

## Jesus Meets You at the Place You Can Receive

In February (2009), I was given a diagnosis of cervical cancer. I had been having pain and heavy bleeding for several months prior to this diagnosis but I never thought it would be cancer.

I had been confessing healing scriptures primarily during times of intense pain when I wasn't able to get out of bed; I wasn't consistent at that time. I had received some relief and also went up for prayer once when my Pastor at the time was ministering in the gifts. He did not call me out specifically but other people began to get prayer for things he was not calling out. So I did something very uncharacteristic and got up to have him pray for me at that time. He said, "When you stood up here, it was arrested." This was the only time I can remember KNOWING that I received when someone prayed for me. One of my personal challenges is receiving God's love for me so it has also been hard for me to receive from HIM when I have been in a prayer line or trying to believe for myself. But this time I KNEW I had received something. *(\*In hindsight, I now realize that if I had as actively confessed the Word after this prayer, as I began to do after the diagnosis...I would have been able to receive my healing and not had to go through many of the things I went through during the next year +. It's sad that as much knowledge as I had at that time, I didn't use the Word or the words Pastor Dave said by the Spirit to war as I should have done.)\**

The symptoms lessened. The bleeding slowed and the pain was less intense and not as frequent. Needless to say when the diagnosis of cancer came back....I was not expecting it.

The doctor called on a Friday night after 5pm. I knew this had to be bad news. He said the biopsies showed cancer and he was going to get me into a Gynecological Oncologist next week. A couple hours later the second doctor called me and told me to be at his office Monday. Obviously, my mind is reeling but I got my mouth to working speaking the word.

The same day, I was given the bad news; our car had backfired and caught on fire. And within a couple hours of speaking to the doctor we received a call that a friend had died from cancer. The pressure had begun from all sides to become fearful.

The first visit to the Gynecological Oncologist seemed positive. He thought the tumor felt small and that he would be able to do surgery but wanted to order a CT scan to be sure.

We counseled with the few people we had told of the situation and prayed hoping surgery would be the answer. I hadn't received an immediate healing through prayer and of course I didn't want surgery; nor did I want to go the route of chemotherapy and radiation. **But I wasn't secure enough in the truth of the word to make a stand of faith for healing without medical intervention at that time.**

I believed Jesus had died not only to save me but at the same time he had paid the price for my healing. However, I believed it more easily for other people to be healed than for myself. I struggled with knowing God loved me and it affected my ability to receive my healing.

The same day I had the CT scan, I also had to have a mammogram which had been scheduled prior to any knowledge of cancer.

When the CT scan came back, everything changed. The tumor was the size of an orange and surgery was not possible. The tumor had also caused a restriction in the flow of urine from the kidneys and the kidneys showed up cloudy so the doctor said this could be cancer has spread to the kidneys. He ordered a PET scan and sent me to a Radiation Oncologist.

Two days later, the mammogram results came back with a questionable spot and they wanted me to have another picture taken. The pressure to become fearful was increasing.

The PET scan showed a problem with the kidneys but no cancer there. The Radiation Oncologist immediately set me up with a Urologist and the next thing I knew I was having stents put in the ureters to keep the urine flowing from the kidneys so they would not shut down. However, an outpatient surgery became an overnight stay in the hospital as the stent was not able to be placed on the left side because there was a kink in the ureter. The next day they attempted to place the stent from the kidney side and were unsuccessful. I woke up with a tube coming from the kidney and draining into a bag. Needless to say, this did not seem like the answer to the prayer we had prayed, nor did the course that we were now rapidly traveling with radiation scheduled. The urine bag was a constant reminder that all was not well in my body. Hopelessness reared. I began confessing Romans 15:13, *The God of hope fills me with all joy and peace in believing and I abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.* As well as listening continuously to teaching about hope.

