



Stories of the Lord's Faithfulness: Healing (Revision 9/4/2001)

Clair Beatty, Bone Cancer: Clair Beatty (member of our church) was diagnosed with bone cancer in October of 1993. Our congregation has held her in prayer, and Clair feels that the Lord has blessed her in many ways during her battle with this cancer.

Clair describes peace as the first and most persistent blessing. She reports that even at the time she was told the tumor on her leg was malignant, "I had no fear, I felt total peace". She reports that this amazing sense of complete peace has continued with her throughout the entire, difficult, painful, and complicated process.

February of 1994 Clair underwent surgery to remove the tumor on her leg. After the surgery her leg was in a cast and she was required to use a wheelchair with no use of her leg. She was not expected to walk without help until late summer or fall. Her physicians were amazed when she was walking and returned to work 5/16/94. She was able to work full time, and even overtime without difficulty.

Chemotherapy and radiation were also required as components of her treatment. At one point additional chemotherapy and radiation was scheduled but her physicians informed her that her body could not take any more treatment. Unfortunately, they were so concerned about her condition that they told her she would need to receive additional chemotherapy and radiation regardless of her body's inability to tolerate this. Peggy Belser came to pray with her, and prayed specifically that she would not require additional treatment until her body had time to recuperate. Two days later her doctors informed her that they had reversed their earlier decision and that she would not receive additional treatment at that time. No explanation was ever given.

On several occasions Clair had a high fever (as high as 105) which could not be controlled. "There is nothing more we can do" her doctors told her. Prayers were intensified and the intractable fevers broke "unexplainably" within days. Her doctors had planned to put her on an ice bed as a last desperation measure, and were puzzled but grateful by the unexpected improvement.

In August of 1996 Clair underwent a second surgery to remove metastatic cancer in the lungs. Her physicians told her that she would need to be in the hospital for 9 days. Amazingly, Clair was released in three days. She later learned that no one had ever been released after this surgery in less than 7 days. Her unusually rapid recovery is even more remarkable when one realizes that she is not a 20 year old athlete (Clair is a great-grandmother). Furthermore, Clair was not expected to return to work until six to eight weeks after surgery. She returned to work in less than three weeks. Once again her physicians were amazed, puzzled, but grateful.

A number of orthopedic surgeons have told Clair that her doctor is the best in Chicago. This experienced, competent, and well known Dr. has repeatedly shaken his head in amazement. He told Clair that he has never seen anyone with her condition do so well.

Clair Beatty, Friend with Lung Cancer: one evening in 1994 when Clair was in the hospital to receive chemotherapy, she overheard doctors telling the woman in the next bed that her lung cancer was untreatable and terminal. They informed her that her lungs were full of fluid, there was nothing else they could do, and that she could expect to die soon. After the doctors had left, this unfortunate woman lay in bed crying. Eventually, Clair called out to her "would you like to talk?" Clair spent much of the evening talking and praying with her new friend. The next

morning, doctors returned and informed Clair's friend that they had decided to begin treatment. Clair reports that this woman received treatment and is now doing well (October 1996). An interesting coincidence is that Clair's chemotherapy was canceled that evening for some reason (never explained). Since Clair was not receiving her chemotherapy, she was available to spend the evening talking and praying with her new friend. Clair has wondered whether the Lord has allowed her to live so long (with a condition that is usually rapidly fatal) so that she can minister to others as she did that evening.

Bill Castle, Burned Foot: Bill Castle (member of our church) also recalls an experience of receiving healing in response to prayer. In 1975 Bill was on a camping trip to the smoky mountains with other members from a larger Christian household of which he was a part. One night during this camping trip Bill was helping to prepare dinner. He was frying potatoes in boiling grease, and as he took the pan off the stove it tipped suddenly, spilling hot grease over his foot. Bill was wearing sandals, so the boiling grease landed directly on his bare skin. Bill recalls that he walked out of the trailer where he had been cooking "sort of stunned". At the encouragement of one of his friends he went to a stream one to two hundred yards away and soaked his foot in the cold water. As Bill was soaking his foot, Dave Johnson sat beside him and offered a brief and simple prayer that Bill's foot would be healed. On several occasions during the evening his foot began to hurt and he again soaked it in the cold water. As he was preparing for bed, he noticed that the skin on the burned foot was red, tight, and painful. He recalls worrying about how he would be able to participate in the 6 to 7 mile hike planned for the next day. When he awoke the next morning, there was no evidence whatsoever that his foot had been burned. He recalls enjoying the long hike with no trouble from his "burned" foot.

Dan Coyne, Cigarette Smoking: When Charlotte and I joined Dan and Emily Coyne, and another couple, for a sharing/prayer/support group, Dan was 33 years old and had been smoking for over 20 years. He shared that he had tried to quit "dozens of times", but that he had never been able to do so for more than a few months. Some time in 1991 (during the first few months of our small group), someone suggested that we pray for healing of his addiction to cigarettes. We did pray. That the Lord would help fill the role cigarettes had played for so long and that he would have strength. I remember feeling that we should specifically ask the Lord to heal the neurochemical changes responsible for the physical craving. Several weeks later Dan shared that he had stopped smoking, but that he had no craving for cigarettes. He shared that every time he had ever tried to quit in the past, he had suffered from intense and persistent craving. This was often the reason he eventually started smoking again. It is now 10 years (2001) since Dan has stopped smoking.

