

Pat Robertson: How God Miraculously Healed My Granddaughter of Viral Meningitis

When my daughter Elizabeth was growing up, she developed a remarkable affinity for spiritual things. As Elizabeth was looking for a potential college, she was impressed with Southern Methodist University (SMU), located in the Highland Park area of Dallas, Texas.

She enrolled as a freshman, lived in the university dormitory, later joined the Pi Phi sorority and soon became a recognized leader among the sorority members. After she received a baccalaureate degree, she decided to enhance her future opportunities by entering the SMU School of Business, where she earned a Master of Business Administration.

During that time, she met and fell in love with a 5-foot-6-inch tall fellow student from Nashville, Tennessee. Charlie Robinson was a remarkably affable young man who later proved to be an ideal husband and father. Elizabeth and Charlie had two children. With these two beautiful children, Elizabeth and Charlie thought they had their family firmly established. Then the Lord sent them a third child whose name is Emily.

I was traveling to Los Angeles and stopped in Dallas to visit our TV station there. I was trying to slip in and out without a great deal of notice when the phone at Channel 39 brought me a call from my daughter, Elizabeth. She said, "I thought you were in Virginia. Where are you?"

I said, "I'm at the TV station here on Harry Hines Boulevard in Dallas."

She hurriedly said, "I'm just up the street at the hospital where Emily has been taken for testing—she's running a 103-degree fever, and they can't figure out what's wrong. I need you to pray for her." I responded, "I'll be right there!" I jumped in the car and drove the short distance up the hill from our studio to the hospital.

When I arrived, the nurse was bringing Emily back after hours of testing. She was hooked up to IV tubes, burning with fever and screaming at the top of her lungs. As to be expected, Elizabeth was crying too.

I took one look at Elizabeth and, in faith, said, "Elizabeth, she's going to be fine. Stop crying." I immediately laid hands on Emily's head and began praying for God Almighty to heal her.

Almost instantly, little Emily stopped screaming. The fever began to subside, and she fell asleep. The doctors were incredulous and insisted she stay in the hospital until the tests came back. They waited for three days. The results came in confirming the doctors' worst fears—viral meningitis and encephalitis.

Yet Emily miraculously showed no symptoms whatsoever, so she was released. Three days earlier the Lord had answered my prayer, and His power entered that little baby. At that time, God placed a bond between Emily and me. Since then, this child has grown into womanhood as someone who has been specially chosen by our Lord.

God has incredible plans for Emily, who was the recipient of one of God's extraordinary miracles when He brought me halfway across the country to only about a mile away from where my dear granddaughter was critically ill. I was able to be on the scene to be the instrument of healing that God used to give her the world.

This article is an adapted excerpt from I Have Walked With the

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