

## ***Jackson, Dr Ivan Executive Summary of Autobiography***

**I was born in a farmhouse in Grey County Ontario, Canada on November 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1935. My parents were James Russell Jackson and Alzina (Stewart) Jackson. I was the youngest of five. When I was twenty my parents adopted Ruth, who was my older sister's daughter. When I was about one year old I developed pneumonia, and my mother thought I was going to die. To prevent seeing that happen, she went across the field to our close neighbors. God had a different plan. I survived.**

**My parents were both born again Christians, but until age nine I was a real religious skeptic. I made fun of those who went to the altar to do business with God. One August night in 1945 just before dropping off to sleep, God said, "Get right with Me tonight or else". I initially ignored that warning and it came again. By now fear had set in and I went to my parent's bedroom and told them about the warning. They explained God wanted me to give my heart to Him. I prayed and confessed my rebellion and was wonderfully born of the Spirit. In the same room that I had been physically born, I was born spiritually. I was dressed the same for both births.**

**From that time I felt called to be a missionary. I enjoyed hearing missionaries speak. At about age fourteen, while sitting in the old Pilgrim Holiness Church (PHC) in Proton Station, God spoke to me and said, "I want you to become a Missionary Doctor".**

**That was an unheard of goal for a little old farm boy. I started to make plans, studied hard and the result of God supplying most of my financial needs, I graduated from the University of Toronto with an MD degree in June 1961.**

**On June 6<sup>th</sup> 1959, Carol Rossiter and I were married in Toronto by Rev. John Keith. John remained a great friend until his promotion to heaven in 2017. Our oldest son Gordon was born in Toronto at the time John's parents were doing missionary meetings at our church in Toronto. We used Keith as Gordon's second name. During my last year in medicine, Rev. Ermal Wilson was holding the annual missionary meeting in our church. I had always felt I wanted to go to South America, but he suggested there was a greater need for us in Northern Rhodesia. We started making those plans while interning. By God's providence, I assembled a considerable amount of medical equipment, including an operating table from Toronto East General Hospital where I was interning.**

**With the help of my father, we made a large box to hold all that medical equipment. We eased out of Montreal on a freighter ship heading for Capetown, South Africa at the end of July 1962. It was a three week voyage.**

To our surprise, when we arrived at Choma later in August to meet Rev. and Mrs. Daniel Bursch, they had flush toilets in the homes. I didn't even have that on the farm where I grew up. We stayed with them for a week, and purchased a vehicle for my use as the first doctor for the PHC in Northern Rhodesia. At Jembo Mission we settled into the guest house and I started to assume medical responsibilities.

The work was challenging. Almost every patient had malaria and Schistosoma-haematobium. Any other illness was in addition to those two. One old man had pneumonia and was short of breath. In addition to antibiotics, I gave him oxygen from a portable tank. He could breathe so much easier and thanked me for giving him life from the tank. A male teenager came to the hospital with a ruptured appendix. We drained the abscess, gave him a pint of blood from his mother, added large doses of antibiotics, and nursed him back to health. Six months later we took out his appendix using an epidural anesthetic.

The most distressing situations were mothers who could not deliver in the villages and ended up with ruptured uteruses. By the time they came to the hospital, they were too far gone to be saved. Six of those cases came to our attention the first six months we were there. From then on, others came to the hospital to deliver. I helped a lot with our mission farm as the medical work was not a heavy load, and most of the villages were some distance from Jembo.

Carol was almost eight months pregnant with our second child when we arrived at Jembo. She delivered at the government hospital in Choma some forty miles from Jembo. The European doctor was not very diligent and did not remove all of the afterbirth. Two weeks later I had to do an emergency D & C at Jembo as she started to bleed profusely. Edwin had arrived on October 23<sup>rd</sup>, the day of his older brother's birthday.

Carol was pregnant the next year, so I decided to deliver her at our Jembo Hospital. She was two weeks past term, so I induced her into labor, gave her an epidural, and delivered a nine pound baby girl, we named Lynda. With her previous loss of blood after her second birth, the mission responsibilities, and looking after three children under four, her health gave out and we were advised by doctors to go back to Canada.

