

He Made Me Whole

Fifteen years prior to the wonderful day when I was born again, my husband, Al, and I were in an automobile accident that resulted in a serious injury to my back. I spent those years with searing pain as my constant companion.

Though both Al and I are Jewish, it never occurred to us that God was alive and willing to be my healer. Unbeknownst to us, my husband's secretary, Joan, and her church family were praying for my healing.

One day Joan approached Al and invited us to her church for a healing service. He was not comfortable with the idea. He thought of her as a "religious fanatic"—but all I heard was the word "healing," and I was all for that.

Jehovah Rapha did not fail me. When the call was issued for those who needed healing to come forward for prayer, I responded.

The elder asked, "Do you believe that Jesus heals?" I wasn't sure what I believed, so I said, "Sir, if you believe, I'll believe you."

Miracle of miracles, our wonderful Lord healed me instantly. At first, it was scary because I felt strangely different. I no longer had the pounding pain and felt physically normal.

The Lord touched me from the top of my head to the soles of my feet—body, soul and spirit. I haven't been the same since.

Al gave his heart to the Lord shortly after I did, and we were baptized together a few months later.