

Building Unbreakable RESILIENCE

This is my story, for HIS GLORY!



Author: Lee Whaley

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Mark Twain once said, "The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why." Hello, my name is Everette Lee Whaley, but you can call me Lee. Like many of you, I've spent almost 70 years asking myself some big questions: Why am I here? What is my true purpose on this Earth? I've had my share of tough times — more than I'd like to count. But through it all, I've learned one crucial lesson: every day is a fresh start, a new beginning. And each morning, I decide that I'm going to make it count. That's why I'm here today, to share my story with you — for His glory. I hope it will inspire you to build unbreakable resilience, discover the power to overcome adversity and help you realize that you are the winner you can be. Because if there's one thing I've learned, it's that resilience can turn any setback into a powerful comeback.

I want to tell you a little about my life and some of the tragedies I have gone through—not all, but a few. I know that everyone on the face of the earth has faced some problem or tragic event. If you're breathing, you have problems. But the real question you have to ask yourself is, "How am I going to handle that problem?" And what am I going to do about it?

The answer lies in one word: **RESILIENCE**.

So, what is resilience? According to the dictionary, it's the ability of a strained body to recover its size and shape after deformation caused by compressive stress. But more importantly, it's the ability to recover from or adjust easily to misfortune or change. I want to share with you how resilience has been a cornerstone in my life, helping me navigate through a series of unexpected challenges.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

To me, resilience is the ability to look at the bright side of a bad situation and to push through when others doubt or give up. It's saying, "I'm going to make it," even when the doctors give up and say there's no hope, or when friends and family suggest there's no chance. Job's wife told him to curse God and die (Job 2:9), and believe me, there are times when you feel like doing just that. But then, deep down inside your body and soul, something says, "NO, I'm not quitting and giving up, NO WAY!" That's when resilience kicks in, and you're on your way to a great comeback.

That is where my story begins: a quick rundown of some of the tragedies I have overcome in the past 70 years—not all of them, but some.

When I was 3 ½ years old, I had my first brush with death. We were at Lake Erie, and as my family prepared the boat, my dad and uncle put it in the water, and my mother watched from the dock. She told me I was walking down the dock with my little suitcase in hand when, without warning, I jumped right into the water. My mother started screaming and yelling, "Help, help, please! Lee jumped into the lake!" My Uncle Charles ran over and looked down into the water but couldn't see anything. Then, he saw two blue eyes reflecting the sun, looking straight up. He jumped in, grabbed me by my hair, and brought me to the surface. He said I was mad at him the rest of the day.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

I didn't have any water in my lungs; I wasn't choking. I was sitting on the bottom of the lake. I really can't imagine what I must have been thinking. I went on my first deep-sea dive without any equipment—no air tank, no snorkel—just my little suitcase. I'm sure it was floating away in Lake Erie while I was sitting on the bottom, looking up, a shadow of things to come! **Miracle #1!**



The next tragedy of my life happened in the 4th grade. We were playing baseball, and I was the catcher behind the batter. Raymond hit a foul ball over the fence.

When I jumped the fence to get the ball, my foot got caught, and I fell straight down into a pile of blocks. My left arm went into the blocks, and I broke it. I had a compound fracture in my elbow—my bones were sticking out of the skin, and my forearm was barely hanging on. Needless to say, I couldn't catch any more with my arm in that state, so I walked home.

