



CHRONIC PAIN

FINDING HOPE IN THE MIDST OF SUFFERING

ROB PRINCE

CONTENTS

Acknowledgments	9
Introduction	11
1. Chronic Pain Stinks (Excuse the Medical Lingo)	15
2. My Chronic Pain: Dealing with Migraines	33
3. Pain and the Bible: What the Bible Says about Chronic Pain	45
4. Pain and Healing: Almighty God's Miraculous Working	55
5. Pain and Prayer: Asking for Physical Relief	71
6. Pain and Sin: The Role of Sinful Behaviors and Sickness	97
7. Pain and Life: Doing All That You Can Do	109
8. Pain and the Calendar: Waiting without Relief	119
9. Pain and Longing for Heaven: When Life Seems Unbearable	127
10. Pain and the People You Meet: It Takes All Kinds!	137
11. Pain and the People You Love: Your Pain Isn't Yours Alone	149
12. Pain and the Minister: Being a Spiritual Leader while in Pain	159
13. Pain and Hope: Keep on Believing	169

1 | CHRONIC PAIN STINKS (EXCUSE THE MEDICAL LINGO)

But God is like a sweet aroma for the pain sufferer.

If you are one of my fellow Americans that struggle with chronic pain, then you already know that it stinks. There's not a silver lining on the cloud. It doesn't matter if you're a "cup is half empty" or "cup is half full" type of person. It doesn't matter if you are a positive-thinking optimist or if you have a black cloud over your head, always negative Nellie. Even if your team wins the Super Bowl, your rich uncle from Hoboken puts you in his will, and the weatherman says the day is perfect, chronic pain still stinks.

Even with the Botox injections that I receive every three months (thirty to forty shots in my melon), I still have three or four headaches a week. Sometimes more. Occasionally they are the massive variety. By that I mean sitting-in-a-dark-room-with-no-noise-and-occasionally-nauseated massive variety. When my head is pounding, it does not matter how the Detroit Lions (my team of choice) have fared, how much cash is sitting in my bank account, or how sunny the day is—chronic pain stinks.

PAIN IS NOT THE ONLY BATTLE

There are times when all I can do is cover my head and try to eliminate any message to my brain—if I can't see anything, hear anything, smell anything, or touch anything, then maybe the migraine will be manageable. It will only be like a drum and bugle corps (not the whole marching band) is stepping through my cranium. It's difficult to describe the experience. At their worst, think of a constant Slurpee brain freeze: intense pain without the sugary goodness of a Slurpee. Most generally, my headaches are a constant present throbbing pain that is exacerbated by noise, light, and smells.

It's tough to sleep when pain is raging.

It's difficult to think when an intense pain is uncontrolled.

My doctors have put me on a strict diet in an attempt to eliminate different food triggers.

My pharmacists and I are on a first-name basis.

Pain has disrupted nearly every aspect of my life.

Still, sufferers know that the pain is not the only battle.

Sometimes the “cure” is as bad as the pain. I have tried several different daily medications with varied amounts of success. None of the medications have provided a miracle cure, and all of them had serious side effects.

One medication caused several memory lapses. Memory lapses and preaching sermons are not a good combination. I have been in the middle of a sermon and forgotten where I was heading with a point, or more frequently I have not been able to pull out the right word for the point I was making. I forgot names of people—prior to the medication, remem-

bering names was one of my strong suits. The memory gaps were more than a little frustrating.

I knew that the memory lapses were bad when I was picking up a new set of prescription glasses from the optical department at Wal-Mart. Since I was in the store, my wife, Karla, asked me to also pick up some chicken for dinner. If you are keeping score at home, I had two tasks: get my eyeglasses from the optical department and purchase some chicken. Simple, right?

