

A black and white photograph of a woman with her eyes closed and head tilted upwards, appearing to be in prayer. She is wearing a dark t-shirt and a patterned headscarf. The background is a textured wall. The entire image is framed by a thick orange border.

I AM HEALED

REAL LIFE STORIES OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE
BEEN HEALED BY THE POWER OF GOD

GREG CUMMING

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Edition 2 - 2023
(Edition 1 - 2010)

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BEGINNING

I had just finished preaching at a conference. Many people had testified of being healed and many delivered of demons. Most of the crowd had shaken my hand said goodbye to me, as is the custom, and some had asked for photos with me and members of my team. The local technicians were disassembling electrical wiring and turning things off. It was in that atmosphere of everything winding down and people going home that something life-changing began to happen.

I turned around and a teenager appeared before me carrying a young girl on his back. As he lowered her onto a chair, I could hardly believe what I was looking at.

I have worked in Africa for many years, and have seen the bodies of the starving and the dying, but this was worse. She was 15 and she was literally bones covered with skin.

I asked, "What's wrong with her?" and the boy explained her story to me. She was his sister. She had had this condition from birth and had never walked. It was a debilitating disease of the lungs and heart.

I breathed a deep sigh of frustration and anger at how such a young girl could be so horribly affected. In that moment I was mad at the sickness and I was mad at the devil for robbing this girl of her life. But I did have one thing on my side, I was feeling bold. Having just preached and felt the presence of the Lord around me throughout

the service, having seen people healed and demons cast out, I was feeling a sense of boldness.

I looked the girl in the eyes and saw her fear and desperation and asked her, “Do you want to die at 15?”

As if struck, she began to tremble and cry, “No I don’t want to die?”

I called for my team to come around and we gathered together and I declared, “You’re not going to die; you’re going to live and you’re going to walk.”

We then all together began to pray for her, laying our hands upon her and declaring her healing.

After just a minute or so, we stepped back and allowed the brother to pick up his sister and take her away on his shoulders.

I often wondered about that girl in the following months; her little skin and bone physique haunted me.

It was not until about 6 months later when I was running another conference in the same city that I heard again of the girl. It happened like this.

I had just finished teaching at the pastor’s conference and closed the meeting for lunch, when a girl in a pink track suit came walking up to me. I stopped for her and she asked, ‘Do you remember me?’

There is one thing that you can always identify in a person regardless of however else they change their appearance; it is their eyes. Immediately I knew who this girl was by looking into her eyes. I said, “You’re the girl who came for prayer when I was in the city last time.” She said, “Yes!”

I was so excited and happy I could hardly contain myself. I asked her what had happened and she answered, “When you prayed for me, I

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was healed. Since then I am now able to walk and play and am going to school and am helping my mother in her business.”

I can't begin to tell you how happy I was. I grabbed some of my team and got them to record me as I talked with the girl. Her name was



Rosa - “Miracle” with me, Ps Mario, Ps Anacleto and Francis

Rosa. Her Pastor, my good friend Mario, who was also there, told me that before she had been healed, she was a living, dead person. I could attest to that from the last time I had seen her, but since she was healed the church had changed her name to Miracle!

I have met with Rosa many times since over the many years and she now wants to study to become a doctor – and she has maintained her healing!

Healing: It is much debated as to whether God still heals today as He did when Jesus walked the earth.

I have discovered that the people who debate the subject are usually people who have never experienced God's healing power.

I have also discovered that the people who most ardently oppose it often are the ones who need physical healing the most, and when they actually receive God's physical healing they become His most vocal supporters. You will read of some of these in the testimonies of this book.

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I believe in God's miracle power to heal. I was very fortunate to have been born again in a church where the pastor believed in God's healing power today and practised praying for the sick every week. Week by week I witnessed miracles.

When I began to personally pray for the sick, believing that people would be healed as I did so, I also began to see people healed.

Not every person that I have prayed for has been visibly healed, and I don't have adequate explanation for this. I have come up with a few inadequate explanations like – a lack of faith (the scriptures mention this the most), I didn't have the anointing at the time, God's presence wasn't there to heal, it wasn't God's will, etc, but they all seem to detract from the simplicity of Jesus' instructions to us to "lay hands on the sick and they will recover".

Whether people are healed or not when I pray for them is not really my responsibility; there is nothing much I can do about it since I am not the healer. I am the one commanded by God to pray for the sick; He is the Healer. He created everything, He can fix it.

Therefore regarding the debate as to whether God still heals people today – I believe He does, and this book is full of such real testimonies. If you already believe in God's healing power, may I encourage you to not worry so much as to why you may not see people healed when you pray for them, but rather just keep praying for sick people. God will astound you. You are a very important vessel of His to bring His Kingdom on this earth.

1

THE WOMAN WHO HAD BEEN SPLATTERED WITH CHEMICALS

It was a Sunday morning and I had been invited to speak at East Coast COC on the Gold Coast in Australia, where I was one of the elders. The service was packed with around 250 people and the worship team was leading the congregation into a wonderful time of heart-felt praise. I was standing in the front row of the church with my wife and I was worshipping, but a battle was taking place inside me.

Within the next 20 minutes I would be up and preaching. I had been up early in prayer asking the Lord for what He would like to say to this particular group of people; and now my message was ready and I was excited about preaching it, but inside I was frustrated.

As the worship continued, I asked the Lord, as is my custom, if there were any people He would like to heal today. I received no response. That was unusual. Often the Lord will impress upon me a condition that someone is suffering from or a need to be prayed for; but on this morning I received nothing.

I asked again and still nothing. Still feeling frustrated I asked the Lord a third time, "Surely there is someone here who needs a miracle, Lord."

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Straight away a picture began to form in my imagination of a woman, and all over her arms there was splattered some substance. I waited and the word 'chemicals' came to my mind. As it did I began to see her terribly troubled by it, very agitated, scratching.

I asked the Lord where she was sitting and received an impression that she was sitting near the aisle about half way to the back of the church on my left hand side as I stood facing the platform.

I asked the Lord, "Will you heal her today?" I very often ask this question of the Lord because it has been my experience that sometimes the Lord has used the condition to identify a person, rather than to heal that person of the physical condition on that day. Sometimes other healing needs to take place, or a message from the Lord needs to get through to a person whom He identifies by revealing a very specific piece of information – like a condition they have that not many people know about. However, there was no response to my question.

I asked again, "Lord will you heal her today?" Again silence from the Lord. My frustration continued because I felt as though I was swimming through honey trying to get a response from the Lord. By this time the worship was coming to an end.

For the third time I asked the Lord with more earnestness in my plea, "Lord, I need to know; will you heal this woman today? Will she be set free from this problem?" Immediately I felt Him say "Yes, I will heal her today."

You couldn't have wiped the smile from my face. I am always so exhilarated by these times with the Lord. I used to get nervous, but because I have become accustomed to trusting the Lord when He reveals information like this, I just enjoy and savour the moment

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when I know He is about to do something – especially to set someone free from their suffering.

I was invited up to preach and began speaking from the scriptures, and in particular from a passage in Isaiah.

About 15 minutes into my message I felt the prompting of the Holy Spirit to call for the woman who had chemicals splattered on her. I pointed down the aisle (now on my right as I faced the crowd) and I said, “The Lord has told me that there is a woman in this section who has had chemicals splattered over you and you suffer with this by continuously having to scratch it. He has told me that He will heal you today.”

