

What Generational Curse?

by Nancy Gates

“You’re pre-pre diabetic”, my physician told me a year or so ago during my annual checkup. Her cavalier description of an often deadly disease left me completely unalarmed, and despite some other changes that I had decided to make concerning my health, I felt no immediate urgency to regulate my glucose level. After all, she was fully aware of my family’s medical history which includes diabetes on both sides. So if my doctor was not alarmed, then why should I be?

But in late June of this year, I began experiencing a frightening loss of vision along with all of the other wonderful symptoms that serve as clues to skyrocketing blood sugar. I scheduled a visit with my doctor who, now very much alarmed, informed me that my sugar was “hospital high” and sent me to the emergency room. “Pre-pre” had morphed into full blown diabetes. To put all of this in perspective, normal glucose levels are somewhere between 70 and 100. Are you ready for this? Mine was nearly 600! Oh, the grace of God! I could have been in a coma! The emergency room staff was able to lower my glucose to around 300 and sent me home with a prescription (no insulin, thank you) and some informative pamphlets regarding my “new life” with diabetes. Yippee!

During a follow up visit with my physician, I looked her dead in the eye and asked her why she did not alert me to the danger that I was facing, and help me get control of my sugar while it was still low. She seemed a little taken aback at my semi-accusatory question, but would only concede that it probably would have been a “good idea”. She and I get along pretty well now that she’s used to me keeping her in check by asking a thousand questions and no longer allowing her to slough over important medical details. My advice to you, especially if you have a family history of diabetes, is that you never settle for a doctor’s use of fuzzy, nebulous language like “pre-diabetes” or “borderline diabetes”. Demand to know exactly what the tests reveal. If your glucose is over 100, my friend, you’re diabetic. Take control!

As of this writing, I am happy to say that my blood sugar level is on a very—may I say it—sexy downward trend, (somewhere between 95 and 120) and my Fred Sanford-esque collection of eyewear has become only randomly necessary. That’s because I have elected to view my wellness through the eyes of redemption and embrace the truth of the scripture. Yes, Daddy had diabetes, his parents had diabetes, my maternal grandfather had diabetes, and who knows how many generations before that? But here’s what the scripture says:

“I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and curs-ing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live...” - Deuteronomy 30:19

Okay so here's my threefold plan for breaking this generational curse: I'm taking authority over it. I will speak truth instead of fact. Yes, I've been diagnosed with diabetes, but I have a blood-bought right to a healthy prognosis and a bright, active future. I'm taking responsibility for it. Being the pragmatist that I am, I understand that this generational curse will only be broken by my conscious decision to do what is right concerning my health. I walk two miles in the morning, I've eliminated large amounts of sugar from my diet, I eat more whole grains and drink more water. And finally, I refuse to take ownership of it. As often as I can, I educate my children about the necessity of taking charge of their health while they are young so that the „curse“ is not propagated.

Remember this: curses don't just go away because we're Christians, but a good strong “I don't think so” attitude let's the curse know who's in charge!

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