

2

THE VICTORS

LIVE IT

(Personal Testimonies)

*As you read these testimonies,
take note of what was done as part of the healing process.*

*Do the same and
believe that you too will receive your healing.*

Healed Of Cancer Of The Nose

Kenny Foo Yoon Kee

**(As interviewed by Sis Leong Dai May and shared prior to
the Jesus Heals Terengganu Miracle Service, October 2000)**

My mother was a medium. I was brought up in idolatry and steeped in filial piety and obedience. We followed traditional Chinese beliefs and customs closely. I never compromised my idolatrous beliefs and rejected Jesus Christ whenever my sister tried to give me the good news of the Gospel of Christ.

It all started in 1988/1989 with a throbbing pain at the back of my head. Ignoring all fears, I simply attributed the pain to my excessive drinking and smoking. The pain did not cease. Later, I developed a persistent cough and discovered dark-coloured blood in the sputum. The phlegm was black in colour. Again, I gave the matter a shrug, attributing them to my lifestyle.

A mechanic by profession, I was cleaning a carburettor in my workshop when some petrol accidentally entered my left eye. This was a common occurrence so I just splashed water to clean the petrol out of my eye. I did not give the matter a second thought until over the next few days, my eye became horribly swollen. My eyeball bulged so much that I could almost scoop it out from my eye-socket with my finger!

I was referred to many eye-specialists. Finally, the last one agreed to conduct tests on my eye. The doctor diagnosed tumour in the eye and suspected that I had cancer. I was referred to another hospital for further conclusive tests.

In June 1993, treatment began on my left eye. After giving me many uncomfortable tests, the doctor discovered that the tumour was actually sitting in the nose area and not near the eye. By this time, I was getting weak and losing a lot of weight. I had been to many specialists, taken a lot of Chinese herbs and prayed to many idols. I had spent a lot of money because of my sickness.

But I was given even worse news: the tumour from the nose had spread to the eye, the brain and the throat. Now I understood better the throbbing pain I had first encountered in the late 1980's. The doctors declared my condition hopeless and gave me three months to live.

I had to be brave to face such devastating news. I had to comfort my wife and my three children, then aged three, six and nine. In the privacy of my bathroom, I thought about leaving my young family. I began to burst into uncontrollable sobs. **It was the darkest hour of my life. A nightmare!**

I returned to the hospital and begged the doctors to give me a chance to live. I was so desperate, I did not mind losing limb and organ just to retain my life. Despite the doctor's advice that chemotherapy and radiation cannot heal me because my cancer was at its advanced stage, I wanted to cling on to any last hope.

I continued to pray to the idols even more fervently for my healing. The doctor gave in to my request. I had to undergo three cycles of chemotherapy (drip-type). Each cycle meant 12 bottles of drip continuously fed into my blood stream. I began to vomit so much that I became afraid to eat and drink. It was torturous, agonising and very painful. On the sixth day, my hair began to drop.

The bad news was that after taking the full course of chemotherapy, the tumour was still sitting there!

Undaunted, I went for my second hope, radiation. Looking at the tests and diagram, the doctor suggested 35 days of radiation. I was given four shots of radiation every day, angled at the head, both sides of my cheeks and my throat. My throat burned. My skin peeled. I had ulcers all over my mouth. By this time, I was unrecognisably thin and weak.

After completing the radiation treatment, I was even more depressed to learn that the tumour had not shrunk one bit. This confirmed the doctor's fears that both treatments would not work on my advanced stage of cancer. I was asked to return home to rest. When the doctor said that to me, I knew that he was asking me to prepare for my death.

While I was resting at home, friends and relatives visited me. My brother-in-law, a pastor, shared Jesus Christ with me. My sister cried and pleaded with me to receive Jesus into my life. She reminded me that we had lost our elder brother to nose cancer within six months in 1986. She did not want to also lose me (the only brother left) through a similar circumstance. I rejected her and told her to leave. I even threw aside the Bible my brother-in-law had given me. As the sole remaining son, I wanted to be loyal and obedient, fully filial to my parents.