Immediately a woman who was seated directly in front of where I was pointing stood up. I felt the strong urge to get down there and pray for her. And so I began to move quickly towards her; and as I did a man from the congregation moved to stand behind her. Still walking towards her I said, “Lift your hands up to the Lord.” She did that and as I got to within about 6 feet of the woman I said, “Be healed”.

Instantly power from the Lord hit her and she was physically pushed backwards and onto the ground. The man behind her was able to break the fall. I bent down and prayed for her and then walked back up to the platform to continue my message. The woman remained on the floor for some time and then went back to her seat.

The rest of the morning went as planned and after church everyone went home their Sunday lunch as usual ...

Except for one person who went home from church very different from how she had arrived.

But I didn't find this out until about one month later when a woman came up to me after church one day.

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“Greg I wanted to tell you about my mum. She is a Christian and she lives in Sydney. About 6 months ago she had an accident where chemicals were splattered over her body, and that began a life of absolute misery. She couldn’t stop scratching, she couldn’t sleep because of the pain and itching, and she cried out constantly to the Lord to heal her.

“For six months she hung onto one scripture in Isaiah, the one you spoke on in church the day she was there. Her church in Sydney did not believe in healing, and so I invited her to come up to our church and be prayed for.

“She came up for just one weekend, and I was going to get her to come up after the service for prayer. She had agreed but made it quite clear she would not be falling over as she had seen some people do.

“But she never made it through to the end of the service because, as you began to speak on the scripture that had sustained her through her misery, you pointed directly at her and called for a woman who had chemicals splattered on her.

“When she stood up you said that she would be healed. As you headed down the aisle towards her she was in shock that she had been picked out; and as you got close to her and you commanded loudly, “Be healed”, power hit her and she was driven backward to the ground – all completely out of her control.

“The moment she hit the ground she knew that she was healed. And to this day she is free.”

I took away a few thoughts from this.

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Firstly: God hears your prayers, even when you think He has forgotten you. For this woman it took six long months to receive her answer.

Secondly: He loves you and doesn't want you to live in suffering.

Thirdly: He is the Healer and can and will heal. He is YHVH Roph'ekha – the Lord your healer.

Fourthly: You need to put yourself in the position where it is likely that you will be healed. This dear woman had to fly to the Gold Coast where there was a church that believed in healing. (The woman with the issue of blood had to break through a crowd and touch Jesus' garment).

Fifthly: He is able to speak to a man or woman of God to reveal that problem. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are alive and well and did not die out with the 12 apostles. Keep seeking them and don't give up.

Lastly I reflect back at how I had to 'push' the Lord for Him to reveal this situation to me, and wondered what would have happened if I had given up too early – would the woman have still been healed? Whatever the answer to this, it has made me all the more persistent in seeking the Lord on behalf of others.

Praise the Lord!

2

ELIEZA – HOW GOD KNEW HER NAME, HER AGE AND THAT SHE WAS AT HOME SICK IN BED

One morning as I was preparing to preach in our little church in Manga, Mozambique, I asked the Lord if there was anyone He wanted me to specifically pray for. Straight away I received a very strong impression about a little girl called Elieza. Straight away I knew that the little girl was 12 years old. How did I know that? I just knew in my spirit. Now that was the Holy Spirit revealing knowledge to me. It is like knowing that the sun will rise in the morning. You haven't seen it yet but you just know it will. That's what it felt like.

The scene was that we were under a big mango tree beside the house of my old friend Francis N'Sona. There was a simple bamboo structure with a piece of plastic over it to provide some shade from the sun. As usual the local rooster was crowing. People used to get annoyed with it until I mentioned that it was simply shouting hallelujah to the Word of God as I preached. After that the people would chime in with the rooster as I preached.

On this particular Sunday morning I was speaking on the subject of the Lord's prayer and there were about 50 or 60 adults listening (these were the early days in Mozambique) when I felt prompted to ask about the girl Elieza. But as I was about to ask about her, I started to get more information.

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Now this was quite a strong impression because I was able to preach while I received the information. What the Lord revealed was that Elieza, who was 12 years old, was actually not in the meeting but was at home sick. There was someone in the meeting who knew her and I was to pray for that person who would then go home and lay hands on Elieza and she would be healed.

As I received it I said it and you could have heard a pin drop (well maybe not because it was a dirt floor and the rooster had started praising the Lord – but it was very quiet among the people). Immediately a woman came forward.

She told me that her name was Rebecca and she explained that Elieza was her daughter and it was true that she was 12 years old and that she was at home sick. I asked her to stretch out her hands and I laid my own hands on hers and prayed for Elieza. I told her to go straight home and lay her hands on her daughter and she would be healed. She agreed but before that she said she wanted to give her life to Jesus. I was elated and prayed for her, leading her in a prayer of repentance.

The following Sunday at the end of my message I gave a call for those who wanted to receive Jesus as their Lord and Saviour. Straight away Rebecca and her daughter Elieza stood up and presented themselves at the front of the church. I asked about what had happened when Rebecca went home the previous Sunday and she told me that she had gone straight home and laid hands on her daughter who was instantly healed. I was overjoyed. A little girl healed. And two souls in the Kingdom of God. More than that, Rebecca, who was a well known woman in the village, became a trusted member of our leadership team and brought many people to Jesus.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

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Firstly: God cared about Elieza's suffering – enough to send me information that would lead to her being healed at home (similar to the Samaritan woman whose daughter was demon possessed at home and Jesus spoke a word to the woman and the daughter was healed from that hour)

Secondly: God used a brand new Christian (Rebecca) to be a conduit for the healing.

Thirdly: God used this whole situation to lead two precious souls into His kingdom.

Fourthly: Even the rooster acknowledged this as something worth shouting Hallelujah to.



Rebecca, now an elder in the church, working with Ps Manuel on a schedule to visit people in the church

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3

HOW A PORTUGUESE SOCCER PLAYER HECKLED HIS WAY TO BE HEALED AFTER 30 YEARS OF CEASELESS PAIN

I was preaching in a prison in Beira, as I did each Tuesday afternoon to a captive audience. It was a full house as usual.

Now Beira prison in those days was not a good place to be incarcerated. Designed to have one person per cell, there were often several people per cell and the hygiene level was very low, and the food was a type of broth cooked in a massive pot over charcoal.

As I worked in the prison I discovered that there were people held there for a myriad of different crimes – all thrown in together. There were axe murderers in with people who had stolen a chicken. Women, though separated at night time from the men, were together during the day. We worked with one woman, imprisoned for petty fraud, whose children would wait each day outside the prison walls and call to her because they had nowhere to go and no family. We were able to help find an aunty in a village who was able to take them. Such was the plight of people in prison in Beira in those days.

As I was preaching the wonderful news of Jesus to a couple of hundred prisoners on that Tuesday afternoon, I started to talk about

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the healing power of Jesus. A man in the back row began to shout out, “Don’t believe him. It’s all lies”. This went on and on. Other prisoners were telling him to be quiet. My own team was very frustrated because he was affecting the meeting.

Finally I finished my message and I just wanted to get out, and I think my team felt the same way; it had been hard work with the heckler’s unrelenting verbal attacks. We walked around to the front gate to leave when I saw this man standing nearby. I called to him to come and he came over to me. He was a fine looking man, Portuguese in complexion and I asked him, “Why were you interrupting me during my preaching today? It was difficult for me to preach.”

He responded, “Because it is all lies. You are not telling the truth.”

I asked him, “Why do you say that? Jesus is the healer; I have seen many people healed in His name.”