The next doctor I had to see was a chemotherapy doctor. While we have come to appreciate this particular doctor's candor, that first meeting was filled with his unbelief. We were in his office for over an hour and he not only told us all the things that doctors have to tell their patients but he felt free to tell us his religious beliefs, and they did not include Jesus being the healer today. It was a meeting that we were not prepared for and one that really knocked the wind out of our sails. Instead of coming against all the unbelief and lies of the enemy when we got out to the car, we were silent and allowed the lies of the enemy to SHOUT in our ears for quite some time.

Now, along with a schedule of radiation every work day for 28 days, I would have a weekly chemotherapy treatment which would last 7 hours each treatment for 5 weeks. I had a port put in on the right side of my chest, just under the skin. It was another very present reminder of the battle I was facing. The port was used for all the chemo treatments and blood draws that would have to be done without constantly poking my veins and possibly damaging them.

I don't know how many weeks I listened to teaching messages about hope and confessed Romans 15:13. It was several and at some point, hope arose. I began listening to more teaching on healing and reading more books on healing. I listened to all of Kenneth Hagin's healing series. I listened to his series God's Medicine all night long for weeks. I listened to messages that would inspire faith that the Word of God is Truth in spite of what the facts say. I read Norvel Hayes' book, How To Live and Not Die several times and listened to him teach how to speak to cancer and drive it out of your body. I read and reread F.F. Bosworth's book, Christ the Healer.

My body became weaker because of the radiation and chemotherapy. Since the radiation was concentrated in the pelvic region where the majority of your bone marrow is made, the toll it took was great. While I didn't have nausea because of the chemo, I did have diarrhea as a result of the combination of radiation and chemo and we were unable to get it to stop with all the confessing and commanding we did. The doctor said to take an over the counter product to get it stopped. I was taking that product the maximum number of times the directions indicated and the diarrhea would not stop. The medicine caused me to have pain and I was unable to eat. It felt like there was a constriction between my stomach and intestines and I spent the better part of a week trying to get someone to listen to me, that this wasn't nausea, it was something else.

Finally, the Radiation doctor gave me a prescription for something different which stopped the diarrhea and the pain and lack of appetite left. By now, I had lost almost ten pounds off my already slim frame.

I would come home from radiation every day and lie on the couch. I couldn't do anything else. I was tired and weak and I slept a lot. However, my Father sent people to come alongside me. He gave a mandate to one friend to worship Him for MY healing every day. She made me some CD's of her worship time and I was able to listen to these while I was too weak to do much fighting on my own behalf. As I listened to her warfare over me, I would confess God's word along with the CD as much as I could in my weakness. And when I slipped off to sleep, the CD would still be playing with a friend's voice worshipping God for my healing.

When we came to the last week of radiation, the doctor's report was that the tumor was not responding like she had hoped. She told me I was almost at the end of what my body could take as far as radiation goes. She changed the treatment slightly to more directly target the tumor.

We started that line of treatment, but with the next check midweek, she said the tumor still wasn't responding and she would not be able to continue with the next course of treatment which was an internal implant of radiation. She said that I was going to have to have radical surgery that would leave me with a permanent colostomy and bladder bottle.

I said, "That is unacceptable." And she looked at me like I was in denial. She told me, I needed to get online and research the advancements in colostomies. She said I was going to get holes in my bladder and my bowels.

She had me see the chemo doctor for a different type of chemo to take orally, the next two days of radiation.

So we went home and continued confessing my healing and that *I would not die but live the **abundant life** that Jesus came to give me and declare the works of the Lord*, as well as many other healing scriptures. *Jesus is my health and cure and **HE has cured me** and revealed to me the abundance of peace and truth.* We had already spoken death to every cancer cell in my body and death to the tumor. And I had been calling it a dead tumor and dead things can only shrivel up and be gone.

It was quite a battle over the weekend. I was attacked in my body with pain I hadn't had before and the devil was telling me that it was because the cancer was spreading. I had to come against the pain and the lies of the enemy constantly. I spoke life into my body and strength. And the battle raged physically and emotionally. I refused to live in the thoughts of death and disease. I constantly kept TRUTH in my ears or coming out of my mouth.