I went to the optical department first, gave my receipt indicating that I had paid for my glasses to the worker, and then went to get my chicken. While waiting in the checkout line with my lone item, I received a call on my cell phone from the optical department. They informed me that I forgot my glasses in the department. How strange. I had one task in the optical department: to pick up my eyeglasses. I had already paid for them. All I had to do was pick up the glasses. That's it—just grab them. How could I not do the only task I had? I had no idea how that could take place. So I thanked the optical department worker and assured him I would pick up my glasses after I paid for my chicken.

On my way out of the store, I grabbed my glasses and proceeded to my car, at which time I discovered that I left the chicken (the only other item I was purchasing, remember) at the checkout. How does one forget his chicken when he was only buying chicken? I only had two tasks and I forgot to grab either purchase. Something had to change. The medications (that were not eliminating my headaches anyway) were not worth the memory hassles. My doctor tried another one. It wasn't much better. My fingers and toes constantly felt like they were asleep. We tried still another one. It tended to aid in weight gain and made my mouth feel dry all the time. We tried some more. Again, there were plenty of side

effects and little relief. I'm trying another new one right now. Will it work? I hope so, but I'm not holding my breath.

Botox has helped me somewhat—it has eliminated the strength and duration of my headaches, but it has not eliminated them. More on that experience later.

All of this to say, those are just a few of the annoying side stories of a life scrambled by chronic pain. There are many more that I could share.

Bottom line: chronic pain stinks. From the obvious pain, to the drain on the family, to medication hang-ups, to the dietary restrictions, to the sleep disturbances, it all adds up to a rather stinky situation.

Do others deal with more difficulties? Obviously, yes. Does that bring comfort when traveling through a rough pain journey? Not really.

LAZARUS'S STINKING SITUATION

There is only one story in the Bible where God's Holy Word says that a particular person's life stinks. It's an amazing story of God's miraculous working in a person's life. With a simple word, Jesus transformed four-day, stinking-dead Lazarus into a living, breathing, alive Lazarus. In my estimation it is the most remarkable of all the miraculous deeds Jesus performed.

During most of my growing up years, we didn't have children's church. Everyone from toddlers on up went to "big people's" church. My parents were in the sit-still-and-be-quiet camp and didn't believe in bringing crayons and coloring books to occupy my time in church. So this fidgeting, couldn't-sit-still-if-my-life-depended-on-it kid had to (very unsuccessfully on most Sundays) sit still in the very hard pews at the little church we attended.

One way (I should not admit this) that I tried to pass time was playing the “nasty Bible verse game.” Ever play it? A long-winded preacher and threats of “not sparing the rod” were enough incentive to play the game. The object of the “nasty Bible verse game” was to find the grossest, weirdest, or funniest Bible verse that I could locate. It’s a rather juvenile game. But the game fulfilled its purpose in keeping me quiet in church and keeping my nose in the Bible. The story of Lazarus includes one of the funny verses in the Bible. At least, to my adolescent mind, I considered it funny.

As you remember the story, when Jesus finally, oh so finally, arrived on the scene, Lazarus had been in the grave for four days. Jesus insisted on going to the cemetery. Not only did he insist on going to the graveyard, but he also insisted on seeing the body and having the rock that was blocking the entrance of the tomb removed.

Martha, the sister of Lazarus, thought that was a really bad idea. Here’s how John told it:

Jesus, once more deeply moved, came to the tomb. It was a cave with a stone laid across the entrance. “Take away the stone,” he said. “But, Lord,” said Martha, the sister of the dead man, “by this time there is a bad odor, for he has been there four days.” (John 11:38-39)

The last phrase is the part of the verse that always amused me. That is the one spot where God’s Holy Word points out that “there is a bad odor” in that tomb. To my juvenile mind that verse was the stuff of great heavenly humor. In fact, I like even better the way the King James Version reads. It says: “Lord, by this time he stinketh.”

My older sisters would frequently tattle when I happened to “stinketh” too. I could relate to old Lazarus when his sister ratted him out for his nasal-offending ways. Of course, I never had as good of an excuse as Lazarus for my offensive odor.