Then he explained why he did not believe. Thirty years earlier he had played representative soccer for Portugal. During that time he had sustained a terrible injury to his knee and for the last thirty years he had been constantly in pain. There had not been a single day when he had not experienced excruciating pain and not a single night when he could sleep the night through without waking up in agony.

Now I have experienced pain myself and feel deeply for people who are suffering. Pain is a dreadful thing, debilitating and life-draining and I could straight away understand why he had acted this way during my meeting out of complete frustration. I hate to see people in pain or any type of suffering and so I asked if I could pray for him then and there. He agreed. I simply laid my hand on his knee and prayed a simple prayer – “Be healed in the name of Jesus.”

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I thanked him for being honest and then left the prison with my team.



Prisoners worshipping the Lord Jesus. Many are healed

The next week when I returned to the prison and began to preach my message about the Kingdom of God, the heckler was there again shouting out as I spoke. But this time he was shouting out for the people to believe everything that I was saying. People

began to cheer, and when it came time to pray for people, many people were healed.

Afterwards the man came up to me, and when I asked what was happening, why had he changed from being my most ardent enemy to my most vocal supporter, he explained that when I laid my hands on him the previous week and prayed for him, the pain immediately left him. For the first time in thirty years he had slept the whole night through.

“I believe that you are a man of God and that your message is true”

Soon afterwards he was released from prison and reverted to being a very influential businessman in the city with his own car. Every time he saw me in the city, he would yell out, “Man of God”!

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Surprisingly enough, I never saw the man give his life to Jesus.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: Jesus loves the just and the unjust and died for the unrighteous. For some unexplained reason, this man was healed from a terrible injury which had kept him captive for 30 years, but after receiving the healing that changed his life he didn't turn and live for the Lord.

Secondly: I found that sometimes your most ardent enemy can be used by the Lord to bring glory to Himself. Therefore don't be put off by persecution – just keep loving those who persecute you.

Thirdly: The testimony about a miracle can build faith for others to be healed

Fourthly: I just prayed directly for this man's problem. In all truth I couldn't say that either he or I had any particular faith for his healing that day, but still the Lord healed him. I can't explain this but recommend that you keep praying for people to be healed anyway. The Lord loves them all.

4

HOW GOD ANSWERED REGINA'S PRAYER TO BE FAT

Ordanza and Regina were two of our leaders in the church at Manga. They had a swag of children and were wanting to start their own church in their home in muddy Massamba. Living conditions for them were very tough and the village area where they lived was little more than an urban squalor. When you entered Massamba the first thing that struck you was the smell as it was a village built on mud and there was rubbish everywhere. Ordanza and Regina's home was in a treeless intersection of walkways. Children would use these paths as a toilet, so when we walked to Ordanza's home we would have to tread carefully to avoid stepping in something we'd rather avoid. Water was retrieved from a local well (the colour of the water was brown) and it was obvious to anyone entering Massamba, apart from the local residents, that hygiene in Massamba was very low. Their home was hot from lack of shade, and with all the children, the filth, the general living conditions in that part of town – even though Ordanza and Regina were clean-living people with a heart to see the Kingdom of God



Ordanza and Regina when she was sick and skinny

preached in their village, sickness seemed inevitable.

And Regina was sick. She was terribly thin and although we never fully understood the cause of her problem, she was terribly uncomfortable and in pain during training sessions. She often referred to Jay as fat (Jay was not fat) and blessed.

“Mama Jay, you are very fat. God has blessed you.” she would say with a smile on her face and with great sincerity.

Jay would go home and check in the mirror to see if she had added a few kilos. She hadn’t, but for a western person the thought of being referred to as fat is an insult. However in a country where food is scarce and malnourishment is a reality, to be called fat is a compliment.

Jay was fat (apparently) and Regina was awfully thin. Why we hadn’t prayed for her I don’t really know. It has always been our custom to pray for sick people as our first course of action. Even when our children are sick, the first thing we do is pray and thank the Lord for their healing; that was just natural.

We noticed that Ordananza was turning up for training without Regina and when we asked where she was he would say that she was not well and the children needed her.

But one day Ordnanaza came to us and said, “I am bringing Regina to you to pray for her. When you do she will be healed because God has revealed this to us.”

This took both Jay and me by surprise because we had not really realized how sick and thin Regina was. And so when he brought her to us we were shocked at just how ill she was. She made me think of the sick woman with the flow of blood who came and touched the hem of Jesus’ garments.

As she stood there, Ordanza repeated what he had said earlier. "Pray for her. When you do she will be healed because God has revealed this to us."

So we prayed. Nothing fancy, but direct. "Regina, be healed in the name of Jesus."

Ordanza thanked us and took Regina home.

The next week we asked Ordanza how Regina was doing and he said, "Oh she was healed. She'll be back next week." And she was.

A brighter, fatter Regina showed up for training, and from that time on we saw a new Regina. She gained more and more weight until she resembled what we affectionately term "a big African mama". Her personality returned and we found a very bold and outspoken woman emerge. She became an incredible evangelist and led many people to Jesus. She invited many people to church, and many of her friends from Massamba village came and were healed and saved. She became the matriarch of the area where she and Ordanza lived, and eventually they started their own church on their property and built a bamboo structure.



Ordanza and Regina at their ordination,
fat and blessed

Today they have their own Bible college and train people for the work of the Lord. She is still fat and blessed. When we see Regina we say, "Wow Regina, you are so fat. God has really blessed you." (We

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love saying this because it goes against the grain for us to tell someone they are fat as a kind word). And she smiles and thanks us for the wonderful compliment.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: Ordanza and Regina, like the woman with the issue of blood knew that she would be healed if she touched the hem of Jesus' garment, knew that if they could just get us to pray for them, Regina would be healed. Just as Jesus commended the woman with the flow of blood by saying, "Your faith has healed you", so too their faith healed Regina. This is not irreverent to say because Jesus continually used these words when we would have probably said "God has healed you." Both statements are true, but Jesus put the onus back on the woman's own tenacity and faith. The same could be said of Ordanza and Regina.

Secondly: Sickness robbed Regina of her true identity. Whether it comes directly from the devil or whether poor living conditions cause your body to become ill, it has no place in the child of God because it robs us of our identity and ability to reflect the Lord. Sickness is not from God.

We don't read of Jesus being sick, and though we may have all suffered sickness at some stage, it is erroneous to say that God gave us sickness to teach us something. If sickness were from God to teach us something, we should all be sincerely praying fervently for God to give us terminal cancer to learn something really significant. It is against His own character and Name - YHVH Roph'ekha – the Lord your healer.

5

ROSA AND THE DEMON ON THE ROOF

Rosa was one of the most beautiful African ladies you could ever meet. She was in her sixties and she came to us to work as our home help while we ministered in Africa. A widow with 10 children, living in a small house in a place called Chingasura, she would catch local transport about 14 kilometres



Beautiful Rosa - our faithful friend and African mum

every day to work; a lot of that was walking. She never complained and had the most wonderful disposition. She was grateful for her work, she was honest and she was diligent. She asked us to put aside some of her pay as savings, and she worked 5 and a half days each week to put food on her table to feed her children. She loved the Lord and was very devout in her faith, and she cooked the most delicious meals. She was like a mother to me and Jay and a grandmother to our children. When we left Mozambique, it was difficult to say goodbye to this amazing and delightful woman.

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Many a time when Rosa came to work she would be very tired. One day she revealed to us her situation - one that we had never heard of before. She said that the reason she and her family were so tired was that every night someone would walk around on their roof and keep them awake. When any of them went outside to see who it was, there would be no one there. This had been going on for years. She asked if we could come and pray for her house to cleanse it.

