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"...I am the Lord who heals you."  
Exodus 15:26 (NIV)

# FOR A TIME SUCH AS THIS

Testimonies of Divine Healing  
and God's Faithfulness!

A PUBLICATION OF ST. LUKE'S ANGLICAN CHURCH, CALGARY

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This a FREE eBook

Share it with as many as you wish.

For readers who may be experiencing stress and others who are anxious or fearful – especially at a time such as this – our prayer is that the stories and other information in the following pages may be a well-spring of encouragement and inspiration.

Many may hear for the first time that Jesus still heals today!

May God richly bless you as you partner with us in reaching out to encourage others far and wide by forwarding this book, or including a link to download it. Your feed-back is invited by using the email link found on the Resources Page.

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*Brought to you by the creators of the Healing Conference.*



*"...I am the Lord who heals you."  
Exodus 15:26 (NIV)*

# FOR A TIME SUCH AS THIS

Testimonies of Divine Healing  
and God's Faithfulness!

*Dedicated*

*To the Glory of God*

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Psalm 103: 1–5 (NIV)

Praise the Lord, O my soul;  
with all my inmost being, praise his holy name.  
Praise the Lord, O my soul,  
and forget not all his benefits —  
Who forgives all your sins  
and heals all your diseases,  
Who redeems your life from the pit  
and crowns you with love and compassion,  
Who satisfies your desires with good things  
so that your youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Lamentations 3:22–23 (ESV)

"The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases;  
His mercies never come to an end."

# Foreword

In an age in which self-help and self-healing movements abound, it is easy to see faith as another strategy, amongst others, to get to where we think we want to be. In an age when knowledge and information are power, it is easy to think that having the latest information or ideological perspective will cure our ills and anxieties. But self-help has, as its foundation, faith in human strength and wisdom, and is largely an exercise in hubris; the latest information and ideas are often as changeable as the current fashions in clothing. "Getting it right" theologically, being grounded in the deep and ancient knowledge of God is, of course, very important. There is no doubt that it is a great gift to deepen our understanding of how we might more truly see what "is", but that is precisely the opposite of self-help and self-healing and the latest human constructs; it is radically rooted in the Other, who is the divine source of all; it is truth which comes, not from ourselves, but from the Other who is not discovered, but revealed in Jesus Christ; it is, fundamentally, relationship with the One who is the source of all life, truth, and healing.

I have often spoken to people who will say that they are "spiritual but not religious", and have noticed that it is considered a positive assertion to say that one is spiritual. I am encouraged that people grasp the importance of understanding that spirituality is a crucial aspect of life. What needs to be said is that everyone is spiritual; that is, it is part of our human nature to be spiritual. The question is, what sort of spirituality do we or will we have? Will it be shaped by misplaced belief in ourselves as the agents of our own salvation or in the one who made us, who sustains us, and who brings us salvation in Jesus?

This collection of stories and thought is a testament, not to mere theories or self-help strategies, but to the lived experience of many faithful individuals who have known the grace and powerful, reconciling love of God at work in their lives in the face of their human frailty and brokenness. It is a testament to how the presence and power of God can be seen and encountered in every aspect of life; it is a testament to seeing the Spirit of God at work in the midst of what might otherwise be seen as the ordinary and mundane unfolding of events in our world.

I pray that readers will find inspiration, not only in hearing others' encounter

with God, but as an invitation to allow our eyes to be opened and our hearts tuned to what the Lord of Life is doing in our lives and in our world.

The Most Rev. Gregory Kerr–Wilson

The Reign of Christ, 2020



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Thank you to The Most Rev'd Gregory Kerr-Wilson, Archbishop of Calgary & Metropolitan of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land, for taking time from his busy schedule to write the Foreword for this book, and for penning the words that need to be heard so desperately today.

Our gratitude to The Reverend Paul Feider for his generous endorsement found on the back cover of this publication.

Thank you to every contributor who shared their testimony, and to all who provided articles of healing and encouragement!

We are grateful for the unanimous consent of parish council to publish this book.

The people of St Luke's Anglican Church, Calgary AB



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# Testimonies



***For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.***

***Jer 29:11***

## **The Power of God Working in My Life**

Raida Juan *St. Luke Anglican Church, Calgary, Alberta*

My name is Raida Juan, a war survivor, refugee and an immigrant. God loves me so much, however. His love, mercy and grace has been present throughout my life without me taking notice at the time. The most significant events that have blown my mind were during the war in my country, Sudan. The enemies who sought to kill us were very close, separated only by a river. By God's grace they did not see us and we were able to exit safely.

In our refugee camp in Kenya, (I call it our wilderness) there were 77 blocks of people according to UNHCR (United Nations) residence allocation. 76 blocks were inhabited by Muslims and only one by Christians, which is where our family lived.

UNHCR did not understand how the Sudanese people made their way to that camp since it did not border on Sudan and they were trying to figure out how to help us. No food was given to my people for one year, but God understood. He sent birds (Quail) in large numbers but only to our block of Christians. He also sent Helmeted Guinea Fowl and wild pigs, and some small animals were drawn near to the camp for us to hunt. That was totally the work of God! Words cannot explain our wonder and gratitude for His incredible Greatness and care for us!

Another miracle was an unexpected El Nino rain that created a big river in the desert where we were, and it was teeming with a large number of fish. What happened was, the roads were muddy due to the heavy rainfall and trucks that delivered food for the refugees got stuck so UNHCR delivered the food by cargo planes dropped from above close to the ground. What that meant was that the food ration for two weeks was greatly reduced. God was supplementing that supply with fish. What an amazing Father!

When we immigrated to Canada, we found life to be hard; a new country, a new system and the process of settling into our new home was very challenging. Our marriage began to fail and break apart slowly until my spouse and I separated after twenty years of family life. But that was not the end. My twenty-five year old son was poisoned by a family member and died leaving two children. I was angry, hurt and depressed, and did not know what I was going to do. In His love and mercy, God kept strengthening me by sending people with money and food to support my family.

Two years ago, I became very sick. I was diagnosed with Lymphoma and HIV, and was in hospital for almost five months receiving chemotherapy and other medications. After the final treatment, I was discharged, and my first PET scan showed no cancer cells, praise God!

During my hospital stay, the pastoral care visitor from my church visited me every week. After a good chat, he would anoint me and pray for healing before sharing Holy Communion. While he was praying for me one day toward the end of my stay, I was amazed to hear a choir singing ever so beautifully! After we finished praying, I asked if he could hear the beautiful music. He said no, but when I told him what I heard, he said with a wide smile that he believed they were Angels singing to me, and that I was the only one who could hear them. What a blessing that was to me! God is good all the time... and all the time God is good!

After all I had been through, I began to re-evaluate my life. I asked God for forgiveness, and I forgave everyone who hurt me whether intentionally or not. With the help and prayers of a friend, I invited Jesus into my heart to be my Lord and Saviour. I finally found healing and a complete peace that I have never experienced before. Now I can clearly hear God's voice, and His direction for what He wants me to do. I praise Him for His faithfulness!

God tried to reach me so often by sending people at different times and

in different places. Upon reflection, I can see that His message was always the same: all He wanted was for me to acknowledge Him and His Presence, and to know the power of His love, peace and provision. And I know now that He also wants to use me for His glory but I had been unable to recognize that, being too busy with other things and not paying attention. Today I'm ready!

I'm sharing my story so that anyone who is struggling to believe and trust in our wonderful God for everything may draw strength and be inspired to do so. Please be encouraged to seek Him.

### **Ask and You Shall Receive**

Shirley Greenfield *Medicine Hat, Alberta*

In this somewhat stressful time of Covid-19 pandemic, I find it helpful to reflect on the many times the Lord has answered my prayers. At one time when I was in BIG trouble, Jesus performed a BIG miracle for me!

It was minus twenty-five Celsius plus windchill that morning in March, 2014. This was not a great day for travelling; however, the task of a nine and a half hour drive from northern Saskatchewan to southern Alberta lay before me. I needed a lot of dental work done and had been waiting for a specialist from Calgary to come to Medicine Hat to do the work. I had an appointment.

The highway was clear and dry with only the odd patch of ice. By the time I reached south of Saskatoon, the sun had dipped low in the sky and I had to pull my sun visor down. A few minutes later, I was driving directly into the sun which was now shining just below my visor. Looking into the sun always made me sneeze.

During the usual five sneezes that took only seconds, I found myself in BIG trouble. I felt my car being pulled onto the soft dirt shoulder and while still sneezing, I tried to correct my path. With eyes closed because of the sneezing, I over-corrected and found myself sliding sideways down the highway at 100 kilometers per hour. The car entered the ditch on the other side of the highway and flipped over. My head and the roof of my car met, even though I was wearing my seat belt. Yes, BIG trouble.

A bit disoriented, I released my seat belt from my upside down position and

crawled out the opening on the driver's side where the window used to be. I stood there in shock wondering how on earth I was going to get my car right side up so I could continue my journey. Looking up and down the highway, I saw nobody then out of nowhere appeared a fellow in a little red car. I asked if I could sit in his car for a few minutes to warm up. The car was full and he couldn't help. Another man appeared and asked me to sit in his truck and he would get help. It was then I noticed several vehicles had stopped. I also noticed that my car was still running and the tires were still turning. Still in shock, I found myself in his truck and his wife offering me her phone to call someone.

I called Lionel, the love of my life, who was attending a conference in Saskatoon. The next thing I knew, I felt I was going to vomit and tried to get out of the truck. The man told me not to worry and that it would be okay. Still, I did not want to be sick in his truck and kept trying to find the handle to get out. The door opened and he was standing there to catch me as I fainted.

When I woke up, the paramedics were working on me. The man's wife was kneeling beside me in the bitter cold wearing a white blouse which seemed to be illuminated from within. She assured me I would be okay but I kept asking her to please put on a coat as she must be so cold. She kept saying she was just fine. The paramedics had placed a medical support on my neck and were loading me into an ambulance.

After numerous x-rays, I finally saw a doctor who asked what had happened. He listened and then disappeared. Three hours had passed since my car rolled over; I could hear Lionel in the waiting area speaking to a medical person. Finally I asked when I was going to see the doctor again and a nurse told me I could leave.

I had no idea what the doctor had determined my injuries to be. I knew my head had been hurt because when I touched the top of it it felt like a warm gel pack. The top of my head had filled with blood when I made contact with the roof of my car and every tooth on both sides of my mouth now had shattered roots. Lionel took me to a motel where we stayed overnight. He had called my daughter and her husband who travelled through the night to come and get me.

The following morning, Lionel was back in Saskatoon at his conference and I was on my way to Medicine Hat. I slept on my daughter's couch the entire day and by nine o'clock that night, both my daughters were waking me and

insisting they take me to emergency. I resisted but they insisted and away we went. As soon as the nurse took one look at me in the cervical collar and discovered I had been in a motor vehicle accident, I was put into a wheelchair and whisked to x-ray. The images were sent directly to Calgary where within minutes it was revealed that the C2 (hangman's bone) in my neck was broken. It was a miracle that I was alive. The doctor said he was surprised that I hadn't died in the accident.

A week later, I was back in my village of Air Ronge, Saskatchewan, with a broken neck and shattered teeth. I had Lionel check his phone for the number of the woman whose phone I had used to call him immediately after the accident. He had no number. Then I called the RCMP and they had no number or names of the people who helped me either. I thought it was strange that the police had taken a statement from these people but had no contact number for them?

I needed to go back to the bone specialist every three weeks for a check-up. Since losing my car in the accident, I had no other way to get there than by bus. For the next four months, I took the 18-hour one-way trip every three weeks to see the specialist.

Summer arrived and Lionel and I decided to spend our time in the usual way of camping at various places in Alberta. We stopped in a small city in southern Saskatchewan for a swim and unexpectedly a lady prayed for me. We carried on to our first night of camping and went to Cowboy Church in the Cypress Hills where a minister saw me and said she had prayed for me.

A couple of days later, we were camping in Banff and went to Sunday service at the Anglican church. The minister stopped the communion service and asked if I would like prayer. Of course, I said yes and she anointed me with oil and prayed over me. Immediately, my head felt lighter and my neck stronger.

Four days later, I was back in Medicine Hat to attend my appointment with the specialist. The usual x-ray was done to check on healing progress, and when the doctor reviewed the film, he asked if I had worn jewellery during the x-ray. I assured him I had not. He showed me the x-ray. We saw my head and neck from the side and running through my C2 was a gold cross lying on its side. My doctor had no explanation for this. I did; Jesus had performed a miracle for me!

Before the cervical collar could come off, I had to see the dentist to have those

shattered teeth looked after. Before extensive surgery was started, I had to have x-rays. Those shattered roots were not shattered in any way; they were completely whole. Yes, the Lord had performed a BIG miracle for me!

Today, I have no side effects from the broken neck. It was a miracle that I lived and another miracle that I have no side effects. A third miracle was that no extensive surgery had to be done to remove the shattered bones. Ask and you shall receive!

## **The Miracle of Life**

A story of proof that the 'impossible' can be 'possible'.

In the decade of the 60's, little was known about the secret life of the unborn child. Once conception had occurred, the child lived in its own separate and distinct world – a place where doctors were just as in the dark as the child in the womb. There were the basics, and little more. Gestation takes forty weeks. The first few weeks are the most critical for the developing baby. And if anything goes wrong in those initial weeks, the life of the baby is in serious jeopardy. This is the place where a young mother named Betty found herself only 18 weeks into her pregnancy.

Premature Rupture of Membranes, or PROM, is the medical term that now describes what she had just suffered. All Betty knew was that one minute she was relishing the slight movement of life inside of her, and the next she was crying at a stab of pain and sitting in a puddle of fluid. "I don't want to lose the baby!" she cried and prayed, as her husband drove her to the hospital. But the grim looks of the doctors told her otherwise. "Aside from resealing the sac, there's nothing we can do," they told her. "If the leaking starts again, we're at a loss."

Remember, this was the 1960's, long before amniocentesis and ultrasounds. And, unfortunately, the leaking did start again. More severe and, this time, beyond repair.

"If you lie flat on your back without moving a muscle, the baby may live for a while," the doctors said. At 18 weeks gestation, they knew there was no hope. But as the amniotic fluid drained from her body, Betty connected to the Originator of hope – and His name was Jesus.

Lying flat on her back and holding her Bible above her head, she spent hours praying and soaking in God's Word. And the doctors watched in amazement as their 'little while' extended far beyond what any of them expected. For four solid months Betty laid in that hospital bed, flat on her back, changing position only slightly for the benefit of the baby. And at eight months gestation, Betty delivered a normal, healthy six and a half pound baby.

When the doctors had lost all hope, God hand-delivered it in the form of His Word. And no matter what we're going through, we possess that same hope. Just as Jesus said Himself, in the 18th chapter of the book of Luke:

[What is Impossible from a Human Perspective is Possible with God. Luke 18:27 \(NLT\)](#)

Do you know the God of the 'impossible' – the same God that gave a devastated Mother hope when no one else would? You might say, "Yeah, how do you really know that story is true? How do you know God still does miracles today?" Well, I can tell you for a fact that it's true ... because I am that baby.

*Ann Maines is co-host with husband Ron on the Heart to Heart Living TV show. They bring to Heart to Heart a passion for ministering to couples and families <https://www.h2hliving.ca/media-page>. Ann was also host of the popular Christian TV show – Full Circle – produced by 100 Huntley Street. Reverend Ronald Mainse is the son of the late Reverend David Mainse, who founded 100 Huntley Street TV Ministry, Crossroads Christian Communications.*



## **God manages my schedule!**

Bob Mummery *Calgary, Alberta*

Since re-dedicating my life to Christ in the late 70's, I have experienced several instances where the improbable happens. These incidents have reinforced my faith in God and my belief in miracles.

### Part 1 of 3

The first significant event occurred in 1979 when travelling to a small church in Saskatchewan to help them plan a lay witness mission weekend. My itinerary was to fly to Saskatoon where one of the church wardens offered to pick

me up and fly me in his small plane to the meeting. However, at Calgary I accidentally boarded a flight to Edmonton. You may ask how could this happen? It was an early morning flight and there were two doors at the gate. I was not very alert early mornings those days and in a bit of a haze I went through the wrong door. Those days (pre 9–11) they didn't check tickets before boarding and I wandered through the passageway to the plane and then to my seat.

When they announced that the flight was leaving for Edmonton, I realized my mistake and pleaded with them to let me deplane. Unfortunately, by this time the hatch had closed and the plane was leaving the gate. I was told that it was too late to return to the gate. What was I to do? I madly prayed for a solution to my dilemma. There were no cell phones or internet access those days. Arriving in Edmonton, I tried to find another flight to Saskatoon but it being a long weekend, nothing was available. Air Canada kindly arranged for me to get the last seat on a flight leaving for Winnipeg but with a stop in Regina. I phoned the people in small town Saskatchewan, on a pay phone (remember those) and told them what had happened, that I would rent a car on arrival in Regina and drive to the meeting which would need to be rescheduled as I would not get there until suppertime.

My seat on the flight to Regina turned out to be next to a born again Christian having a faith crisis which he shared with me. Discussion and prayers during the flight with me helped him regain his faith in God. God had a reason for me to be on that flight and in that seat! Arriving at Regina, I asked the car rental people for a one way rental to Saskatoon as my return flight to Calgary started there. The agent went out to check the cars and seemed to take forever to get back to the rental counter. People were lining up behind me and everyone was wondering what was going on. Suddenly, I heard my name being paged in the airport. It turned out that when the planning group heard of my misfortune, the pilot parishioner decided to pick me up in Regina. We left Regina in his little Cessna, flew north and arrived at the church for our meeting to take place only one hour later than it had been originally planned. God wanted that meeting to take place! Those events on that day are classified as miracles to me!

## Part 2

The next set of timings that signaled that God was with me occurred in conjunction with two very tragic events in the new Millennium. Our middle son married a girl from northern Colorado and moved to the United States. A few

years later, our daughter-in-law became pregnant and gave birth to preemie fraternal twin girls. While they were still in hospital, I felt a strong urge to go see them even though our children recommended that we wait. We usually drive the 18 hour journey from Calgary which we normally break up by staying overnight in a motel along the way.

On the second day, when we were about one hour from the hospital in Northern Colorado where the babies were staying, we received a frantic call from my son who indicated that something was going wrong with one of the twins. We arrived at the hospital in time to see our granddaughter being prepared for transport by air ambulance to Children's Hospital in Denver. We offered to drive our son and daughter-in-law to Denver and be with them while their daughter was being treated.

When we arrived at Children's, it took considerable time for the doctor to come and meet with us. When he finally arrived we learned that our grandchild had passed away on the helicopter ride to Denver and was on life support so her parents would have an opportunity to say goodbye. What a shock! They were able to determine that our granddaughter had been born with a rare genetic disorder which did not allow her body to process protein. Unfortunately, since birth she had been given copious amounts of protein, as she and her sister were preemies. She was only 10 days old when she passed away. The gift from God in this tragic situation was that I was able to baptize her before she was taken off life support, and my wife and I were present to offer support to our children in their time of grief.

Following our granddaughter's funeral, the congregation went outside to release red, white and blue balloons. Looking up in the sky, which was mostly clear and blue, we all saw a single cloud exhibiting a horizontal rainbow. This was a sign for us that our granddaughter was with angels in Heaven and this sight gave us some minor comfort. The rainbow became a reminder that she was in God's hands. Fortunately, her fraternal twin sister did not have the same genetic disorder, remained healthy and soon came home from the hospital to live with her parents in a small town in Northern Colorado.

