

A Scuba Diving Adventure

Ian McCormack was a young man who loved adventure. In 1980, at the age of 24, he decided to leave New Zealand to see the world. Surfing and fishing in South-East Asia, sailing on a schooner, and observing African wildlife were just some of his experiences. While deep-sea diving off the coast of Mauritius, late one night, he was bitten by not one, but five, deadly box jellyfish. Here is his story.

While in Mauritius, Ian had made good friends with the local divers. They helped him to learn about the wonderful deep sea life off the Mauritian coast. One night, his Mauritian friend, Simon, invited Ian to come night diving. Now Ian knew that night diving could be dangerous. 'Tonight's conditions look pretty risky,' he thought to himself, as he watched some electrical storms hovering further out to sea.

"Don't worry," said Simon. "This storm will miss us."

Although Ian felt a little nervous, he could not resist an opportunity for an exciting new experience. Night diving proved to be more wonderful than he had ever imagined. There, right before them, lay huge crayfish and sleeping parrot fish, all for the taking. Meanwhile, the nocturnal life of the sea had come to life. He was seeing things he had never seen before.

Suddenly Ian saw a huge cray. Just as he was about to reach out to grab it, an unusual sort of jelly fish swam past. Ian had never seen one of these before. He touched the weird creature, which was almost invisible. It's transparent form was box-shaped and it had long tentacles.

Ian reached out for his cray. Suddenly a huge electric current hit his arm. Something had stung him. Ian looked at his arm but could see no sign of a sting. He rubbed his arm and immediately felt pain. Ian did not know it, but he had just been bitten by a box jelly fish, or sea-wasp. He had also just rubbed the venom further into his blood stream.

The box jellyfish is described in first-aid books as "a jelly-like creature with long venomous tentacles... and... little can be done if a lethal dose of venom is received."

Ian did not realize the seriousness of the sting. Holding the cray, he made his way back to the boat. As he swam, his arm started to feel numb. Swimming became more difficult. The arm soon became paralyzed. Ian looked below him and saw thousands of the jelly fish. The electrical storm had caused them to come in closer to the reef. By the time Ian had reached the boat he had been stung another three times on the same arm. The same electric shock went through his body each time.

Reaching the boat, Ian signalled to his friend Simon. As he put his head down into the water to gain his friend's attention, another jellyfish surged towards him. It was in front of his face. Ian held up his arm to protect his face. The tentacles of the fifth jellyfish stung the same arm. Simon surfaced and swam to the boat. Simon looked at the arm which had now swollen to twice its normal size.

"Invisible?" asked Simon in French. ('Invisible' was the term given to the box jelly fish by the Mauritian divers.)

"Yes," said Ian.

"How many?" asked Simon.

"Five," said Ian.

Simon looked horrified. "One!" he said, "and that's the end of you. You must get to a hospital immediately!"

Only now did Ian realize the seriousness of the situation.

Normally one bite was enough to cause death. The tentacles had stung him directly across his main artery, sending the poison directly into his blood. Death should occur in 15 -20 minutes.

Ian's friends would now have to get the boat back to shore the quickest possible way. That was directly across the reef and into the lagoon. With all aboard the boat, progress would be slow, and the bottom of the boat risked being torn open by its scraping on sharp coral. For the lightest possible load, they decided to send Ian ahead with the youngest member who was about 14 years old. As soon as they reached the shore the young boy decided that he must go back to get the others.

"Come back!" shouted Ian, but it was too late. Ian stood there alone. He struggled along the road, his arm now completely numb, and his legs weakening as the poison gradually moved through his body. Although close to midnight in an isolated part of the island, surprisingly he came across a parked taxi with some people standing near it.

"Please, would you take me to the hospital?" he asked the Indian taxi driver.

"Where is your money?" asked the taxi driver.

"I don't have any money on me," answered Ian, "but I can pay later."

The three men started to walk away. Ian heard a voice inside him saying, 'Would you be willing to beg for your life?' Ian followed the men, begging, "Please, please, I need a hospital!"

One of the Indians turned around and walked towards the taxi. He opened the door for Ian. Ian climbed in and the car drove off. However, not to the hospital. The driver pulled up outside a tourist hotel. He opened the car door and pushed Ian out on to the ground. "The tourists can take care of you," he said, and he drove off.