Jay and I just looked at each other bewildered. We had heard of people seeing ghosts and things falling over in rooms, and knew these things to be demon spirits, but one that stomped around on Rosa's roof? Anyway, it was all the same thing, so we decided to address it in the same way.

We told her that we would indeed arrange a Saturday afternoon and come with the whole church and pray for her house and her household. She was so excited she could hardly contain herself.

We notified the church, and the day arrived and we drove to Rosa's house. There we found almost the entire church waiting for us and all of Rosa's household and extended household. Rosa proudly showed us through the house, into each room, and introduced us to each of her 10 children, aunties, uncles, nieces and nephews. We also noticed that there was going to be a big feast at the end of this house cleansing as we could see the line-up of cakes and drinks that had been baked and bought for the occasion.

Taking a bottle of oil we went around the whole house, starting at the front door, and dipping our fingers in the oil made little marks above the lintels. We explained that there was no power in the oil, but it was a point of faith, something physical to represent something very spiritual – like baptism or communion.

The whole church prayed with us; we expelled the demon in the name of Jesus and prayed the Lord's blessing on the home and the household. Lastly we prayed for Rosa. Then we had a big party with lots of cake and jungle juice (non alcoholic maize drink). Then we all went home.

The next morning Rosa didn't turn up at church. We were very surprised as she never missed church. We wondered if she were ok. Had something happened to her or her family after our prayer? Were there spiritual repercussions after we had warded off the evil spirits?

The next day, Monday, Rosa turned up for work with a great big smile on her face. We asked her if she were ok as she hadn't come to church on Sunday. She replied, "Oh yes! We are all fine. We are sorry that we didn't come to church, but it was because we all overslept. The man didn't come and walk on the roof for the first time in years and we all caught up on our sleep."

Jay and I laughed and marvelled and rejoiced and praised the Lord. The household had been delivered of an annoying, mischievous evil spirit who could not remain in the presence of the King of Kings.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: The demon was not actually physically harming the people in the home, but creating fear and frustration and a lack of peace. Surely these fallen angels are malicious and horrible beings whose purpose it is to hurt God by hurting and wearing out His people.

Secondly: The demon left immediately after we prayed and was restricted or not permitted to return to the house. Something prevented it from coming back onto that roof. I imagine there are angels who are empowered by our prayers to prevent demonic

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activity. I think of Elisha opening the eyes of his servant to see the Lord's angelic army ready for spiritual battle.

Thirdly: This was a situation that was out of the ordinary laying on of hands. It was taking a step of faith in a different area without making an idol of the method. We used oil but explained that it is God who heals, not a sacred ointment, a statue, a good luck charm, an oath or a saint of something or other. Be prepared to take risks without jeopardising the truth.

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6

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO COMMIT SUICIDE GETS PICKED ON BY THE HOLY SPIRIT

I was preaching at a large conference in Beira and the Lord started to reveal to me various conditions that people had. Someone had poor eyesight sitting directly in front of me. Another, a woman, had not been able to conceive. I prayed for these people as I received these and several other words of knowledge from the Holy Spirit.

Then I felt a very strong impression to stand back and point to my right towards the far right entrance. The Lord spoke very clearly into my spirit via a strong impression, and I began to say what He was saying to me.

“There is a man who has just come into the building who was on his way to commit suicide – tonight. You were on your way to kill yourself when you decided to come into this building, where you heard the noise. You have come here because God loves you and He wants you to know that He is giving you a chance to come to Him and give your life to Him. Who is that man?”

As I said this every head in the conference turned towards the right-hand entrance. I was both exhilarated that the Lord had pinpointed a person on the verge of tragedy and was going to save him, and also concerned that if the man didn't respond he could well go out

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and kill himself after the meeting. So my heart and soul were hoping that he would respond.

And he did. Sitting right in front of my pointed finger a man stood to his feet. I prayed for him where he stood and rebuked the spirit of death from around his life. I commanded that the spirit of depression would leave him and that the peace of God would come to him in Jesus' name. I asked for the pastor to please go and help him. He immediately went over and spent the rest of the evening talking and helping the man. Even after the conference had ended, the pastor still ministered to the man praying through his obviously large problems.

A year later the pastor reminded me of that man, and how since that night he had given his heart to the Lord and now served in the church.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: Always trust the Lord when He starts to speak to you. I wondered about this situation as to what would have happened if I had not obeyed the Lord and spoken out the word of knowledge; would the man be still alive today? This is not something I like to think about too much, but enough to say that we have the responsibility of obeying the Lord and moving in the gifts of the Holy Spirit when He speaks for the sake of His body and the sake of people in the world.

Secondly: The devil is capricious. He tries to destroy people, ultimately to kill them in order to hurt the Lord. He can do this by slowly eating away at people through circumstances and depression. He is unrelenting, and we must address him when we pray for people. He is not permitted to stay when we tell him to leave.

Thirdly: It is not the Lord's will that anyone should perish. This was a classic example of the Lord loving this man so much that He guided him to a meeting where He knew that he could be helped.

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7

THE OLD WOMAN WITH TURNED IN FEET DANCES LIKE A STAR

Jay's women's group was infamous. Every afternoon Jay would take off in our little Moz Mobile (a small Toyota two wheel drive utility/pick up/ bokkie) out to the Manga village to a small house where she would run a women's meeting. The numbers of women would fluctuate between about fifteen to twenty five because many women worked in the fields during planting and harvest times.

Francis N'Sona, my translator, agreed to be used by Jay as her translator at the women's meeting; and being such a patient and flexible man, he even allowed her to dress him up in capilanas (sarongs) and demonstrate how to carry and nurse babies – all to the great amusement of the group.

After the meeting, Jay would pile as many of the women as she could into the back of the Moz Mobile and take them home along the muddy trails around the village.

One evening after dark when I was getting a little concerned at how late Jay was in coming home after the meeting, I received a call from Francis who had walked some 2 kilometres to a phone to explain to me that Mama Jay was bogged in the car in the mud.

A fellow missionary came and picked me up in his car and we went out and found Jay truly stuck in the mud along some dark and wet track, surrounded by about a hundred locals. We finally pulled the car out of the muck, after I had tried to unsuccessfully preach to the crowd, and left the scene only to find that the engine had been cooked and needed a new head.

From then on and for some time we didn't have a vehicle, and the women at Jay's group – some who lived five or six kilometres from where she met – had to walk both ways.

There was an old woman named Anita who was a regular member of Jay's women's group each Monday afternoon and her feet were turned in. She hobbled about two kilometres to the women's meeting and usually received a lift home. But on this occasion Jay could not give her a lift home and so she would have to walk. So Jay called her forward and prayed for her. Expecting a miracle Jay looked at her feet and saw that there was no evident change, and so prayed again. Again she saw no change and so gave a few encouraging words and then dismissed the meeting and sent everyone home. Anita turned and headed home.



Anita - healed by the power of God - dancing with Jay and Francis

I turned up later to take Jay home, and as I was waiting for her to finish, we noticed the old woman running back to the

meeting place, and a small crowd gathering around her. There was Anita jumping up and down; and Jay was getting excited too. It took me a while to cotton on to what was happening, and Jay explained that she had prayed for this lady and nothing had appeared to happen, but on the way home the lady had felt her feet starting to tingle, and when she looked down they were turned out straight. She was so excited that she decided to come back and give God the glory.