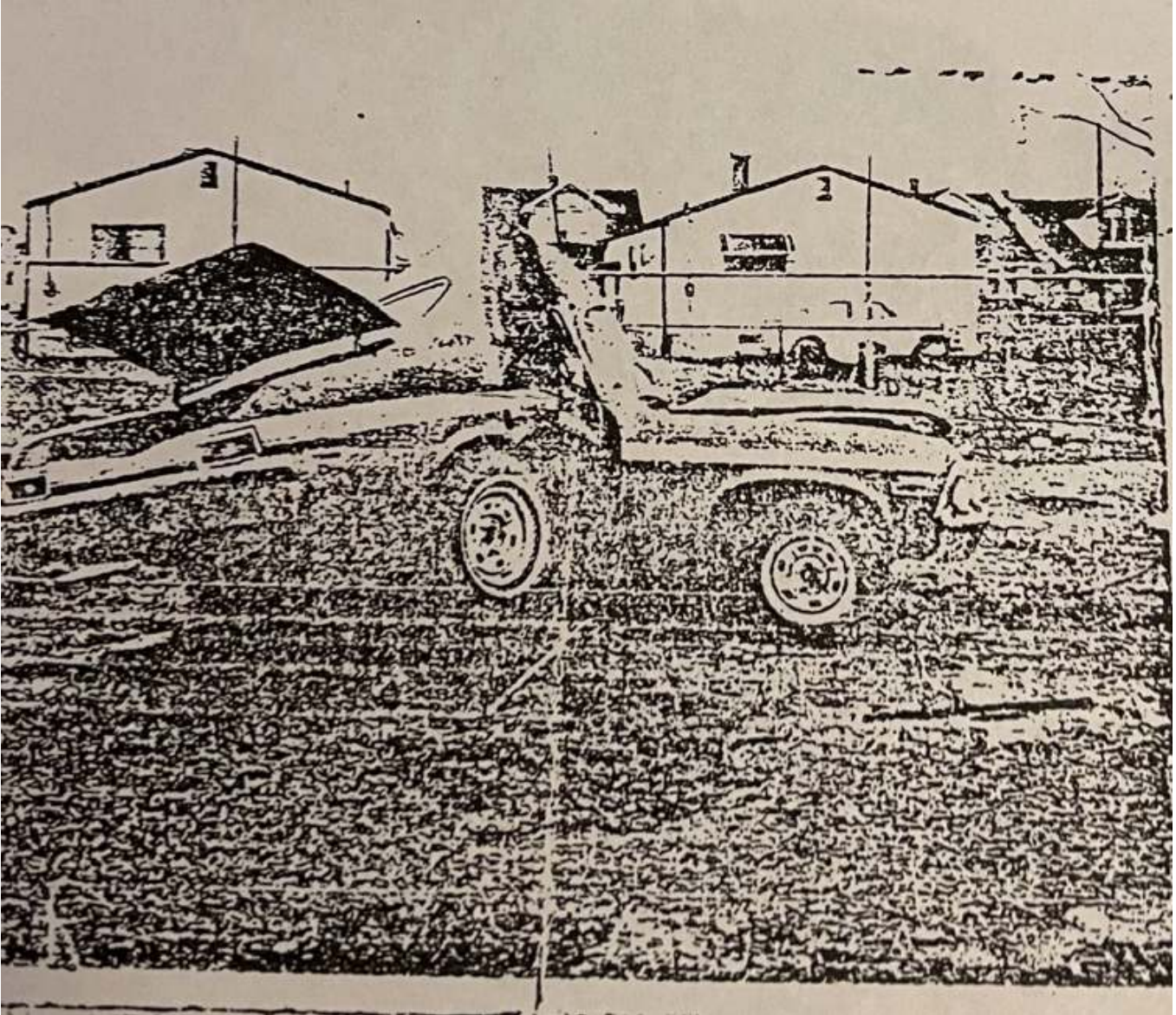
From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

When I got home, my mother saw my arm dangling by the skin, and she fainted. My dad quickly grabbed her, got her awake, put me in the car, and we rushed to the hospital. I was in the hospital for a week. They had to do surgery to put my arm back together the best they could. The doctors told me I would only have half the use of my arm when it healed if it healed like they thought it would.

But I wasn't going to accept that. "Resilience kicked in." My arm was in a cast for two months, and after that, I started working on it every day. I kept pushing it down, even though it hurt until it bent back as it should. By the next year, I was playing baseball as a catcher again and even made the all-star team. That's resilience, my friend, and the grace of God!

Years later, I broke my right arm in five different places after falling off the loading dock at the carpet mill while getting a couple of rolls of carpet. I had a carpet store, and I would go to get my carpet at night since the mills stayed open 24 hours a day. After breaking my arm, I drove an hour and a half to the hospital near my home, Cobb General. They X-rayed it, saw that it was fractured in five places, put a cast on it, and sent me on my way. It was only a few hours before I had to open the carpet store, so I didn't get much sleep. But we did get the carpet installed that day! Anyway, my arm healed just fine.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!