Three years later, they decided to have another child. Prenatal testing indicated that the fetus did not have the genetic disorder that took the life of their first daughter. She was born healthy and lived eleven months until a tragic day when a car accident took her away. My wife and I had been golfing at a local public course when I received the second frantic phone call from my son

in Colorado. Kalea had been found unconscious and not breathing at a day-care facility located in a private home in their small town.

We stopped our game immediately, went home, changed our clothes and started the drive to Denver. This time, we drove straight through. We prayed and cried and begged God for a miracle. On the way, we witnessed a double rainbow. We arrived at Children's Hospital the next day about noon. Our son was hoping for a recovery but it became clear that our granddaughter was brain dead. As we sat around, crying and grieving, a nurse suggested that she could be a candidate for harvesting organs. After her parents agreed, a transplant team arrived the next morning from California. The blessing amidst this tragedy was that her death helped others in desperate need for organs that she was able to provide. It was also a blessing to be able to baptize her and be with her parents in the operating room when our granddaughter was taken off life support.

These tragedies shattered our family and it was years before I could share any details without breaking down into tears. These events allow me to feel empathy and comfort for those going through a variety of end of life experiences during my later life ministry (upon retirement) as a Deacon in the Anglican Church of Canada.

### Part 3

In 2019, another intervention in timing occurred, this time positive. Over the years following the loss of two daughters, the physical and spiritual health of my son in Colorado had deteriorated. Things came to a head in October 2019 when he was admitted to Emergency and diagnosed with liver and kidney failure. He was immediately taken to Denver for further evaluation. The transplant team became aware of the tragic experiences in his past and evaluated him for eligibility to be on a transplant list. A contributing factor for their decision was that my wife and I committed to be his caregiver upon release from a transplant operation and to drive him to Denver from his home in a small Northern Colorado town (about 1 hour each way) for his twice weekly checkups. We agreed to be available until he was able to drive himself.

In hospital, his condition continued to decline to the point that his MELD score (used to determine where you are on the transplant list) increased to 40 (the maximum) so he was moved to the top of the liver transplant list for Colorado and the surrounding states. Everyone including the medical team

was worried that he may not even be able to survive the transplant. But he did and received a liver transplant within days of being put on the list when people normally wait months! If our son had gone through the normal transplant process, it could have taken months which would have put it in the middle of the 2020 COVID–19 pandemic. During this period, much surgery including transplants have been deferred and have resulted in severe backlogs. Fortunately because of God’s grace, my son was able to receive a transplant in record time, his recovery has been amazing and his current health is better than it had been for many years. His rehabilitation included therapy and his mental state is also healthier than it has ever been. Our granddaughter’s gifts of organs were being paid back by someone else’s gift to our son.

I thank God for these intermittent times in my life where He has helped make terrible tragedies less painful and reinforced my belief in miracles and healings. I considered these as “thin” spaces or moments in my life when heaven has touched earth and shown me that there is a God who loves us and cares for us.

Amen.

## **The Two–Dollar Miracle**

Kathryn Belicki, PhD, MTS, Emeritus Professor of Psychology

*Brock University, St Catharines, ON*

One afternoon in 1978, my husband, Denis, and I sat despondent on the curb of a parking lot in a small strip mall in Kitchener–Waterloo, Ontario. We needed two dollars. Not \$1.90 or \$2.10, but exactly two dollars. I don’t remember why we needed it; the wonder of what happened that day swept aside such details.

We were both graduate students subsisting on small scholarships and part–time work. Our parents had financial struggles of their own and so we could not turn to them. But most of the time we had enough money to scrape by. Most of the time. Not this time.

In 1978, we were baby Christians. Our conversion did not come with a lightning bolt, but began as a flickering candle when we decided to marry in a church, not live together as so many did then. That little, seemingly fragile light strengthened over years to a sunrise.

But at that moment, it did not occur to us to pray as we huddled in misery on

the cement curb. Denis pulled out his wallet, opened it, and looked glumly at its emptiness. It was a futile gesture. Money was so tight that at any moment I could say how much was in each of our pockets to the penny, and how much in the bank. We had a few dollars in the bank, but it was the weekend and in those days the banks were only open Monday to Friday.

Denis put his wallet away, but minutes later, pulled it out again. I understood. I, too, had searched in the same place repeatedly when I was missing something. I stared into space, my chin on my hands. Then I heard Denis gasp. I looked over and my breath stopped. There in his wallet was a two-dollar bill. We gaped slack-jawed in disbelief—then whooped. A day that had started in gloom ended in joy and awe.

You would think this would have been the experience that fanned faith into a bonfire. But no. We knew it was a miracle and from God. But like so many of the people around Jesus when he walked among us, we did not follow him to the cross. Instead, we toddled on our wandering way. In fact, it wasn't until 1984 that I finally committed in my heart to being a Christian and several years more before I would readily admit it to others. But our God is the God who created oak trees that take 100 years to mature. He is patient and loving, gracious and slow to anger.

And He is the God who provides for our needs. Usually He works behind the scenes, preferring to empower us to be caretakers of his creation—and isn't that awesome. But sometimes, like that sad day in 1978, He gives us a tangible sign that He is with us and that He cares for us.



## **Healed From Cancer**

Lou Keough *St. Luke Anglican Church, Calgary AB*

In February 2013, I was diagnosed with anal cancer. I met with two doctors who decided on my treatment.

The radiologist decided on 30 radiation treatments, Monday to Friday for 6 weeks. The internist decided on a 48-hour chemo drip in Week 1 and again in Week 4. My skin started to burn at about Day 8. On the 11th day, I asked the Lord, "How long can my body accept this burning?"

When I got off the radiation table that day, I had a sharp pain in my side. I went home; the pain came and went, then my temperature started rising. It went to 38C and as per instructions, I was taken to Foothills Hospital arriving at 5:50 pm. Within 10 minutes of arriving, an isolation room was available. Doctors came to examine me and suspected the problem was my appendix. They took a CT scan and confirmed that it was.

They decided to remove my appendix in the morning. A couple of minutes before putting me out with gas, the doctor said two things: "People of your age (I'm a senior for many years) do not have an appendix... and second, you have NO cancer cells." Then they put me under with gas.

When I had my follow up appointments, all cancer symptoms were gone and I was on the way towards healing. PRAISE THE NAME OF JESUS!

I told all the nurses, the technicians and doctors that I was healed by prayer. There were prayer teams in three churches plus cousins and prayers groups in Ontario, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. I'm convinced that the Lord heard all those prayers.

I had no fear the entire time because I knew The LORD'S HEALING HAND WAS ON ME, and praise God, I am well today!

### **Testament of My Healing**

John Burke *St. Luke Anglican Church, Calgary*

To start from the beginning, I converted to the Anglican Faith about 35 years ago. With the help of the good Rev. Ken Wells in Calgary, I found it easy to be comfortable in my church. Up to that time, saying that I had turned my back on God might be a bit of an exaggeration, but I definitely turned my back on religion.

Up to that point, I didn't go to church to love God but I went to avoid punishment. Indeed, I remember being on vacation at my parents' home in Montreal and as per my father, it was Sunday, and on Sunday we went to mass! My Uncle Wally came with us. It was evening and he had already gone that morning. The fact that it was his second time that day absolutely baffled me! Why go? It was later in my life that I realized Uncle Wally came with us because he loved God!

My conversion came with the meeting of my second wife. She was Anglican and I must admit, being religiously rootless, I just went along. Up to that time, I felt I had turned my back on God, but every once in a while something would

happen and as I reflect now, I believe it was God tapping me on the shoulder.

In my travels, I got into spirituality and psychism and as I learned, I came to realize the divinity of Jesus Christ – in other words, at that time I felt Jesus was the greatest psychic of all time! It was like the spokes of a bicycle wheel – everything came to the hub and the hub was Jesus!

Unfortunately, my second marriage came to an end. When I met “My Lady” Catherine, my Anglicanism fell away. I didn’t turn my back on the church per se – I always considered myself Anglican, but I questioned my commitment: if being Anglican was illegal in Canada, would there be enough evidence to convict me? To my shame and sorrow, the answer then had to be no!

It was the summer of 2019. I found myself getting weaker by the day to a point where walking around the house was totally exhausting! I was admitted to the Peter Lougheed Hospital. Over the course of the next four weeks, specialist after specialist came to diagnose me but finding nothing, I became all the weaker! Much to the concern of the doctors and nurses, I had lost my appetite as well. My Lady and I burst into tears when the last specialist to see me said he had found nothing wrong.

It was mid-afternoon. I was feeling particularly low and My Lady was trying her best to comfort me. Out of nowhere, filling my door (he is a big man, after all) was an Anglican pastoral care visitor. He introduced himself and I felt the greatest comfort ever. We began to talk and I felt a great need for confession. When we were alone for privacy, and with his sympathetic ear and prayer of reconciliation, I felt God’s forgiveness. The weight of the world was off my shoulders! The three of us prayed for my healing and after being anointed with oil for healing and receiving Holy Communion, I felt the best I had ever felt since Spring.

One of the “deals” I made with my hospital care doctor was that when I could take a shower without being totally exhausted, I was well enough to go home. Indeed, the next evening, I was able to walk the full ward, and the following morning I had a shower with minimal fatigue! Three days later, I went home and my strength has been getting better ever since.

During our time together in the hospital, the pastoral visitor told us his home church was St. Luke, Calgary. We decided to go. With the open and welcoming arms of Rev. Joan and the friendship of the parish, I felt I had come home!

I find myself smiling when talking with our new priest, Rev. Gordon, because I hear echoes of my Roman Catholic upbringing but without any fear or pressure. I guess I'm now like my Uncle Wally – I go because I love God!

As for all of the above, I swear by Almighty God – Father, Son and Holy Spirit – that all of the above is true and in Jesus' name, I pray my story will provide hope and encouragement to inspire others!

Amen.

## **Answered Prayer and Blessings That Followed**

Dinah Brue *St. Paul Anglican Church, Calgary*

"I will praise you, O LORD, with all my heart; I will tell of all your wonders. I will be glad and rejoice in you; I will sing praise to your name, O Most High."  
(Psalm 9:1–2)

What I am about to share is a chapter in my life and that of our family, where the Lord answered prayer and the blessings that our family received because of that answer to prayer.

In 2001, my husband, Erwin had a second open heart surgery (multiple bypass) seventeen years after the first one. The fact that the first held for that length of time can only be attributed to the Lord's "granting him an extension" as I like to say. This time, only one surgeon was willing to operate as it was considered high risk.

The surgery was successful (again, answered prayer); however, complications arose. His kidneys stopped functioning and he was on dialysis for several days. At one point, we prayed together that the Lord would cause them to function once more. As we prayed, words from Isaiah came to me; "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and a picture came into my mind of Jesus taking those two organs in his hands and gently soothing them and allowing them to begin to work. I said, "Erwin, your strength will be renewed!"

When I arrived home that evening, in the mail was a postcard from a friend living out at the coast. The picture and the words were of that very Scripture. The following morning, I took the card with me to the hospital and pinned it on the board in his room. That day, and for several days after, his kidneys, bit by bit, begin to function. Our prayer was answered.

The result was his being able to come home, recuperate and return to work for a time until his cardiologist suggested he retire so that we would have more time together. And so he did. Erwin's "second extension" lasted for a further eight years and during that time, our family was blessed, first by having those extra years together, then, of course, by Erwin seeing our son David graduate from university as an engineer and following in his father's footsteps. After he had worked in northern Alberta for a couple of years, his company offered him a job in Calgary and so he came back and lived with us.

What a gift for all of us!! During Erwin's last year, David introduced us to Sarah, the girl he would eventually marry. Erwin took to her instantly, and before David even told us how much she meant to him, Erwin said to me, "She is the One." Very prophetic! Even though he did not live to see them married and to see our grandchildren, I was able, in my speech at their wedding, to quote Erwin and to say to Sarah and to her family that we loved her, too.

We do have an awesome God who answers our prayers in ways that are far more than anything we could ever ask or imagine. And I believe that our stories of what the Lord has done for us should be shared in order to encourage others. And so I say, "Thanks be to God!"

## **Anglican Healing In Africa**

Colin C M Campbell, PhD *Hamilton, ON*

Some years ago, I was invited to visit our partner diocese, Tabora, in East Africa, where the church membership is growing at a rate of 25% each year. As we traveled to a village named Kahama, I asked the Bishop to explain why the Gospel is spreading so quickly in Africa. He said, "All Africans believe in a creator but he is remote. Many live in fear of evil spirits and witchcraft. We explain to them that God promises to be with them in this life and at the last."

When we reached the village, I was invited to accompany the Bishop and the Elders on a pastoral visit to a sick parishioner, John L. We entered a dingy hut, filled with smoke from a fire with a cooking pot. As my eyes focused, I was able to discern the body of a man on a rough bed who appeared to be in the last stages of consumption. As we approached, the figure rose emitting a piercing shriek, with a look of such terror as I never hope to see ever again. He stumbled towards me leaning on a stick. The Bishop was a very sophisti-

cated Westernized individual but, at that moment, the façade slipped, revealing the helplessness of one for whom this scene was all too familiar.

I motioned John to be seated, placed my hands on his head and said, “Mungu anapende wewe.” (“God loves you.”) Immediately, I felt an overwhelming sense of love, and power travelled down my arms through my hands. I began to weep, pulled him upright and hugged him. Then, with my arm around his shoulders, we walked out into the bright sunlight as the elders looked on dumbfounded. I left some money with his wife and we left.

When I returned to Canada, I wrote to the Bishop to ask how John was. I received news that he had been healed. However, as I know that Africans are very tactful, I was doubtful (sadly) so when our bishop went to visit, I asked him to ask about John when he visited Kahama. On his return, he informed me that, when he reached the village, a man came running out from the crowd, asking about the “Mzungu” (European) who had prayed for him, telling our Bishop, “Mimi mgonjwa sana lakini sasa nzuri.” (“I was very sick but now well.”)

In closing, it is worth mentioning my visit to the house of one of my boyhood heroes, the medical missionary explorer, David Livingstone. On the walls were irons from the Arab slave trade and some quotations from his diaries, written about this evil practice, when he was alone and suffering from bouts of tropical illness. They are very moving. “All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven’s rich blessing come down on anyone who will help to heal this open sore of the world. If my disclosure should lead to the suppression of the slave trade, I shall regard that as a greater matter by far than the discovery of all the Nile sources together.”

When Livingston died, two Africans, Chuma and Susi, carried his body hundreds of miles to Mombasa, where it was met by a British gunboat and returned home.

At this time of strained relations, I find it comforting to recall the courage of a very great Christian man, who so loved the African people that he devoted his life to their liberation from sickness and slavery and was so loved by them in return, that they returned him to his people, at great personal sacrifice, and maintained his home as a shrine to his memory.

## God's Grace

Julie Foster *Abbeyfield St. Benedict, Nanaimo BC*

My husband, Denis, recovered from several severe health issues in January, then passed away suddenly on February 23, 2020.

I was so blessed to be able to have family and friends gather in our church and at the graveside. I realized how much I had taken for granted; many persecuted Christians who are not allowed to worship in their church, and funerals for them must be difficult. With COVID-19 restrictions in place, many could not bury their loved ones.

March and April were a time of "relatively good grief" for me. In our over-consuming, fast-paced and preoccupied society, I was able to have a time of healing, solitude and silence.

I placed three chairs in my front yard, six feet apart so I was not alone. My priest and friends visited at least once a week, so I had good visits, and a neighbor picked up my mail and groceries every week. In a society that expects one to get back to work after maybe three days or even a week, I was blessed by the visits and had time for joyous moments of memory and prayers of thanksgiving for my Denis's life.

As I worked through the process of mourning, healing and looking toward the future, I attended Order of St Luke (OSL) online retreats, and made time for contemplation and prayer, asking for God's guidance. I had no plans to move from my home of forty years. My "COVID rhythm" included Morning Prayer, unceasing prayer for those suffering with or because of COVID, studying the Bible, care for creation, and work. Work was cleaning out the basement, closets, and drawers, and going through memorabilia and photos.

When June rolled around, I was venturing out once a week and getting into a more "normal" but different routine, keeping to prayer times, asking God for direction and healing, and offering thanksgiving for my life and all its blessings.

I was associated with Benedictine Oblates in the House of Bread Monastery in Nanaimo, British Columbia, and met online via a Zoom meeting once a month. On July 3, I received an email from the group leader. Before opening, I wondered, "What can this be all about?" but when I finished reading, I felt, "This is

right – this is where I belong.” Unknown to me, the Benedictine Sisters at the monastery had been discerning and working toward transitioning to a retirement community called Abbeyfield St Benedict. When the brochure arrived, I spent the next seven days in prayer asking for guidance. I applied as an Oblate Candidate, then visited and went through the application process. On October 5, I started a new life at Abbeyfield St. Benedict!

God has lifted the sorrow from my heart, continues to heal me and gives me new life. I will be one of two residents in our new building; the other seven are Benedictine Sisters. When I visited, it was a delight to discover that I will have a rhythm of Morning Prayer, study and work, finishing the day in community with Vespers. God’s grace and providence has given me new beginnings... and all is well. I give thanks for His grace!

### **Mustard Seed of Faith**

Jerry Williams *St. David Episcopal Church, Lansing, MI*

An important event in my life happened some thirty–one years ago. In Matthew 17:20, Jesus says, “I tell you the truth, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, ‘Move from here to there’, and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you.” (NIV) I am led to share this event with you in the hope it may help anyone dealing with a ‘mountain’ in their lives.

In 1989, four years after my dad died from colon cancer, I, too, was diagnosed with colon cancer. As a result of my first colonoscopy, the doctor had found two polyps and removed them. He told me not to worry and assured me they were OK, since I was only 49 and in good health. But to be safe, he would send them to the lab for analysis. Then, a few days later, I learned, in fact, they were malignant and I needed surgery. OOPS!

But I’m getting ahead of myself, since it’s important to know how I learned about the cancer diagnosis. The doctor had called my home around 5:30 pm, but as I was still at work, he told my wife, Carol, then he called me at work. When I heard the news, I was devastated. All I could think of was that my dad had died from the same thing. To me, cancer meant death and a slow and agonizing one.

By the time I got home, I was all ready for a big ‘pity party’ with Carol. But, before I could say anything, she sat me down and read the first five verses of Psalm 103 (NIV) to me. They are:

“Praise the Lord, O my soul; with all my inmost being, praise his holy name.  
Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits—  
Who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases,  
Who redeems your life from the pit and  
crowns you with love and compassion,  
Who satisfies your desires with good things  
so that your youth is renewed like the eagle’s”

She and I then prayed and claimed these promises of God for me, and especially the one about being healed. In that simple act, a tiny seed of faith was planted within me. I say ‘tiny’ because I still stayed awake all night thinking of what I needed to do to get everything ready for Carol in case I died and thinking about all I would miss with my family if that were to occur.

By noon of the next day, I was a basket case. I was at work and had just informed my work associates that I was going to be out for the next six weeks for surgery. But after they left, something strange and miraculous happened. After closing my office door, I slammed a book I had been holding onto my desk and said in a loud voice, “Satan, in the name of Jesus, get off of me.” At that very instant, I physically felt a heavy weight lifted off my back. The power of the devil to make me fearful, to deceive me and make me doubt God’s love was broken. That tiny seed of faith, planted just one day ago, had sprouted.