I was so excited that I took her by the hand and began to dance with her. I spun her around and she quickly realised that she could dance like she had when she was fifteen and so to the clapping of the onlookers, and to the tears of joy from me and Jay, she began to jive and dance like a star.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: As I found to be the case with many I have prayed for, God does not necessarily heal them on the spot but as they go their way they are healed.

Don't be discouraged if you don't see a miracle right there and then.

Secondly: Anita came back to give glory to God, just like the leper who came back to thank Jesus for healing him.

Thirdly: God loved Anita so much and even in her old age freed her from her infirmity like the old woman in the scriptures, bound for eighteen years – a daughter of Abraham. But it didn't come until she put herself in a position to be healed (at the meeting where the sick were prayed for).

8

A WOMAN POSSESSED BY AN ENGLISH SPEAKING DEMON WITH A MAN'S VOICE

Our first official church service in Mozambique was a memorable one indeed for many reasons. For one, many people came to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour that day. For another a church was birthed, a church that is still winning people to the Lord, a church that has produced many men and women disciples, a church that believes in the healing power of God today.

It was after I had given a call for people to give their lives to Jesus, with about 20 people kneeling at the dusty altar repenting of their old way of life, having believed on Jesus, that a most astounding thing happened. Jay was standing off to one side filming the whole scene on our little video camera. As I went along the line simply praying in English for each person who had come forward (we were so new to Mozambique we spoke no Portuguese or local dialect), that a young woman in front of me rolled her head back and spoke out to me in a man's voice in English.

Well it took me by surprise, and Jay too heard it loud and clear, and our video captured the whole thing, something that we replayed many times before having to tape over it because we only had brought 3 video tapes with us to Africa.

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Sure enough, out of the young woman's mouth came a man's voice in English. Checking later we discovered that this particular woman spoke no English, not a word; nor did she even speak particularly good Portuguese. She spoke the local dialect of Sena mainly.



Demon possessed woman speaks in a man's voice in English

After the initial shock, I realised that

the woman was demon possessed as this was not normal. More than the fact that a demon was manifesting in front of me through a young lady, was the words that the demon chose to say to me – bypassing the woman's understanding. It said, "You don't have the power."

My immediate and spontaneous reaction was laughter; I laughed. The next thing I did was to say, "Yes I do in the name of Jesus," and I cast the demon out of the woman in the name of Jesus and it left immediately.

Jay and I talked about that situation a lot, and we still mention it from time to time. But that is not where this story ends. The young woman had a baby who was not feeding, and consequentially it was slowly dying. Naturally we prayed for the child and, because it was not getting better, Jay organised to have special formula milk purchased to try and feed it.

The next week at the church service, the mother came to the altar and complained that the demon was back. We prayed for her and

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the demon left. But the next week she would be back and so would the demon. The baby was getting weaker by the day. Clearly something was wrong. I gathered our leaders for prayer and challenged them to ask the Lord for a clear word as to what was happening with the new sister in that she was being plagued by a demon, and also her child was near death.

The team prayed and one of the leaders said that she felt there was a problem with the father. We thanked the Lord and then asked the leader to follow up on this word.

Later, that leader reported that the young woman, along with her mother had come to visit. During the visit, the leader casually asked if there was any problem that the young woman was having with her father. She said no and the mother confirmed that there was no problem with the father (her husband) as he was not actually alive. "Are you sure?" our leader asked and they both said "Yes". The leader brushed it aside and thought that she had probably 'got it wrong' back in the prayer meeting when she had received the word from the Lord.

The young lady and her mother left and had gone no more than a few hundred metres, when the conviction became so great that they were compelled to turn around and come back to the leader's house and confess to a terrible crime.

The two of them had conspired to kill the father/husband through a witchdoctor's curse. Gathering his underwear they went to the local medicine man, paid their money and had his underwear cursed. Two weeks later the man was dead and their problem was solved- so they thought. But actually their life became terribly complicated. It was at this point that the demon had come into the young woman's life and it was from this point that the child began to get sick.

The leader led them to repent before the Lord regarding their sins against the father/husband, and both women asked the Lord for forgiveness. When they went home that day, they went home free – minus a demon, but this time for good.

Not only that, but from that day forward the baby began to become healthy, feeding properly and gaining weight. As tragedies sometimes occur, the same baby died, some time later, from what we think was malaria.

But we gained some very valuable information from this experience.

Firstly: The demon bypassed the woman's mind and conversed with me in my own language, which indicates that demons probably speak most languages; they've had a long time to learn them.

Secondly: Of all the words it chose to say to me, it used, "You don't have the power." Them's fighting words! They were used to intimidate and deceive. They were a bluff. And I thank God that I knew what to do just at that moment. Jesus gave His disciples power over unclean spirits so we DO have power over them in Jesus' Name.

Thirdly: When I told it to go, it went. There was no mucking around, it had to leave despite all its strong words. And every time I prayed for it to go it left. The fact that it kept coming back was not within my control, but casting it out was.

Fourthly: The unrepentant sin of the woman kept the demon with a reason why it could come back and make her life a misery, but when she repented of the sin and asked the Lord to forgive her, it had to go and remain gone.

Fifthly: The demon's presence affected the life of her child, but when it was cast out the child's health was restored. This was a big lesson for me and has made me think a lot about some people who just don't get better. I am careful not to say that people who don't get well are demon possessed; however, in some cases this may be the case.

Sixthly: The problem only became known after we sought the Lord to reveal her specific problem, and waited to hear a word of knowledge from the Holy Spirit.

Seventhly: I have come to understand that when people believe in and fear the power of witchdoctors or curses, they become very powerful to that person's life. The father died because of the curse - and this type of thing happens regularly in Africa. While we don't believe in it, it doesn't affect us, but to those who do believe it can be lethal. It is something to think about when ministering to others, that their own fears may be working against them.

HOW A PHYSICAL HEALING HEALED A MARRIAGE

Jay had just finished delivering a marriage elective at a pastors' conference and a line-up of people waited to speak with her with questions relating to their marriages.

In Mozambique, like every where else in the world, Christian couples are faced with

various pressures which put strain on their marriages, but in Mozambique there are extra factors which are more common than in western nations; like men having married multiple wives before coming to the Lord, and the rampancy of aids.

Jay worked her way patiently through the line of people and finally came to the last person, a Portuguese man, who seemed greatly troubled. Jay asked me to be involved because he was a man and I asked my good friend, Pastor Gimo to help because he is very wise; and very often we don't fully understand the cultural aspects of a problem and a Mozambican perspective can be most valuable.

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The marriage elective that Jay was teaching at where the man came to see us about God healing his marriage

We listened to the man's story. He told us that he loved his wife dearly, but that some time ago he had had a secret affair which lasted a very short time before he was thoroughly convicted of his sin and so ended the relationship.

He hadn't told his wife at first and so their marriage continued normally with a normal sexual relationship, but then the news came to him that the woman he had had the affair with had aids. He was devastated. He straight away went and got an aids test himself only to discover the shattering news that he too had contracted aids. He was mortified. What had he done to his wife? Had he inadvertently given the innocent woman he loved a deadly disease that would almost certainly kill her?

After some time of wondering what to do, he decided that he had to do the right thing and be honest with her for the sake of her health; and so he confessed everything to her, both the affair and the fact that it was possible that he may have passed this disease on to her. He asked for her forgiveness and pleaded with her to please get an aids test to know whether or not she was clear.

She was understandably livid and immediately moved out of their bedroom into another room. She refused to take the aids test, and from that time on she basically had nothing to do with her husband. As he explained, they were married, they lived under the same roof but were strangers to each other; and this had been going on for 6 months.