Still, I could relate as a boy to Lazarus, and in many ways on my pain journey I still can relate, maybe more so.

The smelly days of a boy who didn't like to take a bath are behind me (mostly). Still, I understand that life can sometimes stink.

WHEN LIFE STINKS

Sometimes life stinks—not because of sin (although we will address this issue as it relates to pain in another chapter)—sometimes life stinks because of poor choices. (We will address that later too.) Sometimes life stinks because of other people's poor decisions. And sometimes life just stinks—not because of any action of our own or anyone else.

Sometimes life just stinks.

I don't know if you've thought about this fact, but as far as we know, Lazarus did nothing to get himself into his "smelly condition." He wasn't at fault. He got sick. He died. Maybe it was a heart attack; maybe it was kidney trouble; maybe it was a brain hemorrhage. He got sick, and he died. It was not his fault. No one was to blame. Four days later, when Jesus showed up, Lazarus stunk.

Like my brain hemorrhage, sometimes life just happens. And it stinks.

I've known people who, through no fault of their own, have found themselves in some pretty stinky situations. June (not her real name) was such a person. June was completely messed up. She could not relate to people. Every relationship in her life was a total wreck—in her marriage, with her kids, and with every other acquaintance, she seemed to be in constant conflict.

People would try to get close to June, but she would always get mad. She had a knack of sabotaging even the most wonderful friendships and most helpful people in her life.

She would find a way to end those relationships that she desperately needed.

People were afraid of saying the wrong thing around June. She would frequently take what others said the wrong way. On one occasion, June called me quite upset because of a thank-you note she received. A thank-you note! She simply could not relate to people. I remember thinking, “What happened to June that caused her to be so volatile?”

And then I met June’s mother. I had heard rumors about this woman. None of the stories were good. She was always described in very unflattering terms by those who had encountered her. I would learn that all the descriptions of this lady were wrong. They weren’t severe enough.

But June’s mom was in the hospital, and June asked if I would visit her. That’s what pastors do. We visit and pray for sick people in hospitals. So I went.

Usually people are nice when a preacher shows up at the hospital. Most people figure they could use all the prayer they can get when they are in a hospital and when a preacher shows up, they are most generally on their best behavior. Not this lady. June’s mom was angry, mean, and very strange. It was one of the most bizarre hospital visits I have ever made. It wasn’t medication or pain that put this lady in her state of mind. She was completely unstable. Some would say evil. I seriously doubt that I helped her mom all that much by my visit, but it sure helped me to understand why June was the way she was.

I thought, “If that’s the way her mom is to a complete stranger who is simply trying to be nice, and if that’s who was June’s primary caregiver, then it’s no wonder June doesn’t know how to relate to people. It’s no wonder she doesn’t know how to hold a pleasant conversation. It’s no wonder she

doesn't even know how to receive a compliment. If that was her role model, June's life growing up had to stink!"

Sometimes people's lives stink. Through no fault of their own, their life just stinks. Because of abuse or circumstances out of their control or sickness or just the junk of life, they might find themselves looking around and saying, "What did I do to deserve this? My life really stinks!"

If you are a chronic pain sufferer, then you've probably thought that too. "I didn't ask for this. I don't want this. This pain feels like it is killing me. Life stinks."

CHOOSING STINK

Of course, some people are responsible for the stink that they are in. Their choices, their decisions, their behaviors, their attitudes have led them to their stink. That happens too.

I had a friend who worked at a pig farm. It was a really big pig farm. He was proud of his pigs and wanted me to see the whole operation. The day we decided for me to see his farm, I had other things going too, most notably a lunch date planned with my wife, Karla. Still, I had never visited a pig farm and thought this was a wonderful opportunity to see my bacon before it got to my plate.