Well, that seed of faith continued to grow and blossom. The Sunday before my surgery, I received the ‘laying on of hands’ by a host of members of our congregation. They prayed for me to be healed, for my doctors and nurses, for Carol and for our kids. By the time I was admitted, I had no fear of what might come. I knew God was in charge and loved me more than anything I could imagine.

So what was the outcome? As it turned out, I had the earliest form of cancer possible. I didn’t need chemo or radiation. I was cured. Praise God! That mustard seed of faith had moved my mountain of fear, doubt and disease right out of my life. And that seed of faith has kept right on growing.

In closing, what God has done for me, He is more than willing and capable of doing for you. So if you are facing a ‘mountain’ in your life, I pray you give it to God and trust Him. By His hand, that seed of faith will grow and will move that mountain.

## Healed From the Desire to Smoke Cigarettes

Rev. Dcn. Keith Bird *St Luke Anglican Church, Calgary*

I pray the following story will provide hope to anyone struggling with Nicotine addiction, a habit that can be harder to break than heroin, so I have been told.

Life was going well. My wife, Fronnie, was a happy gal, our business was flourishing, son and daughter were doing well in school and, all in all, family life and our marriage were solid with lots of love to go around. So why did I have this gnawing feeling of emptiness inside?

Our family attended church every Sunday but when a Billy Graham Crusade came to our city, Fronnie and I decided to go. When the invitation was given, we both went forward to accept Jesus as our Saviour. My emptiness was gone, and our lives were changed forever.

Not long afterward, I became aware of a growing nudge to stop smoking. To say that I was 'hooked' would be an understatement; I was in bondage but didn't recognize it. Having had a large-pack-a-day habit for years, I didn't know if I had the courage to obey or the strength to carry it out. It turned out I had neither. The many times I prayed for help and tried to quit resulted in defeat after defeat.

If you are addicted or ever have been, you will know two things about smoking: you are either out of cigarettes when the urge hits, or you don't have a "light."

I rose early one morning while the family slept, was about to enjoy my second cup of coffee after finishing breakfast and wanted a smoke to go with it. I found a cigarette but couldn't locate a lighter or matches... so I went to the kitchen stove. As I waited at that familiar altar for the element to heat up, I heard a still quiet voice in my spirit ask, "Do you love me?" After absorbing the question, I replied out loud, "Yes, Lord, I love you."

Then a second question, "Will you give me the desire to smoke?" The element on the stove was red hot by now and I struggled to reply. As I turned the element off, I answered, "Yes, Lord, if you will help me I will give you the desire, asking only that you give me back what you want me to have."

It was the beginning of offering that short prayer every time the desire struck... and for sure it was offered several times in the ensuing few minutes

after having made the commitment. Over the days and weeks to come, gradually the number of times diminished as did the desire to have a cigarette.

I cannot remember how long the process took for the urge to stop but I soon became aware of not knowing what to do with my hands. And when I was in the company of others, I discovered that for me, offering or accepting a cigarette or a light had become a crutch, an accepted ritual during conversation and I had to learn how to relate without the prop of a cigarette.

Most former cigarette smokers will proudly tell you they just quit, but when asked if they have ever thought about starting again, will usually admit that they think about having one after a meal or from time to time when stressed. Sometimes the answer is, "I have just one, once in a while."

Learning to obey wasn't the easiest thing for me but experiencing the results of trusting the Lord was a turning point in developing my faith. Praise God I no longer think about smoking! I know that I have been delivered from addiction to Nicotine and healed from the desire to smoke!

In Luke 4:16–18, Jesus said, "The Spirit of the Lord is on me, because he has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim freedom for the prisoners and recovery of sight for the blind, to set the oppressed free."

Jesus not only transformed my life, but I was a captive and He set me free. Thanks be to God!

Our loving God does not have favourites (Romans 2:11). What He has done for me He can do for you. Expect Him to answer prayer in ways that you will know without doubt that it is He who is performing a new thing in you! God bless you as you step out in faith to trust Him for your need.

Thanks be to God!

## **Cancer Healed**

Jim Fulton *Calgary, Alberta*

After finishing radiation treatments for lung cancer, I had also just completed two stays in hospital, seven days and ten days last October. I live next door to St. Luke Anglican Church in Calgary, and one day while waiting for a bus,

I noticed a banner advertising the Healing Conference for Saturday and Sunday, October 19 and 20, 2019.

I signed up and thoroughly enjoyed the event. When the opportunity was given, I went forward for prayer, asking for healing for the cancer, and left feeling confident that it would be. On the following Thursday after tests were made, my doctor told me I was cancer free!

After having prayed for God to take care of the cancer, I woke up this morning being reprimanded by God for not fully trusting Him to heal my COPD as well. God reminded me that He was the Almighty God, not the god of mediocrity! Thanks be to God for my healings!

### **Healed from Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma Cancer**

Jean Leclaire *Almonte, ON*

In March of 2011, I was diagnosed with Follicular Lymphoma, an incurable form of Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. It was a very scary time! I wasn't sleeping well, couldn't eat and I was always thinking of the worst possible outcome!! Then I handed it all over to God, but, not right away...

I didn't tell my family because I didn't want them worrying until I knew exactly what I had and how it was going to be treated. I did tell Rev. Trudy and another minister. It is very hard to keep anything from Trudy!! They, of course, prayed for me, which made me feel a little better.

Waiting is the hardest thing when something like this happens, with so many doctor appointments, and test after test!! I had a CT scan early on which showed the largest tumor to be ten cm, or approximately the size of a grapefruit. There were numerous smaller ones of three and four cm as well – they said there was a mass of them. After all the tests and biopsies, I was finally ready to begin treatment, so another CT scan was ordered. This one showed the largest tumor to be only 7.3 cm. It had already shrunk before treatment even began. I believe this was God's answer to our prayers.

There were people I didn't even know praying for me and having visions. One vision was of me dancing with bells on, another with God holding me in His arms. One time at a friend's home, when listening to beautiful music as they prayed, I just broke down and cried and cried. I hadn't really cried until

then. I think this is where I finally gave everything to God. What a relief that was! I had the thought come into my head during that session that everything was going to be okay!! Whatever the outcome. There had been prayer sessions held for me and we prayed at the bible studies being held at our home. One night after bible study, as Trudy was praying over me, I said to God that I would receive His healing. We had been talking about that, that you need to ask, and to believe, so I did ask. When she had finished, a friend told us he had received a message during prayer – “It is finished, done, so be it!” There is power in prayer and I believe with all my heart that God has healed me of this ‘incurable’ disease.

I did get very sick after my treatments were finished because I had no white blood cell count. That was from the treatments. I prayed every time I went for treatment that if God wanted me to have it, He would see that I had a count of at least 1, which was required. One day, they couldn’t get a reading, so they had to manually count them, and as always, I prayed and asked if it was His will that I have treatment, that it would come back at 1. After the manual count, it did come back at 1.22, so the treatment went on. After my regular treatments were finished, I was to do two more years of maintenance chemo every couple of months, but that is when I got very ill and was hospitalized. As usual, I told God that if my blood levels didn’t come up before the next treatment that I would trust in Him to look after me. Well, they didn’t, and I was told that I could not receive any further treatment. That was fine with me, as I knew I was in good hands.

There were many more things happening during this time to show that God was working in my life. One day a man who used to go to church with us, whom I hadn’t seen in awhile, showed up at my door with a jar of Chaga, a drink made from the birch tree. I hadn’t a clue as to what it was, but he said he heard that I wanted to try it. I didn’t know anything about it, and I knew I hadn’t asked for it, so I put it in the fridge and thought I’d look it up on the internet. That same day, I had to go out for something and ran into this same man’s ex-wife at the store. I hadn’t seen her for ages either, so I mentioned that he had dropped by with the Chaga. She said she and her daughter had made it for me. I used to think all this was coincidence, but now I know better. I had a terrible cough that had lasted for many months, since quite a while before I was hospitalized in July, and this was November. Shortly after starting on the Chaga, my cough just stopped. Another friend, Beula, prayed for me the same night the cough stopped. She had me put my hands on my

throat and visualize them as Jesus' hands while she prayed. This night, Dennis and I were in the living room and my cough was very annoying, so when I hadn't coughed in awhile, he mentioned it. I was reading and hadn't really noticed, but from then on it was gone. This was just another confirmation of the importance of our working together with God's healing power. I thank God first thing every morning for all he has done for me and continues to do.

I had my six-month checkup this January, along with an ultrasound, and everything appears to be fine. I am leaving it to God, and I do my best to give Him all my problems and concerns. I thank Him daily for my healing and for being with me always.

### **Granddaughter Healed of Pneumonia**

Jean LeClaire *Almonte, ON*

I have another miracle that I would like to share with you.

My granddaughter was sick, and her mom (Christine) took her to the doctor. The doctor said there was nothing to worry about, so they went home. She quickly got worse, high fever and very lethargic, so she took her back to emergency.

The new doctor didn't like the sound of her breathing and had an x-ray done which showed she had pneumonia. She sent her home with medication to start that evening. Christine called me and I called Trudy (a local pastor and friend).

Trudy asked me to pick her up so we could pray for Teagan. When we arrived, Teagan was on the couch, a very sick little girl who could barely open her eyes. As we were praying, I had my hand on her forehead and she started to feel cooler. Christine took her temperature and it had dropped quite a bit since we arrived. Still no medication at this point.

After praying we went back to Trudy's and while having tea, Christine called to tell us that Teagan was up and asking for pancakes. God is good – all the time!!

### **Delivered from Demonic Possession**

Gladys Cardy *Newcastle, ON*

This remarkable healing took place when I was a nursing student and my class of twenty or so students was on the last rotation before completion of our

training, an eight-week spell in a mental health hospital. We were to spend the first few weeks observing and then were to choose one of the patients to work with personally, but it was stressed we were there to learn and not to diagnose or moralise or interfere with the psychiatric treatment.

We were all horrified on entering the institution to note one patient, whom I'll call Magda, a young woman of eighteen or nineteen who personified, in my opinion, demon possession. She was large and raw-boned with wild unkempt hair and she was never still, simply racing up and down the ward continually muttering oaths and filthy talk.

Magda's name was on the list of patients from whom we had to make our choice. I was horrified by Magda and yet felt convinced that I should take her on. I bargained with the Lord, "Lord, please let someone else choose Magda but I'll wait until everyone has chosen and then if no one else does, I will." As I dreaded, no one chose Magda and she was assigned to me for the next six weeks.

We were then given the personal histories of our assigned patient. I was appalled to read that Magda had been gang raped at about twelve years of age and that she had been abused many times since, even taking off at times from the hospital only to return after a few days, abandoned and miserable.

Because she never stopped running back and forth, I reasoned my best recourse would be to take her outside into the extensive grounds around the hospital. This worked better than I had thought. Magda immediately took off at a run down the long paths but always rejoined me, and then took off again, never staying long enough to chat. This also helped make it more bearable to listen to the dreadful obscene mutterings. So I managed to put in the six-week span while looking forward to its soon completion.

One evening just a few days before our time was up, I attended a prayer meeting at my church. During prayer, I found myself under strong conviction. I felt as though the Lord's eyes were on me: "You've been with Magda in her desperate condition all these weeks and never said one word to her of My power to save and to heal."

I was deeply ashamed and pondered how I could witness to Magda given the difficulties of trying to converse, and the school's warnings not to attempt our own treatment of the patients. Deciding she wouldn't concentrate enough to read or discuss, I found a picture of our Lord praying in the Garden of Gethsemane and the next day at the hospital, instead of going outside, I found a very small con-

sulting room and took her inside, locking the door so she couldn't run away.

She stood looming over me in the confines of that tiny room, jogging up and down and mouthing obscenities. I spoke slowly and clearly, words to this effect: "Magda, I know what troubles you. You have been abused and shamed and you feel like a piece of trash, but in the sight of Jesus, you are loved and cared for. If you turn to Him and ask His forgiveness, He will take you in His arms and forgive you and cleanse you as white as snow. Here is a picture of Jesus praying; take it and look at it every night and trust His love for you."

The jogging and mouthing didn't stop but much to my astonishment, instead of obscenities, I heard her saying, "Never again, never again, never again."

Our mental health training ended shortly after and we returned to the Nursing School. I continued to pray for Magda but didn't expect to have any more news. It was with some trepidation that a few weeks later the mental health instructor wanted to see me and I thought, "Oh, oh, they know I had been dealing with Magda." The instructor looked keenly at me as I came in and asked, "You will remember Magda at the Mental health facility?"

"Of course," I nodded, "How could I forget her?"

"Well, you will be happy to hear that she is being discharged."

I simply gaped. It was stunning news considering her tormented condition. The instructor kept looking at me and smiling, so I was encouraged to say I had given her a picture of the Lord.

"I know you did," she answered, "Magda showed me the picture and told me you gave it to her. She keeps it under her pillow and prays every night."

This miracle of healing caused a bit of a sensation and news was spreading amongst the other mental health instructors. Fortunately, I wasn't called on the carpet for administering advice on my own.

I have been so grateful for the Lord's leading and guiding and that He poured out His compassion on that poor girl's benighted mind. Before her discharge, I visited her and brought her a Bible. She was a different person and said to me, "I knew you'd come back."

Thanks be to God!

## **Living The Transformed Life**

Rev. Aretta Hagle *Scarborough, ON*

Have you been looking for the end of the rainbow trying to find the treasure box full of gold but never succeeding? Have you been trying to get all the things that the world says you need to be happy and have a fulfilled life only to find that you are still on the treadmill and you are tired? Perhaps you are trying to fix your broken, painful life and the extra work hours, the weekend parties, the food, alcohol, relationships all leave you longing for something more.

I'm going to suggest that most people, if not all, have been caught in this endless cycle at some point in our lives. I was twenty-two years of age when I had had enough of this pointless way of living. I didn't have any real life goals, no direction for what I wanted to accomplish. I knew I had to work to get ahead but with a Grade 13 education what could I do? I was tired of working in retail and partying on weekends. For me, something had to change but I didn't know how to make change happen.

After being at a weekend youth retreat and hearing the gospel of Jesus Christ proclaimed, I began to read my Bible, really for the first time. I had grown up in church and belonged to the different children and youth ministries but for the last several years the only thing that kept me going to church was the fact that I could sing in the choir.

About a week or two after this event I said to God one night, "If what I am reading is true, then I want it and I want all you have for me." That was the beginning of living the transformed life for me. Since that day in 1977, life has been quite a journey. I think it was about six months later that I was filled with the Holy Spirit, which was a glorious event. It was then that I became aware of my need for inner healing.

I had been terribly abused as a child and young teenager. It took several years for me to go through the process of releasing my pain and anger, the very things that had kept me from being able to have a fulfilled life. I had two Christian counselors who helped me to come to the point of being able to forgive my abusers. Believe it or not, today, my one abuser and I have a fantastic relationship which has only been made possible because he has become a Christian and walked his own road of healing with the Lord. PRAISE GOD!

Being able to forgive others for big or little offenses is one of those characteristics of a person living the transformed life. It's not always easy but it is a necessary action to take because the Lord's Prayer says, "Forgive us our sins (Father) as we forgive those who sin against us."

When I became a Christian, God called me into full time ministry; however, it didn't work out the way I thought it should. After completing all the necessary schooling, my denomination at that time did not have a place for me and therefore I could not be ordained. Well, what was this all about? Had I not heard from God on this important life decision? Well, yes I had, but I had another lesson to learn as I learned about living the transformed life. That lesson was that God is sovereign and His ways are not my ways, neither is my timing His timing. God has other lessons for me to learn before this word from Him would be fulfilled. I was eventually ordained by the Anglican Network in Canada in 2014.

God sent me to work in a group home for young women living with mental health and addiction issues. Yes, I learned many things over the twenty-two years I spent in this setting. I think the big lesson was how to love people. It's easy to love people who are like us but it's hard to love those who are different. Jesus came to minister to those who were down and out, those living with brokenness and without hope. He came for the sinner, not the righteous. To live the transformed life, I have had to learn to love others just the way I love myself. This is something I am not able to do in my own strength. I can only love those God has brought into my path with His love. This has only been possible because I came to the realization that when I accepted Christ as my Saviour and Lord, He lives in me. I have to die to myself every day and let Him live through me. (Galatians 2:20) Seven years after leaving this work, God has taken me back to work in a mental health facility, now as a Chaplain.

Forgiveness and love are two of the many lessons I have learned and continue to learn as I walk the transformed life but there is another lesson I have had to learn that I want to share with you. That lesson is all about our heavenly Father. It has taken me years to have an intimate relationship with Abba Father and here's why: I had a picture in my mind of who He is, based on my relationship with my earthly Dad.

My Dad was a person whose work took him away from our home five days a week. When he was home, he had paperwork to do or he was reading the newspaper. While he provided for his family in every way possible with the

salary he made (there were seven children in the family), he engaged very little with us. What he knew about his children's lives came to him through his wife. Dad had a temper that could flare at any moment. My siblings could tell stories of what happened when Dad was angry. I can honestly say I never heard my Dad say, "I love you" until just a year or so before he passed away.

This picture of my Dad made it hard for me to see my heavenly Father as a loving Papa who was always present and who wanted to love me and care for me. Now, I knew in my head that was the kind of heavenly Father He is because that's what the scriptures say but the twelve to fourteen inches from my head to my heart was a long distance. I had to go through a process of forgiving my Dad for not being the person I needed him to be. I have had to do this several times as things from the past come to my mind. It's like the layers of an onion. Each time I forgive, I am freed and enabled to have a more intimate relationship with my heavenly Papa.

Along with the forgiveness, I have also sent back to my earthly father all the hurtful, ungodly words and actions that came from him to me. The final action I took was to place the cross of Christ between myself and my Dad and his family line to the third and fourth generation cutting off all that was ungodly. I did this for my Mother's line, too. It does bring freedom to walk more fully in the way God intended. The good thing is that we do not need someone else to do this for us because Jesus has given us authority to do battle against the enemy in our lives. SO... in His Name you can take the same action and gain freedom to walk more Christ-like.

Living the transformed life is a process. As long as I am alive on this earth, I will continue to be changed from one level of glory to another. When I am at last taken from here and I see Jesus face-to-face I will then be like Him – totally transformed.

## **Hope**

Beula Cooke *Kempville, ON*

After six months of increased faltering when he walked, in April 2009, my husband Ron was diagnosed with lumbar ALS (Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis). On my part, I prayed that I would walk with God through this trial not hindering God's purpose, but in a manner that would give Him glory.

Since then, we moved to housing near our children that could be made hand-capped accessible. His four brothers took him every week to his old Tim Horton's where he had been a daily part of the settling of world affairs. His sisters visited faithfully. My Christian friends supported us in prayer and pastoral visits. Our daughter came each Sunday so that I could go to church. Our younger son not only did chores for us but saw to our older son's needs surrounding kidney surgery on July 22, 2010.

On July 31, Ron enjoyed a supper of corn on the cob, fresh carrots, and ice cream with blueberries. At 8:30, he was admitted to hospital with high carbon levels and low oxygen levels in the blood. At 1:00 a.m. August 1, he slipped into eternity with Jesus.

God was so merciful taking him before he lost his ability to communicate or transfer from chair to chair! Although devastated, having lost my life partner, through it all I came to a greater understanding of the greatness of God's love in Christ Jesus as He surrounded Ron and drew him in.