Hans Mast, Healing of Paralysis (as described by my mother, Joanna Lehman): When Hans was quite young (less than two years of age), he became extremely ill, eventually becoming paralyzed and requiring care in the intensive care unit under an oxygen tent. In spite of the dramatic symptoms, his doctors were not able to discover the cause of the illness. At this point in the illness, Mom awoke at 2:00 a.m. one night. "I heard a clear voice within me, as clear as if someone had spoken out loud. I had a powerful sense of the Lord's presence, and knew immediately that it was His voice I was hearing. He told me that our church should pray for Hans to be healed." The following morning she shared this with the rest of the church, who then indeed did have a prayer service for Hans that evening.

"The next morning I was washing dishes when I suddenly had the same intense awareness of the Lord's presence. I heard the same clear voice within me: 'your prayers have been answered'. Moments later waves and waves of exhilarating joy began washing over me. The wonder, joy, and awe were so intense and overwhelming that I was unable to stand. I fell involuntarily to my

knees, weeping, shaking, and praising the Lord. This incredible sense of the Lord's presence continued for some time. It was probably 30 minutes before I could stand up again. I felt complete assurance that Hans had been healed. Eventually the sense of the Lord's presence faded, but the over-flowing joy and assurance were on going. Later that day I found out from Don and Eunice (Hans' parents) that at the time this assurance had come to me, they were at the hospital watching him in the oxygen tent. He suddenly began moving his paralyzed limbs, and they quickly called the doctor. After examining Hans, the doctor was completely baffled, but concluded that he was well and that they could take him home.”

Healing of Lehman Family Pet (Yola): I think I was 5 or 6 years old when my brother, John, began asking for a dog. I was asking for a skunk, an armadillo, and a buffalo (‘after all’ I commented very reasonably, ‘no one sleeps in the living room, we could keep the buffalo in there’). I think Mom and Dad decided John’s request was quite reasonable in light of the alternatives.

We had very little spending money, so Mom and Dad searched the paper for something we could afford. They eventually discovered a wonderful deal. Mr. Johnson bred and trained show dogs, and he was selling a purebred German Shepard who was past her breeding prime. She had also been his family’s house dog, so his primary concern was that she go to a good home. If our family would love her and take good care of her, he would let us have her for an amazingly low \$20 (breeding papers not included). Mr. Johnson wanted to meet us before deciding if we were the adoptive family he was looking for. The next weekend he brought Yola to our home for an all day visit. She was a well trained, sleek, black and tan German Shepard. All three of us children, Emily, John, and myself, thought she was beautiful and friendly. She seemed to like us as well. We must have passed inspection, because when Mr. Johnson left Yola stayed with us.

Our family has many fond memories of the years Yola spent with us. She was officially John’s dog, which was an excellent arrangement. Being a large dog, she needed to be taken on long, brisk walks twice every day. We all enjoyed combing her or walking her occasionally, but on freezing January mornings or cold, rainy days in March I was glad she was John’s dog. During the day, when we kids were in school, she would provide Mom with faithful company. She would follow Mom where ever she went, and would lie quietly beside her while she worked. Yola loved to accompany us on family outings, and would perch on the little triangle of wood at the front of our Kayak like a giant figurehead. Another of her favorite activities was dragging me around the neighborhood - at the time she joined our family she weighed 30 pounds more than I did, and when she saw a squirrel she would fly in swift pursuit. I slowed her down some, but she hardly seemed to notice. On her birthday each year we would make her a “cake” with her favorite ingredients: eggs, cheese, and meat.

Two or three years after she joined our family, Yola seemed to be suffering from some kind of illness. She began eating less, loosing weight, had less energy, and appeared to be in pain at times. Eventually we noticed a lump. The vet confirmed that indeed a tumor was growing in her abdomen. Our family could not afford expensive surgical treatment, and therefore as the tumor grew and Yola became increasingly uncomfortable, Dad informed Emily, John, and myself that we would probably need to put Yola to sleep. At this point the tumor was almost as large as a volleyball and could be seen and felt bulging against the sides of her abdomen. I still remember one evening a week or two later. I was petting her as she lay listlessly on the floor, looking at the large bulge under the dark hair of her abdomen and wishing that she wouldn’t die. Our family went to bed that night with a large tumor still visible in Yola’s abdomen.

The next morning we were all sitting at the breakfast table when Dad noticed something strange. Yola was laying on the floor beside him and he had been stroking her absentmindedly. Suddenly he noticed that he couldn’t feel the lump. He was puzzled: “What’s going on here?”

He made her get up and walk around the kitchen. No matter how carefully he examined her, he could not see or feel any tumor. “the tumor is gone!” he finally exclaimed. Sure enough, the lump was gone and Yola seemed to be in perfect health. Emily, John, and I started crying. “What’s the matter? Do you kids know something about this?” asked Dad.

We explained that when he told us Yola would probably need to be put to sleep sometime soon, we children decided to pray for healing. We had also recruited a number of our friends who joined us in prayer. Apparently we were a bit overwhelmed by the Lord’s response. Yola lived for several more years before the tumor returned, this time eventually taking her life. We were grateful for the additional time she was allowed to remain with us.