My next story is a life-changing one. I was never going to be the same again.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

On February 6th, 1972, I was in a major car wreck on the Southfield Freeway in Detroit, MI. The car I was in was a brand-new 1972 Rally Sport Nova. My friend David had asked me to go with him to his uncle's house in Detroit. He needed to deliver some things from the drug store where he worked because his uncle and aunt were going to Hawaii. I agreed to ride along, not knowing that this trip would change my life forever.

As we were driving, everything seemed normal until suddenly, out of nowhere, our car veered off course. (This is the only picture I have of the car—it's a copy of a copy. I was sitting right where the light pole hit. Lucky me.)

While driving on the Southfield Freeway, David told me someone had cut him off. When he hit the brakes, we slid on some ice, and the car went out of control. It veered up the bank and slammed into a light pole—right at the spot where I was sitting. The impact crushed my door, and the front windshield was almost touching the back windshield. There were only about 18 inches of space between the driver's door and the passenger's door. I was completely crushed inside the car.

A doctor who saw the wreck pulled over and climbed into the car. He/She performed an emergency tracheotomy on me right there and then left. I never knew who that doctor was or their name, but I have a sneaking feeling that when I get to heaven, an angel will come up to me and say, "Lee Whaley, you kept me busier than a one-armed paper hanger. By the way, I was the one who got into your car that night, performed that tracheotomy, and got you back to life." And then, I will bow my head and say, "Thank you!"

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

By the time the ambulance arrived and got me out, I was dying. The nearest hospital, Mount Sinai, couldn't take me because they were handling another emergency, so they took me to Mount Carmel instead. It was a Sunday night, and as fate would have it, five doctors were at Mount Carmel for a meeting. I needed all five of them to work on me.

I died twice on the operating table, but they had this brand-new machine that they hooked me up to, which brought me back to life. Mt. Sinai didn't have that machine. All five doctors worked tirelessly to get me stable, but I was in critical condition. I had broken both of my legs, suffered a ruptured stomach and spleen, all the ribs on my right side were broken, and my right lung was punctured.

I was drowning in my blood, so the doctors made an incision in my right side, just beside the rib cage. When they did, blood came pouring out and spilled all over the floor. They had to use bed sheets to mop it up. Needless to say, I needed several blood transfusions. My head was swollen to the size of a basketball, and my right eye had been knocked out of its socket, hanging on the right side of my head like a boiled purple egg. I was unconscious for five days.

I spent fifteen days in intensive care and a total of forty-two days in the hospital. On that first Sunday night, the doctors told my mom and dad to call the family in because they didn't think I was going to make it. They gave me a 10% chance of survival, but not much hope beyond that. So, my sister and her husband drove in from Atlanta, GA, and my family was preparing for the worst. But God had other plans (Jeremiah 29:11).

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

After three days, the doctors told my parents that it looked like I might make it. However, if I did survive, they warned I could be a vegetable due to a lack of oxygen to the brain, suggesting I might have brain damage. Back then, they didn't have MRIs or CT scans so they couldn't be sure. It wasn't until thirty years later, on the exact same date—February 6th, 2002—that I found out I did have brain damage. But who's counting, right? *Lol*.

Back to the wreck: the doctors also told my parents that they were going to have to amputate my legs—definitely the left one and maybe the right one as well. But a doctor from Dallas, Texas, named Dr. Mike Green had just started using metal to mend broken bones, and he saved both my legs. For my right leg, he used a metal rod, and for my left leg, he used metal plates, pins, and screws. It was called a Jewett Nail Plate. It had been around for a while, but it wasn't perfected yet. Thank God it worked for me.

Remember, I was in the hospital for forty-two days, with fifteen of those in intensive care. After I woke up on the fifth day, my mother was sitting beside my bed crying, and I didn't know what was going on. She said I started asking her with sign language where I was and what had happened. (I had a deaf uncle, so I learned sign language, even though I never met him—go figure!) She said that when I started talking to her in sign language, she knew right then that I was going to be alright.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

I was in terrible pain, and thank God for morphine. Here's the rest of my story: Once I found out I had been in this car wreck, all I could think about was getting out of that hospital. Both my legs were in traction, I had tubes in my side and throat, IVs in my arms, and I had to have five blood transfusions while I was there. But I kept telling myself over and over again, "One day I will be out of here. One day my legs will be healed. One day I will walk again." I knew I would never play sports again, but what the heck—4 out of 5 isn't bad! *Lol*.

