

A Testimony of God's Power to Heal
May 29, at A Public Service of Healing

During the service I sat in my pew wondering if I should go to get prayer. But then this voice in my head is saying, "Go up, you need this prayer." Even hearing the voice, I still wasn't convinced if I should go up. When the time came, Bruce leaned over and said "You're going up right?" I started to say, "No," but the voice was there again. So I said, "Yes." Even as we stood in line I was so tempted to turn around.

When I got in front of Pastors Bill and Cinnamon a calmness came over me and I knew I really did belong there at that time. Pastor Cinnamon placed her hand on my shoulder, which felt icy cold. Yet, as I was receiving the prayer, it got very hot. After a few moments of silent prayer, I opened my eyes and started to say, "Thank you," but Pastor Bill looked at me and said, "I am not done with you young lady!" He asked for my hands and anointed them with holy oil. A funny warmth sensation went up my arms and thru my entire body — a feeling I have never felt before. Right then, somehow I knew all my ailments were gone.

Previous to these prayers the months of April and May were so busy with doctor visits. I had had two meetings with my cancer doctors. To all of you who have been there for all my battles with cancer, I say today with a smile that I am still CANCER FREE, almost 10 years later!

Previous to that day, I also had two other procedures done. One of them I heard back rather quickly; great news, "No cancer." Then on May 18th I had another procedure. I was told it went well but had to wait for the biopsy came back. Exactly a week later I had a major bleed out. I never called the doctor because I was madly preparing for the rummage/bake/pre-made meal sale the following Saturday. (I know this isn't right but it is what it is.) Each day that week was rough. I felt

weak, tired, and not myself. I resolved that if it was still happening on Tuesday (Monday was a holiday) I would call.

As all of you know, the sale proceeded as planned. On Saturday, the day of the sales, only Bruce and God knew what was going on. When Lawrence got there I had to tell him for the simple reason, if I passed out, he would need to know what to tell 911.

The following Sunday, at the healing service, it was as if I never had a problem. I had been completely healed. I felt stronger in so many ways. I remembered the words of Pastor Cinnamon's sermon from a week before and was saying, "Praise God."

I also told my doctor this passed Friday what happened, everything plus everything I am doing in rebuilding my system. She couldn't believe what I had survived with what had happened.

PRAISE GOD

Donna Thompson