Grandpa Lehman (John A. Lehman), Healing of Pleurisy: the following story is told by Grandma (Ruth Lehman) and John E. Lehman Sr.. They report that at one point during dad’s childhood grandpa became very ill with an infection of the lining of his lungs. He probably also had an abscess because treatment included surgery with placement of a drainage tube to allow drainage of pus. This was particularly serious because antibiotics had not yet been discovered. After more than six weeks in the hospital grandpa’s fever and infection continued. Grandpa’s Dr. informed him that he was not getting better. The Dr. then recommended bringing the elders of the church for prayer: “there is nothing else I can do. I think the best chance you have is to get the elders of your church to come and pray for you”. This was done. The following day grandpa’s Dr. came in and stated “you must have gotten prayer because your long standing fever has suddenly come down and is remaining down. When did you get prayed for?” When they examined the nursing records of grandpa’s temperature it turned out that his fever had indeed dropped at the time of prayer and had remained low since that time. Grandpa eventually recovered fully and lived many more years.

Dad Lehman (John E. Lehman, Sr.), Healing of Dyslexia (as told to Karl Lehman, 11/2/97): “Nobody knew about dyslexia when I was a kid. I would flip letters, numbers, and sometimes whole words. I can remember following along when other kids would read out loud in class, noticing words and letters flipping, and thinking ‘how do the other kids know which one to choose? It looks like ‘loop’ to me, why did she just read ‘pool’? I dreaded reading class. Each of us would take a turn sitting in the front row and reading out loud to the whole class. The teacher didn’t know about dyslexia, and obviously thought I was either stupid or making the errors on purpose just to get attention.” Unfortunately, reading “God” as “dog” didn’t go over very well in the rural one room school that Dad attended. “It was terrifying. No matter how hard I tried, the words and letters would flip and I would make errors. The teacher would yell at me: ‘You dummy! Can’t you tell the difference between ‘pad’ and ‘bad’? Anybody can see that’s a ‘p’, not a ‘b’?’. I would get anxious when she would yell, and that just made the dyslexia worse.”

“In our church, the Jr. High kids would take turns adding up the Sunday school collection. Someone would bring forward the envelopes from the different Sunday school classes. The two designated students would then sit at the front of the church to calculate the total offering and post the result. I have one horrible memory of sitting in front of the whole congregation and trying to do this. I’m sure I was anxious, which made things much worse. The numbers were flipping back and forth, so every time I would add them up, I would get a different result. I kept getting results that were obviously impossible, so I knew they were wrong, but I didn’t know what to do about it. I got so panicked that I could hardly remember how to add. Finally I gave up and just posted a crazy number that I knew was wrong.”

“In graduate school I figured out that I had dyslexia. Now, at least, I understood why I flipped letters, words, and numbers. I understood why I had so much trouble with reading and math, but

it was still present. Reading to myself was O.K.. Whenever something didn't make sense, I knew I had read something wrong and would just go back & read it again. Reading in public was the problem. It was more embarrassing to make mistakes in front of everyone else. Being asked to read in public would also stir up the anxiety and embarrassment from my miserable grade school experiences. For many years, everyone at Reba (our church) just knew I didn't like to read in public, and I never did."

"John Bedford came to visit our church in the early 1970's, and was teaching us about inner healing. He wanted to teach especially by demonstration, and spent several days praying for the church leaders. On one of these occasions he asked if he could pray for my dyslexia. I didn't even think it was that important - I think I was in denial about how traumatic it had been. He spent about 5 minutes praying, but I didn't perceive any effect at the time."

"Some time after this I was in a meeting with a visiting pastor. He, of course, did not know about my dyslexia and my hesitance to read in public. At some point in his presentation he looked across the room at me and asked if I would read a certain verse. I didn't want to explain the whole situation, and thought "I can get through one verse". After I had agreed to read and was standing up, the visiting pastor continued "why don't you just read the whole chapter." "Oh, no!" I groaned to myself. But there was no easy way to get out of it. I decided to just go ahead and struggle through it. As I began to read, I realized that I was reading without mistakes or anxiety. When I read through the whole chapter without errors, embarrassment, or anxiety, I realized that I had received healing for my dyslexia and for the traumatic memories associated with it. I still flip things occasionally, especially if I'm tired, but this is minimal compared to what it used to be. It is especially nice to be free of the fear, anxiety, and embarrassment."

Shannon Marion, Praying for Teeth: When doing conferences on healing, John Wimber often gets various Vineyard pastors to supply ministry teams for prayer during the prayer times. In June of 1987 John Wimber was doing conferences in Belfast and then in Dublin, and Steve Nicholson had brought a prayer ministry team of young adults from the Evanston Vineyard. Shannon Marion (long time personal friend) was one of these young adults. He describes several experiences of the Lord's healing power during this trip.

"Steve was doing a small 'side conference' in a Dublin suburb before the larger Vineyard conference in Dublin. There were about 100 people from a local church and 15-20 of us on the ministry team. During the prayer time, someone had a 'word of knowledge' about teeth. 'The Lord wants to heal people with teeth problems'".

"We were in an economically depressed area, and the standard of living and health care were noticeably lower than what I was accustomed to. There were people at the service who had not been able to afford dental care and who therefore had very bad teeth. My first thought was 'no way, teeth are too hard'. Somehow healing teeth just seemed beyond God's healing power. I had never prayed for teeth before and was having a hard time believing anything would happen.