At 5.00 pm, after my sister had left the house, I heard a voice speaking to me, "Do not harden your heart. Open your

heart to Me. Give Me an opportunity to heal you.”

My sister had contacted a Christian sister to visit me later that evening. This Christian sister asked me, “Have you been to all the doctors yet?”

I replied “Yes, but all of them cannot do anything. I even sought help from the idols and they cannot do anything to help too.”

In wisdom, she gently told me that I had missed out consulting one doctor. Eagerly, I wanted to find out who this doctor was.

“Doctor Jesus. Give Doctor Jesus a chance,” she said and went on to lead me into repentance and the sinner’s prayer.

I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ into my life on 16 September 1993. I yelled and cried during my repentance to the Lord. I sobbed like a baby. My entire family gave their lives to Jesus Christ and accepted Him to be our personal Lord and Saviour that Thursday evening. Suddenly, I felt a new surge of hope and life.

I went for a Healing and Deliverance Service the next day. When the pastor prayed for me, I fell to the floor under the power of the Holy Spirit. **I felt a warm hand touching my head and face. I felt very comforted. When I got up, I realised there was nobody touching my face.** I remembered the immense joy that filled my being.

Next day, I joined the Intercessory Class with my wife and both of us were baptised in the Holy Spirit. During my first Sunday Service, I just walked right up for prayer. I was very hungry for God. I began to unceasingly worship Him, seeking Him and reading His Word. (I had picked up the Bible which I had earlier discarded.)

Every morning, I faithfully worshipped the Lord and

ministered unto Him. I was utterly shaken and broken before Him. **I looked forward to being with Him and enjoying His presence.**

The second week, I returned to the Healing and Deliverance Service. This time, I saw a vision of streams of blood being poured onto my head right down through my body. Bewildered, I sought the pastor for an explanation. She just leapt for joy and began to shout thanksgiving unto the Lord for His blood cleansing my cancerous cells.

At that moment, **I just knew that I was healed.** I was still thin and weak and had no hair but I returned home and confidently told my wife that the blood of Jesus Christ had healed me. I would not succumb to death.

My appetite returned and for the first time after the chemotherapy treatment, I did not vomit out my food. By the third month, my hair grew; by four and a half months, I felt completely healed. I did a CT scan to confirm my healing. Hallelujah! All glory, honour and praise to our God and His Son, Jesus Christ. **The tumour had disappeared!**

The doctor marvelled at my recovery as I shared Jesus Christ with him. **He thought that I had discovered some traditional Chinese herbal remedy for my cure but I boldly testified that no one, absolutely no one, had prescribed any herbs or medicine for me.**

Not even the doctor could find any solution when I needed one desperately. I was willing for any surgeon to remove my eye or nose to save my life. Nobody wanted to accept me in my condition. **Only Jesus Christ accepted me. Jesus restored my life.** I can only be grateful to Him.

My life is in Jesus Christ. I have given my life and rights to Him. He is good! He is trustworthy!

Even before I received my healing from the Lord, I made a commitment to serve Him in missions, intercession and at my workplace.

I learnt one thing that saved my life: I did not want to only rest assured on my faith in Jesus; **I lived out my faith, I acted on my faith.** I clung on only to Jesus. **No medicine accompanied my healing. I was healed in 1993, and tests have shown that I am totally fit.**

When I was not a Christian, many lovely brothers and sisters-in-Christ (as I now call them) came and tried to share Jesus Christ with me. I rejected them, embarrassed them and scolded them. I told them to leave my house if they wanted to talk about Jesus but said I welcomed them if they joined me in gambling or drinking.

But now, I am not ashamed to go throughout Malaysia and all over the world to tell people **how Jesus Christ, the true and living God, saved me, healed me and changed my life completely even though I was a great sinner and rejected Him in the past.** God forgave me when I repented sincerely.