Sunday evening was particularly difficult as it felt that all the strength had left my body and things were spiraling downward. I kept confessing the TRUTH and thanking God for the VICTORY.

Monday, April 20<sup>th</sup>, we went to radiation because we hadn't heard whether we were to continue with the external radiation or not. When we arrived they told me I had to see the doctor. She came in 20 minutes later with a very grim look on her face, which was much different than her usual smiling happy nature. I'm sure she was convinced that she was going to have to convince me I needed to settle for her earlier report. We asked a few questions and she said she needed to check the tumor one more time.

When she checked it, her first words were... "It looks like a DEAD TUMOR to me."

I shouted PRAISE GOD!! Thank you Jesus!! And just glorified HIM right there for a few minutes. That was exactly what we had been saying! "Dead Tumor".

The doctor said, "The tumor has shrunk 50%. We can go ahead with the internal implant."

This came after only 2 days of the new course of radiation and chemo. We knew our faith had risen to the place where Jesus could intervene!

The doctor was excited that we could continue with her original plan of treatment and immediately scheduled me for the internal implant. I had two of these two weeks in a row and they were the worst of all the treatment. I had to lie flat on my back for 24 hours with the implant until the radioactive seeds were no longer viable.

Ten days later, Mark and I were worshipping the Lord. We were about 5 minutes into worship and hilarious laughter came on both of us at the same time. I had never experienced the Holy Spirit's manifestation of laughter

myself. We had reached that point, where we knew that we knew that we had crossed a line in our believing. I knew I didn't live in that place of cancer anymore. However, the devil didn't let up. We had to continually combat the lies with the word. We also rehearsed the victories. No matter how small each victory seemed, we would remind ourselves of each one of them. It helped keep hope alive and to know our faith was working when there were setbacks. At those times when the enemy would come and try to steal hope and bring doubt, rehearsing the victories kept us focused on what Jesus had already done and brought assurance that whatever new set of circumstances would also bow their knee to the truth.

While all radiation treatment had ended, it was not the end of the battle. My body had suffered greatly during the nearly three months of being broken down by radiation and chemotherapy. Still, the doctors wanted me to do another course of chemotherapy for the next 4 to 6 months. I was so weakened that I didn't know how I would be able to continue the fight with more chemo. I also had much tissue damage and irritation from the radiation that was not healing quickly. I had had an open sore for 3 weeks before I could get one of the doctors to refer me to a wound clinic. By the time I was able to get an appointment at the wound clinic, the sore had healed enough that they didn't need to treat me. However, God was working some things out on my behalf. The doctor at the wound clinic began talking about a therapy that would help heal the damage from the radiation in my tissues even on the inside of my body. Until he said that, I wasn't going to entertain the idea because it was another course of treatment where I would have to be in a medical facility again every working day for 30 days.

I had to talk to my chemo doctor about this information. I wouldn't be able to take the therapy on certain types of chemo. When we discussed the situation, he felt that a time of healing would be good for me and made the referral to get me into this therapy. This meant that further chemotherapy treatments would be postponed.

The pressure to give up and quit was constant and strong. There had been times throughout the course of treatments that I would fall to the floor in the bedroom crying out to God and just crying out, because the enemy so attacked my emotions as well as my body. The pressure came as feelings of hopelessness, doubt that "all this confession stuff was working" as well as a tangible feeling of pressure on the emotions. There was a struggle to continue in the truth.

One thing I never allowed myself to do was SAY anything other than the word during these times of pressure. I would call out Jesus, help me. I need your grace. I would cry because I was so tired of the fight. But I would NEVER allow my mouth to say the words the enemy wanted me to say which was, I just want to die. I don't want to do this anymore. I would only say, I just want to feel well again. I would not allow myself to stay in this place very long. I would, no matter how weakly, begin to speak the word about my healing and that Jesus had already healed me. If I had to confess the word through gritted teeth, that's what I did.