"About 5 people came forward, and someone from our team prayed with each of them. They all reported amazing healings, but I did not personally witness this since I was not one of those praying for these people. Later in the evening, a woman came up to me: 'I have teeth problems, but I was too embarrassed to come up for prayer when they asked earlier'. It was about midnight and I was exhausted. My first thought was 'Lady, you should have come for prayer when we asked!'. I was in a bad mood, tired, and frustrated, but decided to pray anyway. She opened her mouth, and her gums were so receded that I could wiggle her teeth with my fingers. It felt like they would fall out if she bit an apple. I put my hand on her chin and prayed for maybe 2 minutes. She opened her mouth again, and her teeth were totally firm. I couldn't move them at all"

Shannon reports "I was in awe of God's healing power, I was dumbstruck" -- But he also

reports being deeply humbled. "I had begun to think I had some special ability. I know that was wrong and sinful, but I had been seeing so much miraculous healing that I had begun to think maybe it was something I was doing. That night I knew that I hadn't done anything. My attitude was terrible and my faith was poor. It helped me see again that it is all the Lord. It was totally clear that it had nothing to do with me"

Shannon Marion, Woman Healed of Skin Tumor: Shannon describes another amazing experience of the Lord's healing power during the Vineyard team's visit to Belfast.

"In the middle of one of his talks, Wimber suddenly said 'anybody who wants prayer, stand up and we'll pray for you'. The Irish thought we American visitors were special somehow, and everyone wanted one of us to pray for them."

"We had been trained to avoid praying alone for someone of the opposite sex, but 5 women stood up around me and requested prayer. I asked the first woman 'how can I pray for you?'. 'I have this growth on my breast' she replied. I thought 'oh, no!' She described it as looking black and blue like a bruise, but that it was growing rapidly. She had been to a doctor, but the doctor had no idea what it was. "I wasn't sure how to pray - I didn't know how big to pray. I didn't have the faith to pray for complete healing and new skin. It was in my head, but I was afraid of being embarrassed/humiliated if it didn't happen. I was trying very hard to avoid any impropriety, so I asked her to put her hand over the place on her breast and then I asked two of the other women to put their hands over hers. I stood back a couple feet and prayed 'come Holy Spirit.'"

"After praying for a while, I asked her what was happening. She reported feeling heat and electricity 'like a cautery'. This encouraged us to continue praying. Eventually we felt our prayer time was finished. The woman and her friends were excited. They felt something had happened, and ran off to the bathroom to check. While they were in bathroom, I was talking to her sister.

"I remember being concerned that this growth could be something very serious like a cancer, and I was giving her sister 'after prayer counsel'. 'I think maybe this prayer has stopped the growth. You should watch it closely. If it shrinks and goes away in the next couple months, then she has been healed. If it keeps growing or starts to grow again, go to a doctor IMMEDIATELY. Fire the doctor who didn't know what it was and find a doctor who does.' My faith still less than it could have been, I finished with 'If its gone and there is new skin there, I'll just die'"

"A couple minutes later, the woman and her friends came racing back from the bathroom: 'It's gone, there's new, pink skin where the growth used to be!' The whole episode ended somewhat humorously with the woman's sister chiding me for my lack of faith."

Shannon Marion, Woman Healed of Deafness: Shannon tells another story from the same trip to Ireland with the Vineyard ministry team. "During the prayer time on one of the evenings, a woman came forward and asked us to pray for her deaf ear. She said that she had been deaf in that ear ever since she had been hit on that side of her head during a beating from her alcoholic husband."

The prayer team prayed for both emotional healing and for physical healing. After praying for 10 or 15 minutes they paused to ask the woman if she was perceiving any results. "She told us that during the prayer time she had seen visions of Jesus protecting her, and also that she had a powerful experience of Jesus healing her fears. We continued to pray, including prayer for her hearing. When we finished, she could hear perfectly out of both ears. She reported that her hearing had returned suddenly during the prayer for physical healing.

Paul Park (member of our church), healing of TB: In 1954 all Korean College freshman were

required to obtain medical evaluations. When Paul Park obtained his mandatory medical exam he discovered that he had tuberculosis. For Paul, one of the most difficult aspects of this new diagnosis was that students with tuberculosis were not allowed to stay in the dorms (even if the tuberculosis was being treated and was not contagious). Paul's tuberculosis was asymptomatic at that time. He kept the diagnosis a secret and prayed that the Lord would heal him even without medication. Paul remained asymptomatic for the next seven years, and reports "I ignored it 100 percent as long as it remained asymptomatic". In 1961 Paul began to experience increasing pain with breathing. The pain increased until it was unbearable. Paul States "I was just miserable. I could not sit, I could not study". He believed that his pain was from the tuberculosis, And therefore went to see a physician. The Dr. informed Paul that both x-ray and sputum culture revealed dormant tuberculosis requiring no treatment. Initially, Paul was angry and discouraged. As he sat on a bench outside the hospital he cried out to the Lord "I cannot stand this pain. I would rather die then continue in so much pain. If you want my life to be so short, ok. If you want to use me, then heal me. I will do whatever you say." Then Paul realized that his earlier prayer had been answered. He had asked that the Lord would heal his tuberculosis without medication. The Dr. had told him "you are ok, you don't need medication". As Paul began to worship and thank the Lord, his pain went away as well. The pain has never returned during the 30+ years since. Medical note: After a case of tuberculosis has been thoroughly treated with antibiotics, even after pathology reveals complete eradication of the tubercular bacilli, the scar tissue remains for the rest of the patient's life. As a medical student learning to read x-rays, I could easily identify the scars left by tuberculosis decades earlier. From a medical perspective, the most unusual part of Paul's story is that a later follow up x-ray was "normal". The tuberculosis was completely gone, including the old scar tissue.

