



Miracle Healing

by Jean Easley

During the year of 1990, we lived in a furnished apartment in Guatemala City. We had determined to renew our vision for Guatemala with a few months of ministry there, so we only took enough supplies for a short stay. It was during this time that we were to face some real trials of faith concerning sickness and injury.

Fortunately, that year we were able to make connections with a man and wife ministry team whom we had known in years gone by for the purpose of ministering in Pentecostal groups known to them but not previously known to us. It was a fruitful time of reaching out to new areas of town and new churches. I was scheduled to preach a women's meeting in a few days.

Then came a great trial. One day while in the shower, I stepped out onto the wet floor, slipped, and fell with my whole weight across a four-inch step-over coming out of the shower stall. The impact point was to the left of the spine a little above the kidney. I thought I had broken my back. The pain was so excruciating that I could scarcely stand again, and after I was helped up, I knew that I was in for a battle with the devil. The Lord let me know right then that I could accept the injury and face big hospital bills and recuperation time, or I could accept His healing. And so we began to pray.

Bro. Easley and I paced the floor of our little apartment—praying, crying, pleading, claiming—at the top of our lungs. We lived in close proximity to our neighbors, and I'm sure they either prayed through or went out to get groceries. It was both a frightful time and also a blessed time—because I knew I knew the Healer. And He came when we called.

After about two hours of prayer, I was able to relax again and to believe with no doubt that I had been touched. There was residual pain. In fact, I thought I had probably also cracked or broken a rib or two, because to sneeze or cough I could not without pain. But, with the passage of time and with God's touch, I completely recovered, without prescribed medication or a doctor. In fact, as I said, I was scheduled to preach that same week, and I kept the appointment! Praise God! He is so good!

1 Peter 2:24 reads, "...by whose stripes ye were healed," speaking of the stripes that Jesus endured on the day of His crucifixion. We have witnessed and personally experienced His healing power many times. He will not forsake us in our hours of desperation. His miracle healing is still real!