They told me I would be in a wheelchair for a couple of months and then on crutches for another few months, probably with a limp and who knows what else. But by the end of April, I was walking without a wheelchair or crutches. I didn't have a limp, but I was very slow. I had lost weight, dropping from 180 pounds to 130 pounds—I was skin and bones.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

I want to tell you when you're in this much pain, and your whole body has been traumatized, you start thinking about life a little differently. But I kept telling myself one day it would all be over; I am still waiting for that one day, lol. But that day did come; after all, kinds of physical therapy for just about everything, and in time, I could return to normal; now, this is a new normal. I wouldn't play football anymore, which is probably good. I will say that I love sports. I played football. I was a center and a defensive end, played baseball, was a catcher, and pole vaulted on the track team. I was not great, but I enjoyed playing sports. Oh yeah, I played a few seasons on the basketball team. I was a shooting guard; back then, they called it right guard. My sports days are over, but I am still alive and doing fine. Amen. One of the great things was that my school system sent me a tutor so I could finish my 11th-grade year at home and pass to the 12 grade; she came out twice a week. I don't remember her name, but she was one of my favorite teachers; she only stayed at my house for a couple of hours when she came, and then off she would go, which means my teacher saw me for about 4 or 5 hours a week, anyway she gave me my assignments, checked my work I would always get A's and B's you see I had these two girlfriends, "they were only friends." They would help me with/"DO" all my assignments, but they did ask me if I was getting all of this, and the answer was always "Oh Yea." I am getting it, and I appreciate it so much! What can I say? I finished the 11 grade with a 3.80 average, whatever that means. Lol, and I went into the 12 grade and graduated with all my friends that I had been going to school with most of my life; it was great.

It was really cool and something I would never forget. All the kids I graduated with were the same ones who sent me get-well cards, prayed for me, and encouraged me during my recovery. Now, they were congratulating me in their own way. But I never quit hoping; I was determined to keep moving forward and live my life.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

By the way, eighteen months after getting out of the hospital, they took all the metal out of my legs, and I was almost back to normal. When they removed the metal, I was in more pain than when they put it in. I'm sure it was because I wasn't on the strong morphine-like I was the first time.

Can I tell you something funny? When they gave me a shot of morphine the first time I was in the hospital, it was so strong that it would knock me out for about two hours. When I woke up, I would hallucinate. I saw all kinds of crazy things, like a train coming right through my window! I remember screaming at my mother, telling her to get out of the way because a train was coming straight at us. I still vividly remember seeing that train coming into my hospital room on the 6th floor. Thank God, she couldn't see it and didn't panic—because it wasn't there.

Another time, I was lying in my hospital bed—where else would I be, right? I had this bar hanging off all my traction equipment, which I could grab to pull myself up. Did I tell you that both of my legs were in traction? They were hanging there by weights to prevent the bones from healing the wrong way or something like that. Anyway, I saw a bowling ball sitting on that bar, rocking back and forth, and I started screaming at my mother to get that bowling ball before it fell on my chest.

Bless her heart; she kept telling me, "Lee, there is no bowling ball. You're just seeing things." But I saw it clear as day, and I just knew it was going to fall on me. Eventually, it disappeared, just like that.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Now, one last story—I promise this one’s funny. It was the middle of the night, and I woke up to see the man in the bed next to me, Dewberry, who had lost his leg in a motorcycle wreck. He had a wheelchair sitting next to his bed, and I thought to myself, “If I could get into that wheelchair, I could go home.” Ah, morphine-induced logic!