Judy Steinbrecher (member of our church), healing of scoliosis: "We would now like to pray for people with back pain. If you have trouble with back pain and would like prayer for healing, please come forward". Judy Steinbrecher wondered whether she should go forward for prayer. "I have back pain" she thought to her self, "but it is not very bad and isn't even present all the time". Finally she decided to go forward and ask for prayer. As the healing team was praying, Judy felt "things moving and rearranging in my back". After the prayer time Judy felt sure "something" had happened. This was confirmed when her husband, Mark, walked up to talk to her. She noticed something was odd but did not initially realize what was different. Then it struck her "I am looking at Mark from a different angle than I usually do!" Indeed, this was true. She had become taller as the scoliosis in her back had been healed and straightened. A week later she received further confirmation that indeed "something had happened" during the healing prayer time. A member of her church who is a nurse commented "I always notice how people walk, and I noticed today that you are walking differently. What happened to cause your walk to change?"

Tadjiki, Robert (member of our church), healing of benign essential tremor: When he was a child, Robert noticed that his mothers hands shook. She would often spill drinks as she brought the cup to her mouth, and Robert knew that this embarrassed her. At 13 or 14 years of age, Robert noticed that his own hands had begun to tremble when he was performing certain fine motor tasks. A trip to the neurologist confirmed that he had inherited the familial variety of benign essential tremor from his mother. Although the symptoms can be reduced with medication, there is no known cure. Benign essential tremor is therefore usually a lifelong condition. It is considered "benign" because it does not progress to serious disability or death, but to a 14 year old boy it did not seem benign at all. His hands would shake while eating chips with his friends, and he recalls being reluctant to date because of the embarrassment he

experienced due to his tremor. At times Robert became so frustrated that he would pound his hands into a wall or yell at them to stop shaking. People with severe forms of this disorder also experience shaking in their neck and a quavering voice. Robert suffered from both of these in addition to the tremor of his wrists and hands. People would often ask him if he was anxious because of his quavering voice. Even more disturbing than these physical symptoms was the “internal” tremor. Robert felt that his emotions were “shaky” and unstable in the same way that his hands were physically unstable and shaky.

During the summer of 1996 Robert decided to pray for healing. He and the members of his small group prayed regularly that the Lord would remove this “permanent” neurological disorder. As his small group members continued to pray, Robert came to a Saturday night prayer service to obtain additional prayer. “Something feels different” he thought to himself as he got into his car to drive home. He describes feeling “stable” and “calm” in a way he had never experienced before. Robert marveled at this new feeling during his drive home, but didn’t notice that his tremor was gone until he parked his car in Rogers Park. He spent 60 minutes walking around his neighborhood, pondering his new feeling of emotional stability, watching his hands move without tremor, and listening to his own voice speak without quavering. “I’m healed!” he thought to himself, “hallelujah, I’m healed!”

Two months later Robert became discouraged when he noticed that his neck had begun to tremor again. “I’m not healed after all” he thought with dismay. When he shared this unhappy news with his wife, instead of responding with discouragement, she replied “that’s ok, let’s pray again”. Robert, Stephanie, and their small group resumed prayer for healing. There were no dramatic results at first, but then one day after several weeks of prayer, Robert noticed that his neck was not shaking any more. At this time (2/97), Robert remains free of both emotional and physical tremor. Robert reports that he appreciates the new, internal, emotional stability even more than the freedom from physical tremor. He is, of course, grateful to the Lord for both.

Virgil & Joan Vogt, Healings for grandson Jacob Leaman: Christmas Day 1994 Virgil and Joan received the long awaited phone call that their daughter had begun labor. By Monday afternoon Virgil and Joan could wait no longer for news. When they called, Phil cut the phone call short with “It’s happening right now”. Later that afternoon Virgil and Joan get the news that although labor was long and difficult, a normal healthy boy had been born.

Virgil and Joan left the next morning to visit their daughter and family. As they drew near Ruth’s home they tried to guess when she had arrived home. They arrived at 530 p.m. but there were no lights on at 37 Krieder Avenue. They called the hospital and reached Ruth, who was clearly in distress. Virgil and Joan went to the hospital immediately but found no one in Ruth’s room. When they finally found Ruth by the intensive care unit she burst into tears and explained that their baby was not doing well. He was in the intensive care unit hooked up to an IV tube and other monitoring devices, he was not eating, his blood count was low, and he had marked jaundice.

Ruth and Virgil prayed for young Jacob as he slept, and Virgil felt he saw a response on Jacobs face as they prayed. Just before they left Joan felt lead to speak to Jacob: “Jacob, Jacob... wake up, we love you.”

Jacob had been lying rather limply in Ruth’s arms, but as Joan spoke to him he began to stir as though strengthened from within. He opened his eyes and began looking around. The change in his condition was so dramatic that Joan felt it was a miraculous response to their prayers. Within a minute or so Jacob was nursing with a vigor not previously seen. From that moment on Jacob made good progress. He kept eating and responding favorably.

