

SuperGal vs GOD – Second Edition

Excerpt

From the corner of my eye, I saw Henry, one of Ben’s day nurses, approach the door. He apparently had seen the flurry of activity and stopped to see what was going on. I started to raise my hand to get his attention but suddenly pulled it back down.

Henry had started to cry.

SuperGal watched as tears flooded his eyes. He swiped his fists against his cheeks then turned and walked away.

She knew now that if the nurses were crying, it was all but over.

Do something, SuperGal!

This is it! Use your whiz-bang powers. Get up—now! Come on, girl!

What’s wrong with you?

SuperGal leapt from the chair, ready for action. Desperate.

Terrified.

And utterly helpless.



God pounded on her door and threw some pebbles at her window. Time’s almost up!

Satan high-fived his posse, then threw back his head and laughed out loud.



“I’m sorry, Lori,” Jane said as she approached my chair in the corner of the hospital room. “You’ll have to go to the waiting room now until we’re finished. I’ll be down to get you as soon as I can.”

“Help him, Jane. Please save him!” I cried.

But I was begging the wrong person. The people in this room were already doing everything they could. They were turning their medical bags over and shaking out the crumbs of their final tricks.

I walked over to Ben's bed, struggling to hold back the storm in my soul. His feverish hand was limp as I picked it up and kissed it. Jane stood by, but I didn't move away. I couldn't. My heart was breaking and I was terrified to move.

"Lori, we have to go. The doctors need to work on Ben right away."

Gathering every scrap of courage I could find, I turned and walked out of the room.

Would it be the last time I saw the rise and fall of his chest?

As I waited for Diana to return to the hospital from her hotel, I paced the corridor near the elevators.

Sobs erupted from my throat. What happened? How had this all gone so wrong?

I was furious.

Incredulous.

Helpless.

I had never faced a situation I couldn't control or fix in some way. Staring down the hall, I strained to see the faces of the doctors coming and going from Ben's room. Finally, as my legs weakened beneath me, I slumped against the cold plaster wall near the pay phones.

My head hung in despair. I was out of ideas and out of hope. There wasn't a single thing I could do.

SuperGal had failed.

And God had me right where he wanted me.



Do not forget to entertain strangers, for by so doing some have unwittingly entertained angels. (Hebrews 13:2 NKJV)

I felt him before I saw him. Someone had stopped close in front of me and was saying something.

My tear-blurred eyes climbed from the floor to his face, noting the unlaced designer sneakers, baggy jeans, and striped shirt.

The tattoos. The dreadlocks.

He was young, maybe eighteen or twenty. I had never seen him before. Our eyes met, and he reached out to place his hand on my shoulder. "Is there anything I can do for you, Miss?"
I was momentarily startled and confused. Where had he come from? It was past midnight.

"My boyfriend is in really bad condition," I mumbled as I stared at the floor. "I don't think he's going to make it."

“God is able, you know,” he answered gently. “There’s *no* situation he can’t change. It’s never too late.”

“Yes, I know,” I lied.

“Would you like me to pray with you?”

“No, I’m fine, really. Thanks for caring though,” I said as I flashed him a watery smile. SuperGal couldn’t bear to reveal her failure to the rest of the world.

While she could comfortably insist upon taking on the world’s problems, she couldn’t accept help from others.

And she’d already tried prayer. It had proved to be a waste of time. “Are you sure there isn’t anything I can do for you?” he asked again. “I’ll be okay but thank you. I appreciate it.”

“I want you to know that nothing is impossible with God. Give him a chance. Trust him.”

Too late.

She had failed, and so had God. At least she had given her best effort. SuperGal was resigned. It was over. The sadness welled up and overcame her again. She covered her face with her hands.

When she looked up, he was gone.

Without a sound.

No elevator had arrived. The double doors back into the SICU hadn’t opened. The corridor past the elevators only led down a long hallway to another critical care unit. Maybe she had been too overwhelmed to notice where he went.



God was busy kicking at the door, trying to save her.

SuperGal was too stubborn and too shocked to hear him.

Remember the man caught in the flood?

Her second lifeboat had just pushed away, leaving her to nervously watch the rising waters.

Satan rubbed his grimy hands in glee.