Ian dragged himself up to the entrance of the hotel. Someone saw him. It was one of his Mauritian friends, Daniel. Daniel carried him inside, sat him in a chair, then called for an ambulance. All took too long. Ian knew that he was dying. Finally the ambulance arrived. In the ambulance, Ian started to see a picture in his mind. It was a picture of himself as a young boy. Then he saw another picture of himself as a teenager. It was as if he was seeing before him a video of his life. He thought about God for the first time in many years. Would God accept him when he died? How could He? Ian thought of the years he had lived independently from God. He had given no thought to God at all. He thought of some words his mother had once said to him: 'When you are in need, cry out to God with all your heart.' (Ian's mother was a Christian.)

That's what Ian did. God heard his cry. Ian asked Jesus to forgive him for his past life, and promised that for the rest of his life, however short it may be, he would love and serve God. There in the taxi, he prayed the Lord's prayer, which he remembered from his Sunday School days.

Desperately clinging to his life, he arrived at the hospital. The nurse took his blood pressure. Where was it? According to the instrument his heart had almost stopped beating. Surely the instrument was wrong. She tried another. It measured the same. When would someone realize the urgency of the situation? Finally a doctor looked at him. Ian mustered up all the strength he had. He looked the doctor in the eye and said, "I am dying. I need anti-venom...NOW!"

The doctor rushed him to another room. The anti-venom was administered. But all too late. Ian could stay awake no longer. He fell into a deep sleep. He soon realized that this was not sleep. He had died! He was still himself, but he had no body.

For the next 15 minutes, Ian, minus body, was taken on a tour of the places in which one may spend eternity. The first place he visited was a place of darkness. Ian had never believed in hell before, but now he knew there was such a place. God showed him this place so that he would understand that he had been snatched from here by his death-bed prayer. Then suddenly he was swept up in a shaft of light. Now he was in heaven. Ian came face to face with Jesus. His face was so radiant that he couldn't make out the details.

"Do you want to stay in Heaven or do you want to go back to your earthly life?" asked Jesus. Then He added, "If you want to go back, you must see things in a new light."

Heaven was the most beautiful place Ian had ever seen. He not only saw beauty, but he felt peace, joy and wonderful, wonderful love. Why would he want to go back? Then he saw a vision of his mother whom he loved dearly. She would be

so sad to know that her son had died. She wouldn't even know that Ian had given his life to Jesus.

Then Ian saw a vision of many, many people standing behind his mother. All these people needed to know about the reality of Jesus, and this place called Heaven. Ian decided that he would go back and tell them. He wanted to tell others that to be with Jesus in Heaven was the most glorious place anyone could be.

"Yes," said Ian. "I want to go back".

Ian woke up in his hospital bed. He had been dead for 15 minutes. The doctors and nurses could not believe their eyes. But there was more to come. Ian was still paralysed from the jelly fish stings.

"I don't want to live the rest of my life as a quadriplegic," he thought. "Lord, heal me!" he cried desperately. As he prayed, the feeling gradually came back into his body. Within a day, he was completely healed.

Ian has now dedicated his whole life to telling others about Jesus.

Activities – A Scuba Diving Adventure

1. Where is Mauritius?
2. Why was night diving so exciting?
3. Describe the appearance of a box-jelly fish.
4. How venomous is it?
5. What does it feel like to be stung by a box-jelly fish?
6. Why did they send Ian with a fourteen-year-old boy to get help?
7. How helpful was the boy once they had reached the shore?
8. Why did Ian start to think about God while he was waiting for the ambulance?
9. Describe Ian's picture of heaven.
10. Why do you think God wanted Ian to live?
11. What is eternal life? Read John 17:3

God is powerful

God has power to do anything He wants to do. However, because He is also wise, He does not act like a magician. He does not do miracles so that people can be entertained. God does miracles when He chooses to. He knows when it is the right time for miracles. He knows when people are ready to receive miracles. A miracle shows us that God is the greatest person in the whole universe. It also shows that He cares about people. He does not do miracles to impress people. He does them to help people.