emotional agony. It was the worst thing I ever experienced. So this is why we talked: the Holy Spirit, George, and me. It was limited between tears of suffering for a few hours. I had never expected this to happen. I never knew, until now, just how much the Holy Spirit had "connected" me and George... ever since I met him back in March in Bible Study at the church.

My girl friend comes over. We spend a peaceful afternoon together talking about George and watching some Stargate DVD episodes.

(March 2007) The Bible Study teacher asks: "Are there any more prayer requests?" George raises his hand and says he has lung cancer... and he was sitting next to me... and we had not met yet. I was deeply touched by the Holy Spirit; the Spirit wanted me to talk to him immediately after class, to "Lay-Hands" on him and pray. I did. We became instant friends.... only 6 months earlier, George gave his life to Jesus and was baptized at the church. He was a new Christian. He was trusting Jesus for healing - he hated the doctors. He accepted only limited treatments of chemo and radiation.

I went home to see my family for the first time in 20 years; to see my sister who was fully recovered from serious case of breast cancer. The Holy Spirit was healing my family situations. After returning; George needed a place to stay after his girl friend asked him to move out of her home. George became my roommate. The sense of rejection George experienced was hard for him to deal with. He and his girl friend would "make-up" and "break-up" several times over the months. A week before George goes to be with the Lord, she sends George a written letter to "break-up" permanently. His X-girl friend took his death hard... it was as if she was searching for redemption; but what she needed to do was forgive herself as God does when we confess our sins. I told her that she needed to realize that "The George" now in heaven is nothing like the George she knew, because he looks back at her through the eyes of Jesus, having been completely changed into the "New Creation" found only in Jesus through the Holy Spirit (1 Corinthians 15:52, Colossians 3:10, and Ephesians 4:24).

George and I had argued the week before he left to Newport. It seemed he and I were never close as human "friends." What George and I had went much deeper in Spirit than I ever could imagine. Agape-Love is a powerful force in the Holy Spirit. I did love George in a spiritual way, and often told him that: "We're brothers, George, in Christ. All that is mine is yours." Later, a day before George left to Newport, he opened-up his "armor" to share a lot of personal stuff with me. We looked through each other's photo albums and picture collections from when we each grew-up as kids. It was nice and telling.

Now it is the morning of the 26th; about 7 am. I awake and can't feel the emotions of George anymore through the Holy Spirit connection we had. The suffering agony emotions were all gone! What had happened? Perhaps I was deluded about this connection; that, it was only me feeling my own sorrow and doubts. I wasn't sure what to think. It never even crossed my mind that George may have died. I didn't feel the pain of George, because he died earlier, but I didn't know it yet. He was in the peace of the Holy Spirit.

Now, it is about 10 am, I get some phone calls. I learn that George has died in the flesh. But something was wrong: I wasn't feeling grief!

I decided to go to the parking lot, sit in my truck, and worship for a while; and wait to see if the Holy Spirit might tell me anything. I began to sing my normal order of songs; a few are sad laments for the lost and unsaved. I entered the Spirit early. I was filled. I tear-up during these sorts of lament songs... often I get a filling of the Holy Spirit at these times... of his deep love for the lost; grief of their rebellion against him. This happened again, and I could not feel George; my tears were not of grief for George. What was going on? Another song begins playing. It is a happy song; "Days of Elijah." I sang with all my heart in the joy of the Lord. As I was singing, I suddenly got flooded with the emotions of George through the Holy Spirit, of George's sense of peace and otherwise his happy countenance he had in the flesh. He says to me through the

Holy Spirit: "Tracy, I can now sing way better than you ever will!" Wow! This is cool, I thought. "George, it is so nice to hear from you this way!" George couldn't sing hardly at all in the flesh. So this was funny: him saying this. We talked some more in Spirit (all thoughts and emotions). He mentioned how he was in the New Jerusalem; that there was no sun or moon, that only the Light of God illuminated the place... just as the Scriptures declare in Revelation. George was speaking to me through the Holy Spirit from the future... that is cool. I hadn't thought things like that were possible; but God and the Holy Spirit also exist in the future. It makes sense the God-Head could communicate back to people in the past whom are filled with the Holy Spirit (He is Omni-present); be it me, another, or John when he wrote the Book of Revelation. That happy experience put me at rest regarding George. I immediately called my girl friend, Charlotte, and we talked about what happened. She agreed: we would not have a gloomy memorial service for George, rather, it would be a celebration of his on-going life victory he now has in the Heaven of our future. That service is now over. It was a great time!