But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us. (Rom 5:8)

From 1988 to 1993, only the Lord sustained me. **When the doctors passed the death sentence on me, only Jesus Christ gave me hope and life without asking for my limbs or organs in exchange.** Instead, Jesus Christ exchanged His life for mine! **I give Jesus Christ the highest doctorate, the highest honour and the highest glory.**

When I first saw Bro. Kenny, I was shocked to see the condition he was in. He was bald, brown, skinny and sick. His eyeball was like that of a goldfish, almost popping out of its socket. He looked so pathetic and lost. If you had seen him then, you

would not have believed that he could be healed.

But our God again did the impossible. He is a miracle-working God.

Kenny had come to the Healing and Deliverance Service to be prayed for. Then, when I took the Intercessory Class, I saw him there too. I thought to myself, "This is an intercessory class, not a healing service." (At the time, I was a pastor in FGA KL, training intercessors and praying together with them weekly.)

However, out of politeness and because he was already there, I did not turn him away. I was surprised to see him come again and again, even though our meetings went on for quite long – 2.30 pm to 6.00 pm every Saturday.

*Kenny Foo received his healing because he was desperate for God. He made every effort to attend all the meetings, healing and intercessory. Despite the sickness in his body, he would faithfully be there. **His desperation for God to heal him was so great that every time an altar call was made, he would come out to receive healing.** Unlike others, he was not embarrassed or shy to come forward for prayer.*

The presence of God was powerfully manifested and Kenny would just sit down there in the presence of God. It was his faith, persistency and the presence of God that healed him.

For whatever is born of God overcomes the world. And this is the victory that has overcome the world – our faith. (1 John 5:4)

Although he had rejected Christ many times before, he had eventually chosen to trust only in

***the Lord God Almighty.** God in His mercy not only forgave him when he repented but also healed him. When medical science and all other means failed, God did not fail.*

Bless the LORD, O my soul,
And forget not all His benefits:
Who forgives all your iniquities,
Who heals all your diseases. (Ps 103:2-3)

Kenny saw Jesus not only as his Saviour but also as his Healer, Dr Jesus. After all, Jesus is the Healer. He came to save, heal and forgive. It is a sad thing that many Christians know Him as the Saviour but not as the Healer.

*Many people want to receive healing from Jesus but they are not desperate enough. They only come once or twice to the prayer or healing meetings and expect immediate results. They get disheartened when they do not see themselves immediately healed. **They feel the presence of God, they feel the peace and they get better.** Yet they find it difficult to receive healing simply because the doctors had given them a bad report on their health earlier.*

Faith is believing and trusting until you receive. All those who have come to Jesus, desperately pursuing Him and making Him their priority have received healing. Kenny Foo was so desperate that he continuously read the Bible and worshipped the Lord.

He promised that if God healed him, he would serve Him. God broke through and he was miraculously healed to the amazement of his doctors.

Praise the Lord! Our God is a great and mighty God. And Kenny has kept his promise. Although he is busy, he lays his work aside and travels to give his testimony. As he had freely received, he freely gives.

Satan came to kill but Jesus came to give life. Satan is the destroyer of life but Jesus is the giver of life. Jesus not only came to give life but life abundantly (John 10:10). Although Satan tried to destroy Kenny Foo, Jesus gave him back his life. Our Bro Kenny not only found healing but also cleansing in the blood of Jesus when he confessed his sins. Jesus set him free.

I pray that his testimony will really bless you and give you hope to know that no matter how terrible your sickness is, even if you are on the verge of dying, God can raise you again.

When you are raised, give your life to the Lord to serve Him. You will never regret it.

**Delivered From Demonic Possession
And Healed Of Cancer Of The Colon
Alice Lee**

Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever. And Jesus heals today, praise God! By the grace of God, I am still alive today.