So, somehow, I managed to pull myself up and unhook my right leg from the traction rope. Well, needless to say, when those weights hit the floor, it sounded like a bomb going off, and the whole floor panicked. Lights were flashing; nurses were running everywhere. In the end, I never got close to getting into that wheelchair. I got in a bit of trouble, too. My punishment? “Go to sleep!” *PLEASE!*

Anyway, now that I was out of school, what was I going to do? I’m glad you asked. My brother-in-law, who lived in Georgia, told me that if I wanted to move there and work for his company, WoodSpan, he’d gladly give me a job as a shipping and handling manager. That meant I’d drive a forklift, load and unload trucks, and keep the saws supplied with lumber—we built floor trusses.

That sounded good to me, so the day after I graduated high school, I moved to College Park, Georgia. This is where my full-time job and new life began.

On my first day on the job, I was reunited with my first cousin, Mike Warmack. He had just gotten out of the Navy, where he had served for four years, and Aaron, my brother-in-law, gave him a job too. If you don’t believe in fate, I hope you will see that there are some things you just can’t explain any other way.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

What do I mean by that? I'm glad you asked. How many of you reading this would say there have been moments in your life that happened just when they needed to, moments that, if they hadn't occurred, your whole life might be completely different? We turn left when we usually turn right and miss an accident, a phone call comes at just the right time, or a long red light makes us pause—only to realize it was all for our own good. You get the point.

Well, meeting up with Mike again was one of those moments for me. Warmack and I became best friends—we were closer than brothers. I was the best man at his wedding, and he was the best man at mine. We started doing everything together, as best friends do.

I won't go into great detail here, but I want you to know that we started drinking beer and alcohol every day. By the time I was twenty years old, I was an alcoholic. I was drinking every day, living recklessly, never thinking about the car wreck, the drowning in Lake Erie, or all the other close calls in my life. I was just living the life.

Then, something happened that changed my life all over again. Warmack got religion, and it turned my world upside down. My drinking buddy had changed 180 degrees, and he wasn't coming back—and I'm glad he didn't. Now, for the rest of the story.

It was a Friday night, and I got off work and did the same thing I did every payday. I went to the liquor store, bought my beer and alcohol, and headed to Warmack's apartment, where we would party all weekend long. I played the banjo (no remarks, please), he played the guitar, and sang bluegrass.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Anyway, when I got there, I walked in as I always did, but this time, sitting on the couch were two men in suits and ties. It looked like some kind of business meeting. There I was in my tank top, cut-off blue jean shorts, and Caterpillar ball cap, already drinking and probably close to being drunk. Warmack came out of the kitchen, took my beer and liquor, and put it away. I asked him, "What in the heck is going on?"

He tells me, "I want you to talk to these two fellas. They are from Antioch Baptist Church, and you need to listen to what they have to say." Like I said, I believed in God, but I wasn't in the mood to talk about church. But Warmack is my best friend in the world, so I listened.

To make a long story short, anything they asked me, I would say, "Oh yeah, I believe that," trying to shut them up and get rid of them. But what I hadn't realized was that Mike had gotten saved and given his heart to Jesus—whatever that meant.

After a few hours, they asked me if I would like to give my heart to Jesus and be saved. I said, "Not right now, maybe later." They asked if they could pray for me, and suddenly, things started to come back to me. I told them they could pray for me, and after they finished, they left. I felt a sigh of relief, but it wasn't over by a long shot.

So after the men left, I figured we'd go into the kitchen and start drinking. I asked Warmack, "What in the heck have you gotten yourself into?" He looked at me and said, "What do you think about what those men were talking about?" I shrugged and said, "I really don't know. Let's just get drunk, and we'll talk about it in the morning."

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

But then Warmack did something I didn't expect. He pulled out the beer and liquor from the bag and started pouring it down the drain. I couldn't believe it—he just poured \$25 worth of beer and liquor right down the drain! He turned to me and said, “You're gonna listen to me.”

For the next 24 hours, all I heard was that I needed to be saved, that I needed to give my life to Jesus, and that I needed to believe in the Bible. All of a sudden, everything started to make sense—the car wreck, the drowning, people coming into my hospital room to tell me they were praying for me, that little boy in the snow, and all the other things I'd been through.