So I pray that God, who gives you hope, will keep you happy and full of peace as you believe in him. May you overflow with hope through the power of the Holy Spirit. (Romans 15:13)

## **My Healing**

### **I Was Not Expected to Live**

Sadie Paidel *St Luke Anglican Church, Calgary*

On August 4, 1966, two months before my nineteenth birthday, I was driving to visit an aunt and uncle in Regina. As I approached an intersection about three blocks from their house, I checked to make sure there was no cross traffic on my right. As I checked the left lane over which I had the right-of-way, it was just in time to see the blur of an oncoming speeding vehicle smash into me.

In that moment, I thought, "Here I come, Lord," and before I finished the thought, I was in the Presence of God, engulfed in His love and majesty.

His light is brighter than a million suns; I don't know how long I basked in His Presence.

Later, I was told all that follows.

I had been transported from the accident scene to the hospital about 7:20 p.m., pronounced Dead On Arrival and left in the hallway for the mortician to arrive for work the next day. A nurse, whom I know, came on duty at midnight, did a tour of the Emergency Ward to see what had come in and noticed I was breathing! She recognized me and reported this to the policeman on duty. The top internal surgeon in Regina was called in for immediate surgery. He repaired a punctured liver but left a damaged lung because I wasn't expected to survive.

My brother was notified of the accident and my condition, and called my folks in Fort Qu'Appelle. Mom said it took my dad twenty minutes to make the forty-five minute drive into the city and they met the doctors as I was going into the operating room. Mom said they were glad to be told I probably wouldn't live because my face was a mass of blood, dirt and gravel; she was sure no one would recognize me again.

I have a small scar on my face— and I have to look for it. My skull was fractured over the right ear near the memory faculty, and my right clavicle and hand were also fractured. Neither bone was set because I wasn't expected to live. It also became evident that I was paralyzed on the right side.

Back to the scene in heaven: After the time in God's Presence, Jesus took me aside (Father, Son and Holy Spirit ARE three in one) and showed me a few scenes from my life. It was strange to see it from His perspective. One scene was in Grade Four when I wanted so badly to witness to a classmate but I couldn't think of the words to say. I don't recall what else He showed me but I very definitely got the impression I was being sent back to earth, not allowed to stay.

I begged and pleaded but knew it was useless. Words are inadequate to describe the love, peace, and joy of being in the Presence of God. I just wanted to praise and love God in return, and never leave His side.

As I was pleading the hardest in heaven, apparently I pulled the tracheostomy tube out of my throat, causing a large, purple scar. After I was strong enough, a plastic surgeon made the scar into a "Z," the best repair he said was possible.

When they tried to give me an intravenous for the blood loss, my body re-

jected all blood. My father's youngest brother was called in; his was the only blood my body would accept. Mother told me that I had died two or three times during the six weeks I was unconscious. My folk were told that "if" I lived, I would need continual hospital care, would be in a wheelchair forever and never be able to support myself again.

After six weeks, I woke up, recognized that I was in hospital and found the call button. When the nurse came, I asked what I was doing there. She said, "You were in an accident." When she said that, I "saw" the car coming at me and passed out.

The nurse called the doctors, and they were trying to wake me up, calling my name and patting my hands and face. When I awoke, they asked my name, where I lived, if I had any family, what the name of the city was, if I knew where I was, and the name of the Prime Minister, etc. I finally asked if I could have something to eat, and why my right side felt so funny. They told me I was paralyzed but it didn't register with me.

Later, I asked a nurse if I could see my father who worked in the hospital kitchen. He was warned that I wouldn't remember much and that I would have the mind of a child between the ages of five and eight. When he came into my room, I asked him to tell the hospital to give me my car keys so I could go home.

My brother came to see me regularly. Several days after I woke up, he caught me trying to exercise my right arm, and my leg and face. It was really weird that it was so hard to move the muscles. Two weeks later, I walked out of the hospital on my father's arm.

The doctor had to break my hand to set the bones. I went to the rehab hospital for treatment when the cast came off. I also had to visit a psychologist to have "mental damage" assessed for the court case. That was about the extent of my hospital care.

In September 1967, I enrolled in a technical school secretarial course so I could get back into the routine of working. My IQ was tested at ten points above average for my age.

I do have difficulty remembering some things but not enough to keep me from working. I've also enjoyed taking evening classes to explore different things. Although I suffered a nervous breakdown in 1994 because of the way I was treated at work, I have always been able to provide for myself.

I thank God for my healing and praise Him for His Grace in my life!

An acquaintance told me about an incident in her life. When she discovered that she was pregnant, her boyfriend dropped her and disappeared. She decided to end it all and drove off a pier in Vancouver. She said she felt the fire of Hell on her feet and moving up her legs the closer she got to the water.

She knew it was Hell because she said there isn't a heat or pain like it on earth.

She doesn't know how she got the door open but said she managed to get out as fast as she could. She also told me she became a Christian before she got to shore!

As a new woman in Christ, she now tries to follow a Christian discipline, always making an effort to share the Good News of the Love of God and warn others about Hell.

## **Celebrate Life**

Beula Cooke *Kempville, ON*

On Tuesday, September 25, 1985, I was sitting at the desk in my Christian Bookstore in Kempville, Ontario praying. It was a quiet day in the store with no customers at that moment. I saw in my mind's eye a heart cleansed from darkness and then God talked to me about a miracle; I prayed for both.

That summer, the chairman of ARM Canada was keynote speaker at the Anglican Renewal Ministries Conference in Ottawa. After the conference, follow up activities were scheduled in various churches. I participated in the one held in St. James, Kempville on Sunday evening, September 23, and asked for prayer for my mom who had been admitted to hospital that day with bleeding from the bowel (haemorrhoids).

When I closed the bookstore for the day, I went over to the hospital to visit Mom before going home (she was to be released the next day). When I arrived, she was dressed and sitting up on the side of the bed. It was the time of the devastating earthquakes in Mexico and she was really troubled for the victims. As she talked about them, her speech slurred; she turned blue and her body went into tremor. I asked her roommate who was standing beside her own bed, to please go and get the nurse. As I eased Mom back on the bed and lifted her legs up onto the bed, I spoke "Jesus Peace" to her repeatedly. The nurse came and asked me to go to the lounge. I went to the Chap-

el instead and as I did, I met the crash cart coming to her room. I prayed earnestly and loudly in the Spirit for about fifteen minutes and when the burden lifted, I started back to her room. Again, I met the crash cart which was returning to the nurse's station. A nurse told me, "She is alive and Dr. Jones is with her. Dr. Brake (Mom's own doctor) is coming and wants to talk to you." I went back to the Chapel and waited for Dr. Brake. He told me she had been gone for about four minutes and they had thumped her heart once; they expected no brain damage. He wanted to know what measures the family wanted if it happened again and my answer was she was good to go to be with her Lord, so nothing drastic please. A Christian, he agreed.

As I walked to the car, the scripture going through my mind was, "... Was dead and is alive." Truly I had seen a miracle of resurrection! Upon arriving home, I took my autoharp to my bedroom and sang praises to God for over an hour.

The next morning, I went to the hospital. Mom had been moved to the intensive care room opposite the nursing station. She told me she had praised the Lord all night (Mom was once the organist in a number of churches). She said she felt as if she had been washed in the Blood and it was as though her blood had been rejuvenated as if it had been shaken in a milkshake maker.

My response was, "Mom, you were gone and God brought you back." She said, "Then He must have something more for me to do".

My sister who lives in BC never had a complaint from Mom in any of her letters after experiencing heart cleansing from self-pity and fear of death.

On September 18th, 1985 we had celebrated Mom's 84th birthday and I had given her a card encouraging her to "Celebrate life." She celebrated life until she went to be with her Lord Jesus on January 15, 1989. Throughout that Sunday afternoon, my sister and I sang hymns and spiritual songs in her hospital room. After not having said a word all day, at 6:30 she opened her eyes, said "Jesus!" and was gone with Him to her heavenly reward!

## **Testimony of God's Loving Care**

Vanessa Rottner *Toronto, ON*

My name is Vanessa Rottner, a member of St. James Cathedral and a graduate of Lay Ministry Program at Wycliffe College.

My ministry is pastoral care and has kept me busy since the Covid-19 pandemic began in March 2020. I have been connecting with friends over the phone, email and wanting to find new ways to reach out, sending cards and tea sachets with encouraging notes.

Feedback has been positive; comments reveal how much God's Loving Care is all around us as the power of the Holy Spirit is revealed working in our lives when we least expect it.

What do we do when we don't have the energy to pray because we are exhausted by Covid19 and the impact on our daily lives? I have found two valuable tools that I include in daily devotions: a Taize Chant and an Angel Prayer for which I thank the Rev. Joan Claring-Bould a priest in Southern Adelaide who shared this in a recent sermon.

Taize Chant:

"In the Lord, I'll be ever thankful, In the Lord, I'll be will rejoice  
Look to God, do not be afraid, lift up your voices, the Lord is near,  
Lift Up Your Voices, the Lord is Near"

Repeat

Angel Lullaby – a children's prayer from the Hansel and Gretel by Engelbert Humperdinck (1893 opera).

When at night I go to sleep fourteen angels watch do keep,  
Two, my head are guarding two my feet are guiding,  
Two are on my right hand two are on my left hand  
Two who warmly cover two who o'er me hover,  
Two to whom 'tis given to guide my steps to heaven.

### **My Testimony: From Bondage to Freedom**

Kevin Tucker Scarborough, ON

My story begins before I became a Christian, what led me to Jesus, and what life is like today in my journey with Him as Saviour and Lord.

You will remember the story of the Prodigal Son in Luke 15: 11-32. It's really my story: a prodigal who left home, squandered my life and then returned. This testimony could also be called My Coming Home.

I believe everyone has a prodigal story. At some point, we become lost and then found. The beautiful thing with Jesus is that you and I are never lost to Him. He knows who we are, where we are in life, and yet He still loves us. Despite where we are in our prodigal journey, His arms are wide open to lavish His love on us when we return home.

For the longest time, I didn't know that, I didn't have a clue that Jesus and the Father loved me big time.

When I was growing up, my parents and my brother and I lived in a middle-class neighborhood, and for the most part we were a normal family. My dad had a good job, mother the homemaker, and we all went to church every Sunday. But church for me was more of a duty, something you were supposed to do.

I was baptized as an infant, received my first Communion and Confirmation, all of that to please my parents but held no meaning for me. It was just something one did as a member of the Anglican Church.

During this time, kids at school made fun of me, calling me names like "fat-ty" or "mental." I was a big kid and attended a Special Ed class for all the grades and was bullied right up to the end of high school. I had such a low esteem that I started believing what they said about me, that I was mental and fat and ugly. By the time I was in high school, I started smoking cigarettes in hopes people would accept me, started skipping school to be like those cool kids who made fun of me, but that still did not work. I still got teased, so I started to smoke weed and drink alcohol.

By the time I graduated from high school, I drank just to escape those feelings of shame and guilt. I started working as a Security Guard after high school to get a paycheck to party. I still went to church and put on my Sunday mask; I could not tell them how I really felt.

I started hanging out with some questionable people, even went to gay bars because I was confused about my sexuality. They drank as much as me, so why shouldn't I? I told myself that I might as well hang out with these low life characters because I was one of them too. I was really sick in my addiction and at that time, did not know how to get out of it nor did I want to.

I ran away from my parent's home in February, 1989 and stayed away for a full year without telling them where I was. I was trapped in a lifestyle of alcoholism,

ashamed and afraid to call them because I feared facing the consequences.

Then a "God" event happened. One day at work where I was a security guard, I was surprised to be recognized by my cousin's husband-to-be who worked at the same place. After we talked about me being away from home for more than a year, he invited me to his wedding with my cousin. During a short walk from the bus on my way to the wedding, my parents drove by, stopped and picked me up. They already knew I was coming to the wedding.

It was not a happy occasion for me; I bawled my eyes out and said I was very sorry and asked if I could come home. Later, my older brother, the "righteous son," berated me saying, "Do you think you still have all your clothes and your bed after the year of hell you put everyone through?" Well, when I did come home, I found everything was ready for me: bed was made, clothes neatly folded and hanging in the closet just like I had never left.

I was later to discover that this is the way our Heavenly Father is, waiting for us, and welcoming us back with open arms, and so much more.

I was still addicted to alcohol when I came home but that all changed in June of 1991. I went to a doctor and she asked how much I drank. I didn't lie because I knew I really did need help and finally, I accepted it. I sensed that still small voice was saying it was going to be okay.

I believe now that God was with me all the time, even in my darkest times, just waiting for me to come home. On June 15 of 1991, I became a member of AA and haven't had a drink or drug since then. I even went back to church but this time with a new mind-set, seeing everything in a new light. The minister at that time was charismatic, and often preached about the Holy Spirit and the love of the Father, but I still needed healing.

I met my wife-to-be in 1992, and we were married in July, 1993. Somewhere between that date and 1994, I tried to kill myself twice. The emotions I buried when I was drinking came spilling out all at once. Also, there were financial pressures I could not handle and decided the best way was to kill myself but I believe Jesus was saying He wasn't finished with me yet.

After my second attempt in 1994, my best friend introduced me to a local church in revival, then called the Toronto Airport Vineyard, later as The Toronto Blessing, and known today as Catch The Fire. Before going, I asked what

it was all about and he explained that their services included worship, prayer and laying on of hands. I asked if it was anything like I watched on TV – people shaking, falling down and so forth. When he said yes, I told him I would go but I would only observe.

Well, I went, received prayer, and indeed did fall in the spirit, shaking like bacon in a frying pan, laughing and crying my eyes out at the same time. I felt peace come over me like never before, and I believe the root of my negative emotions was healed.

I had a new confidence but still did not really know the Father's love. I knew about it, but it did not really hit me fully until later.

I knew about Catch The Fire way back in 1994 even when I was attending our Anglican Church. A speaker and worship leader from Catch The Fire was invited to lead a worship service for us that was particularly awesome.

Eventually, my wife and I bought a house in Scarborough in 1999 and we started attending a nearby Anglican church where I heard exciting things were happening similar to Catch The Fire. Following a split in the congregation several months later, I discovered the Scarborough campus of Catch The Fire where I still attend. I sensed God might have plans for me. And indeed, He did.

I am being fed spiritually like never before including a conference with Barry Adams who ministers The Father's Love so powerfully. I finally came to experience the Father's love, overwhelmed that He loved me personally and actually died for me. Later that night, I had a dream; I was one of many in the crowd as Jesus passed by on His way to the Cross. He looked at me and said, "I am doing this for you." And when He was on the cross, He said, "I love you this much." I knew without a doubt that He loved me despite all that I went through in the past. When opportunity was given, I felt the need to be immersed in baptism to publicly proclaim my love for Him. What a powerful night that was!

I still have challenging times but I now know I can talk it out with Jesus, and I have a church family that I can turn to for support, another first for me. I love this church family beyond words.

From bondage to freedom; it's good to be home! Thanks be to God!

## Healing Along the "Way"

Margaret Palmer *Christ's Church, Oceanside, Nanoose Bay BC*

I was born into a Godly family in 1937 and raised in the Anglican Church. Many of you from Ontario will know my sister, Beula Cooke.

When I entered nursing training at Ottawa Civic Hospital, I was met with many challenges; the biggest one for me was dealing with severe illness in children and young adults. That is when I began to seek Holy Scripture for answers as I felt there had to be more than what the medical profession offered.

Following graduation, I moved to Vancouver to work and that's where I met my husband, Rod. Together we have raised three daughters and have six grandchildren.

Beula introduced me to OSL (The International Order of St Luke the Physician) and I was able to find a local group in Richmond, BC where we were living at the time. I became a member in 1984. I personally have received many healings and have seen many miracles. A close friend, who was in his forties at that time, was healed from leukemia. He is now in his eighties and in good health.

As a young mom, I struggled for a time with depression. At a very low time in my life, I cried out to the Lord and He spoke to me in an audible voice, saying that I was the one He had chosen to be the mother of our girls and I was not alone, and that He was with me.

I was healed instantly from the pain of a tennis elbow in a group healing session with Dennis and Rita Bennett.

The Lord has blessed my husband and I in so many ways. We now live independently in a retirement home in Nanaimo. Life has changed for us all during this pandemic and we miss gathering with our church family but there are many opportunities here to encourage others. A staff member has begun an interfaith devotional group and we can gather in a private suite to sing and praise our Lord.

I believe God desires wholeness and good health for us all, in spirit, mind and body (3 John:2). We trust Him daily for all our needs and look for revival in these troubled times. As we believe and receive His wonderful promises in scripture, He can do infinitely more than we can ask or imagine (Ephesians 3:20).

Each new day is a miracle as we continue to praise and give thanks! We pray that the Lord of Heaven's armies will shed His light anew and push back the darkness. To God be the glory!

## **From Ugly to Lovely Without Plastic Surgery**

Pat Yuill *Toronto ON*

Growing up, I became quite good at lying to myself. I don't think anyone else knew about these lies, but I was tormented by them. I have memories of my mother putting me on one diet after another and I thought I must be very fat and, of course, quite ugly. I thought all my girlfriends and all the girls at church were so pretty, and they seemed to attract the boys. I didn't. I wanted to be attractive to boys, but I just wasn't.

So I became an adult carrying a big load of ugly inside myself. I was married and had two little girls when I met Jesus as my personal savior. I was happier than I had ever been because I knew Jesus forgave all my sins and He loved me! Life was so much brighter, God was so real, and I knew I was the grateful receiver of His grace. I became a Christian fanatic, wanting to talk about Jesus to anyone who would listen!



Yet I still carried my ugly baggage with me wherever I went. After our son was born, I decided to make a collage of myself and my husband and I framed them. I was stunned to discover that I was not a fat child or teenager! The photographs didn't lie and yet I had lied to myself all my life. This was the beginning of God healing my body image.

The next step came when my daughters and I travelled together to England when they were thirteen and fourteen years old. We stayed at a hotel with a beautiful bathroom. The shower had a clear glass enclosure and across the room was a huge wall mirror. As I showered, I had a clear view of myself and this was the thought that entered my mind – I am not ugly! I could hardly believe it! I was not ugly! God showed me the truth. I was forty years old and God revealed the lie I had been telling myself for far too long.

After that, I noticed myself looking more feminine, getting my ears pierced, wearing more pink, using more makeup than just lipstick, and increasingly lik-

ing the person in the mirror. In the process, God completed the healing of my body image as I grew closer to Him. This healing was not immediate nor was it visible, but it changed my self-image and relieved me of the shame I felt believing the lie.

The Bible says that "if anyone is in Christ, the new creation has come. The old has gone, the new is here." (2 Corinthians 5:17) The old lies are gone, truth has replaced them and I enjoy being the new creation – the new me! Loved and lovely!

## **The Power of Prayer**

Hazel Birt *Winnipeg, Manitoba*

To follow up on some recent tests ordered for my husband, Jim and I went to an appointment at the doctor's office for the results. We were devastated to hear the doctor say, "Jim has prostate cancer." As Jim and I looked at each other, no words were needed; we had three young children and this was devastating news. Jim's dad had prostate cancer and it took his life.

As soon as we got home, I phoned my prayer circle. I was told a Rev. Price from Boston was coming to speak at our healing conference the following week. I was encouraged to come and bring Jim. Jim's doctor was a friend, and when we told him of our plans he decided to come with us.