The weeks of recovery were long. And there were many other issues that I had to continue to believe were healed. Many of them caused by the treatments and some by the cancer that had been there. The battle was still raging in my physical body. At a time when I was so ready to be finished with the fight and on to something else, I still had to daily confess healing in so many areas of my body. I called my body whole and called myself free of everything, by name or affliction. This lasted weeks into months. I praised, worshipped and confessed Jesus as the strength of my life, as my healer, my redeemer, my victory.

Sometime during this period, I had been listening to Kenneth Hagin's series, Healing Belongs to Us. I read the book and listened to the series over and over and over. I typed out the parts of the book that most ministered to me so that I could read those parts out loud to cause my thinking to line up with those truths. I began to say, "I thank you Jesus, that when you bore my sicknesses and carried my pains you completely removed them from me. You completely removed cancer from me." And I would worship him for this and call my body cancer free. I began to KNOW Jesus as my healer. The more confession, the more my mind lined up with the truth and the more I believed I had received my healing.

It was at this time that the tactics of the enemy changed. He wasn't saying I wasn't going to be able to receive my healing at this point. Now he was trying to convince me that I was only healing in the normal physical manner and I hadn't had any faith. He tried to tell me it was only the medical treatments that had done anything and I was wasting my time confessing the word. The devil is a liar and a thief. He was trying to steal the testimony of what Jesus had done for me and get me to settle for normal healing which would leave me with many damaged areas of tissue and functions of my body.

This is another reason it is so important to rehearse ALL the “little” victories along the way.

By the time I had another appointment with the chemotherapy doctor, I knew that I wasn't going to have any further chemo. I went to that appointment prepared to tell him that I had decided against continuing treatment. I had had another PET scan prior to this visit and after reviewing the PET scan, the doctor determined that there was no need for more chemo.

I knew again that God had ordered my steps to carry me through this whole battle. He had worked in the midst of doctors and treatments at every step of the way, to keep me alive until I was able to get hold of the faith I needed to see me to the side of victory.

There were so many situations along the way where I had to dig in my heels and confess the word in spite of everything. So many times, my hope was dashed. I would think I was at the end of the difficulty only to have one more thing rise up that had to be fought. The battle was constant. The bombardment against the mind was constant and the symptoms in the body were constant. At every turn, the enemy would try to get me to accept the doctors' reports and give up. He would try to get me off the word and get my thoughts on how bad things were. He never let up so I could never let up. It was long, hard, demanding, frustrating, difficult, and oftentimes seemed hopeless. Yet, strength would ALWAYS come as I kept my eyes on Jesus, by confessing the word, reading and listening to truth about healing, and praising and worshipping HIM.

I never blamed God for the cancer. HE did not give me cancer. Disease is in the world as a result of man's original sin when man chose to believe the lie of the enemy over the TRUTH of the WORD that God had given him. God NEVER uses disease to teach someone a lesson. HE sent Jesus to take the punishment for sin and take our diseases. (Isaiah 53:4-5) **Jesus did that.** HE bore sickness so I don't have to. If I thought for a minute that God used cancer to teach me something, I would not have been able to believe for healing. (*My thought is when people say God sent the disease to teach them or as part of their suffering for Christ...what in the world are they doing going to the doctor to get the disease off of their body then? It seems if God sent it...going to the doctor is going against HIS will.*) God didn't send the disease HE sent the CURE when HE sent Jesus.



What I realize now, is that there was a progression to my receiving. I began listening to teaching on hope and confessing that I had hope. I then moved to constantly listening to and reading about healing and confessing healing scriptures. There was a point where my confession became praise and songs of the word. They were just little scripture songs that rose up in my heart and I would sing them over and over again. Sometimes I would speak the word LOUD, which seemed to do more to help my soul. As I began to regain strength, I would walk a circle in the main room of our house, confessing, praising, singing and worshipping. There wasn't a pattern, just as it came to my spirit. My only determination....I will not quit. We have already WON... if we don't quit.