It all hit me at once. I prayed and asked Jesus Christ to forgive me of all my sins and to come into my life. That Sunday morning, we went to Mt. Carmel Baptist Church, where Brother Benny Bradey was preaching. I said yes, I wanted to become a Christian, and both Warmack and I were baptized and joined the church.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Looking back, all of that became my life story, and on November 9, 1975, I realized it was a miracle that I had lived. There was no way all those things could have happened without a higher power watching over me. It all made sense—at least all the miracles that night—God had a plan for me, and it was just getting ready to start!

Never underestimate the power of God—Amen.

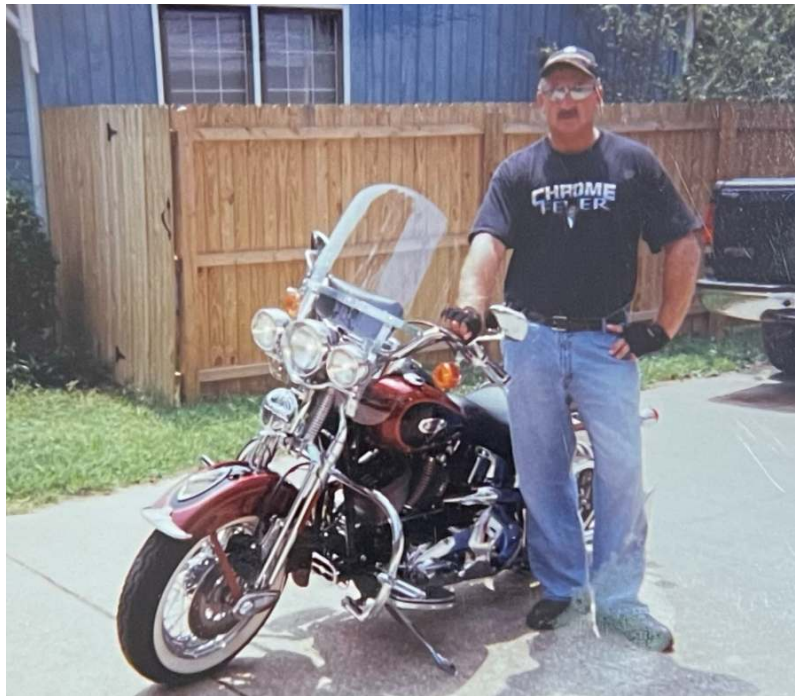
Now, I want to remind you of something very cool: remember my Uncle Charles, who saved me from drowning when I was a little boy? Well, Mike Warmack, the same person who led me to the Lord and saved me from hell, was his son. Can you see the irony in this? Oh yeah, by the way, I had the honor of preaching the funerals for both of them.

You may be asking yourself, what does all of this have to do with resilience? For me, it all ties together. Without resilience, I believe I would be dead. **Fate, faith, and resilience** always lead to victory—at least, they have for me. I believe God puts the desire to win in all of us—a desire to overcome adversity and build that unshakeable resilience. This resilience helps us get through life as winners and enables us to help others who may be struggling with life's problems, who might want to quit or give up.

You come beside them, share your story, and your battles with troubles and trials. You have to understand that life is a battle, and we are here to help each other, not live isolated on an island by ourselves. We are here to win and not lose. **Amen.**

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Here's another quick story—I think you'll get a kick out of this one. I was going through a midlife crisis and decided I needed a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. I've always loved riding motorcycles. I rode them as a teenager and even had one in my early 20s before I had to get rid of it. Now, in my mid-40s, I felt the need to have another motorcycle.



After having my Harley for a few months, I went on a ride with a bunch of motorcycle enthusiasts from a group called the "Moo Cow Bikers"—a group of bikers from the Chick-fil-A organization. We rode up to the North Georgia and North Carolina mountains, taking on the curvy roads. It was late in the evening, and I was getting tired—a dangerous state when you're riding a motorcycle.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

As we were going around a downhill curve, the floorboard of my motorcycle hit the pavement, causing me to lose control and wreck. I was thrown about 50 feet and hit the pavement with the back of my head before rolling into the grass. When I looked up, there were already buzzards circling above me, and my right hip and the back of my head were killing me. To be honest, my whole body was sore *lol*.