It was in 1994 that I was robbed at knifepoint. I was showing a client an apartment but he tied me up and blindfolded me before taking my things. Somehow, I managed to get myself free and call for help.

I later identified this guy and he was arrested. But then, I fell sick and was hospitalised for seven days. I thought it was only high fever but actually, the spirit of fear had already gripped me. At the time, I had drifted away from God due to personal reasons.

On the third day after being discharged from the hospital, I suddenly fell sick again. This time, the spirit of death came over me at about three o'clock in the morning. I felt breathless and ran to the kitchen to have a drink. I saw a bright light and was so deceived that I thought what most of us would think – that the light was Jesus and that He was coming. But it was not so.

I later realised that the light I saw was actually Satan masquerading as the angel of light. While I was in the hospital in my backslidden condition, I had opened the door to the false light. I had allowed a friend who believed in Mahikari to lay hands on me and to release that light to me.

If the light I saw had been of God, I would have felt peace and joy, the fruit of the Holy Spirit. But I went into a daze as if I were insane. My mom, who was then not a Christian, went to the medium and the fortune teller. They told her that I only had three percent life left. I myself thought I was dying because I felt so old.

Thank God that my brother managed to contact Pastor Jean, whom we did not even know at that time, to request her to pray for me.

My mom challenged Pastor Jean. “I give you three days. If by the end of three days, my daughter is not well, I will bring her back to the medium in Melaka.”

Praise God for Pastor Jean who was able to convince my mom that if she wanted to see me well, she would have to believe in Jesus. I thank God that through her faith, she saw the miracle in my life.

Pastor Jean brought me to her apartment in Sri Sentosa.

(There was no Prayer House in Persiaran Duta as yet.) When I arrived there, I was already in a daze. **I felt like I was floating and talked nonsense. I just fell flat on the couch and I could not respond anymore.**

The intercessors later told me that they kept on reading the word of God to me to get it into my spirit. At the same time, they prayed continuously for me. My brother was also asked to be involved in praying. With the help of cassette tapes, they kept up the worship throughout the whole deliverance session. **Because I could not respond to ministry myself, my brother was asked to repent on my behalf.**

As they read the word of God to me, tears began to run down my face and I began to manifest. Suddenly, the anger within me arose, the bitterness and unforgiveness that I had carried with me for nine years against someone who had hurt me very much. I could not forgive.

They asked me to forgive but I said I could not. I told them that he did not deserve my forgiveness. But they said that I must choose to forgive even if I did not want to forgive because Jesus had forgiven me. Finally, they managed to get through to me and healing began to take place.

One thing after another began to manifest as the Lord delivered me from all the evil things that I had allowed into my life, especially during those backslidden years. As God cleansed me through a massive deliverance, I vomited stuff in all kinds of colours – eventually 30 bags full!

Pastor Jean used the authority of God against Mahikari, the effects of having been robbed and of being so badly hurt. I spat everywhere because I was so angry but thank God that I was able to release all the hurt that I received.

The worst was on the second night. I was not aware of what was happening but was later told that I was on the floor,

spinning. I spoke Taiwanese in a poetic way, which I had never learnt. (On a visit to Taiwan, I had entered a temple that had 200 Buddhas and even brought back a lot of the little monk figures as souvenirs. When you backslide, you do things that open the door for spirits to enter.)

I grew worse. The intercessors kept calling me but I was in the valley of the shadow of death. I felt so old and that I would soon die. My brother was so concerned that he wanted to take me to the hospital. Pastor Jean told him, "You just took her out of the hospital and now you want to send her back."

Suddenly, the Lord Jesus woke me up and I was able to respond. Praise God! I thank God that by His grace, I was set free in less than three days. The next morning, I was able to praise and give thanks to God.

After being healed, I went to the Station of Life (a Bible school in Sabah). On my return a month later, I went back to work. I was told not to but I could not let go because I enjoyed making money. Although the Lord had done so much for me, I still did not feel secure. My security was money. I still thought I needed money in order to serve Him.