Holy Scripture tells us: "Is anyone among you sick? Then he must call for the elders of the church and they are to pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; <sup>15</sup> and the prayer offered in faith will restore the one who is sick, and the Lord will raise him up, and if he has committed sins, they will be forgiven him. <sup>16</sup> Therefore, confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another so that you may be healed. The effective prayer of a righteous man can accomplish much." (James 5:14–16)

My Jim was a nominal Christian, but in this crisis he was willing to go with me. Doctor and patient joined me at the altar for prayer, Holy Communion and Anointing with Oil. It was nothing dramatic but we were comforted to be there in the service together.

A few days later Jim went into surgery. When the doctor came to the waiting room with his news, he told me with a smile, "When I operated, I found only dried up tissue! He'll be home in a few days!" Praise be to God! I immedi-

ately phoned our prayer circle to share the good news!

Jim is fine and healthy. We both praise God for answers to prayers for his healing. Jim said it best when we were visiting with family shortly afterward: "Never underestimate the power of prayer!"

## **God Works in Mysterious Ways**

Jayne Martin *Kamloops United Church, Calgary AB*

It began mysteriously at Thanksgiving, 2019. I received an email from Rev. Dr. Michael Caveney inviting me to attend worship service at Kamloops United Church. It was all well and good, except for the fact that I live in Calgary!

I mentioned it to my daughter and she suggested that I "unsubscribe." That is when I realized that my email address had been physically added to the distribution list and that I would have to reach out to someone to get my name removed. It was just easier to delete the emails when they came. Then, the weekly emailed newsletters started to arrive. And with COVID, every morning, like clockwork, I was greeted with a daily meditation. One morning, out of boredom and curiosity, I clicked on the daily meditation and was instantly hooked. Rev. Dr. Caveney is the ultimate story-teller. I shared his meditation with my girlfriend and with both pastors at my church. Then, I emailed Rev. Dr. Caveney to let him know how inspirational I found his daily meditations. I explained how I started receiving emails from the Kamloops United Church and thought perhaps he could shed some light on the situation. He said he had no idea how my email address got put on their list but thought it was great that I was able to connect with them in this way at this time.

Then, I received an email from the Kamloops United Church, Pastoral Care Chairperson requesting my telephone number as the area code 250 telephone number which they had for me did not go through. Quickly, I Googled the 250 telephone number and discovered that there was a Jayne Martin in Kamloops and that somehow they ended up with my email address. Mystery solved!

Shortly thereafter, the Kamloops United Church began offering Zoom Coffee Parties and Zoom Faith Studies. I had taken part in a Good Friday scripture reading, which was then published on YouTube. There was a lady from Kamloops United Church at the first Zoom Coffee Party I attended who said she was so confused when the program mentioned that Jayne Martin would be

participating in the scripture reading. She thought, "That is not the Jayne Martin with whom I graduated!" I then became the "fake" Jayne Martin at the Zoom Coffee Parties.

Meanwhile, my girlfriend and I had embarked on a 42-day journey reading and studying Rick Warren's, "The Purpose Driven Life: What on Earth am I Here For?" It was our COVID project to help keep our sanity during the lockdown. When we hit Day 10, Rick talked about surrendering your life to God. I told my girlfriend that if we had not been embarking on this journey together, that at this point, I would have quietly placed the book back on the bookshelf and that would have been that. She was quite amused and asked me why. I said I couldn't possibly surrender my life to God because I would probably end up in a tent in Africa. At this suggestion, she just laughed. So, we prayed together and I surrendered my life to God.

Three days later, I had this niggling suggestion that I should join the Kamloops United Church, virtually. At first, I batted away the suggestion like a bothersome mosquito. The next thing I knew, I was down on my knees, bawling my eyes out. It was my "Saul" moment. So, I picked myself up and brushed myself off. I told God that I didn't even know if it was possible. So, I sent an email to Rev. Dr. Caveney, explaining that I had experienced a very strong calling that I was supposed to virtually join the Kamloops United Church and asked if this would even be a remote possibility. Then God let me wait. It would, of course, all have to be in His time. One day. Two days. I awoke after having retired extremely early the night before only to find that Rev. Dr. Caveney had responded the night before at 11:37 p.m. Calgary time or 10:37 p.m. Kamloops time. He apologized for his delay in responding but was both happy and excited and wanted some time to put together a "decent" email. In ending his email, he said that it was absolutely wonderful that I would be a virtual member of the Kamloops United Church and saw no problem with it. I was absolutely elated.

A month later, I received an email from another member of the Kamloops United Church. She was trying to figure out why I looked so familiar. In July, 2019, I had attended a handbell conference in St. Albert. The only other person I knew was performing in a different choir and so I was basically on my own. The lady who emailed me was in the row behind me at the conference. I remembered that a group from Kamloops had basically adopted me and invited me to join them for meals. Now, I discovered that they were all from the Kamloops United

Church. It appeared that God had been after me for a while!

### Trinity Meditation Breath

You may or may not already be familiar with the Box Breath commonly used in meditation. It begins with a deep breath in through the nose, then a pause, exhalation through the mouth, and another pause.

God led me to the following breathing technique, which I hope you will find helpful.

*Step 1. Take a deep breath in through your nose and with this breath both picture and feel the Holy Ghost entering your body from the tip of your toes up to the top of your head.*

*Step 2. Pause in reflection. Praise God for someone in your life, for something profound which you just experienced, or for something you can see or hear.*

*Step 3. Slowly exhale through your mouth, at the same time consciously riding yourself of any unkind thoughts, the past, and tell Satan to “take a hike!”*

*Step 4. Pause and feel Jesus’ loving arms around you.*

I will quite often resort to this breath when something negatively impacts my day, in order to get myself back on track. Quite often one breath will do it but it sometimes takes two. By keeping your eyes open it even works quite nicely while driving; especially after someone cuts you off in traffic. It also helps with COVID-fatigue!

### **The Father Heart of God**

Mike Featherstone *Catch The Fire Toronto, ON*

One of the key revelations discovered in my life was the Father Heart of God. This was not something I recall was ever taught in church. Depending on one’s denominational church background, it may have been taught or inferred that God was just waiting for you to make a mistake so he could smack you.

Where would a thought like that come from? Sometimes it came from the desire to control the lay people, but often it came from experiences with our earthly fathers. Sometimes it came from just plain wrong theology or lack of experience with our Dad in heaven. I remember a man in one of my past cell

groups who believed... even when we went to heaven... we would never see God. Jesus yes, but not Father God. A little investigation showed that he had an absolutely terrible time with his earthly father and for him, that was applied to God the Father.

For me, this was not the case; I found it easier to connect with my father. Not that issues didn't come up over the years, but I always knew my dad loved me even though he didn't say it much. Being a pilot in WW2 and playing an instrument with the Toronto Symphony for over thirty years, he was my hero. As a teenager things were less so, but never bad.

One time, I attended a conference on The Father Heart of God; one of the speakers was Jack Winter, a well known leader on the subject. At one point, he led the entire conference in a prayer that went something like this:

*"Dear Lord, I choose today to forgive my father for not being the father I needed. For not being there for me when I needed him, for not encouraging me, for criticizing or judging me, for being harsh, for sinning against me, for not honoring me. I choose to forgive him. He owes me nothing. I repent and ask you to forgive me for not honoring him; for any sins I committed against him; for judging him. I ask you to bless him and fill him with your presence so that he may know your love."*

Then he took us through the same prayer for our mothers. After praying that prayer, the line of communication with my Father in heaven was opened completely, and I spent the next couple of hours including the lunch break just talking to Him internally!

From that experience, and other encounters, I have learned that I am loved no matter what, and I don't hate myself or occasionally wish I had not been born. That does not mean I live in "cheap grace" where people believe that they can do anything they want because they are forgiven. I just come to Him and repent and ask Him to forgive me.

One of the keys I have learned is the honoring part. The fifth commandment states: "Honor your father and mother, so that your days may be long in the land the Lord your God is giving you." Forgiving and repenting in this area without dealing with 'honour your father and mother' will not work as well. At our church, we pray for thousands from around the world. Many times when a person asks for prayer because they cannot get close to God or hear

His voice, there is almost always an issue when we ask what their relationship was like with their father and mother. When the honoring part is dealt with first, immediately that block disappears.

Knowing the Father's love has a profound effect on our ability to no longer worry or live in fear. It doesn't mean that we don't have recurring moments, but it has no rule over our life. Worry, to put it bluntly, is just our lack of trust in God; it accomplishes nothing except damage to our soul and body.

Growing up, I was so shy that I couldn't even lift my hand and ask the teacher a question. I had to wait to see if someone else asked, figure it out for myself or ask the teacher later if I really had to. And talking to new people was really difficult.

That is no longer the case. I have a new confidence when praying for the multitudes I have never met before, because it would have stressed me out at one time. One of my responsibilities at work is organizing and teaching training sessions for customers using the equipment we provide.

With the pandemic, many live in fear; bless God I do not. Yes, I follow wise rules, like wearing a mask and using latex gloves in certain situations – but I am confident in who my Father, Jesus and Holy Spirit are. I still have tons to learn about them.

One of the beautiful things I discovered about the Holy Trinity is that they are the same – same thoughts, same heart, same purpose – total unity.

I can't express it any stronger than to say, when talking to the Lord, be still, and listen, as well. It is essential. One question to ask Jesus after inviting Him to speak to you could be, "Jesus, who do you say I am?" Usually the first thing that comes to mind is His voice. If you get a negative message, then it is the enemy, not our Lord. When it is the Lord, for some it may be an internal voice, for others it may be visual and for some, it can be audible.

In the end, we need to have a relationship with the three persons of the trinity. It is our blessing and the essential part of our destiny. Thank you, Lord!

## **HEAL!**

Betty Manning *Brooks, Alberta*

Last September, during a routine blood test to determine my hormone levels

to deal with menopause, my results came back with a very low hemoglobin count. Concerned for my liver, I was sent to Calgary for an ultrasound; they found two tumours – one the size of a plum and another closer to the size of an almond. I followed up with my family doctor who sent me for additional blood work which showed my hemoglobin was normal! God used a “mistake” in the lab results to bring attention to the tumors!

I turned to my St Albans church family for prayer and laying on of hands. A friend gave me a copy of Charles Capps God’s Creative Power for Healing which states that by our faith we are healed, like the bleeding woman who knew that if she just touched Jesus’ robe she would be healed. I hesitated. How could I be worthy of healing? But my friend encouraged me and I stepped up in faith to pray twice a day. I prayed, “Jesus bore my sins in His Body on the tree; therefore, I am dead to sin and alive unto God and by His stripes I am healed and made whole.” I also prayed, “My body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. Sickness and disease do not belong in me!!”

No one said the “C” word but tests continued: CT scans, biopsies of the larger tumor, x-rays, and bone tests. I’m told I’m special because the larger tumor was not cancerous – but I say, “Thank you Jesus for the healing!” A PET scan found three additional tumors and the almond sized tumor now indicating cancer: follicular Lymphoma Stage 1–2 and indolent. In the cancer world, this is a treatable but not curable; it was not a death sentence but I did have cancer.

As I drove home, I asked God, “Why?! Why have You set me on this path?” And I heard loudly, “HEAL.” I must say I have never heard Him so loudly and I thought, “I can do this!” I had been given choices regarding handling the cancer diagnosis. I chose to wait and watch, diving into non-conventional healing options.

God brought me to a website called Chris Beats Cancer. Chris talks about how God designed our bodies to heal; for example, we bleed our blood clots and broken bones mend. We can heal cancer like he did twenty years ago. Everything Chris talks about: healing is God’s creation, whole foods, Vitamin D from the sun, grounding on the earth, His creation, forgiveness of others (hmm, I’ve heard that before) and reducing stress.... God tells us often to not worry, “I am with you.” Something I speak and pray on but my anxiety is still underlining.

I did all this and went in for my six-month check up. The tumors had shrunk slightly, but instead of being thankful for the healing that had happened, I

was disappointed. I'm not totally healed! Why are the tumors still there? Why?! I prayed. I ate right. I exercised. I .... I have another option to do radiation. I prayed and asked for guidance, but I heard nothing. I want this gone! I came across a Bible verse that talks of the many parts that make up one body and so it is with the body of Christ. I chose to do radiation after all. Did God not create that too?

I just finished radiation a week ago. It felt wrong. I was sick, lost weight, and felt crappy each of the twelve times I went. I realized God's silence was perhaps a no to radiation. Does that mean He is not healing me? No. Does that mean we should never use conventional medicine? No. It does mean I weakened to the flesh; I stepped out in faith on the turbulent water but when I looked down, I started sinking! It was about what I was doing and not about what God was doing. What He had already done healed me!

Now I wait until January to see how the tumors are but I know God is with me regardless of the results. I continue with using all His gifts of this world: of food, sunshine, earth. I continue to pray in faith that prayers are answered, perhaps not always as I want. He is, after all, a loving God that only does what is good, right and just. In faith, I remember that it is not my timing but His timing. He knows this healing path He has put me on. So I put my hand in His and follow as best as I can. Hopefully, I step onto the turbulent waters and do not sink. Amen.

Thanks so much for this opportunity to share. I hope this encourages others to keep the faith and to heal. We all can receive healing; be thankful and trust in Him.

### **The Gift of Twenty-Five Years**

Pauline Hoskin *Lethbridge, AB*

My heart overflows with thanks to God our Creator, Redeemer and Sustainer for the past twenty-five years, and all the life that those days, months and years have involved: gradual improvement in my physical health; the marriage of our son to a multi-talented woman; the birth, growth and development of three grandchildren; meeting and growing with old friends and new acquaintances.

In 1995, after having my teeth cleaned, I developed an infection in my sinuses and jaw on the left side of my face. After anti-inflammatory drugs, antibiotics

first by mouth then by IV, the pain, swelling and fever led to my admission to Red Deer Hospital. Two days later, I was transferred to Calgary General Hospital where I was diagnosed with severe leukemia (AML) and infection of unknown cause. Shortly after this diagnosis, I was admitted to ICU and put on a ventilator. I had had so many losses over those days: inability to wear my glasses or wedding ring; no visitors other than my husband for a few hours each day; now I couldn't breathe on my own and it was a frightening painful time. A call went out for prayer for me.

At one point, I felt that the left side of my body had died and I only had to put the right side of my face into the pillow and I would die; it would be over and I wouldn't have any more pain, cold, noise, vomiting after liquid nutrition had been given by tube down my nose to my stomach, people prodding and poking me. It would be a great relief.

After two weeks on the ventilator in the ICU, a respiratory therapist said she was going to remove the nasogastric tube and ventilator tube on a trial basis. I couldn't believe this wonderful news. The tubes were removed; the next day I was transferred from the ICU to a private room. I couldn't sit up, stand or walk. I could only eat pureed food. I received physio in my room, then went by wheelchair to the physio department where I walked first with each hand on a bar and a long belt held by a physiotherapist at my back. As the eighth week of hospitalization approached, I started telling first nurses and therapists, then haematologist and infectious diseases specialist that I was going home.

The infectious diseases doctor was the only one to object. He told me I would need to stay for the afternoon dose of an IV antibiotic and oral dose of anti-fungal medication (I had developed a serious fungal infection in my left nasal sinuses. I was discharged on the fifty-third day of being in hospital. I went home on many oral drugs: antibiotic and anti-fungal, for heart and high blood pressure. Later, I was told I had had right and left heart failure and bleeding into my lungs while in ICU.

During those days of gradually building my strength and learning to eat soft foods, I found out that prayer services had been held in St. Leonard-on-the-Hill Anglican Church, Red Deer, and Christ Church, Fort Macleod; other individuals and groups were praying for me. I believe that my family and friends picked me up by prayer and took me to Jesus. They made a hole in the roof where Jesus was and lowered me down in front of him. They kept on praying

for me. I was told many times as I met people from other parishes, "So you are the Pauline Hoskin we have been praying for."

When people remarked in the days and months after my hospital discharge how they were amazed by my survival and recovery, I said that I had an invisible tattoo on my chest, "Please be patient; God isn't finished with me yet." I feel like I am on a journey to learn about God's love for me and how I can learn to follow God's path. I certainly know of the power of prayer of individuals and groups. Derek and I have had many experiences where we could see God acting in our times of need. Praise be to God!

### **Complete Manifest Healing & Restoration of an Eight Year Battle with Severe Depression**

Rebecca *Toronto, ON*

I'm thrilled to be able to testify about the Lord's love and what He's done in my life in just the last year.

I was diagnosed with severe depression in 2013 after suffering for a year not knowing what was happening to my mind. It quickly took over my life and left me with absolutely nothing. I believed the lie that there was something fundamentally wrong with me and therefore I isolated myself for several years and even contemplated how I could take my life.

In September 2019, while I was on a medical leave from work for this very reason, God answered my cry for help. It was the following week while at a conference held by my church where He met me with His insurmountable Love. I didn't realize it at the time but I didn't trust God because I didn't really know His heart for me. I had been keeping parts of my life and heart from Him, but after experiencing this Love I was able to fully surrender myself to Him and His will for my life. This was the beginning of the end of depression in my life.

He led me step by step along His plan for this journey both in the natural and spiritual. His provision was perfect in every way and in every step. Nothing in my life was overlooked; He didn't miss a thing. Every area of my life was touched along the way, every care and every concern. I began to feel better and better every day and by December I was feeling really good. But, I was still on my medical leave and the depression wasn't completely gone just yet.

There was a "fire tunnel" at church (a tunnel made up of our ministry team who laid their hands on us and prayed over us while we walked through) on the last Sunday of December. The leader suggested we leave all the old things in the last decade that needed to go, and to see ourselves walking out of the fire tunnel into 2020 without them. It was at this point God spoke clearly to me with His still, small voice and let me know that His Will for me was to leave it all behind in the last decade. So I received the Word and believed that it was said and done then and there.

Just to back track – I remember thinking one morning a few years ago that I would never see the day that I would be rid of this horrific illness. I actually thought that the only way I would ever experience freedom was through death.

But God! Hallelujah!

It was sometime in the first week of January that I had a moment where I actually had to stop in my tracks because I had realized, "Oh my goodness – I don't have any symptoms of depression!!" This was the first time in eight years that I was completely without any symptoms and I felt freedom for what felt like the first time in my life! In the weeks to follow I began to see God restore me and by the end of that month I came out with absolutely nothing lost and nothing broken.

I met with my family doctor the following month and on February 4, 2020, I had the opportunity to share my testimony with her in that follow-up appointment. My medical leave officially ended! This was the same doctor who diagnosed me years earlier and granted my medical leave.

Suffice to say, it was a sheer miracle and nothing, absolutely nothing to do with me or what I was able to do. If that had been the case I would have died with that illness. It's all to do with God and who He is, who Jesus is, and what He accomplished through His death and resurrection.

I didn't even know how to receive God's love in the months following that conference, when it was just me and Him at home, because I never did that before. But He showed me every step of the way, in every minute of every day and how that looked in every situation and moment.

Although steps in the natural world helped overall, it was only the Love of

God that pulled me out of that pit and why I'm free today!