They called an ambulance, and I was taken to the nearest hospital. They X-rayed my legs, and, to make a long story short, my right pelvis was fractured in several places. But I was still alive, despite hurting a lot. My motorcycle was badly damaged but not totaled. I called my wife to tell her I had a wreck and was in the hospital and that she needed to come and get me. So she did, and I went through another healing process.

Oh yeah, I should mention that my daughter Amanda was getting married the following Saturday, and I had to walk her down the aisle and give her away—without crutches. Thank God for pain pills! *lol*

Now, I want to sum it all up with one last story—another life-changing experience. Here's how it goes:

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

It was October 31, 2013. I woke up feeling sick to my stomach, and I knew I needed to throw up. When I did, I don't want to gross you out, but it was solid blood, and there was something floating in it that looked like a ball with little spurs on it. To say I was scared would be an understatement. It reminded me of what happened to my dad right before he died, so it was natural for me to worry.

I called my doctor, and, miraculously, he was able to see me right away. I had taken pictures of the blood and the ball with spurs and showed them to him. He immediately sent me for X-rays and told me he would get back to me as soon as possible.

The next morning, at 8:00 am, he called and told me to go to Cobb General Hospital for a CT scan. They had to work me in because they had found a mass in my right lung. For the next thirty days, I was in and out of doctors' offices and hospitals, undergoing all kinds of testing, including an MRI with contrast.

Finally, the results were in. I had stage three lung cancer. The cancer was spread across all three lobes of my right lung, and they determined they had to remove the entire lung. After several more tests and meetings with doctors, surgeons, and anesthesiologists, the verdict was clear: I was going to lose my right lung.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

The surgery was scheduled for December 3, 2013, the day after my 59th birthday. I couldn't help but think back to my dad—his surgery was on his 57th birthday, December 2, and he died 26 days later. A little side note: I was born on his 30th birthday. It made me wonder if I might die on the same day he did. But then I thought, "Well, maybe not. Not today!"

They took out my right lung, and as far as they could tell, they got all the cancer. But it wasn't over. I went home after two days in the hospital, feeling pretty good considering everything that had just happened. But soon, I started feeling very sick. At first, I thought it was because I had lost my right lung. But nope, that wasn't it.

On December 26, as I was getting ready to see my oncologist, Dr. Andrews, I noticed a strange liquid running down the dresser. I asked Annette, "What in the heck is that stuff?" She gasped and said, "Oh my gosh, your right side has busted open, and it's coming out of your side!" I lifted up my right arm, and there it was, pouring out like a water hose.

Annette quickly grabbed some bath towels and managed to stop the leaking, and we called an ambulance. They rushed me to Kennestone Hospital, where I had my lung removed. Once there, I was taken straight into the emergency room. The doctors ran all kinds of tests and X-rays, and, oh yeah, they sewed me up to stop the leaking.

They determined that I had a staph infection in the right cavity where my lung had been removed. I was very close to death, and they had to perform emergency surgery. For the next 20 days, I was on antibiotics, steroids, and a constant flow of cleansing fluid running through that cavity 24/7.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!



I went from 240 pounds to 160 pounds I lost 80 pounds.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

The doctors thought I was going to die, but I didn't. (**RESILIENCE!**) Nope, not now, not there, no way, no how. After everything I've been through, I thought to myself, "This is another test, and I am going to make it." And I did. I was feeling pretty good for a man with only one lung.

But then it happened again. Around mid-October 2014, I started getting sick again. To make a long story short, I went to several doctors, received all kinds of diagnoses, and took different medicines, but I wasn't getting any better and I was getting sicker and sicker and on December 26th 2014,

My daughter Brittany called and told me I had better get to the hospital. She said I was turning grey, and it was serious. So, my wife loaded me into the car, and off we went back to Kennestone Hospital, just in case it had something to do with my lung surgery or any of the other complications.

You are not going to believe this, but it's true: I had staph again, only this time it was worse. They did emergency surgery again, opening up the front of my chest to start cleaning out the infection. What had happened was that the stump where they had cut the lung off had opened up, allowing the infection to get in.