As he told the story he began to cry. I watched this broken man begin to sob and to this day I have never seen such huge drops of tears flow from a person's eyes. I gave him a hug to comfort him and he sobbed with such grief that my shirt was soaked just with his tears.

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What do you do in such a situation? He had already sought his pastor for advice and his pastor had already told him what we would have said for him to do, so we decided that all we could really do was to encourage him and pray for the Lord to intervene. We did this and sincerely asked the Lord to help in this very desperate situation. He thanked us and left, and we felt somewhat inadequate to really help this man.

At the end of the week, I spoke at the final night of the conference, and as I was speaking I received several words of knowledge from the Holy Spirit. One of the words of knowledge was about a woman who felt that the skin on her face was so tight that it had become painful. A woman responded immediately and she came forward and I prayed for her. Many people were healed that night from various diseases and when the meeting closed Jay and I continued to pray for people who needed help.

When we had finished we were both tired and wanted to sit down, but we saw standing there, patiently waiting for us, the man who had told us the story of his marriage. He had those massive big tears streaming down his face, but he was smiling from ear to ear. He introduced to us the woman standing next to him as his wife. She was the same woman who had responded to the word of knowledge about the tight skin condition on the face, and she also had a big smile.

Together they began to tell us one of the most exciting stories we had ever heard. They had been sitting separately in the church, as they had been doing for months, when the word of knowledge about the skin condition came. She knew it was her because she had been suffering with that exact problem and it had been so painful. When she came forward for prayer, she was instantly healed, the

pain disappeared, the feeling of tightness left, she was absolutely jubilant.

When she went back to her seat, she told us that the Lord began to speak to her. She felt that if God could pick her out of her seat and heal her of a painful condition by His grace and mercy, shouldn't she have the same grace and mercy on her husband who had repented to her and asked forgiveness.

And so that's exactly what she did. She went over to him after the service and to his great surprise and joy, she asked him for forgiveness for how she had treated him, and asked that they be reconciled. He gave glory to God immediately by coming to tell us of God's goodness and how He had answered his prayer.

We were totally amazed at the story. We have seen the Lord heal people of many different diseases, but this was a first for us to see Him heal a marriage instantaneously and miraculously.

A couple of weeks later just before we left Mozambique, this couple came to us, still smiling, to present us with a special gift for our part in this miracle. We were so happy for them and still amazed. It was a miracle with a different dimension which involved physical healing, conviction of sin, repentance, forgiveness and restoration, and it involved more than one person; it was a true miracle.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: God is not bound by any boxes that we may try to put around Him. In this case He achieved instantly what we might think was the job of a marriage counsellor over many months. He is able to do anything He wants in any way He wants. So we must trust Him and continue to pray for things like this situation, expecting always a miracle.

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Secondly: He loved this couple and He heard and answered the man's deep and earnest prayer for reconciliation. We must pray and not give up.

Thirdly: He used a miracle to teach the wife about His great mercy and grace. This was a part of the miracle; she had to realise the Lord's great mercy and grace to her, so that she could reflect that back to her husband. There was not a more significant way the Lord could have showed her, but to heal her of a painful condition. He is wonderful.

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10

HOW PERSISTENT PRAYER SAVED MY SON'S LIFE

My brother Michael had just joined us in Mozambique for a couple of weeks. To this day he still tells the story of how he tried desperately to get to sleep each night on a vinyl couch, under a mosquito net, in sweat drenching humidity.

Because he was so deprived of sleep we decided to take him down to Savanna beach. It was only 30 kilometres away, but the road was bad and we knew it would take a couple of hours to drive there and a further 20 minutes on a small boat. We packed a crate of drinks, some bread rolls, our swimmers and towels and we headed off.

We travelled down the dusty Savanna road, crossing some very dodgy bridges, and on one occasion actually went through the bridge because the warning sign (a pumpkin with a sad face etched in it on the end of a pole), had fallen over and we had not seen it. Amazingly a little Mozambican man appeared from nowhere and helped us get our car out of the predicament and we continued on our way down to Savannah.

On the way my ten year old son Kyal started to look a little pale and he said that he was not feeling well. We caught the boat and spent the day at Savannah; Kyal slept in the shade of a palm tree. We knew

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he was not well because Kyal is usually the one who is most energetic, and he was showing the symptoms of a slight fever.

But he didn't seem to get any better at all, in fact he became worse and we decided that we needed to get back home.

We packed up and travelled back the long way home, getting stuck a couple of times and having to push the car out of some sticky places, all the time with Jay nursing Kyal.



Michael with Kyal on that day at Savannah

In those days, the hospital in Beira was a place where many people died each day while waiting in the queue to get in. It was also a place where you could very well go in with one condition and come out with other worse conditions. So we had to trust the Lord for our health at all times; there was no back-up plan. When we arrived home we put Kyal into our own bed and put a fan on him because his temperature was very high. I was very concerned but we had prayed for him, and so we sat down to dinner. About half way through the meal I decided to check on him. I walked into the room and bent down to pray for him, but his eyes were flickering and his skin was hot; he was in a fitful, feverous state. I finished praying and stood up to go out again when I clearly heard the Lord speak to my spirit, "If you leave this room now you will lose your son."

I was completely shocked at those words, and the possible consequences were more than I could bear, so I dropped to my knees at the end of the bed and began to pray. I was angry with the sickness for gripping Kyal and began to rebuke it, commanding it to leave him, and I spoke to his body and commanded that life come

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back into it. I ordered his body to be healed in the name of Jesus, and I asked the Lord to touch him. I prayed in this way for a long time, until I felt a change in the atmosphere. I felt as though a job had been done on Kyal's behalf. I stood up and looked down at my little man and he was peacefully asleep.

The next morning, Kyal was up and back to his normal self with no sign of a temperature or any indication that he had been ill at all. He was back to his energetic self with no idea that I had stood between life and death on his behalf the night before.

To this day I believe it was malaria and that the Lord did a miracle in my son's life and saved him in response to my prayers.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: That the Lord loved me so much that He warned me that if I left the room my son would die. The Lord uses promptings like this to us every day, if only we would consider them valuable and heed them.

Secondly: He knew that this situation needed a little extra to break through and my 2 minute prayer was not going to accomplish that. He needed this thing broken by faith and persistence. I realised that I had become complacent and lazy about my prayers but there are times when we need to pray in a different way to bring the result to pass.

The scripture says that "The effective fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much." On this occasion that's what was needed. Jesus prayed for a blind man twice until the man could see clearly. He also said that we are to watch and pray and that our spirit is willing but our flesh is weak.

Thirdly: When the job was done, He gave me a peace about it; I just knew I could now leave Kyal and he was not going to die. When the job needed doing the Lord spoke to me about it; when the job was complete, the Lord let me know too.

Fourthly: If I hadn't stopped to pray, my son would have died. That meant that the Lord was not going to heal him without my intervention. We need to get it through our heads that the Lord has chosen to use us as His hands and feet to a dying world.

God is not going to just do the job on His own without us. He wants us to represent Him and His kingdom and bring His presence into every situation, because He has designed things that way. It is both a scary proposition and yet a real privilege with huge responsibility. Kyal lived and now he serves the Lord.



Kyal. Alive and now in his twenties

11

THE WOMAN WHO WAS MARRIED TO THE DEMON

Our outreach team led by our missionary named Sandra, arrived in Muanza township, about 100 kilometres from Beira. As was their program, they set up their tents, dug their latrine and got themselves ready for 4 days of preaching the gospel of the Kingdom and praying for the sick.