*(I know that had I gone into this trusting only the doctors and their knowledge; I would probably be dead now. At the very least I would not be living a life full of health and vitality but I would have medical devices helping my body to function. I went the avenue of medical treatment but I didn't go it alone. I trusted Jesus. I trusted the Word of God – who CANNOT lie! And I am convinced that is the reason my case didn't end as most of them do with the same diagnosis.)*

### **05/12/09**

After 2 months and 3 weeks the nephrostomy tube was removed! They were able to place a stent in the left ureter even though there is a kink in it.

### **08/05/09**

Had to exchange the left stent because of the kink. Tried to remove the right stent. but a few hours later the ureter collapsed so I have to have another stent. Doctor said it is probably because of radiation damage to the ureter. I continue to say that I have anatomically correct, fully functioning ureters.

### **10/12/09**

Had a doctor visit today to read the Oct 1<sup>st</sup> PET Scan. The doctor said she was shocked. She didn't expect this result. The PET Scan shows NOTHING.

We give all the glory to God because Jesus IS the reason I am healed.

### **10/20/09**

I had the chemo port removed today!

**01/19/10**

Had the ureteral stents exchanged today. The doctor said the ureters are straight!!

Though he didn't say so in so many words, I knew he didn't expect the ureter to straighten out. But I had continued to speak to my ureters and called them "anatomically correct and fully functioning." He said we might be able to take the stents out next time but it could be another emergency situation. I believe they are both coming out!

**01/23/10**

The enemy made a play for my kidneys. I began having pain in the right one. The doctor had mentioned they were a little swollen during the stent exchange. I began speaking to them at that time. However, the pain began and then increased as did the tormenting thoughts. At 2 pm Fri I called the doctor and had to leave a message. I never received a call back. So I just began worshipping the Lord for healing me. And I asked my Father for brand new kidneys to go with my brand new ureters. By the end of the evening or the next morning...the pain was gone!!

**04/15/10**

Dr. H is amazed. Another PET Scan that shows no cancer. She said this is a BIG deal, because with this type of cancer there is usually a recurrence or local failure within the first year.

**04/10**

I'm not sure when but at some point...the bleeding from my intestines has stopped. The doctor says it will start again....but I know that this is a part of the manifestation of wholeness for which I am believing.

**06/21/10**

I had the stents removed today! I had a consult with Dr. W Friday because it was time to do something about the stents. As we were talking about the options, I told him I wanted them out that I had been praying... He interrupted what I was saying to say, "I believe in the power of prayer." So I took that opportunity to ask him if he had thought the kink would ever come out of the ureter. (He had never said that in so many words, I just gathered that from what he said about changing out the stents every few months as if it would be for life. Unless the stents bothered me too much and then they would do a work around which meant a bladder bottle.) He

told me when I asked him this time that he had not believed that the ureter would ever be straight.

The doctor saw the miracle!! Thank You, Jesus!

### **07/10**

Had a bladder infection with blood in the urine. I was able through faith and natural things to rid myself of the infection!

### **08/10**

Some bleeding from the intestines again. I will not be moved from my declaration of the word over my body. Jesus has already made me WHOLE. Symptoms are lies against the truth. (note: bleeding is much less and only on occasion, still that is not wholeness so I continue my stand for WHOLENESS)

### **12/10**

Had a CT Scan that showed no definite cancer. But it did show a swollen right kidney. Dr. referred me to the Urologist who recommended that I allow him to place a stent.

But this time I had such overwhelming PEACE to stand. It was a Wednesday night that I spoke with the doctor. I kept speaking TRUTH over my body and I just knew that I had already received the victory in this area (several times in the past months I have had hilarious laughter concerning the kidneys/ureters.)

I spoke to Mark about it and at that time he wasn't on board with me making that stand. But I continued praying about it and the peace kept growing. So I talked to him again and we came to the agreement that I planned to make the stand but I would go up for prayer on Sunday and just see if my Pastor got a check.