I lost 80 pounds and had the same setup as before: tubes in my side and back, antibiotics, steroids, and other medications running 24/7, cleaning that cavity out. After 21 days, I finally went home, but it took a couple of months to start feeling better.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

At my 5-year checkup, my oncologist told me that no one at the hospital thought I was going to make it—they were sure I was going to die. But I didn't.

I want to share something that I hope helps you fight life's battles. When I first found out I had cancer, and it was deadly, I started praying and asking God, "Why me?" I was preaching on the streets, teaching Bible study, going to church—"Why me, Lord?" And as clearly as if someone was speaking to me, God spoke to my heart and said, "WHY NOT YOU?"

I realized He was exactly right. Then God gave me a verse of scripture that I quoted every day—it was Isaiah 54:17:

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord."

God told me that I would make it and use my story for His glory in all this suffering, trial, and tribulation. And that's exactly what I've been trying to do ever since!

There is so much more I could tell you about the things that have happened to me in my life, but I think you get the message! I never thought about quitting or feeling sorry for myself. I just wanted to get back to my life. That's what I call **RESILIENCE**.

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

As I wrap up my story, I want to ask you, the reader, to take a second look at your own situation. No matter how bad things get, no matter how hopeless they may seem, there is always hope. You need to do whatever it takes to make it to the other side, to beat the odds, and to tell yourself, “I know I can make it!”

You can't quit or give up, no matter what happens. You have to keep moving forward. Tell yourself, “I will beat this cancer. I will find a better job. I may be broken now, but it isn't going to last forever.” **NO WAY—NO HOW!** I am going to be the winner, even if it takes the rest of my life.

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for your time and your support. Now, let's change the world—or at least our own world—and enjoy life!

NOTE: This is Lee Whaley saying goodbye until we meet again!

Have a GREAT DAY! THANK YOU! Romans 8:29-31: And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. 29 For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren. 30 Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified. 31 What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

From SETBACK to COMEBACK!

Here is a list of everything I can think of that has happened to me over the past 70 years: I almost drowned in Lake Erie, I have had my appendix taken out, my tonsils taken out, I have had two hernia surgeries, I have broken both of my thumbs and all my

Here is a list of everything I can think of that has happened to me over the past 70 years:

- I almost drowned in Lake Erie.
- I've had my appendix and tonsils taken out.
- I've had two hernia surgeries.
- I have broken both of my thumbs and all of my fingers at different times.
- I have broken both of my arms and both of my legs.
- I fractured my pelvis in several places.
- I have broken all the ribs on my right side and punctured my right lung.
- I ruptured my spleen and ruptured my stomach.
- I had my right eye knocked out of its socket.
- My right temporal lobe and my brain are damaged.
- I have spinal stenosis, three bulging discs, and one herniated disc between L2 and L3.
- I have had back surgery.
- I had lung cancer, even though I never smoked, and my right lung was removed.
- I got two staph infections and nearly died three times.
- I have a Schlotzsky's ring (you'll have to look this one up).

From **SETBACK** to **COMEBACK!**


I'm sure I've forgotten something, but I believe you get the point. Through all of this, I kept moving on and did not give up. When you add it all up, the times I nearly died or was just days away from dying, it would be nine times. Yes, I said nine times.

When I hurt my back and was diagnosed with lung cancer, I lost my job and my house. And there we were, starting over at 70 years old. Amen!

The key to winning is never giving up. Everything that has happened to me has made me realize how challenging life can be, but you have to be tougher and depend on God. And for that, I have to say thank you, Lord. Amen.



Goodbye and I hope you Have a GREAT DAY!



LIFE IS TOUGH AND SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BE TOUGHER!

My prayer and hope for you is simple, I want you to realize no matter how hard life gets you can make it, I have seen people give up and quit just when they were getting ready to win. Remember the story of the two miners digging for gold, they were both getting very close to striking it rich, just a few more shovels of dirt and they were going to be millionaires, and then the miner on the left quit digging and went home, broke and tired. The miner on the right kept saying I know one more dig one more shovel and I know I'm going to hit gold, Sure enough a few more feet of digging and he hit one of the biggest veins of gold ever discovered and he went home a multimillionaire. Moral of the story KEEP ON KEEPING ON, your vein of gold is just a few inches away!