One year later, I was diagnosed as having colon cancer. When I was first hospitalised, I did not even know that I had cancer. After what I had been through, my parents did not want me to fear. They only told me that there was a growth in my large intestine and I needed to be operated on because my stomach bloated like a balloon.

Actually, I had a call on my life but I did not want to fulfil that call because of a lot of past hurts. So the Lord had to deal with me. Sickness does not come from God. Sickness comes from Satan. When we are disobedient, God allows trials in our lives. Just before the operation, I bargained with the Lord, "If You give me back my life, I will serve You."

That very month, I had made a good sum of money. But God said, “Now you see you have the money, but the money will be gone. You have the money but you do not have life. When you have Me, you have everything.” Eventually, I had to spend more than RM20,000 on medical expenses.

Two weeks after I was discharged from the hospital, I went to the surgeon and it was revealed to me that I was suffering from cancer. I asked what my chances of survival were. He told me that I could go for chemotherapy but that even with the treatment, there was no guarantee of cure.

During that time, I did not have enough faith to believe Pastor Jean when she told me, “**Do not go for chemotherapy. It will kill you.**”

I took my dad’s advice. He was not yet a Christian and he said, “You need Jesus and you also need the doctor.” **I give all due respect to the doctors but I now realise that God is our Great Physician.**

I went for chemotherapy for a while. My hair dropped. It was bad. I can identify with people who go through it. You know what it is like. You cannot eat, you get nauseated and you grow dark and become thin.

After a while, I went to Prayer House to wait in the presence of God. **One day, I told Pastor Jean that I was going for chemotherapy and asked her to pray for me. She said, “Why ask me to pray when you want to go for chemotherapy? Chemotherapy will kill you.”**

She showed me what the Bible says about King Asa in 2 Chron 16:12-13: “And in the thirty-ninth year of his reign, Asa became diseased in his feet, **and his malady was severe; yet in his disease he did not seek the LORD, but the physicians. So Asa rested with his fathers; he died in the forty-first year of his reign.**”

Something in my spirit arose. **I did not want to die. I was going to trust the Lord all the way.** So I went straight to the oncologist to tell him I was not going on with the chemotherapy anymore. He scolded me, saying that I was responding so well, why would I want to stop? **I told him that I would trust my Jesus, the Great Physician, and I just left.** The doctor said that it was my life anyway.

So I went back and continued to go to Prayer House. I drove Pastor Jean to wherever she ministered, just believing that I was healed. True enough, I was healed. I did not even know that I was healed until one day, a Christian doctor told me not to assume that I had been healed but to go for a check-up. It cost me more than RM1,000 for the test. But, praise the Lord, I was clear of all cancer!

I thank God for He is a miracle-working God, even today. I believe in the word of God that **“I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the LORD (Ps 118:17). That’s why I am here today, praise the Lord!**

When Alice’s brother, Nebemiah, urged me to go and pray for Alice, I did not know the seriousness of her situation. It was on a Wednesday after the Prayer Meeting at FGA KL. When I saw her condition, I was concerned. She could not respond and kept on talking nonsense. So I just prayed.

Since I could not communicate with Alice, I asked her brother whether she was involved in Mabikari. He said no. To my surprise, Alice suddenly spoke up and answered, “Yes, my neighbour came and prayed for me.” They also told me that she saw the light of Jesus. But judging from the effect of the experience, I knew it was a counterfeit light.

Because of the challenge the mother gave, I got

several intercessors to help pray for Alice. We prayed day and night but initially did not seem to have results because she could not respond. We also worshipped or played worship tapes continuously while the deliverance took place as we released the presence of God to her. It went on and on. Praise God, finally, He gave us the victory.

*Alice's parents had been very angry with Christians because a Christian had hurt her very much in the past. But her deliverance was so powerful that her whole family came to Jesus. **Alice's mother is now an evangelist on fire for God.***

Thank God Alice's brother also took time off from his work to pray. His presence as part of the family helped in the deliverance. Many people want us to minister to their sick loved ones but do not want to take up the responsibility of being part of praying for them. They want to simply dump their family member to us and wash their hands off all further involvement.