When I arrived, my friend had coveralls for me to wear over the top of my clothes. He told me I needed to wear the coveralls or I would smell like pig when we were through. Have you ever smelled pig smell before? Without trying to be offensive to Porky or Arnold, there are a lot of bad smells in the world, and pig smell is one of them. I didn't need to put on coveralls to keep the pig smell off of me; I needed to wear a yellow, emergency hazmat suit that a nuclear disaster response team wears. There was no way I was going to visit

all the barns and piggies without leaving with some pig smell on me—coveralls or no coveralls.

Still, I went ahead and saw all the little piggies and the whole piggy operation. Even though I knew that I was to meet Karla (and her near superhuman sense of smell) afterward, and I knew those coveralls probably weren't stopping the stink of the pig barns and operation from infiltrating onto my clothes, I continued on. The piggies were cute.

I think during my little tour of the operation, I had grown accustomed to the smell and didn't realize just how overwhelmed with pig stink my clothes had become. As soon as I left my friend's pig farm, I went to see Karla, and no sooner had I walked into her office (she may have smelled me driving down the highway—I'm telling you, she is a superhero when it comes to smells) when she said, "Where in the world have you been? Ooh! You stink." Just in case you are wondering, you never want the first words out of your wife's mouth upon greeting you to be, "Ooh, you stink." That's never a good thing.

No one twisted my arm to go into the pig barn. I didn't have to go. I chose to go in. I wanted to go. I knew it would make me stink. Still I went in. It was my decision.

Sometimes it is our decisions that lead to a stinky life. Usually those choices lead to much more serious consequences than a wife's turning up her nose at a smelly husband. There are some choices that we make that contribute to chronic pain, and eliminating those triggers will help alleviate some of our troubles. In a later chapter we will discuss doing all that you can to help eliminate or avoid some of the triggers for pain. Not all pain is random and coincidental. Some pain is the result of the choices we have made.

JESUS IS THE WAY THROUGH THE STINKING TIMES OF LIFE

Here is what you need to take away from this chapter: whether you find yourself in a stinky situation of your own doing or simply because of the way life is, Jesus is the way through your stinky situation. Notice I didn't use the word *out* but rather *through*. Will Jesus heal you? Maybe. But whether you are the recipient of a huge pain-busting miracle or whether you carry it with you to the pearly gates, Jesus will see you through!

I think my favorite sequence of verses (I've moved beyond thinking that "he stinketh" is the best part of the story) in this passage about Lazarus is what happened next:

Then Jesus said, "Did I not tell you that if you believe, you will see the glory of God?" So they took away the stone. Then Jesus looked up and said, "Father, I thank you that you have heard me. I knew that you always hear me, but I said this for the benefit of the people standing here, that they may believe that you sent me." When he had said this, Jesus called in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come out!" The dead man came out. (John 11:40-44)

I love that last phrase because four-day-dead men don't "come out" of anything. Four-day-dead men don't move. Four-day-dead men don't roll over. Four-day-dead people don't yawn, sneeze, or blink. Four-day-dead men don't even twitch a little bit. You know what four-day-dead people do? They stay put. Four-day-dead men stay exactly where the mortician placed them. But not in this case! The dead man came out!

How did he come out? He was still wrapped up in the burial clothes and still stinky, no doubt. Looking like a PG-rated horror movie, the mummy-like Lazarus walked out of the tomb.

John doesn't tell us everything that happens next. He just moves on with the story of Jesus. (It is the story of Jesus, after all, and not the story of Lazarus.) He tells us that Lazarus took off the graveclothes (with a little help from some folks). But then he probably went and took a bath (trying to wash off the four-day-dead stink) and got cleaned up the best he could. Maybe he splashed on some New Spice. (Could there really be Old Spice in the first century? I don't think so.) But I imagine he did whatever he could to get rid of the four-day-dead stink. Jesus raised him from the dead, but the stink of death was still on him.

WHEN THE STINK LINGERS

I point that out because while Lazarus had been raised from the dead, there were still a few tasks he needed to accomplish before the stink of death was gone. He had to get out of the mummy clothes and get cleaned up. For many of us, that's a problem. We like things cleaned up quickly. We don't like thinking that Lazarus still had a little stink on him as he came out of the tomb.