However, the struggles were not over. The family was disappointed when recovery did not progress as rapidly as they had hoped. Jacobs blood tests continued to worry the doctors who

decided he should stay in the hospital until Thursday. When Jacob was brought in for follow-up blood tests on Friday the family was further disappointed to discover that his test results had gotten worse instead of better. At that point they were told that Jacobs condition could continue to deteriorate and that there was a small chance serious complications might develop.

When Phil and Ruth returned from the hospital the family decided to have a healing service with prayer and anointing with oil. The family felt the Lord's presence as they prayed and believed that a further healing had been given them.

The regular physicians were sufficiently concerned that they obtained a pediatric consultation Saturday morning. After examining Jacob the pediatrician pronounced "This is a healthy baby. He isn't sick. If the lab results say anything different, don't pay any attention to them. He is doing fine!"

The family also felt blessed with respect to how quickly Ruth recovered from such a difficult delivery. Within days she was bustling about, going up and down stairs, up and doing all sorts of things. By Sunday it was clear that the Leaman's were all doing just fine and at we certainly did not need to stay in Pennsylvania to help them. As Virgil and Joan drove home Monday morning their hearts were full of joy and their memories held the picture of Ruth holding Jacob in her arms, tears in her eyes, and saying "You are all that I ever wanted".

As the Vogt family discovered during the next year, neither the problems nor the Lord's faithfulness had come to an end. Several problems became apparent during the first year of Jacob's Life. Jacob displayed what the experts termed sensory defensiveness. When his head was touched, even very lightly, he would Jerk away as if in pain. It also became apparent that he was developmentally delayed. As he neared his first birthday he was not yet crawling. Even with vigorous therapy for each of these concerns, progress seemed slow and difficult. In addition to both of these more serious concerns, Jacob was "Fussy" and would often wake and cry during the night.

Ruth brought Jacob to Evanston for his first Christmas. Christmas day eve was also the eve of Jacob's first birthday. As Ruth put him to bed Joan told her "If he gets fussy tonight, come wake me up". Ruth came at 2 a.m. bringing a crying Jacob with her. Joan took this opportunity to pray for Jacob. Joan reports that as she prayed that night she felt particularly led and empowered by the spirit. At first Jacob became quiet and fell asleep. As Joan continued to pray Jacob began to smile in his sleep. Joan noticed that her hands felt warm as she held them over Jacob in prayer, and at this same time Jacob began to "Laugh out loud" in his sleep. Joan had a strong sense that another healing had taken place.

When Jacob woke the next morning for his first birthday he began to crawl vigorously about the house without any of the usual preliminaries usually seen when a child learns to crawl. Jacob's sensory defensiveness also appeared to be dramatically improved. On his first birthday he was able to wear a birthday hat - something which would have been impossible the day before. All present were amazed and grateful to the Lord for His goodness. When Ruth returned to Pennsylvania, Jacob's therapists were astonished to the extent that they reviewed Jacob's case with their supervisors in amazement.

As far as Joan and Virgil can tell, the dramatic improvements just described have continued since the time of Jacobs first birthday. "This was quite a Thanksgiving for us, especially experiencing Jacob's growth and development" writes Joan in 1997 as Jacob nears his third birthday. The health care professionals who worked with Jacob have concluded that he had developmental delays due to his very difficult birth. "Now in almost every area that he was behind, he is way ahead. He has become so social and sweet along with all the physical problems being completely gone." Jacob's sensory defensiveness also remains completely resolved.

Grandma Joan shares several stories from Thanksgiving of 1997: "One day we were sitting in

the kitchen when Virgil said 'before I leave, let's have a special prayer for Ruth and her pregnancy.' Joan noticed Jacob nearby, watching and listening intently. "After the prayer he said 'Grampa, pray for Jacob.' so he got into the chair and received a blessing as well."

Joan and Virgil got up every morning for their usual early breakfast, and Jacob would often be in the living room playing. On one morning Virgil and Joan had just read the daily scripture and were starting to pray. "Jacob ran in saying 'STOP, STOP, Daddy and Mommy aren't here to pray.' He was so in earnest and said he would go and get them so we waited. Phil was in the shower but Ruth came." It took some convincing, but eventually Jacob consented to go ahead with the prayer without Phil. "Later, when Phil arrived and Jacob was playing again in the living room, he came running [in and announced] 'now we can pray with Daddy.' And that is just what we did."

"Jacob's love of music was delightful. Grandma Leaman had taught him some songs that I knew from my Sunday School days more than 55 years ago. He wanted us to sing "Running over" with him. That was a favorite and we sang it again and again. His sensitivity and care for others were experienced many times. One time in particular was at the Thanksgiving meal where we served the food cafeteria style. Jacob wanted to make sure the guest went first or at least ahead of him."

"There is something very special about Jacob, and I feel that it is because so much, so much prayer was poured into that little life."

Ed & Irene Weaver (personal friends, also my brother-in-law's grandparents. As told to Karl Lehman 8/98). Healing of blackouts: During the time Ed and Irene were working in Nigeria (approximately 1965), Ed began to have blackouts. Ed would suddenly and unpredictably lose consciousness for a few seconds, and he would have no memory of anything that happened during the blackouts. "Sometimes they would come when we were driving" recalls Irene. "I would look over at Ed. He would be kind of limp and his head would sag forward. I could see that he wasn't in control of the car. Driving in traffic in a foreign country with no traffic lights was pretty exciting just by itself. It was really hair-raising when Ed would have these blackouts. I would reach over, grab the steering wheel, and pray 'Lord, I know you are with us'. Ed would regain consciousness in a few seconds and then just keep driving as if nothing had happened." As you can imagine, this was a severe problem for a missionary who had to drive constantly to visit the many different churches and people he was working with.