"It Is Finished"— Jesus Christ

## **Lessons I have learned from COVID-19**

Barbara McBride *San Diego, CA*

The book of Ecclesiastes Chapter 3 tells us:

There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens:  
a time to be born and a time to die,  
a time to plant and a time to uproot,  
a time to kill and a time to heal,  
a time to tear down and a time to build,  
a time to weep and a time to laugh,  
a time to mourn and a time to dance,  
a time to scatter stones and a time to gather them,  
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,  
a time to search and a time to give up,  
a time to keep and a time to throw away,  
a time to tear and a time to mend,  
a time to be silent and a time to speak,  
a time to love and a time to hate,  
a time for war and a time for peace.

We are in a different season. For some it is a very difficult season. I am fortunate enough to live in San Diego where our weather is temperate. I have to admit that I am getting a little tired of living close to home. Here are some thoughts:

I have found:

1. Time is not my own. It belongs to the Lord. The Lord is good and is merciful to those who call on him. Even though we are going through strange times, social distancing is not new:

In 1348–50, England was ravaged by the Black Death, or Bubonic Plague. Julian of Norwich was an anchorite, one who was walled into a room attached to the church, in Norwich, England starting in 1370. Even though

she was walled in, she wrote the first book written by a woman in England, her *Shewings of the passion of Christ*, about the revelations she had when she was near death. People came to her for council and advice.

The Passion Play in Oberammergau, Germany began when the villagers were answered by God. In 1633, a plague hit Europe and people were dying. The story goes that the villagers banned anyone from coming into or leaving the village. Unfortunately, a man came home and brought the plague with him. The villagers prayed that no more people would die of the plague in their village and promised to perform the suffering, death and resurrection of Christ every ten years and have been doing it ever since. Because of COVID-19, this year's play has been postponed till 2022.

During the 1918 Flu epidemic, the cities that practiced social distancing and whose citizens wore masks had fewer cases than those that didn't.

2. COVID-19 has provided me with opportunities to grow. I am finding this time to be a blessing: a time to explore new things, to expand my horizons, to connect with friends and family near and far through email and phone. When the shutdown began, I spent quite a bit of time playing games. But then I got busy, so for me, this has been a time of finishing projects, learning new things, reading, and letting go. I am blessed that I am retired, so I can structure my day as I feel led. Normally, I have many irons in the fire, and am busy going from one thing to another. COVID-19 has shown me the value of prayer, community and continuing to learn. It has given me:
  - a. Time to read — I decided to read the Bible Chronologically and am working my way through it. I finished reading several other books that I had started.
  - b. Time to listen to God and the Holy Spirit. When I am busy, I have trouble hearing. When I have to venture out past my neighborhood, I ask for God's guidance and protection.
  - c. Time to pray for family, friends, the nation and the world God has blessed us with. One of the gifts of COVID-19 is a prayer partner who lives miles away from me. We pray over the phone.
  - d. Knowledge that community is important and methods to stay in touch. We are continuing to meet in our weekly couples Bible study and since

we can't meet in our homes, we meet over Zoom. A couple of times we have met outside at people's homes while being socially distant. We check up on each other and share our walk and our concerns.

- e. Keeping the community together is important. My husband and I belong to two local OSL chapters which keep in touch through monthly Zoom meetings. We study and pray for each other and it is good to see each other, even though it is virtually.
- f. Opportunities to learn new things: Our Region 7 OSL had a conference planned in June with Rev. Sharon Lewis. Needless to say, we could not run our normal conference, so we learned from Region 2, and were able to have a great conference over Zoom, with over 300 registered attendees. People from England to Hawaii were able to attend, including many who would not have been able to attend in person. Healings happened, people learned of new ways to pray, and Jesus was glorified.
- g. Since we are home, I have time to cook interesting meals, to explore new recipes, either in cookbooks I own, or from the web. This is a time to be creative and try new things. I have made spaghetti from scratch, a new endeavor.
- h. Time to finish projects: I have been able to finish a quilt I started over a year ago, and work on another one, as well as work on some Christmas projects. In addition, we have worked on home projects inside and out.
- i. Because we are home, I walk in my neighborhood for exercise. I have observed flowers growing, and how each has its own time. I have met neighbors. As the seasons progressed, I noticed the different flowers. I have taken many pictures of flowers as I walk, and even a rabbit or two. I marvel at the beauty. I have posted that beauty on Facebook, hopefully giving a smile to someone.
- j. My husband belongs to the Audubon Society and received an email announcing online bird drawing lessons. He encouraged me to take part, which I did. As a result, I am learning to draw and am playing with watercolors, and in doing so, am becoming more aware of the world around me.
- k. This has also been a time of letting go. I have finished my term as OSL Region 7 Director and have passed that responsibility to another.
- l. A time to rejoice in God's goodness. We have a one-year-old

granddaughter. Despite COVID-19, we have been able to see her grow and have babysat from time to time. We love watching her as she explores her world and learns new things.

Yes, as Ecclesiastes says, there is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under the heavens.

Blessed be God and our Lord Jesus Christ!

## **I Have A Lot To Thank God For**

Rose Mbuci *St Luke's Anglican Church, Calgary*

At the beginning of this year, there was a lot of gloom around me. My brothers and sisters at St Luke's church prayed with me, supported me emotionally and in other ways, and the Lord answered our prayers.

During this time, I remember someone talking about the joy of the Lord. I realized then that it doesn't depend on the circumstances we are in. I have been praying for the ability to accept each day as it comes and to be thankful in all things. 1 Thessalonians 5:18.

My daughter and I have had a lot of support throughout the year and we're thankful. We have been comforted with kind words too, and that means a lot to me. I have seen God's faithfulness and I am grateful.

In the first week of October, I realized that I had been exposed to COVID-19. I didn't have symptoms except a headache. I went for a test and it came back positive, resulting in me being in isolation for a bit over fourteen days.

I saw the hand of the Lord again! I was scared for my daughter and the people at work. It's a miracle that none of these people tested positive. Another miracle is that I did not get sick and I'm back to work now.

I thank God for His goodness and pray the Lord enables me to be thankful in all circumstances.

# Comfort In Times of Trouble and Fear

## Healing Scriptures from the New International Version

*Philippians 4:6–7 Do not be anxious about anything, but in every situation, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. <sup>7</sup> And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.*

*Psalms 16:7–8 I will praise the Lord, who counsels me; even at night my heart instructs me. <sup>8</sup> I keep my eyes always on the Lord. With him at my right hand, I will not be shaken.*

*Psalms 4:8 In peace I will lie down and sleep, for you alone, Lord, make me dwell in safety.*

*Psalms 27:1 The Lord is my light and my salvation— whom shall I fear? The Lord is the stronghold of my life— of whom shall I be afraid?*

*Psalms 139:23 Search me, God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts.*

*Psalms 138:7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, you preserve my life. You stretch out your hand against the anger of my foes; with your right hand you save me.*

*Psalms 138:8 The Lord will vindicate me; your love, Lord, endures forever— do not abandon the works of your hands.*

*Psalms 138:3 When I called, you answered me; you greatly emboldened me.*

*Philippians 4:19 And my God will meet all your needs according to the riches of his glory in Christ Jesus.*

*Isaiah 41:10 So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand.*

*John 3:16 For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.*

*1 John 1:9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness.*

Psalm 121 *I lift up my eyes to the mountains — where does my help come from? <sup>2</sup> My help comes from the Lord, the Maker of heaven and earth. <sup>3</sup> He will not let your foot slip — he who watches over you will not slumber; <sup>4</sup> indeed, he who watches over Israel will neither slumber nor sleep. <sup>5</sup> The Lord watches over you — the Lord is your shade at your right hand; <sup>6</sup> the sun will not harm you by day, nor the moon by night. <sup>7</sup> The Lord will keep you from all harm — he will watch over your life; <sup>8</sup> the Lord will watch over your coming and going both now and forevermore.*

Isaiah 54:17 *“No weapon forged against you will prevail, and you will refute every tongue that accuses you. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and this is their vindication from me,” declares the Lord.*

Psalm 32:7 *You are my hiding place; you will protect me from trouble and surround me with songs of deliverance.*

Psalm 94:19 *When anxiety was great within me, your consolation brought me joy.*

Psalm 23:4 *Even though I walk through the darkest valley I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.*

Psalm 139:3 *You discern my going out and my lying down; you are familiar with all my ways.*



# Healing Scriptures

God said, “If you listen carefully to the Lord your God and do what is right in his eyes, if you pay attention to his commands and keep all his decrees, I will not bring on you any of the diseases I brought on the Egyptians, for I am the Lord, who heals you.” Exodus 15:26

He heals the broken–hearted and binds up their wounds. Psalm 147:3

Heal me, Lord, and I will be healed; save me and I will be saved, for you are the one I praise. Jeremiah 17:14

God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and power, and he went around doing good and healing all who were under the power of the devil, because God was with him. Acts 10:38

“Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. Matthew 11:28–29

He himself bore our sins in his body on the cross, so that we might die to sins and live for righteousness; by his wounds you have been healed.

1 Peter 2:24

But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was on him, and by his wounds we are healed. Isaiah 53:5

Praise the Lord, my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgives all your sins and heals all your diseases, Psalm 103:2–3

Do not be wise in your own eyes; fear the Lord and shun evil. This will bring health to your body and nourishment to your bones. Proverbs 3:7–8

But what can I say? He has spoken to me, and he himself has done this. I will walk humbly all my years because of this anguish of my soul, Lord, by such things people live; and my spirit finds life in them too. You restored me to health and let me live. Isaiah 38:15–16

“But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds,” declares the Lord. Jeremiah 30:17a

Have mercy on me, Lord, for I am faint; heal me, Lord, for my bones are in agony Psalm 6:2

*The Lord sustains them on their sickbed and restores them from their bed of illness. I said, "Have mercy on me, Lord; heal me, for I have sinned against you." Psalm 41:3–4*

*Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them from their distress. He sent out his word and healed them; he rescued them from the grave. Psalm 107:19–20*

*When Jesus landed and saw a large crowd, he had compassion on them and healed their sick. Matthew 14:14*

*And when the men of that place recognized Jesus, they sent word to all the surrounding country. People brought all their sick to him and begged him to let the sick just touch the edge of his cloak, and all who touched it were healed. Matthew 14:35–36*

*That evening after sunset the people brought to Jesus all the sick and demon-possessed. Mark 1:32*

*Jesus said to her, "Daughter, your faith has healed you. Go in peace and be freed from your suffering." Mark 5:34*

*Is anyone among you sick? Let them call the elders of the church to pray over them and anoint them with oil in the name of the Lord. And the prayer offered in faith will make the sick person well; the Lord will raise them up. If they have sinned, they will be forgiven. James 5:14–15*

*But for you who revere my name, the sun of righteousness will rise with healing in its wings. Malachi 4:2a*

*"I have seen their ways, but I will heal them; I will guide them and restore comfort to Israel's mourners, creating praise on their lips. Peace, peace, to those far and near," says the LORD. "And I will heal them." Isaiah 57:18–19*

*Nevertheless, I will bring health and healing to it; I will heal my people and will let them enjoy abundant peace and security." Jeremiah 33:6*

**"... I am the Lord, who heals you."  
Exodus 15:26**





# Healing Articles



***He forgives  
all our sin  
He heals  
all our  
diseases***

***Psalms 103:3***

## **Changing the Atmosphere To Believe In Your Healing**

Craig Miller <http://www.insightsfromtheheart.com>

I was asked by the facilitator of a cancer support group to speak at their monthly meeting. While praying about what to say, I realized I did not want to give a typical monologue about how to live with cancer. Instead, I wanted to change the way they thought and lived—I did not want to support cancer; I wanted to eliminate it. I also knew that I needed to be sensitive to how each person thought, believed, and lived at the various stages of the condition.

I realized I needed to change the atmosphere. I needed to think different, believe different, and share examples about living differently to take the listeners to a new plateau of belief.

The group members were very receptive to learning how to receive authority over their condition, forgiveness and destiny over their life, and hear healing testimonies to encourage their faith. Lastly, the group repeated a prayer out loud to renounce and send away in the name of Jesus: the diagnosis; word curses; unresolved emotional trauma, and the seed of cancer. Even though no one said they were healed and there was nothing noticeably different, I knew God arranged this meeting so I had to believe that what happened in His name was the best I could do and then give the rest of the healing work to Him.

Two weeks later I received an email from the group facilitator, who wrote that all the cancer patients who attended are now, "... in remission or are cured!" Even though I did not pray for any individual group member with cancer, I praise God that He can still work through the atmosphere!

Whatever healing prayer setting you are in, whether it is in a church, factory, office, store, home, or on the street, you should be aware of the type of atmosphere in which you are ministering. In essence, your atmosphere includes what is happening around you and more specifically, what you or others believe, think, and act on your belief within that atmosphere. Your ability to take authority over the atmosphere is an essential ingredient that can influence the outcome.

Jesus took authority by changing the atmosphere when He asked the mourners to leave the room before He prayed for the dead girl (Mark 5:38–41).

Similar to Jesus, for successful prayer, you may find it necessary to change the atmosphere by praying to send away evil spirits, ask people to leave, or move your prayer time to another location.

### Building a faith atmosphere

Faith is an active word, which awaits your action for His Glory. Your faith requires that you risk what you cannot do or believe on your own and what you cannot see or feel that is happening in front of you (2 Corinthians 4:18). Faith is about believing that nothing is impossible for God (Luke 1:37) and that God will reward you as you seek the impossible (Hebrews 11:6).

When someone gives you a negative word or a medical diagnosis, especially someone in authority, the power of the tongue can bring you death or life (Proverbs 18:21). What you are told can determine what you believe and becomes the foundation from which you live. Proverbs 23:7 states, "For as he thinketh within himself, so is he." When you believe a negative word about your life, those words can literally hijack your identity and drag the health and life right out of you. Consequently, the more you live and talk about the condition in every area of your life, the more your identity becomes entrenched in that condition. For example, every time you say, "I am diagnosed with \_\_\_\_\_," or "I have arthritis," or "my cancer..." you are allowing the condition to take ownership, power, and control over your life to do whatever it wants.

A woman was diagnosed with Scoliosis five years earlier with very restricted movement in her body for the past two years. I put my hands on her back and asked God to cut off the diagnosis of Scoliosis, commanding Scoliosis to leave and heal the vertebrae to become straight with a normal alignment in the body. In Jesus' name, I commanded any pain to leave and the muscle, tendons, and ligaments to become relaxed and free to move. The pain disappeared. When I instructed the woman to do something she could not do before, she twisted, turned, and bent over to touch her toes. She was completely healed! Praise God!

Whenever you step into a ministry situation, as a Christian you are an ambassador of Christ and as a healer you have the authority and power of Christ.

When you pray, you activate your faith and change the atmosphere for what Christ can do as you ask for it.

You should first be aware of the overall atmosphere setting to where you are praying. If you have the time, you may want to observe what is in the room, who is in the room, and other potential distractions that may arise before you pray.

I realize that God can overcome any obstacle and your love and faith can move you through many issues. However, the more aware you are of the influences, the less potential hindrances you may encounter.

Next, be aware of how rooted the condition may be in the pray-ee by listening and observing what is said and done. This will give a better indication of what you are working with and how you can pray. The following are suggestions for the pray-ee to take authority:

- Stop referring to the condition with ownership words such as, "My condition," "I have...," or "I am..."
- Denounce whatever words or diagnosis that were made over your life, such as, In the name of Jesus I denounce and send out of my life the diagnosis of \_\_\_\_\_ and I ask my heavenly Father to replace those words with the Spirit of life and wellness.
- Forgive the people who said the words or diagnosis over you.
- Forgive yourself for accepting and believing those words or diagnosis.

- Identify any feelings as a result of the condition, e.g., hurt, anger, sadness, and release them to Jesus.
- If you have time during prayer, have the pray-ee do the following: Think of the condition in your body, picture yourself handing the condition to Jesus, and ask Jesus and yourself for forgiveness for holding on to the condition. Picture Jesus replacing the condition with a new body part.

Thank Jesus for your healing.

*(An excerpt from Craig's book, Finding Victory When Healing Doesn't Happen.)*

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## **Blocks To Healing**

Rev Al Durrance

Why isn't everyone healed when we ask God? Didn't Jesus heal everyone who was brought to Him? Anyone who has put a tentative foot into the water of Christian Healing knows that healing does not always occur the way we ask for it.

I am sure that there are some circumstances that we shall never understand, but there seem to be some blocks to healing that we might both see and remove. Since healing is the manifestation of God's unconditional love poured out for us in Jesus Christ, anything that opposes God's love will be found to be a block to healing.

If we see love as an act of will to commit our lives into the hands of a liv-

ing God, we look for blocks in areas where unforgiveness opposes love, the will has not decided to receive and give love, or faith does not ask and trust God's love to be sufficient to meet any need that causes dis-ease.

## Unforgiveness

Perhaps the greatest block to healing is unforgiveness. When we live in unforgiveness, we block the flow of God's love that is the necessary ingredient for all healing. The need to forgive is central to the teaching of Jesus. We are to forgive not seven, but seventy times seven times.

Our failure to forgive blocks our being forgiven. We pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." It is one of the needs that we face as we seek to live in the freedom of God's love rather than in the bondage to those persons we fail to forgive.

Unforgiveness or resentment will block healing whether it resides in the intercessor or the one receiving. I cannot pray effectively as long as I willingly hold unforgiveness of any kind in my heart. I cannot receive the healing love of God until I am willing to release the blocks unforgiveness brings into my relationship with God.

We are to seek God's love, and healing power for those places and persons in need. We may remove one of the great blocks by committing ourselves to forgive our enemies that we might be free from bondage to receive God's gift of love.

## The Will

Another block to healing is the will. Many people are not willing to be made whole on God's terms. If they are healed, they might have to do something they don't want to do, or don't believe they can do. They may like the attention they receive as invalids. It invites the question that Jesus asked the man at the sheep gate in Jerusalem. "Do you want to be healed?" John 5:6

God will not heal us against our will. That would not be love, for love does not impose. Love offers. Love does not indulge. It is not something that we talk God into doing that He does not want to do. We must ask God, and be willing to receive what He seeks to give us.

If we are to receive God's love, we must make the decision that we will to

receive what He wills to give. It is the decision to pray the prayer that Jesus taught us, “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” – nothing more, nothing less, nothing else. When we can pray that prayer with all of our heart, we are open to receive the love that God wills to pour out into our lives.

When we are willing to acknowledge that God’s wisdom is greater than our own, we are open to His love. When we are aware of the fact that He loves us more than we love ourselves and wants to give us more than we either desire or deserve, we are ready to make that decision to will God’s will and receive from Him the love that heals and makes whole.

### Faith

Another block to healing is that we don’t ask. We lack the faith to ask God for the healing. It does not take a great deal of faith. It takes the faith as small as a grain of mustard seed, but it must fall into the ground. It must be planted if it is going to grow. We need enough faith to reach out, trusting God in His faithfulness to reach us.

Someone once asked, “How do I know when I have faith enough to lay hands on someone and ask God to heal them?” The answer is simple. It is when you lay your hands on some person and pray for them. It is not my faith that heals me. It is God that heals. Faith simply says, “I will to receive what you have prepared for me, Lord. I trust you to love me. I trust you to give me not what I deserve, but what your love intends for me in your Kingdom which is at hand.

Faith is the trust that opens the door to invite God into our lives, knowing that He will always bring us that which will lead us out of darkness into light, and manifest in us that wholeness He prepared for us before the world began. Our faith need only be enough to reach God’s faithfulness.