We love quick-change stories like that of a NASCAR pit crew. We like stories like my dad's life story. Christians love to hear my dad's story. By his admission, my dad was a drunk, found Jesus, and never ever, ever had another drink again. He found Jesus, and "Boom!" No more alcohol! His conversion was before the popularity of twelve-step programs, Celebrate Recovery groups, or anything else. He just accepted Jesus, and that was it. No more alcoholism. He never fell off the wagon in his fifty years of being a Christian. He was completely and totally changed. His was a great story.

But not everybody's story is like his. It's not always that clean-cut. For a lot of folks, it's two steps forward, one step

back, three steps forward, two steps back. This is especially true in dealing with chronic pain.

I've discovered on this pain journey that there has not been a "boom! all of my headaches are instantly gone and life is instantly good" moment. There has been relief in stages. But sometimes it's two steps forward, as I'm doing well for a week or two, and it's a step (or sometimes two or three steps) back as new medications, diet, and treatments are tried with varying degrees of success.

My point is that sometimes when we begin to exit our "tomb" we still might have a little stink to us. Could Jesus instantly and forever change us in a "boom! all is better" type of moment? Absolutely. It just hasn't happened that way for me. Not yet.

We are really good at rejoicing in the powerful, radical transformations like my dad's. We say, "Yippee! Look at that guy! He went from a drunk to a board member. Wow! He never fell off the wagon! He did great!" But with those people that struggle, we haven't always been so quick to come alongside them. And that's too bad. Because when life stinks, that's when folks need a friend by their side to hold on to them and whisper in their ear, "Keep on going! Jesus is with you! You can make it!"

Rather than pretending that the church is for people whose lives are perfect and that everybody in church is perfect in every way, maybe we should admit that the church is full of people who are imperfect and quite frankly have a little bit of a stink to them.

Can I say it that way?

Many people who know my struggle with chronic pain will ask, "How are your headaches?" They would love to hear and I would love to tell them, "Man, they are gone. Completely gone. God has completely made me well!" But it hasn't been

that way. Sometimes they are a little better. Sometimes they are a little worse. So usually, I just say, “Oh, they are doing about the same. But that’s okay. God is helping me.”

This pain journey is a stinky one. There are times when I paste a smile on my face and go to church or around town and act like everything is terrific: I pretend there are no troubles and act like there is no stink when inside I know the truth—it’s been a rough day, my head is pounding, and I have a sermon to preach.

The “beauty” of headaches is that you mostly look the same with one as you look without one. It’s not like when you have a broken bone and everyone can see the cast. One looks about the same with a headache as he or she looks without one. Maybe that’s not so beautiful after all. Maybe that’s part of the problem.

Our churches are filled with people who are dealing with stinky issues. Mine happens to be headaches and migraines. Often you might not be able to tell that people have troubles, but they do. People have issues, and all of us need to be reminded (again and again sometimes) that even when life stinks, Jesus is there and he will help us navigate through the stink.

Did you read that?

Jesus is the way *through* our messy, stinky situations. Hearing Jesus’ voice in the midst of the stink is the way through! And sometimes—let me restate that—often he provides the voices of fellow stink bearers, fellow Christians who are battling their own stinky situations to offer just the right soothing, kind, perfect word and the prayer we need for that moment.

HELP FROM FELLOW STINK BEARERS

My help has often come not from fellow pain sufferers but from people who know a thing or two about suffering.

I was in the midst of a particularly “migrainey” couple of weeks. I’m not exactly sure why—maybe it was the spring weather, allergies, my diet, my last round of Botox wearing off, or all of the above contributing to a daily pain in my noggin. All to say, I was looking forward to my quarterly Botox injections that particular day. Normally, a sane person would not be excited to receive thirty to forty shots in the melon, but truth be told, I was ready.

