

A Living Witness

Health issues have plagued me all my life. Tests administered years ago showed that I was allergic to almost everything.

I've spent many days in and out of hospitals. In 1993, I was hospitalized for more than a month. A portion of that stay was spent in the cardiac care unit (CCU).

I was unable to breathe, so a tube was put in my throat that prevented me from talking. But I asked my husband to bring my Bible and anointing oil to me. When I couldn't talk, these were witnessing tools for God.

After the breathing tube was removed and I was strong enough to speak, the nurses came from all over the CCU to ask about the oil. I explained my faith to them and told them that I believed in anointing the sick with oil, according to the Scriptures.

While the medical professionals were working to help me recover, I was praying to the Great Physician, anointing myself with oil, reading my Bible and praying for my healing, according to God's will.

A hole was discovered in my esophagus that would need to be repaired. Because of my allergies, I could not be put to sleep for surgery, so the doctors tried other means of treating me, but these proved to be unsuccessful.

For several days, I was in such pain I turned my face to the wall and waited to die. During that time, God's Spirit spoke to my spirit. He touched me, and life returned to my body. Slowly, I began to get stronger.

A few days after this incident, a surprised X-ray technician reported that the hole in my esophagus had closed. Soon I was able to get up and walk with assistance.

Different nurses and staff members asked me to pray for them. No one thought I would leave the hospital, including my doctors. But I did.

On the day my doctor came to tell me I would be going home, he walked up and down at the foot of my bed. He began touching my Bible and telling me about his Pentecostal mother.

My doctor admitted that if it had not been for my faith in God and His Word, I wouldn't have made it. He said I was the closest thing to a miracle he had ever seen!

One evening when I was 17, I was on a double date with three friends. We decided to see a movie and then go for ice cream. But as we headed down the road, a van slammed into our car.

My date, Bob, was able to walk and seemed OK, but the rest of us were unable to get out of the car. Bob looked at me and panicked because he knew I needed help—fast!