### Praying Amiss

When we pray for healing, and we do not see any clear answer to the prayers, we turn back to God, and ask Him what He wants. We ask Him how to pray for the healing that He has in mind for the person, and we follow His direction.

Prayer must be more than a well-articulated request for God to do what we ask. It must include the will to pursue His direction in whatever He wants to give us as an expression of His love for us. Prayer must be the

continuing dialog that enables us to pursue God's will until we have found His way to the healing He has for us.

There are times when healing does not occur because we are praying for the healing of symptoms and miss the disease. There was a woman who had an issue of blood who received a great deal of prayer for her healing. She was not healed through the prayer.

When she asked the Lord what to do, He told her to make a confession. When she finally made her confession, the issue of blood was healed before she walked out of the church.

I recall a sore knee that I had that made kneeling hard. I asked for healing, nothing happened. I asked others to pray for me, nothing happened. I even had it exorcised, nothing happened. When I asked the Lord what to do, He said to go and pray for someone else's knee. When I was obedient to what He asked, my knee was healed.

A lady with narcolepsy came for prayer. When we prayed for the healing of the narcolepsy, nothing seemed to happen. When we found that it began during her last pregnancy about which she was angry, we prayed for the healing of the memories and cast out a spirit of anger. The narcolepsy was healed.

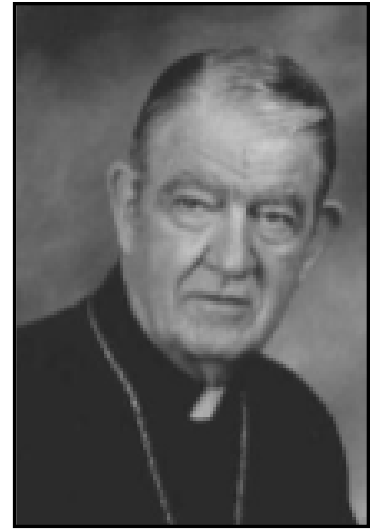
## Love

God answers every prayer out of His love. He cannot impose that love, and He cannot love and indulge us at the same time. He listens for His children to respond to Jesus, the Word He has spoken into the flesh of Mary as He said, "I love you." When we are ready to respond, He hears, and answers us out of that love.

If we, like so many children, turn away believing He does not hear because He does not give us what we ask, we miss the love that He is seeking to bestow upon us. As we pursue the relationship in prayer and obedience, He leads us into the full expression of that love, and we begin to see the unfolding revelation that He has given us in Jesus Christ, the Embodiment of His eternal love for us. When we receive that love, we know the blocks to healing have been removed.

Al Durrance 1927 – 2014

*Al Durrance was born and reared in Florida. He got his education in the public school system, attended Alabama Polytechnic Institute at Auburn, AL to get his Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering in 1949. He served for a year of active duty in the USNR at the close of World War II and two years in Chemical Corps research during the Korean conflict. After three years of working in the agricultural field in Florida, Al attended the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest and received his Bachelor of Divinity in 1958. He was ordained June 30, 1958, and served in parish work for over 30 years. Fr Al retired from parish work in 1988 and was elected North American Warden of the Order of St. Luke the Physician in 1989 where he served for five years. Al was also a speaker at Camps Farthest Out and is dearly remembered.*



*Reprinted with permission from The Canadian Healer Newsletter.*

### **The Holy Spirit Bringing New Life In The Arctic**

The Rt Rev Eddy and Emma Marsh *Diocese of Central Newfoundland*

An Arctic Synod meets every three years for one week. An elderly gentleman was attending his third Synod. At all three Synods (over nine years) he wore white gloves because his hands were so unpleasant to look at. His skin was dry and rough with a red rash which sometimes would seep blood. This man was tired of having to cover his hands. It embarrassed him that year after year this continued. He felt unclean. One night in the kitchen, a group of about twenty-five people were praising God. This man arrived and asked for prayers of healing for his hands. The passage about Jesus healing the man with the withered hand was read in the old man's language. Then the leader took out the holy oil, for anointing. The people gathered around him and prayed in all five languages which they use in the Arctic Diocese. It was almost like the languages at Pentecost. Then the gloves were removed and the man's hands and forehead were anointed.

The next morning at breakfast, the gloves were back on his hands, but by suppertime, the gloves were removed and his hands were as smooth and unblemished as a baby's. Jesus lives! An important factor here was the

presence of great praise to God. Prayer offered in five different languages reminded us of Pentecost. Group prayer and praise can raise our faith and make us deeply aware of the healing presence of God.

My wife Emma has a wonderful ministry in spiritual direction. In several places in Canada, she is involved in training Spiritual Directors. Spiritual direction by its very name has people waiting for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Some Bishops have come to choose this age-old ministry as the way ahead for their dioceses, and some Bishops and clergy find they need it, too. Surely to have people sharing and supporting one another on their journey with Jesus has to produce disciples. Over the years, God has used her to be a blessing to people in several continents. Emma, in her words, will now tell us of an incident where God channeled his healing through her, and how it changed their lives:

Eddie and I were the theme speakers at an OSL Conference. Our theme was the importance of breathing in the love of God for wholeness of body, mind, and spirit. The story I share is with the permission of the lady concerned. She entered the large hall a little late and sat just inside the entrance door. She did look fragile and left as soon as the presentation was finished, without speaking to anyone. I tried to catch her to have a conversation, but she had left and was nowhere in sight. At the next session, she again came late and sat alone a couple of rows from the back, right on the aisle. The next morning, I was prepared and walked to the rear of the room while Eddie was concluding our message. We talked and she shared that she, going for a walk, had a severe case of agoraphobia. This illness prevented her from doing many ordinary things such as shopping or even going to the library. She was overcome by panic whenever she left her home.

I introduced her to the prayer, "Lord, I will allow you to love me now," and encouraged her to be still and to breathe in the love of God and to release any tension. She adopted the practice of breathing in God's love regularly. The love of Jesus is the most powerful healing agent in the world. During the conference, she gained confidence. The Lord moved with her from the door entrance to the back row of seats, then a little further up the aisle, then into the center of the seats with people all around her. Imagine the joy we shared when she read the gospel at the closing Eucharist.

She returned home and went to the grocery and to the library and to church worship. Her next big step was to visit her daughter who lived in another city.

Another big step forward was to attend a Cursillo weekend. Through that, she would visit a large prison with her friends and lead in Cursillo teaching there. Then she took the responsibility of canvassing for and bringing two hundred dozen cookies for the inmates. Oh, what a change! What a difference! When you actually breathe in the Holy Spirit of love and not just talk about how God loves everyone, that Spirit will transform ashes into beauty.

At this time, there is much to challenge the healing ministry by the disciples of Jesus. It is almost overwhelming until we find the vision of the Lord shining through the darkness and take time to breathe in the love and power of the Holy Spirit and allow him to minister his love and healing through us.

We will finish with a prayer of Ethel Tulloch Banks who shared a healing ministry with the founder of O.S.L., her husband, John Gaynor Banks.

O loving, healing, helping Father, we come to you through faith in the promises of your dear son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Show yourself to us more and more in your nearness, love, and power, that in that knowledge, we may find rest, peace, strength, and love. Help us to rise above the pain and weariness and anxiety and to behold your face, that truly seeing you as you are, our hearts may open in such loving trust that you may do for us all that you would do. In the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

*Bishop Eddie and Emma are a gifted and charming couple, devoted to the Lord Jesus Christ and His healing ministry. For years they have faithfully proclaimed the saving grace of Jesus and His continuing healing ministry on earth. As a couple, and individually, Eddie and Emma are popular choices for leadership, and are often asked to lead conferences throughout Canada and the United States.*



### **Under the Shelter of His Wings**

Beula Cooke Kempville, Ontario

As Christians, many of us choose to live our lives close to the body of believers, actively involved in church. The focus is inward on the group of believers rather than on the larger picture of Father God, Jesus and His Kingdom. We dwell in the shelter of His wings, finding refuge and knowing His faithfulness (Psalm 91), but being self-centered and shortsighted, we fail to realize how

far and wide the wings of God reach, and how far His protection is extended beyond our immediate and small world.

Not only does He hide us in the shadow of His wings, but He hides all those around us and beyond. As we stand firm as salt and light in our sphere of influence, God extends his wings of protection and refuge over all our loved ones and those within our sphere of influence. The Christian fragrance draws all people to seek refuge under the shelter of His wings. As the author of Psalm 36 wrote, "The children of mankind take refuge in the shadow of your wings." (Psalm 36:7). His wingspread of protection is not limited by our perception of what it covers. God's ways are so much higher than ours.

As we walk with God, yielded to His Word and attentive to His Presence, we are freed from the fears and anxieties of the world around us and can walk in victory, even through severe trials. Sheltered in the shadow of God's wings, we take refuge until the storms of destruction pass by (Psalm 51). We can even do this joyfully (Psalm 63:7).

In the book of Ruth in the Bible, we learn that Ruth was an outsider, a foreigner, but in her close relationship with Naomi, who considered her as a daughter, she took refuge under the wings of the God of Israel (Ruth 2:12). A man named Boaz married Ruth and she became one of Jesus' ancestors. God favored Ruth, a foreigner.

We can be secure in the shelter of His wings as we wait quietly in prayer because our hope is in Him. Our hope gives us courage to endure (Job 11:18) even while many around us lose hope. And from this position of strength, we can encourage the faint hearted.

But those who wait for the Lord—who expect, look for and hope in Him—shall change and renew their strength and power; they shall lift their wings and mount up [close to God] as eagles [mount up to the sun]; they shall walk and not faint or become tired. (Isaiah 40:31 Amplified Bible)

Thanks be to God!

*A seasoned Christian, Beula Cooke graduated from Carleton University in 1969 with a BA in psychology and continued to take graduate courses in psychology and theology. Her varied endeavors include office work; secondary school teaching and guidance counselor specialist; Christian bookstore owner/operator; writing for a farm TV news program and rural living on a working farm.*

## In What Do You Believe?

### Matthew 9:27–31

Rev. Kenn Balzer *Calgary, AB*

What do we really believe about healing? Most of us will be familiar with the words found in Exodus 15:26, where we read, “...I am the Lord, who heals you”. Most often we use this term with respect to Divine healing, referring to the healing of physical diseases. This is not unusual, considering that much of the healing we read of in scripture directly relates to the physically miraculous. But healing can be so much more, including emotional, spiritual or psychological,

For our purposes, I will restrict my thoughts to the issue of physical healing and address the question of what we believe. My remarks find their genesis in a small event that takes place in Matthew 9. Chapters 8 and 9 are filled with narratives of the healing ministry of Jesus. Tucked between two healing events, between verses 18 – 33, are five verses (27–31) where we find the story of two blind men seeking healing.

We read that Jesus had just left the synagogue when the two blind men approached and asked to be healed. What I find very interesting and intriguing is Jesus’ response to their request. We read,

He asked them, “Do you believe that I am able to do this?” and they responded, “Yes Lord.”

Why would Jesus ask them this question? I believe the answer might be related to how the two men came to make their request. Who were they? We know they were following Jesus, and it is probable that they had been witnesses to the healings that had taken place immediately preceding their approach to Jesus. But I wonder if there was something that Jesus knew that caused him to ask the question? We can never know the answer absolutely, though we can surmise that the answer was yes. There is evidence throughout scripture that Jesus was aware of what people thought without them speaking their thoughts. What we do know is that Jesus required them to confirm, confess, and affirm that they believed that Jesus was able to fulfill their request.

I think this is an interesting and necessary question, especially today, when we are prone to look for answers to our problems and afflictions everywhere else before, in desperation, turning to Jesus as if he was our last hope.

As I read this passage, I am confronted with the question, "What do I believe in?" I think this is what Jesus was endeavouring to get these men to identify. Three possibilities arise.

The first possibility is that our faith is based on what others tell us. To be sure, the witness of others can be instrumental in influencing our thinking. It is one of the reasons why we hear testimony of how God has worked in the lives of other people. But the downside is that if that is what we lean on to seek after some blessing from God, in this case healing, we are in danger of putting our faith in the testimony of others, causing us to think that if it worked for someone else, it can work for me.

The second possibility is that our faith is based on the idea that miracles can and do happen so it could happen for us – therefore, we believe in a concept. If this was the basis of the faith of these two men, they would have done as one lady did when she told me she had heard of spontaneous healings for the disease she had, and she chose to believe that it would happen for her. It didn't! Her faith was in a concept.

The third possibility is that our faith is in Jesus. Do we believe that Jesus is able to do this? Saying yes does not mean that it requires that he will heal us, though in the case of the two blind men, he did heal them. For us, it means that we know by faith that if it is part of God's plan, he will heal us or he won't. Our faith must be strong enough that we are okay with either outcome.

Our Daily Bread (October 23, 2015) shared a story about a lady who recounted her experience in the Rwandan Genocide of 1994. She had lost her entire family except two little daughters, which continued to cause her much pain and sorrow. But she would go on to explain that for every problem in her life, she had one simple remedy. She said, "For this, I have Jesus."

This was indeed the answer that Jesus was looking for. The question remains, do you believe?

Many would tell you that miracles are from a bygone era – that what we read in scripture has ceased to occur. If you agree with that statement, you are denying that your salvation is in Jesus, for the greatest miracle of healing that takes place is the healing of our souls. Only through "divine healing" can we even believe and be saved.

Does Jesus heal today? If you believe that he does, we find ourselves faced with the fact that we are asked to pray for people who are faced with life-limiting disease that can result in deformity, handicaps, and other kinds of challenges, or death. Sometimes we are blessed that God does the miraculous and we rejoice. Other times, it does not happen. What then? I have seen both.

For those who experience healing, it is an amazing blessing and a continuing confirmation of their faith. But what about those who are not healed? We know that Paul prayed three times to have a thorn removed from his life and God said NO (c.f. 2 Cor. 12:7b–9). God's answer was qualified with the statement his "...**grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness.**" – in our weakness.

Faced with the problem of disease that can potentially bring about our demise, do we believe that God can heal, and how will it affect us if he doesn't? I share three stories to help us see the varying ways that God responds to us.

First was a lady who was part of the church where I was ministering. She and her family had been away for some time when unexpectedly she showed up at my office door on the Sunday after Christmas, a few minutes before the service was to begin. I asked how she was and she said she was not very well. When I asked about the problem, she told me she had spent all of Christmas Eve in the hospital because she had found a very large lump in her chest. After much testing, she was told she had a large tumour that ran from the top of her breast up into her neck and that it was inoperable. She was scared and desperate. We concluded that what she would like was to be anointed and prayed for by the elders. This was done, and when my wife and I went to visit her in the hospital, she was beaming and so excited to tell us what had happened. When the doctors re-examined her, there was no evidence of any tumour. God had touched her body and she had been healed. Twenty some years later, we met her daughter who was able to tell us that her mother was doing well and enjoying good health.

Second was a man in hospice who had asked if I could call his pastor to come and pray for him, which I gladly did. Having learned that his pastor was not available, I inquired about what he needed. He told me that he was to have an MRI the next day to determine how much his tumour had grown. His concern was not for himself, but for his wife, feeling that she was not prepared to handle all that would come her way when he died. He wanted more time for her sake and he was hoping that God would heal him.

My fellow chaplain and I anointed him and prayed for his healing. He went for his MRI the next day but I was unable to see him upon his return. After a few days, I had not heard a report of the findings so I went to him and asked what the results had shown. Seemingly surprised, he looked at me and said, "Oh, the tumour is gone." A few days later, he was discharged home to be with his wife. God gave him another six months to get everything in order.

Third was another man in hospice who stopped me to ask my opinion of divine healing. He was headed to Berkley, California, to see his youngest son graduate – probably the last significant event of his life. He wanted information so he had a better understanding of the process and whether he should explore more about being prayed for when in California, in the church where he knew the pastor. This wasn't simply an attempt to escape his disease or a desperation to improve the possibility of extending his life; his faith in God was genuine and strong. As we talked, I finally asked him two questions:

1. How would it impact him if God did heal him?
2. How would it impact his faith if God didn't? What if God said NO?

After further discussion, he thanked me for my time. When he returned from California, he said he had decided not to proceed, feeling that God was not prompting him to follow that direction and he was content with the decision.

Shortly after, he stopped me again and told me that he had just been talking with his doctor and he had received great news. When I asked him what that was, not sure of what was coming, he replied, "The doctor told me that my disease was progressing and I just have a short time left," concluding that he was going to be with the Lord. He was excited! Not long after, he died.

We don't know what might have become of these two blind men if Jesus had not healed them. What we do know is that once healed, **"they went out and spread the news about him (Jesus) all over that region."** (vs 31)

And I know that I have been witness to the healing power of God. I know that I have also been witness to the NO, when God has chosen not to heal.

We cannot pretend to understand why God chooses to heal one time and not another, other than to conclude that his plan is intended to bring praise and glory to his name, whichever way he decides.

How strong is your faith, and what is your faith fixed on? Do you trust God with your very life? In the face of horrible circumstances, can you say, "For this, I have Jesus"?

*Kenn Balzer has invested more than 18 years in providing pastoral care. A chaplain for many years in care facilities, he also has a gift for teaching and a passion for visiting, end of life and grief ministry.*

## **The Healing Power of Forgiveness in Marriage**

Rev. Dr. Ed Hird [www.edhird.com](http://www.edhird.com)

Reflecting on what makes a marriage work, I was struck by how vital is the gift of forgiveness. My wife, by the way, is very gifted at forgiving, probably because I have given her so much practice. My wife is also very patient and persevering, as I have noticed that often in our marriage, it has taken me a while to really grow and change. The fact that she never gives up on me, and that she keeps on believing the best for me is a wonderful gift indeed.

I recently read a fascinating book entitled *Men & Women: Enjoying the Differences* by the best-selling author Dr. Larry Crabb. He commented that, "Self-centered living is the real culprit in marriages with problems. Other-centered living is the answer." Many of us enter marriage thinking that our spouse will meet our deepest needs. We then feel cheated when they don't, and begin to close our hearts. How many of us enter marriage with the view that we are there to serve our spouse? How many of us see marriage as a way of serving God? A marriage where both partners are committed to serving one another, to 'washing one another's feet' is a marriage in which self-centeredness gets sidelined. What will it take, says Dr. Crabb, to realize that our selfishness is without excuse and that our first job, in our friendships and marriages, is to recognize our selfishness and learn how we can change?

One thing that men and women have equally in common is that we are all equally self-centered and selfish. Little growth in marriages takes place, says Dr. Crabb, until we realize that the disease of self-centeredness is fatal to our souls and marriages. Nothing exposes our self-centeredness more clearly than anger. Because our hearts are deceitful (Jeremiah 17:9), we have an amazing ability to justify our own anger and bitterness towards our spouse, while simultaneously excusing our own bad attitudes. Being angry at our spouses can be very attractive, because it makes us feel both powerful and

self-righteous. Having coached dozens of couples over the years, I am continually amazed at the self-deception of many who convince themselves that the problem is their spouse, and that their personal faults are far more minor and merely reactive. Self-centeredness is a cancer that blinds us from seeing that the problem is not merely our spouse; the problem is ourselves.

Our culture is saturated with excuses for everything. It is not my fault. It's my spouse's, my parent's, my government's, or my boss' fault. A.A. calls that 'stinking thinking.' Few of us are willing to do a thorough moral inventory of our own personal faults. The Bible uses a short, unpopular word for self-centeredness. It calls it 'sin.' Sin doesn't mean that we are axe-murderers or child molesters. The heart of the word 'sin' is the 'I' in the middle. The heart of most marriage problems is self-centered sin.

