

PUBLISHER'S MESSAGE

God Healed Me When They Said I Would Never Be Healed

They told me my bladder would never work again.

There was nothing they could do, I would have to be catheterized for the rest of my life.

If you have read my commentaries, you may remember my sharing testimony of my trauma this past August. About how I had injured my leg so severely and was in so much pain, that I didn't realize my prostate had enlarged and cut off my urinary flow. When you are in that kind of pain, where the slightest movement sends electrical volts through every pain nerve in your body ... you don't really notice you aren't going to the bathroom.

In my first visit to the Emergency Room, I was treated for the extreme pain I was suffering, and diagnosed with extreme bursitis in my hip. Somehow in the craziness of all the medical attention in the ER, I never received any treatment for my urinary retention. I left thinking that the shot I was given for pain would loosen up whatever was preventing me from urinating. That was wrong.

Three days later I was back in the Emergency Room. The pain was now more bearable, but I still was not able to relieve myself. (I know this is not as dramatic as living through a heart attack or some other medical emergency, but be patient with me, God is going to be glorified).

This time I was catheterized and admitted into the hospital for kidney failure. I spent three days in the hospital, and thank God, my kidneys began working again.

A week later, I had a follow-up checkup with my new Urologist. It was there that I was given the "bad news."

"Your bladder over extended itself during the days you were unable to urinate," my doctor said. "Unfortunately, rarely does the bladder recover from such an extension. It will never regain the elasticity needed to naturally expel the urine passing through it."

"You are going to have to wear a foley the rest of your life."

I told my doctor that was unacceptable, and would be healed.

Once the foley was in place, I had to return to the Urologist every month to replace it with a new one in order to prevent urinary tract infections. I was adamant that I would recover, and for the first three months the doctor would allow me to come in and have the foley removed, warning me that if I wasn't able to empty my bladder thoroughly, I would have to come back in the afternoon to have it replaced. Unfortunately, the doctor was right and I had to come back each time to have the foley replaced.

There wasn't any sign of healing during the first month or the second month. After having the foley removed the third month and praying for my bladder to work again, the doctor told me that I needed to accept my fate. He then wanted me to consider a number of medical procedures involving surgery. I informed him that I didn't have health insurance and couldn't afford to do so. I would just have to be satisfied with having the foley in place to empty my bladder.

I never gave up believing that God was going to heal me.

I prayed for healing throughout the day, incessantly. I read everything I could on the healing Scriptures.

James 5:14 says, "Is any one of you sick? He should call the elders of the church to pray over him and anoint him with oil in the name of the Lord."

With that Word of knowledge, I made it a point to receive prayer from the elders and pastor whenever I was visiting a church, or attending a healing conference, or participating in a revival meeting, or found myself amongst a gathering of on fire believers. My wife prayed for me, numerous pastors prayed for me, evangelist prayed for me, and hundreds of believers over the following months prayed for my healing.

I followed closely how the Lord Jesus brought about healing in His ministry. The Bible teaches us that Jesus says what the Father says and does what the Father does. Well, no where in my reading did Jesus ever pray for someone to be healed.

He spoke it.

Just like our heavenly Father spoke, and the heavens and the

earth were created, Jesus spoke and people were healed. The blind could see, the crippled could walk, the deaf could hear.

Jesus took authority over sickness. He paid the price. He has given that authority to us. We have His healing power residing in us. The power of the Holy Spirit, God Himself, resides within us.

So in about the fourth or fifth month of my injury, I began to speak to my bladder. "Bladder, you are healed in Jesus' name. You will function like God created you. You will begin to expand and retract, I command you in the mighty name of Jesus."

About a month later I began speaking to the rest of my body.

"Bladder you will put yourself in alignment with my kidneys.

Kidneys you will work with the bladder. Brain you will let the bladder know when it is full, & when it needs to relieve itself, in Jesus name."

All this time, I was making my monthly visits to the Urologist to give him an update, listen to other treatment options, and get my foley replaced.

After seven months of praying and expecting God to either heal my bladder or give me a new one, I asked the doctor "exactly how would I know if I was healed?"

I guess the doctor wanted to humor me, but he said "if you want to do another test, then next month when you come in we'll take the foley out and let you go the day before putting it back in."

What that means is "if it'll make you happy, we'll hold off a couple hours before we have to put the foley back in because you should know by now that your bladder isn't going to empty itself."

The following month I showed up at the doctor's office excited about having the foley removed, but it was spring break and for some strange reason all the doctors were on vacation.

The nurse told me she couldn't take out the foley and put it back in later without there being a doctor in the building. If she took it out and if I had any problems, I would have to go to the Emergency Room to have it put back in place.

She said that if I came back the next day, another doctor would be on duty, and she could put the foley back in if I had a problem.

I kept thanking God all day and all night for letting me "pee" again, and I was back at the doctor's office the next morning ready to go (in more ways than one, Ha).

I asked the nurse before she removed the foley if she had ever seen a patient healed with this kind of bladder problem. She said she had not. I told her to get ready because I was healed and that I had been praying for healing and that God had healed me.

That was a Thursday in March.

She took out the foley and told me to come back later that afternoon so that she could do a bladder scan and see how well my bladder was emptying. If the bladder was empty, I could go home. If not, she would have to put another foley back in my bladder.

That afternoon I was back with a big smile on my face.

"I'm healed," I told her. God healed me."

She did the bladder scan and said the numbers were good.

I was retaining less fluid than most normal people do. BUT, she said, "let's have you go overnight, and then come back here first thing in the morning and we'll do another bladder scan."

"No problem," I told her and I was back in the doctors office the following morning for another bladder scan. This time the reading was even better than the day before.

Still not willing to accept that I was healed, she said "let's have you go over the weekend, but I want you back here Monday morning for another bladder scan. And, if you have any problem you will need to go to the Emergency Room because the office would be closed."

I came back Monday morning, victorious over the crippling of my bladder. She did the scan and the numbers were again normal. She was having a difficult time believing it.

"I again told her that God had healed me."

But before leaving I cautioned her, "don't ever tell someone they will never be healed of something. Don't take away their hope. God is still healing people today just as he did some 2000 years ago."

To God goes all the glory. Thank you Father for healing me.