### **01/11**

Sunday, during worship, I just felt this bubbling up inside as I worshipped Jesus. And it grew and grew and then right at the end of worship...I burst into laughter! And I laughed and laughed for about 10 minutes. (I have never done that in the middle of a church service) And the PEACE. I knew I was to make the stand and not go to the doctor this time.

**Note:** *It is important to note that I have been speaking healing scriptures and confessing God's word over my body for the past two years. I have*

*come to know HIM as my healer. I did not jump into such a serious stand for healing overnight! I have been building a foundation on HIS word every time I confessed HIS word no matter what the doctors' report or the symptoms said. I had come to a place where God could lead me by HIS peace to stand without medical intervention. It took time and diligence to speak HIS word to come to the place of believing and knowing HE was leading me to make the stand. I DID NOT do so by presumption!*

## **02/11**

I have finally received my ear healed. When I had the Hyperbaric Oxygen Therapy after the radiation in June/July 09, I had to have tubes in my ears because there was fluid and I was not able to clear my ears during the pressure change. Those tubes were supposed to come out by March 2010. I continued to have trouble with water getting in my ear and had to always put my fingers in my ears to rinse my hair in the shower. About 6 months ago, my left ear felt like there was something in it. That was the ear the doctor had trouble with when placing the tube. I don't know what the problem was but I have had tenderness in that ear most of the time since then. So when I could feel something, I assumed it must be the tube still hadn't worked its way out. In the past month, the pain when I touched my ear or lay on it was shooting. Finally, almost 2 years later and 11 months past when the tube was supposed to come out, something came out of my ear. It looked like dried blood and skin and it took 2 days for all of it to come out. Now, I don't have to put my fingers in my ears to rinse my hair and there is no pain! God is Good and HIS WORD IS TRUTH!

I keep standing and speaking HIS word to my body and EVERYTHING is lining up!

## **4/11**

Had a high fever for 6 days. I never checked my temperature but the fever was so high that I was unable to walk straight. I walked into the walls when moving from one place to another. This was one of those attacks that also had to do with the kidneys, my urine was cloudy and the devil tried to scream at me that my kidneys were going to shut down. But I had NO FEAR. We did call some people to pray after it held on for several days. I had been speaking to it to go and to things to function as God created them to function. Some that came to pray, said when they walked in the house there was such peace they knew it was alright.

The fever broke after another friend came and laid hands on me. Then the blood in the urine began. Still standing. Symptoms are lies against the

TRUTH. Jesus has made me WHOLE. I don't have to settle for less than that!

Several weeks later I began having large clots in the urine and some of them were hard to pass. Continued to speak the WORD. My urine cleared up and the bleeding lessened. Testified about that to a couple people a few weeks later...and (in June) the clots presented themselves again. Still NO FEAR. I have the VICTORY!

I know that God led me by HIS peace to make this stand and HE does not lead me into destruction

**05/11**

My left ear started feeling clogged up and of course I spoke to it. A couple days later there was crusty stuff in it like there had been a few months ago. As I cleaned my ear I found ..... the tube! The ear tube that had been placed in June 2009, finally came out of my ear!

**08/11**

A month without blood in the urine now! HE IS FAITHFUL!!

*I continue to receive restoration in areas of my body that were affected by disease and medical intervention because I know HIS word is TRUTH. HE CANNOT LIE!!*

## Healing Scriptures for Confession

Father, I thank You, that Jesus has already borne all sickness, disease and pain and that HIS blood was shed to redeem me from all the works of sin and death.

