

God Heals Polio

In the summer of 1948 I was diagnosed with polio. At 8 years old, with no strength in my arms or legs, I was placed in bed and told not to try to walk or move around.

Because polio was contagious, no friends were allowed to visit me. I would lie in bed, listening to the radio and wondering what had happened to me.

That year in school my teacher had told us about Jesus. She said that whenever we were lonely or afraid, we should talk to Him because He is always there.

So I began to have daily visits with my best friend, Jesus. I would talk and talk all day, and at night I would ask Him to wake me up so that we could visit some more.

One day I thought that perhaps I could talk to Him in another language when I ran out of words. We didn't know about the baptism of the Holy Spirit at that time.

After a while, Jesus told me that He was going to heal me. Later I overheard the doctor outside my room telling my mom that I would never walk. But this didn't bother me because I knew what my Best Friend was saying to me, and I believed Him.

The first time I tried to get out of bed, I landed on the floor. But gradually I gained strength in my arms and then in my legs, and finally I was able to stand without holding on to anything.

I could go outside and see my friends. My mom and I rejoiced and praised God!

I promised Jesus that I would tell everyone about Him and how He had healed me. When friends and neighbors asked what had happened, I happily told them about my very Best Friend and what He had done for me. God has richly blessed me, and I am

eternally grateful.