As they preached many people came great distances to hear. Sandra reported that even though it was so close to a large city, with some good sized churches, most of the people had never heard the gospel before in their lives. One of the people who heard the gospel for the first time was a young woman who was completely insane.

Here's how it happened:

It is common in Mozambican village culture for a father to betroth his daughter to a demon spirit in return for some kind of blessing or appeasement. In this case the father of this young woman did just that, and on the night that he betrothed her to the demon she had a dream where the demon came to her and had sexual relations with her.

This happened the next night too, and from then on every night when she went to sleep she had the same dream. During the day she was a girl who looked quite natural and normal, but at night she

was having this unnatural and quite abnormal relationship with an evil, unclean spirit.

Then sometime later, a young man fell in love with her and asked her to marry him. The father agreed and so the young man raised the dowry and the couple got married.

On the night that she married and consummated her marriage with a real man, she still had the dream of the demon coming to her - with one macabre twist; in the morning when she woke up she was insane and from that moment on she remained in that state, even after she bore their first child. The poor husband was beside himself with concern. He really loved her, but she was insane and as a result she ignored the child and refused to feed it, and so it was slowly dying of malnourishment. He was organising to take her to Beira to seek psychiatric help when our team arrived.

The husband heard the gospel preached for the first time and was touched. He went and brought his wife who seemed incoherent as she sat there, just as you would expect a crazy person to look. But as she heard the message and an opportunity for people to give their lives to Jesus was given, she responded somehow within her soul, and received Jesus.

That night when she went home and went to sleep she had another dream, but this one was different. The same demon appeared to her but instead of coming and having sex with her, he came and threw his clothes at her feet and walked away for good. When she woke up the next morning she was sane.

Her husband brought her again to the meeting but this time he brought a different woman to the one who had come the previous day. "I have my wife back," he declared, and so he did. From that time on, and on a subsequent visit, the young woman was walking

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with Jesus and was in her right mind, and had taken on the responsibility of being a good mum to her baby.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: On this occasion the insanity was caused by a demon spirit that had been introduced due to the girl's father's ignorance of the power of demons. Many

people are unaware that their condition, depression, anxiety - or in this case insanity - is caused by a demon spirit. No amount of counselling is going to cure it if this is the case.

Secondly: There is no disease, including insanity, that the Lord cannot heal. The remedy here was not to cast it out, because the gospel of the Kingdom did the job. The woman heard it, believed it and was healed.

Thirdly: Due to Sandra's report that the gospel had never been heard before in Muanza, I made a resolution that I would never assume that the gospel had been heard or was known anywhere in Mozambique. The same could be said of many western nations. I also used to think that because there were big missions organisations in the country, they would be doing the job.



Set free from a demon AND insanity, thanks to Jesus

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I soon realised however that there are too few labourers, just as Jesus said; not too many, and I needed to go and take responsibility for the great commission and preach the gospel. I also remember thinking that it was most important for the locals, the nationals, to preach the gospel, but I realised that even though there were good-sized churches in Beira, they were not doing the job.

I also remembered that even though as a young man I was an Australian, living in an Australian culture, surrounded by Australian churches and Australian Christians, it was an American brother who preached the gospel to which I responded and gave my life to Jesus. So I must preach the gospel wherever I am.

Fourthly: What would have happened if we had not gone to Muanza but had gone to another village instead? What would have happened to this woman? Would she have remained insane?

Because of a lack of human resources, are there women like this who are insane in the next village who are still insane because a child of God has not yet visited there in the power of the Holy Spirit, preaching the magnificent gospel of the Kingdom?

Yes child of God, you need to get out there and represent the King just as you were born to do, regardless of your profession, or whether you are a preacher or not. The world needs you! For those who are considering the mission field, it's time to stop considering and give your life to the King and obey Him and go.

12

THE FRENCH GIRL, THE SÉANCE AND THE DEMON

I was speaking at a church in Maputo on the subject of the power of the Name of Jesus. After the service a Kenyan woman dressed in an amazingly coloured outfit came up and asked if I would pray for her friend. I went over and a beautiful young French girl stood waiting for prayer. I asked what the problem was and she said that she was a young Christian and she had a pain in her body, but it moved around and the doctors couldn't find out what the problem was.

At times like this I like to ask the Lord if there is anything I should know before I pray. So I paused and took her by the hand and asked the Lord a simple question, "Lord how should I pray?"

Straight away I knew in my spirit that it was a demon. Now, when she had told me initially that the pain moved around, I suspected this to be the case because I had seen it happen more than once before where a demon caused mobile pain in a person, but I could not assume that this was true in every case; that would be operating in the flesh and not under the wisdom of the Holy Spirit; that is, I might have been wrong to assume this.

I pressed the Lord a little more for information by asking, "How did the demon come" and the Lord revealed, "Through a séance."

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Now séances are dangerous things. For those who don't know, a séance is where people get together with a person who has a reputation for contacting the dead, and try to contact a departed loved one of their choice. The problem with this is that the person who claims to contact the afterlife does nothing more than connect with a demon spirit who happens to know some things about the dearly departed, and so deceives people into believing that they are talking to their dead loved one.

I have already talked about demons knowing various languages, but these 'familiar spirits' are just that; they were familiar with the loved ones while they were still alive and can recall events and family situations without any trouble at all.

The greater problem is that people who attend séances are opening themselves up to the demonic realm; and if I know what demons are like, and from what little I have experienced in my ministry life, I do. They are not going to take you on a picnic but are rather going to make your life hell.

"I asked the French girl whether she had been involved in a séance and she said, "No".

Well, I have been around enough to know that people are not always going to admit something like that the first time. So I asked her to think about it a little more and then she said, "Actually I wasn't a part of the séance, but back in France I was standing and watching during a séance."

That was enough info for me, "That will do it," I said, "You have picked up a demon and he's the one that is causing you the pain."

I held her hands and began to pray for her, and then I asked her to pray some words after me. They were words renouncing her involvement with the séance, rejecting the demon and asking the

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Lord's forgiveness. She prayed all these words after me. And then I asked her to say, "Jesus, you are the Lord of my life."

She couldn't do it. Her mouth froze and she couldn't get the words out. I told her again to repeat those words. She could not. I stopped and rebuked the devil, and then I told her to look at me. I spoke to the girl, not the demon, "Listen, I am talking to you, not the demon. It is trying to stop you from receiving your healing, but you have the right to remove it from your life right now by confessing Jesus as your Lord; then it must leave you. So repeat after me that Jesus is your Lord."

Finally she said, "Jesus is my Lord."

At the very second that she said the words, she closed her eyes and went as stiff as a board, and as gently as could be she dropped backwards into the arms of a deacon waiting to catch her. As he lowered her to the ground, she gave a sigh and then she went limp, and her eyes fluttered open as if she didn't know where she had been, then she began to cry.

"It's ok," I said to her, "the problem is gone; you won't have that pain anymore."

It was and is one of the most remarkable situations with an evil spirit that I have ever witnessed, as it was the gentlest I have ever seen a demon go out of a person.

Some of the thoughts I took away from this were:

Firstly: Demons can come into a person even when they are innocently by-standing at an event where evil spirits are entertained or conjured up. All spiritual activities like this can end up in a lifetime

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of misery and an eternity in hell. It is not worth it and people need to be warned. The girl did not know that what she had done was wrong, tried to cover it up, and was completely unaware of the correlation of her mobile pain which doctors could not heal, and her attendance at the séance.