It was hard for me to leave after planning on being a foreign missionary for most of my life. The way God worked it out though helped me to realize this was His plan for us. I wrote a doctor friend in Owen Sound, Ontario to ask if there were any openings for doctors in Owen Sound. He wrote back that he was leaving to specialize. I could have his office and staff, and the house he was renting. He made arrangements at his bank for me to borrow money until I had an

income to look after my family. My uncle was up in years and had lost his license to drive, so he told my parents I could have his car.

I enjoyed practicing in Owen Sound which was only eighteen miles from my parent's farm. Over the years, I saw many patients come to Christ, so a counseling ministry became a big part of my practice. After only three years in practice, I realized most of the patient's physical symptoms were a result of emotional and spiritual problems. At that time, most doctors thought I was out of my mind. Research has since shown that 87% of patient's physical symptoms are a result of toxic thoughts. [See book "Who switched off my Brain" by Dr. Caroline Leaf]

One of the most amazing conversions I witnessed was by a man who was at least twice my size. He had come to me very depressed and after talking to him for a while, I realized the only way he was ever to get better was to have God in his life. I explained the plan of salvation and asked him if he was willing to sign and date a little booklet certifying his born again experience? He signed the booklet and then I asked him if I could pray for him? At this time God took over, and he said the room filled with a bright light. He could not see me, and so he stumbled out of the office and headed a block down the street to his house. It was two hours from the time he left the office until he arrived home. He had no idea what had happened, but he was gloriously born of the Spirit. He started to read his Bible and had many questions. He married his common-law wife, stopped drinking alcohol and using marijuana, was baptized, and witnessed to anybody who would listen to him.

After almost thirty-five years in Owen Sound, we felt God wanted us to move to Perth, Ontario, where our oldest son Gordon was in medical practice. He wanted just to do anesthesia and emergency work and give up his general practice. He had been unable to find someone to do that, so I felt it was time to slow down and be close to his family. God worked out that move much better than I could. Since I had always done a lot of counseling in the past it soon became a big part of my work. A Christian couple [both doctors] wanted to come to Perth to practice. So after three years doing general practice, I turned it over to them and just did counseling for the next ten years until I retired in 2012.

After being in Perth for just six and one-half years, Gordon died of cancer leaving a wife and six children. We were glad we had moved to Perth. I had found it delightful to be assisting at surgery and see him standing at the patient's head giving the anesthetic.

The time we had with him and his family after our move to Perth was an enjoyable experience. God knew what was to happen and He wanted us to be close to Gordon and his family those last few years of

**his life. Gordon had been a strong Christian and had helped many find Christ.**

**Our second son Edwin was playing hockey and had a cardiac arrest after the game. They could not get the defibrillator to work, and while in the ambulance they shocked his heart three times. When in the hospital they put in a stent, cooled his body down, put him in a medical induced coma, and put a heart assist in his aorta. The doctor told Christine, his wife, that he had a 50-50 chance of living and if he did live he would likely have brain damage. This is the message Carol and I received while holidaying in the Netherlands. By the next morning we were on a Delta flight to Detroit, then back to Toronto, near Newmarket where he was in hospital. On the flight across the Atlantic, I mentioned to a steward why we were flying home. He was a Christian and said, the initials after the doctors name was MD not GOD. A while later he came back to me and said a large group of people from Colorado were returning from a mission trip to Africa and they were praying for my son. At that moment God gave me the assurance that Edwin would be OK. Eight days later he walked out of the hospital with no heart damage and no brain damage. Before he left the hospital the nurses were calling him the miracle man. God did perform a miracle.**

**Lynda our oldest daughter is married to a Wesleyan Minister and they serve in Ottawa. They have two children, both in a University in Ottawa.**

**Our youngest daughter is a veterinarian and lives only 35 minutes from us. Her husband works for Christian Horizons and they have two girls.**

**We have now retired to apartment living and I still teach two bible studies. Carol hosts a ladies Bible Study every Tuesday morning. Both Carol and I help with our church Keenager program every Thursday morning. We have about one hundred, age fifty plus come to the program weekly.**

**People from all the local churches come as well as many who do not go to church, and those without a church call this program their church home. Growth has forced us to move from the church for more space, and we now meet in the Lion's Hall.**

**Well we have come to the end of this excerpt taken from my autobiography. All the glory goes to my Heavenly Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.**

By Ivan M. Jackson MD  
Perth, Ontario, Canada  
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The book is available at Lulu.com  
"From the Farm to the Hospital  
Via Northern Rhodesia"