As a matter of full disclosure, let me also admit that I may be getting less tolerant in my old age, because that particular week’s injections left me feeling more of a pincushion than normal. I always close my eyes and count down the number of injections left. I try to pray or think happy thoughts or make conversation with the doctor and his assistant while they are poking my dome again and again. But that particular week I just felt cranky.

As another matter of full disclosure, I was probably feeling a little sorry for myself on that Tuesday morning as I put my pincushion-like head into my car and drove out of my neurologist’s parking lot to visit a parishioner at a local hospital. I had already determined that following the shots, I would visit my friend Logan Clark who had surgery the week prior. Here’s the deal—I just wasn’t ready to go on a hospital visit. I wasn’t ready to be “Pastor Rob.” I was more in a mode to feel sorry for myself, hop in bed, and not see anyone all day. But a promise is a promise, and I went to the hospital. I was cranky, moody, and grumpy, but I went.

Logan is a great young man who was involved in a horrific car accident that left him paralyzed from the waist down. Given a similar diagnosis, many young people have become bitter, enraged, or flat-out obnoxious. Not Logan. During his recovery, he learned to play the piano and now is a very accomplished player. He is also a gifted artist. He is talented,

funny, smart, and a big baseball fan. He went to a Christian college close to home and was moving on with his life following the accident.

Prior to his most recent hospital stay, Logan had decided that a school in Nashville had a better program for him, so in a courageous manner, he packed up his belongings and went off on a new scholastic adventure several hundred miles from home. While in school in Nashville, Logan developed a sore. For more than a year, doctors tried practically everything to help the healing process, but nothing worked. He came to the point where he had to drop out of school. He moved back home as his doctors examined, researched, consulted, and finally prepared for surgery. Without being overly graphic, the medical staff at the hospital took a chunk of muscle and skin from his leg and inserted it into the once-infected area. Besides having many more stitches than my grandma's cross-stitch "artwork," Logan was going to have to lie flat on his back for the next couple of months. If you haven't added up all of those details, let me say that for most adults (young or old), any one of those issues would have been the source of much anger and resentment. But not for Logan.

When I got to the hospital, Logan and his mom were in the room. But they weren't having a pity party. There was no "weeping and gnashing of teeth." Far from it. Instead we talked about the future, how God was working in Logan's life, and how he and his dad were planning on going to the summer's Major League Baseball All-Star Game that was to be played in Kansas City.

I thanked Logan for participating in our Easter service. On Easter Sunday, we had a "cardboard testimony" service. Several churches have done this. Many people from the congregation (Logan was one of them) shared on a piece of cardboard what God had done in their lives. On one side of the

cardboard, the participants wrote of a tragedy, sin, or problems that had been in their lives, and on the flip side, they shared the hope that they now have in Christ and what Jesus has done in response to their situation. Logan's cardboard testimony read:

Side One: Paralyzed in a head-on collision at sixteen.

Flip Side: Jesus has walked for me ever since!

I cried like a baby when he rolled to the center of the sanctuary in his wheelchair and held up his sign.

And it's true. Logan continues to walk with Jesus. Jesus has helped, empowered, and given him an inner strength that few people his age (or any age) display. Not only that, it's obvious through his attitude and actions that God is not done with Logan.

In fact, on that particular visit to the hospital, God used Logan to speak to me. My intention was to go to the hospital to "cheer him up." (Isn't that why pastors go to hospitals? Aren't we supposed to offer cheer and prayers on behalf of the sick?) But that week, the roles were reversed.

Remember, I was at the hospital following my Botox treatment of thirty to forty shots in my head. I was feeling a little sorry for myself. Then through Logan and his mom, God reminded me that we do not always control our circumstances. Rather, he is still in control. Adversity comes into everyone's life to some degree or another, but the character of the person is determined by how he or she handles that adversity.

On that particular day I was not handling my "light and momentary troubles" (to quote the apostle Paul) very well. Logan showed me that with Jesus, I'll make it.