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, founder of the United Christian Ashram, once said, "There can be no love between a husband and wife unless there is mutual self-surrender. Love simply cannot spring up without that self-surrender to each other. If either withholds the self, love cannot exist." A man and his wife were having painful marriage difficulties. The wife went away to a Christian Ashram, and surrendered her marriage to the Lord. When she returned home, her husband said to her, "Well, Miss High and Mighty, what did you learn at the Ashram?" She replied, "I've learned that I've been the cause of all our troubles." She got up from her chair, came around beside him and knelt, folded her hands and said, "Please forgive me. I'm the cause of all our troubles." At that moment, her husband nearly upset the kitchen table while getting down on his knees beside her. He blurted out, "You're not the cause of all our troubles — I am." There, they met each other — and God. Each surrendered to Jesus, then they surrendered to each other and were free. Now this couple, instead of continually criticizing each other, are one in love and forgiveness.

My prayer for those reading this article is that many may find the healing power of forgiveness in our marriages.

## **Sexual Bondage and Alcoholism**

Rev. John Gishler [www.spirituellifeteaching.info](http://www.spirituellifeteaching.info)

Most people know that alcoholism is a serious condition that is extremely difficult to treat because it generally includes both psychological issues and a

biological/chemical addiction. What is interesting is that the program with the best success rate is the 12 Step program of Alcoholics Anonymous. The Fifth Step of this program includes a whole life self-examination, and written confession of sin taken to a priest for absolution. Before sharing my experience in freeing a man from the bondage of alcoholism, let me explain how the sin of drinking/eating/wanting anything in excess can lead to spiritual oppression and then to spiritual bondage.

I use the example of alcoholism to explain spiritual oppression and bondage as alcoholism is the most common and visible example both of spiritual oppression and spiritual bondage. When someone rebels against God's order by polluting his body with too much alcohol (or food or drugs, etc.), he is guilty of sin. This sin can cause a spiritual wound if it is repeated and becomes a habit. Spiritual wounds can act as doorways for evil spirits to enter a person and oppress them from inside. Spiritual oppression from the inside is more powerful. Imagine an uninvited voice in your head constantly urging you into destructive behaviour. This is where outside temptation becomes internal demonic oppression of the mind and soul. This intensifies the battle for control of the will as described in Chapter 2 of *Going Spiritual*. If the pattern of drinking excessively continues, this spiritual oppression may grow stronger until the temptation to have another drink becomes overwhelming and the person is powerless to say no. At this point, we can say someone is in spiritual bondage to a spirit of alcoholism.

The act of intimate physical sexual touch connects our spirits to the spirit of the one we touch. Here I can testify to my own healing experience. Before my marriage to Lucille, I had been on a retreat, conducted a self-examination and gone to a Roman Catholic priest for confession. He taught me the importance of severing the spiritual link to my ex-wife, which could lead to spiritual pollution continuing to flow between us, and to affect my relationship with Lucille. He included a prayer of severing in the words of absolution after my confession. This freed me to have a wonderful spiritual relationship with Lucille, free of past baggage. I recommend this to all couples as part of marriage preparation.

John and Paula Sandford's *Transformation of the Inner Man* had helped me understand the very important spiritual reason behind the biblical ban on sexual relationships outside a marriage relationship – the "why" behind the "don't": "And don't you know that if a man joins himself to a prostitute, she

becomes part of him and he becomes part of her. For God tells us that in His sight the two become one person" (1 Cor. 6.16, 17).

Years later, a man came to see me for the confession with a priest required as part of a 12-step alcoholism program. He had written out a whole life confession — a serious pile of paper that boiled down to un-married sexual relationships with about twenty women. The problem is that they were all still "spiritually married" as a consequence of the sexual relationship. As the Sanford's taught me, all his spiritual pollution flowed into each of them, and the spiritual pollution of the twenty women flowed back into his personal spirit. No wonder he thought he needed a drink!

Following Sanford's teaching, we went to prayer and invited the Holy Spirit to come and give us both a vision of him in a field with all twenty women standing around him in a large circle. We could both see the silver cords (pipeline) joining his spirit to their spirits. Following my direction, he went around the circle, recognized most of them, and asked them each to forgive him. He repented, asked Jesus to forgive him and accepted forgiveness from Jesus. I was able to take authority in the name of Jesus and send all his spiritual garbage back to him and the woman's garbage back to them. Next, I asked the Holy Spirit to give me a spiritual sword, and allow me to take authority to go around the circle, severing all the connections. We could both see this in a vision. I then prayed for the cleansing and sealing of the spirits of each woman and the man, with the shed blood of Jesus, and gave thanks for the healing. The man's feet were above the floor as he left; he was now free of the guilt and shame that were at least contributing to, if not driving his alcoholism.

An excerpt from *Going Spiritual: Discovering, Developing and Healing a Spiritual Life* by John Gishler

## **Grief is Not a Problem to Be Solved, but a Passage to Go Through**

Mel Lawrenz [www.WordWay.org](http://www.WordWay.org)

Mystery is part of life and part of faith. Not mystery as riddle or puzzle, which suggests someone holding us in ignorance for a while or playing games with us. The other meaning of mystery is realities that are so large, so complex and so high that our limited minds cannot comprehend them. Mystery as ineffability—truths too great to be described in words. (This is one of the ironies of writing—we try to make pathways with words, all the while knowing that if

we're doing it right, we'll keep coming to that cloudy cliff edge beyond which words cannot go.)

In some kind of school yearbook, my daughter Eva who died three years ago had responded to the question, "What do you see God in?" Her written answer: "Mystery. My favorite Psalm, 'What is man that you are mindful of him?' That's what I see in God, this mysterious mercy for me."

When we got to the nine-month mark after Eva died, it struck me that this is the length of time we as parents wait as the hidden mystery of development in the womb unfolds before the spectacular moment of birth. But now we were marking nine months of silence and separation. Ingrid and I were married about a decade before Eva was conceived. That made the pregnancy and her arrival a euphoric time in our lives. On the day of her birth I had so much adrenaline and excitement I couldn't think straight. I inadvertently drove way over the speed limit wherever I went, especially on visits to the hospital. The small, pink, pudgy little creature who had come into this gray world inspired in me more awe than I had ever experienced in life. How could I not be crazy in the head?

There is birth and there is rebirth and there is final birth into the arms of God. All of it a mystery. I don't mind not understanding how a human being can be formed in the womb by the knitting of God, and I don't mind not comprehending eternity. Eva always told me she kind of freaked out when thinking about eternity, and I affirmed her honesty. It showed how smart she really was. It is the wisest people whose breath is taken away by the great mysteries of God. It's okay to feel intimidated by mystery at the same time that it rouses you.

Lately, I've been thinking about something I frequently hear from people who have lost their kid. They say, "It is like a part of you dies." I'm finding that is true. But I used to think that referred to the searing pain of this kind of loss or of missing that kid you used to talk to, eat supper with, discuss the issues of life with. But it is harder than that. It is not just that you feel like a part of you dies.

A part of you has died.

For almost thirty years, there had been two human beings on planet earth who were carrying forward the DNA Ingrid and I imparted. Only two. For all the thousands of people I've had the privilege of influencing through speaking or pastoring or writing, there really were only two human beings who would carry on our name, our history, our intimate family values. There were

two people toward whom I felt a commitment surpassing almost all other commitments, with joy.

And then one was gone.

So the question becomes, what do we do with that kind of existential loss? Can we really heal from our life being severed in that way? Does life suddenly become half as valuable or purposeful? I admit that I could easily feel that way. We feel tempted to shift into neutral and coast to the end of our own life. When a younger loved one dies, we suddenly feel like our own dying has been shoved higher on our life's agenda. The feeling isn't really morbid. There is a simple logic to it. Our kid went first, and now we realize how dying is part of the inexorable agenda of living.

But it is not right that dying should suppress living. I know that if Eva were here, it would disappoint her to know that we became apathetic or despondent about life. I know it is possible to bear the deep wound of her loss but keep on walking. When someone loses a member of their immediate family, they have lost someone extremely important, but they have not lost everyone.

All of us need to realize that—married or single, with kids, without kids. Adopted, foster, biological. They say blood is thicker than water. But we all need more moms than our biological mom, more dads than our biological dad, more brothers, more sisters, more friends. Both are true: we must be solidly committed to our families, but our commitments must extend far beyond our families. When our biological family shrinks, it makes us wonder if we have a wider family.

If we can accept mystery, we can find comfort that is larger than our rational assurances. When we face great loss, we need that. We need to give up the need to fully understand. We need the liberty that comes from accepting mystery. If the only way we feel safe is with what we can comprehend, then we will never feel as safe as we might. Mystery moors us to realities that exceed our comprehension. Looking to and respecting the mystery of God is not like standing on a cloud but on bedrock.

How a nineteen-year-old could get that is beyond me. Perhaps a supernatural gift, years before hard times set in.

The book of Job in the Old Testament is hard to read. The story of a man for whom the worst is worse than for anyone I have known, including the loss

of all his children, his health, his reputation. The story confronts us with all the great questions of suffering and loss. We read along in the book, looking for the answers to those questions. We chafe at the insulting answers Job's friends offer him. God enters the story at the end and offers to Job not answers but himself.

Is that adequate? Well, we can think of it this way: When we face great loss, the worst of the worse, will answers to our questions make us feel better? They will not. Answers will not fill the void. They do not replace the person. The hole in our life is still there. So God gives Job, and us, not an answer to pain but himself.

Job clung to God. And he survived. We can, too.

*Adapted from A Chronicle of Grief by Mel Lawrenz. Copyright (c) 2020 by Mel Lawrenz. Published by InterVarsity Press, Downers Grove, IL. [www.ivpress.com](http://www.ivpress.com)*

# The New Birth



## John 3: 1–18 (NKJV)

There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.

<sup>2</sup> This man came to Jesus by night and said to Him, “Rabbi, we know that You are a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that You do unless God is with him.”

<sup>3</sup> Jesus answered and said to him, “Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

<sup>4</sup> Nicodemus said to Him, “How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother’s womb and be born?”

<sup>5</sup> Jesus answered, “Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. <sup>6</sup> That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. <sup>7</sup> Do not marvel that I said to you, ‘You must be born again.’ <sup>8</sup> The wind blows where it wishes, and you hear the sound of it, but cannot tell where it comes from and where it goes. So is everyone who is born of the Spirit.”

<sup>9</sup> Nicodemus answered and said to Him, “How can these things be?”

<sup>10</sup> Jesus answered and said to him, “Are you the teacher of Israel, and do not know these things? <sup>11</sup> Most assuredly, I say to you, We speak what We know and testify what We have seen, and you do not receive Our witness. <sup>12</sup> If I have told you earthly things and you do not believe, how will you believe if I tell you heavenly things? <sup>13</sup> No one has ascended to heaven but He who came down from heaven, that is, the Son of Man who is in heaven. <sup>14</sup> And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, <sup>15</sup> that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life.

<sup>16</sup> For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life. <sup>17</sup> For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

<sup>18</sup> “He who believes in Him is not condemned; but he who does not believe is

condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. <sup>19</sup> And this is the condemnation, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. <sup>20</sup> For everyone practicing evil hates the light and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed. <sup>21</sup> But he who does the truth comes to the light, that his deeds may be clearly seen, that they have been done in God.”

“If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. But if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” (1 John 1:8–9)

If you declare with your mouth, “Jesus is Lord,” and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. <sup>10</sup> For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you profess your faith and are saved. (Romans 10: 9–10)

## **In Everything Give Thanks**

Rev. Dcn. Keith Bird *St Luke Anglican Church, Calgary*

Holy Scripture tells us "In all things give thanks'" (1 Thessalonians 5:18)

It is easy to give thanks when things are going well for us and when we have reason to express our gratitude to God, but what about those times when disappointment, heart-ache, frustration or fear looms its ugly head... are we expected to give thanks then?

Yes!

We are exhorted to give thanks "in" all things... not "for" all things. Whenever fear, frustration or bad news lights upon our spirits, we have a choice. The enemy of our soul (the 'thief') seeks only to kill, steal and destroy," according to John 10:10, but in the same verse, Jesus tells us, "I came that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

When we choose to focus on bad news, frustration or fear, we are inviting more of the same and are actually serving the thief who wants to kill our hope, steal our Joy, and destroy our faith.

When we choose to give thanks, we are aligning our thoughts to trust in God, and are immediately reminded that God is with us; we are not alone, even in the face of death, and that God will fight for us and sustain us:

- "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Psalm 23:4)
- "I will never leave you nor forsake you." (Deuteronomy 31:6)
- "Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God; I will strengthen you, I will help you, I will uphold you with my righteous right hand." (Isaiah 41:10)
- Our focus of thanking God in our circumstances will bring a sense of peace, calm and assurance. Thanking God for his Presence will change the atmosphere.

It is human to become discouraged and frustrated; it is the way of the world and yes... even for the child of God there are times of discouragement and frustration... even fear. But how we respond makes all the difference!

We are instructed in Philippians 4:6–7: “Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God” – And here’s the promise – “And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.”

“Finally, beloved, whatever is true, whatever is honourable, whatever is just, whatever is pure, whatever is pleasing, whatever is commendable, if there is any excellence and if there is anything worthy of praise, think about these things. Keep on doing the things that you have learned and received and heard and seen in me,” – and again... here’s the promise – “and the God of peace will be with you.” Philippians 4: 8–9

To give thanks in every circumstance is a choice and yes, at times even a sacrifice that goes against what we feel. May God richly bless you as you seek to trust and give thanks to Him in all things so that you may walk by Faith and not by sight!

# St. Luke's Anglican Church

## 2019 Healing Conference



Nearly eighty souls from Calgary and from as far north as the Fort McMurray area, and east from Humboldt, SK, descended on St. Luke's on Saturday, October 19th, 2019, to enjoy a full day immersed in Christian fellowship, great food and the Presence of the Holy Spirit for our first Healing Conference!

The Lord poured out His blessing as we celebrated the Feast of St Luke the Physician weekend with a Healing Conference on Saturday and a Healing Service on Sunday. Archbishop Greg Kerr-Wilson was conference keynote speaker and celebrant at the Eucharist on Saturday. He also preached and celebrated on Sunday.

On Saturday, volunteers braved the early morning to direct traffic and staff the registration table. Teams of St Luke's faithful ensured the hospitality tables were well stocked and replenished as fresh baking and other goodies appeared throughout the day, and a delicious lunch was provided in the gymnasium. We are grateful for every volunteer who helped to make the conference a great success.

Three workshops were available before and after lunch: Finding Healing Through The Power of Prayer; The Healing Gift Of Presence; and Forgiveness. Signup sheets revealed an almost even attendance split between the three.

Worship times included many favourite hymns and praise songs. To the delight of conference goers, the book table offered a wide choice of new and gently used books at bargain basement prices provided by a local Christian book store.

Several prayer stations were available during the Eucharist with the majority receiving anointing and prayers for healing. Evaluations were extremely favourable and almost everyone asked if we could "do it again next year!"

The 2020 conference was cancelled because of the COVID-19 Pandemic; however, St. Luke's FREE eBook of Testimonies has the potential of reaching hundreds with encouragement and inspiration.

The church website provides more information about the life of the parish,

its rich heritage, activities and worship services. The conference website at [www.HealingConference.info](http://www.HealingConference.info) offers the opportunity to listen to keynote talks that are highly relevant for today, workshop details and an invitation to join the email list for advance notice to online healing events and the next Healing Conference. We would love to have you join us!

St Luke's Anglican Church  
2951 26 Avenue SE, Calgary, AB, Canada T2B 2P2

# Resources

"...I am the Lord who heals you." I Am The God That Healeth Thee

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=op-NZCJUfnM&ab\\_channel=Don-MoenTV](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=op-NZCJUfnM&ab_channel=Don-MoenTV)

Trust God To Answer Your Prayers!

<https://youtu.be/E60nMdbzQ60>

International Healing Ministry

<http://www.oslToday.org>

Healing and Teaching Conference Calls

<http://www.oslRegion8.org/online.htm>

Healing videos

<https://osltoday.org/videos/>

Father's Love Letter To You

<https://www.fathersloveletter.com/>

FatherHeart Ministry

<https://www.fatherheart.tv/>

Our Daily Bread

<https://odb.org/>

Healing Miracles Teaching Outline

<http://www.lisaosteencomes.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/ThyKingdomCome3.12.pdf>

## Recommended Reading

Two books: Journey To Inner Peace; Resting In The Heart – by Rev Paul Feider  
[https://www.amazon.ca/s?k=paul+feider&dc&ref=a9\\_asc\\_1](https://www.amazon.ca/s?k=paul+feider&dc&ref=a9_asc_1)

Finding Victory When Healing Doesn't Happen – by Craig Miller  
<https://www.insightsfromtheheart.com/>

Going Spiritual: Developing and Healing A Spiritual Life – by Rev. John Gishler  
[https://www.amazon.ca/s?k=john+gishler&ref=nb\\_sb\\_noss\\_1](https://www.amazon.ca/s?k=john+gishler&ref=nb_sb_noss_1)

A Chronicle of Grief: Finding Life After Traumatic Loss – by Mel Lawrenz  
[www.WordWay.org](http://www.WordWay.org)

Mustard Seed Book (Faith) – by Rev Mike Flynn  
<https://www.freshwindministries.org/books.html>

Healing – by Francis MacNutt  
<https://www.christianhealingmin.org/bookstore/proddetail.php?prod=B607>

## Your Comments

Your feedback regarding this eBook, comments, questions and suggestions are invited. Please type eBook in the subject line, and add your City and State/Province in the message. [feedback@testimonies.info](mailto:feedback@testimonies.info)

# Thank you for making this book available!

This eBook is like a modern-day gospel, giving accounts of healing miracles very much like we read about in the four gospels. The stories in this book give evidence of the healing power of Jesus still present today. They give testimony to the life-changing power of Jesus' love available to those who open themselves to that power.

In a time when some people try to deny Jesus' miracles or say that these miracles stopped with the death of the last apostle, this book proclaims that Jesus' power to heal and transform lives is still present and active in the world today. It is a modern-day gospel. It cuts through all the theology to the simple reality of the power available to all who receive Jesus' healing love. This is a book of hope to all who struggle with pain, sickness or the inner wounds of life. It offers another way to view life and the challenges of each day. The stories say it all.

As one who has been involved in healing ministry for over 40 years I can testify as well to the awesome power of Jesus' love. When we create a safe atmosphere for people to experience God's personal love for them, the miracles begin. When we do what Jesus did and radiate Abba's love to people we meet, we see the same effects as are described in the gospels. The articles in this book proclaim that message. The International Order of St. Luke, mentioned at the end of the book, is a multi-denominational organization dedicated to "empower people with the healing ministry of Jesus" through training and prayer. These types of stories abound in that community as well.

We each have stories to tell. Those become stories of miracles when we open ourselves to the incredible power of Jesus' love. Not only do we see his power make physiological changes in our body, but we experience Jesus healing inner emotional wounds and traumatic memories. We never know exactly how the healings will occur, but in Jesus' presence lives change for the better. This ebook gives us a small sample of what is available to all people who open the door to God's personal love for them. I thank the community that made this book available.

Rev. Paul Feider

President of the Board, *The International Order of St Luke the Physician*

[www.oslToday.org](http://www.oslToday.org)