Secondly: It is always important to ask the Lord how to pray. On one occasion Jesus spat into the ground, made mud and placed it on a blind man's eyes – and yet Jesus Himself said that He only did what the Father told Him. Best to pause and spend 30 seconds asking the Lord how to proceed. It will save a lot of time.

Thirdly: I asked the girl to renounce her involvement and to repent of her sin and ask forgiveness from the Lord. I also asked her to say that Jesus was her Lord. I did this because I felt that she had to confess with her mouth the Lord Jesus, as Paul says in Romans 10, to vocally state what her intentions were, to be freed from the devil, admitting her error in being involved in wickedness, and throwing herself on the mercy of the Lord who has authority over all creation, including demons.

Fourthly: The demon resisted saying that Jesus is Lord. That's because they can't. One day they will be forced to, but they can't now. I bypassed the demon and appealed to the girl that she needed to confess Jesus as her Lord. She was already a Christian and she was just restating her belief in Him.

Fifthly: The demon had to submit and leave; and it did – very gently on this occasion – and I can't explain why. The Lord gave His disciples power over unclean spirits and to this day we have power to cast them out.

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HOW COUGHING UP BLOOD AND BLOWING INTO A TUBE ENDED UP GIVING GLORY TO GOD

I couldn't have told you much more at the time except to say that I knew physically I was in a bad way once I started coughing blood. For many weeks I had been coughing one of those deep chesty coughs and Jay had been asking me to go and see a doctor. My habitual response to her was, "Jesus is my Healer".

Over time my body became weaker, I generally felt sapped of energy and my body was definitely telling me that I was sick. However, in my spirit I was strong; I believed absolutely that My Lord Jesus was my Healer, that His word that said He had been whipped for my healing was true, that His victory on the cross was my victory through and over all circumstances.

And I completely believed it. I wasn't just being stubborn, I wasn't just making it up even though my body was telling me a different story; and so when Jay suggested going to the doctor, well in my mind it wasn't even an option for a well man to go to the doctor.

But after about 6 weeks, as my physical condition deteriorated and blood started to appear, my darling became insistent. And so I went down to the doctor. Kim was a Christian doctor who had been our family GP for many years. She also knew that we were a little different

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to her general clientele and to her credit she put up with us and our idiosyncrasies.

When I came into her surgery looking like I did she just said, “Oh dear,” and began to examine me, taking down her notes as she did.

“But I am not sick Kim,” I told her.

“Sure Greg,” she replied.

She handed me a tube attached to a machine and asked me to blow into it as hard as I could. I blew as hard as my body could blow, and somehow the machine’s calibrations revealed that I was in bad shape because she said, “Well you are in bad shape mate; you have the lungs of a 70 year old, you have the symptoms of the early stages of pneumonia, and you are coughing blood which is never a good sign.” And with that she began to write down some more notes.

As I heard that diagnosis, (I was 30 years old at the time) and saw her writing it down, something within me snapped. Here was a medical professional telling me that I was sick. She was fully trained and a very good doctor, and she had probably seen hundreds of cases just like mine; and so she was probably quite justified in writing down her summation of what sat before her. But I saw it from a very different perspective.

Here was a diagnosis being written down in a doctor’s book from a worldly perspective, using worldly wisdom and knowledge – and the diagnosis was SICK, when I had already been diagnosed by the Lord God Himself, from His heavenly wisdom and His heavenly knowledge in His book – and the diagnosis was HEALED. Which one was I going to believe?

Many people would have at that moment accepted the doctor’s words in her book, and consequently accepted her course of healing which

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probably consisted of tablets and rest, but for me, at that moment, I chose to believe God's Word in His Book that I was healed.

It manifested in anger, (righteous anger I hope), and I said to Kim as I heard her diagnosis and saw her writing, "No Kim, BY His stripes I am healed. Hand me that tube again."

She did (as I said she was a good doctor who knew us and knew the Lord). I took the tube and when she said to blow; I blew again as hard as I could. At that second something phenomenal happened within my body; I felt it and I knew that God had healed me instantaneously. The air coursed through my lungs and down that tube, and by the look on her face, she was astounded at the result.

"Well," she said, "By the look of it I'd say you were right. According to that blow you are as fit as you should be."

"Thanks Kim, the Lord has healed me. You can tear up any prescriptions, I won't be needing them."

She just shrugged and smiled. "Ok."

And I left and went straight home.

"How did it go?" Jay asked.

"Fine, I am healed." And I explained the whole event.

And from that second back in the surgery, my coughing ceased, the blood ceased and my whole body felt 100%. And it was.

Some of the thoughts I took way from this were:

Firstly: We must make a choice between what the circumstances tell us (and sometimes those circumstances are backed up by professional advice) or what God tells us in His Word.

The professionals I am talking about may be economists, lawyers, doctors, teachers, psychologists or other people who are well qualified

to diagnose your problems. Please note that I am not saying that their opinions or judgements are wrong or invalid.

I very often seek the opinions of professional people like these for their insights. But I must first and last look to the Lord, because in His Kingdom, things work differently.

Secondly: On this occasion I had faith - not presumption. I knew I was healed even though I showed the signs of being very sick. Unless you know beyond doubt that you are healed, you need to go to the doctor. I know of people who have actually died because they have presumptuously refused medication.

I didn't refuse the medication that Kim was prescribing, and I would have taken it, but the Lord intervened and my physical healing lined up with my confession of faith.

Thirdly: Perseverance in faith is important. Sticking to your beliefs through the circumstances of life and despite the opposition is a virtue we need to develop.

My wife was saying I needed a doctor. She wasn't saying this because she wanted to decay my faith; she was saying it because she cared for me. However I had to counter those words quietly in my own spirit each time she said them. This was like Jesus and the ruler Jairus when he came to Jesus and asked Him to come and heal his 12 year old daughter. As Jesus was walking to Jairus' house, someone came and told Jairus not to bother Jesus anymore because his daughter had just died. Jesus straight away countered this remark with a faith statement: "She is not dead, just sleeping". Jesus was keeping this man in a place of faith. The doctors pronounced her dead, but God pronounced her alive. Who should Jairus believe?

Fourthly: The physical healing followed the faith - not the other way around. This is one of the greatest lessons of faith. Natural faith says "When I see it then I will believe it." Spiritual faith says, "I believe it, then I will see it."

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I trust that these testimonies, along with my observations, have been helpful and faith-building for you, whether you are the one who is sick, or the one who prays for the sick, or both.

Jesus still heals today. Just continue to believe, regardless of the circumstances and what people say. And when things don't work out, keep going.

After the miracle with little Rosa, who walked for the first time at the age of fifteen, I watched my own father die of prostate cancer. I prayed just as much and fervently for him as I had for Rosa, and yet he died. I can't explain to you why that happened. Then again nor can I explain an insane woman being healed, or God restoring a marriage through a word of knowledge or a woman healed of chemical splattering.

We just need to continue to believe that all things are possible to those who believe, and that our Lord is a wonderful and loving God and IS the Healer.

Please keep trusting in the Saviour and His promises, and keep preaching the gospel of the Kingdom and healing the sick in His Name.

I will continue to add more testimonies in this book as they happen, and so glorify the Lord who created us for His good pleasure.

God bless you
Greg Cumming

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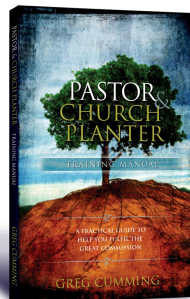
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