I am fully persuaded that what You have promised, You are able to perform.  
Rom 4:21

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgives all my iniquities; who heals all my diseases; Who redeems my life from destruction; who crowns me with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfies my mouth with good things; so that my youth is renewed like the eagle's. Ps 103:1-5

...You are the Lord that heals (has healed) me. Ex 15:26b

I serve You Lord. You bless my bread and my water, and You take sickness away from the midst of me. Ex 23:25

You have set before me life and death, blessing and cursing; I choose life, that both I and my seed shall live: [I say] We love You Lord, we obey Your voice, we cleave unto You; for You are our life and the length of our days and we dwell in our land of promise. Deut 30:19-20

You sent Your word and healed me and delivered me from all my destructions. I praise You for Your wonderful works to me. I sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving and declare Your works with rejoicing.  
Ps 107:20-22

I shall not die but live (the abundant life that Jesus came to give me (John 10:10) a life of divine health) and declare the works of the Lord. (and fulfill all of my ministry.) Ps 118:17

I attend to Your words, I incline my ear to Your sayings, I do not let them depart from my eyes. I keep them in the midst of my heart. For they are life to me, and health and medicine to all my flesh. I keep my heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life. I put away from me a froward

mouth and perverse lips are far from me [because I speak only truth – Your word is truth (John 17:17b)] Prov 4:20-24

I am not afraid for You are with me. I am not dismayed; for You are my God. You strengthen me: You help me: You uphold me with the right hand of Your righteousness. Is 41:10

Surely (Jesus) You have borne my griefs (sicknesses) and carried my sorrows (pains); ...You were wounded for my transgressions, You were bruised for my iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon You; and with Your stripes I am healed. Is 53:4-5

You hasten Your word to perform it. Jer 1:12b

You restore (have restored) health to me, You heal (have healed) me of my wounds. Jer 30:17

Jesus, You are my health and cure. (You have cured me.) You are my abundance of peace and You are my truth. Jer 33:6

...You make an utter end; affliction shall not rise up the second time. Nah 1:9b

When even was come they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils; and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed all that were sick: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses. Mt 8:16-17

And, behold, a woman, which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind Him, and touched the hem of His garment; For she said within herself, If I may but touch His garment, I shall be whole. But Jesus turned Him about, and when He saw her, He said, Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour. Mt 9:20-22

And a certain woman, which had an issue of blood twelve years, And had suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, When she had heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched His garment. For she said, If I

may touch but His clothes, I shall be whole. And straightway the fountain of her blood was dried up: and she felt in her body that she was healed of that plague. Mark 5:25-34

And a woman having an issue of blood twelve years, which had spent all her living upon physicians, neither could be healed of any, Came behind Him, and touched the border of His garment: and immediately her issue of blood stanchd. And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter and they that were with Him said, Master, the multitude throng thee and press thee, and sayest thou, Who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me. And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before Him, she declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately. And He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace. Luke 8:43-48

And He cometh to Bethsaida: and they bring a blind man unto Him, and besought Him to touch him. And He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of town; and when He had spit on his eyes, and put His hands upon him, He asked him if he saw aught. And he looked up and said, I see men as trees, walking. After that He put His hands again upon his eyes, and made him look up: and he was restored, and saw every man clearly. Mark 8:22-25

And great multitudes came unto Him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and He healed them: Insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel. Mt 15:30-31

For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death. Rom 8:2

But if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in me, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken [(re)vitalize, make alive, give life to] my mortal body by His spirit that dwells in me. Rom 8:11

Christ has redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangs on a tree; That the



blessing of Abraham might come on me through Christ Jesus; that I might receive the promise of the spirit through faith. And if I am Christ's, then am I Abraham's seed, and an heir according to the promise. Gal 3:13-14, 29

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever. Heb 13:8

Who His own self bare my sins in His own body on the tree, that I being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness; by whose stripes I was healed. 1 Pet 2:24

And this is the confidence that I have in Him, that, if I ask anything according to His will, He hears me: And if I know that He hears me, whatsoever I ask, I know that I have the petitions that I desired of Him. 1 John 5:14-15

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He sent His Word **AND** healed me. (Ps 107:20). In the mind of the Father it is already DONE!

**Rejoicing** is the corresponding action to my faith.

Satan is overcome by words, he is whipped by words. ~ *E.W. Kenyon*

You formed my inward parts, I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Psalm 139:13-14 NASB