The problem got steadily worse over a period of six months, eventually with two, three, or even four episodes per day. "We had meager medical care where we were, no reliable medical personnel to consult with" Irene recalls. Were these seizures? Did Ed have a brain tumor? Was he having small strokes? "We were really praying about the problem, and finally decided that we would have to return to the United States if these strange episodes continued".

One day we were at a small, primitive, one room mud and thatch church. Ed was leading the service, and after he had finished praying for all those who had come forward he knelt down and shared simply: "I have not been well. Unless the Lord heals me, we will have to go back to our country. Would you please pray for me." "We waited breathlessly as Ed knelt on the dirt floor" Irene recalls. "The time seemed endless. Eventually three men dressed in their home spun skirts came forward. They were totally uneducated and couldn't read or speak any English. Filled with the spirit they laid their hands on Ed and prayed in Efic. Having prayed, they got up and returned to their seats."

"We only knew a few words of Efic at that time so we couldn't understand what they were saying. Even so, I knew in my spirit they were praying that the Lord's will would be done. Ed and I talked about the situation as we drove home from the meeting, and both had a sense of peace that it had been placed in the Lord's hands. We would wait for his answer."

Ed worked on the mission field for many years following that prayer but never had another 'blackout' episode.

Madelyn Weaver (my niece), stomach pains: "I don't feel good" Madelyn Weaver reported to her mother, Emily. It was July 1997 and the Weaver family had just returned from visiting the Weaver grandparents in Colorado, and Emily thought it might be something Madelyn had eaten during the trip. Hopefully a good night's sleep would put things right.

Later that night Emily woke to hear Madelyn crying. She went to see what was the matter, and found Madelyn crying, holding her abdomen, and complaining that her stomach hurt. "She didn't have a fever, she wasn't nauseated, she didn't have diarrhea, and she wasn't vomiting. She just kept saying 'my tummy hurts'. Could it be gas? Intestinal cramps? Had she been frightened by a bad dream and just wanted reassurance? Emily tried all the usual remedies for a stomach ache, and eventually Madelyn stopped crying and fell asleep. A couple hours later, Madelyn woke, again crying with stomach pains, and the same scene played a third time several hours after that.

"By the third week, I could tell you exactly what was going to happen, what it would look like and when it would occur". During the afternoon and evening Madelyn would become increasingly listless and say that she didn't feel good. "She would crawl into my lap and just lay there". "During the night she would wake periodically, writhing, crying, holding her abdomen, and saying that her stomach hurt. We tried everything we could think of to comfort her - talking, rocking, rubbing her back, moist heat to her abdomen, Motrin, TUMS, Pepto Bismo, prescription pain medication for cramps, Mylicon gas relief medication, and anything else we could think of. Nothing seemed to have any effect." Eventually the pain seemed to resolve spontaneously, with each episode lasting from 15 minutes to an hour. "This happened every single night for almost three weeks. I wasn't getting any sleep and was totally exhausted".

"In the morning she would feel fine - no pain. We would take her to the doctor but she would look and act fine. She would be running around the office having fun. I'm sure the doctors wondered if I was just crazy".

"It didn't look like the flu because she never did develop a fever, diarrhea, nausea, or vomiting. We thought of the possibility of lactose intolerance in the first couple days, but this didn't seem to be the problem. I took her off all dairy products for several days, but with no improvement. I gave her all the dairy products she wanted, but the symptoms were no worse than during the days with no lactose. We wondered whether it might be something Madelyn was doing because she was afraid or because she wanted attention for some other reason, but the doctors didn't think this fit because sometimes she would wake out of a dead sleep, crying in pain."

Madelyn was seen again and again by her regular pediatrician, Dr. Freuchting, and by two of her colleagues, Dr. Fent and Dr. Patron. Dr. Freuchting ordered an abdominal ultrasound, every possible relevant blood test (and a quite a few others "just to see if we can find any clues at all"), urine tests, small bowel and upper GI x-ray series, and multiple stool samples "with testing for every kind of parasite you could think of". When everything came back normal, Dr. Freuchting told Emily "we're totally stumped. Not I or any of my colleagues can find anything wrong. We have done every test we can think of or imagine."

Finally Dr. Freuchting helped Emily scheduled an appointment with a pediatric gastroenterologist in Kansas City. This was a 200 mile drive, and the first available appointment was a month away, "but we didn't know what else to do".

Shortly after scheduling the appointment in Kansas City, Emily was praying with Madelyn about her stomach pain. "Mommy, maybe Jesus isn't able to fix my tummy". "Oh no, honey" Emily replied, "Jesus can heal you. Sometimes He will heal by a miracle, sometimes he will heal by showing the Doctors what to do. We will pray and ask him to take care of you."

“After praying with Madelyn, I went to the Lord ‘oh Lord, please help us. You have heard this child. Her faith is in your hands. We are asking you to take care of this situation, we are putting this in your hands.’”

Madelyn slept soundly that night, without crying or complaining of pain. The next day she was feeling well, even into the afternoon and evening. Again she slept through the night, without thrashing, waking, crying, or complaining that her tummy hurt. After several days without any symptoms, Emily called her Pediatrician to get the number for the doctor in Kansas City: “I want to cancel my appointment with the gastroenterologist, do you have his number?” “What’s going on” the nurse at Dr. Freuchting’s office asked, “what has happened?” Emily explained simply: “I prayed for Madelyn and the pain has gone away, she’s fine now”.