Most of us will not have to deal with the life circumstances that Logan confronts every single day, but I hope we can discover the strength, grace, and faith that will allow us to face any adversity that might come our way. It's a matter

of focusing on Jesus rather than the stinking situation we find ourselves in.

NO MORE COLOGNE SHOWERS

When I was a college student, following a workout and before heading to dinner, we would take a “cologne shower.” A “cologne shower” was splashing on cologne instead of taking a shower before heading to the cafeteria for lunch or dinner. Hunger outweighed hygiene (maybe my sisters were right about the “He stinketh” tattles), so we’d splash on a little cologne and hope it would cover up the stink of a sweaty workout. (No need to wonder why I didn’t have many dates in college.)

I think church folks are guilty of the same mind-set of a “cologne shower.” Too often, trying to hide the stink rather than dealing with it has been our method. But the true church operates best when it is less like a sterile, perfectly clean, antiseptic-smelling museum and more like a stinky, smelly emergency room. The church is at its best when hurting, troubled, messed-up people feel welcome and deeply loved. The church is at its best when it allows people to share their stinky situations in a spirit of love and assistance. The church is at its best when it operates under Jesus’ mandate to be “full of grace and truth.”

Here’s what I know about Jesus. He loves smelly people.

Martha said to him, “Jesus, you can’t roll that rock away. Lazarus stinks!”

And what you will *not* read in the next verse is Jesus saying something like, “Oh, wow, you’re right, Martha. I forgot about that. I had better stay away. Because, whew . . . I hate smelly people!” Of course not! He said, “Roll the rock away!” In a loud voice he yelled, “Lazarus, come out.”

Jesus was not offended by Lazarus’ condition, and he is not offended by you!

He loves you!

The stinky situation you might find yourself in—whether you are there because of your own choices or simply because sometimes life stinks—doesn't cause Jesus to turn his head and run from you. In fact, it is just the opposite.

He comes to you.

He stands outside of your painful, heart-wrenching place or that migraine full of desperation, and he calls to you. He knows your name and says, "Come out. I'm here. You can trust me. I will see you through the stinkiest of times."

The following chapters will address living with the reality that while I have not been healed, Jesus is still with me. More specifically, I will tell of my case of following Jesus with chronic pain. When faced with the prospect of following Jesus with some other debilitating disease, maybe one could conclude that migraines aren't as bad. Maybe that's true. I've never had some other debilitating disease. Here's what I know: chronic pain stinks, and Jesus can help even when the headaches keep coming back week after week. So if you or someone you love has had to deal with pain day after day; if you prayed for God to end the pain day after day; and if for whatever reason God hasn't miraculously answered that prayer yet, then read on!

In this book, Rob teaches us to rest in God's strength and comfort and not our own. This is a great book to prepare you for your life's next speed bump.

—Dr. Dan Rexroth
CEO

John Knox Village Senior Living Center
Lee's Summit, MO

This book was a pleasure to read . . . every reader will gain patience, comfort, and hope.

—Dr. Terry Tsue
Physician in Chief

University of Kansas Cancer Center

If you've dealt with ongoing pain, you know that not all pain relief comes from a bottle of pills. Living with a chronic condition can be relentless and not everyone reaches a point of complete healing.

As a sufferer of chronic pain himself, author Rob Prince explores the spiritual aspects of pain, addressing the difficult questions and realities of a chronic condition. You'll learn about:

- What the Scriptures have to say about healing
- Handling the disappointment of unanswered prayers
- Fighting your pain with proper diet, exercise, and stress management

In the pages of *Chronic Pain*, discover how to see God at work along the journey and learn ways to live fully in spite of pain.

Rob Prince is a seasoned pastor who has led six congregations in Kansas and Michigan. He has been the lead pastor at Central Church of the Nazarene in Flint, Michigan, since November of 2013.

HEALTH & FITNESS / Pain Management



BEACON HILL PRESS
OF KANSAS CITY

ISBN 978-0-8341-3225-2



9 780834 132252

90000



EAN