When I called 10/5/97 to see how things were going, a bright little voice answered the phone “Hi! This is the Weavers!” “Hi Madelyn, this is uncle Karl, is your Mommy or Daddy home?”. Emily reports that Madelyn has not had a single episode of stomach pain since their prayer time 8/11/97.

Another interesting piece of this story is that during the week prior to the onset of Madelyn’s stomach pains Emily had been working to help resolve a very destructive problem in our church. In light of the mysterious clinical picture, with no cause ever discovered and with complete resolution in response to prayer, several members of our family have wondered whether Madelyn’s mysterious “illness” might have been some kind of spiritual harassment.

Carol Willison (neighbor on our block), woman healed of blindness in one eye: It was the summer of 1987 and John Wimber was doing conferences on healing prayer in Belfast and Dublin Ireland. He had asked the pastor of Evanston Vineyard, Steve Nicholson, to bring a prayer Ministry team to help during the prayer times which usually followed his teaching presentations. Carol Willison was one of these young adults.

“Even before I left for the trip I felt that I really wanted to see someone receive their sight. I had a friend who was praying for a woman who was totally blind. She claimed that the woman’s sight was slowly returning as she continued to pray. I thought it would be totally cool to see the Lord heal a blind person. I had been praying about this for weeks before we left. A number of my friends were also praying that I would see someone healed of blindness.”

“During the prayer time at the end of the first day of the Belfast conference, John announced that there was a woman, blind in one eye, that the Lord wanted to heal. An older lady raised her hand and I hurried to join those praying for her. The other members of our team knew I wanted to pray for blindness, so they let me lead. I began praying with excitement, but after 30 minutes of prayer with no results we finally stopped. I was very disappointed and discouraged. As the evening continued, I proceeded to pray for a number of people who needed emotional healing. Several of them appeared to experience dramatic results, and I thought ‘maybe the Lord wants me to pray for emotional healing instead of physical healing’.”

“During conferences like this, the Vineyard teams would try to connect with local people and train them in healing prayer. As the 3 day Belfast conference continued, I began building relationships with several of the teens. I felt especially drawn to Jenny, a 14 year girl from Belfast, and had spent a lot of time with her. At the end of the second day of the Belfast conference, one of the teens came to me ‘Carol, Jenny wants you to pray for her’. I thought ‘she probably needs emotional healing for something. That’s all very nice, but I want to see something I can touch’. I cared about Jenny, so I went over to pray anyway. ‘what do you need prayer for?’ ‘I have been blind in my left eye since birth’ Jenny replied. ‘I want you to pray for healing for my eye.’ I had not even been aware that she was blind in one eye, but when she asked for prayer I looked more closely and could see that her left eye was cloudy.”

“I was still discouraged from the earlier prayer, and had no faith to pray for this. There were 5

or 6 teens with her and I told them ‘ you pray, I’ll encourage you.’ They replied ‘no, we want you to pray, we’ll watch’. First I tested her eye. When she covered her good eye, she couldn’t read or see anything. After about two minutes of prayer, I stopped and asked ‘ is anything happening? Can you read my name tag?’ ‘Carol Willison’. ‘No way! You can’t see! You already know me, so this doesn’t count.’ I asked her to tell me what she saw and to read different things. She could read close but could not see well at a distance. I was incredulous and could hardly believe it, but the teens were excited. We continued praying for 20 to 30 minutes, and by the time we were finished, she claimed to be able to see perfectly.”

“I was even more amazed and overwhelmed. I kept testing her to prove to myself that this had really happened. Finally, she covered her “good” eye and read a small clock on the far wall. I could not read the same clock even with my contact lenses in. The vision in her “blind” eye was better than mine! The teens were cheering and wanted to celebrate: ‘Wow, God is good! Let’s go get pizza.’ I still could hardly believe that the Lord had actually healed a blind eye right in front of me. I was so overwhelmed that I was crying. The pastors wife had to pray for me to help me calm down.”

“It wasn’t until we were talking about this story right now that I realized Jenny may have been the woman who was supposed to be healed of blindness in one eye.” In light of the earlier word of knowledge and Carol’s desire to see the Lord heal blindness, it is interesting that Carol was especially drawn to Jenny even before she knew Jenny had a blind eye.

Carol Willison, man healed of blindness: “On the last night of the Belfast conference, several local conference attendees picked up a blind and homeless man on the way to the evening service. He reported that he had once been able to see but had been blinded by some kind of progressive eye disease. As he entered the healing service, he wore dark glasses typical to those who are blind and used a blind cane to find his way. John called me to pray for him since he knew I had recently witnessed Jenny’s eye being healed. I and several others began to pray that his sight would be restored.”

“The same thing happened. His sight was gradually restored as we continued to pray. By the time we had finished (20 to 30 minutes), he could read small print on the other side of the room better than those of us with “normal” vision.”

“He seemed to take it all in stride, as if nothing unusual had happened. After demonstrating that his vision was completely normal, he put his glasses in his pocket and folded up his blind cane. ‘ I won’t be needing these any more. Thank you very much. I think I’ll be going now.’ With these polite comments to us he turned and walked out.”