When people are sick, they need love. They are often people suffering rejection and their families need to show them love and concern. They are their families' responsibility, not the church's. However, we are here to help to pray and see healing and restoration take place in the person's life.

I had told Alice not to go for chemotherapy because it offered a slim chance of providing healing. The treatment weakens a person and lessens his ability to fight. As Christians, we are to overcome and not to succumb to sickness. We are to rely on God and not on the arm of flesh (Jer 17:5).

I also knew that God had the power to heal and that the cancer was nothing to God. Praise God that as Alice obeyed His word, healing began to take place. She could even drive me around to take meetings in various parts of Malaysia. She acted by faith, believing that Jesus had already taken her sickness upon Himself on the cross 2,000 years ago.

Healed Of Cancer Of The Nose Patrick Chan

In December 1994, I had a terrible flu that lasted for almost a month. I was extremely weak and lost my appetite. During the first week, I spent as much as 18 hours a day just sleeping. On a few occasions, to my fright, blood gushed out from my nose. My family was very worried about me.

Later, I consulted an Ear, Nose and Throat (ENT) specialist. He found a polyp (growth) in my nose and told me that once it was removed, I would be fine. In April 1995, I went for surgery. Praise God that it was successful. Soon I was back to my usual active lifestyle, believing that I was well again.

Two weeks later, I returned for a routine check-up and to thank my doctor for the excellent work done. However, to my surprise, he did not seem pleased with my response. He told me that they had found cancer cells in the polyp that had been removed.

When he said the word “cancer”, I was in total shock. How could it be? I did not consume alcoholic drinks, smoke cigarettes or take drugs. I lived a relatively healthy life. I could not recall any family member having had cancer.

I told the doctor they must have made a mistake. They must have accidentally switched my biopsy report with someone

else's. He replied that such a grievous mistake could not possibly be made.

Suddenly, all my dreams and plans were shattered. I was confused and did not know whether I would live or die. **I felt as if a death sentence had been pronounced over me.**

Being a Christian, the first thing I did was to see Christian leaders for prayer. In my desperation, I sought prayers from one prominent Christian minister to another, claiming God's healing for me.

Then I returned to tell my doctor that I believed God had healed me. I asked him to do a second biopsy. He looked at me and said that it was medically impossible for the cancer to just disappear. He stood by the result of the biopsy report and, with much concern, advised me to go for radiotherapy.

I thought perhaps a Christian ENT specialist would be able to help me do a second test. Surely he would have some faith to believe that God had healed me miraculously. To my disappointment, he said that it was not proper for him to do a second test. I should return to my first doctor.

I was in a dilemma. I did not want to go for radiotherapy because I was afraid of the side effects. Furthermore, if the treatment did not go well, I might have to end up taking chemotherapy as well. I wanted to know whether there was an alternative treatment.

I consulted a leading pathologist over this matter. He told me that radiotherapy was the best treatment for this type of cancer. The cancer was dangerous and would kill me if left untreated. He managed to convince me to go for radiotherapy.

A few Christian leaders who had prayed for me with great concern told me to consider the doctor's advice. After all, they specialised in this area and should know what was best for me. So I went to an oncologist and they took measurements to

prepare me for radiotherapy.

However, I had no peace within me. I wanted to know if God wanted to heal me miraculously. I had heard that the cancer could run around to different parts of the body. I believed that cancer was not just a physical thing. There must be a spirit behind it and it had to be dealt with on a spiritual level. I needed to find someone experienced in healing and deliverance and operating in that authority.

At that time, I was attending Full Gospel Assembly, Kuala Lumpur. Usually, whenever Pastor Jean Lim took the pulpit, she would speak on the subject of healing and deliverance. After every meeting, people would gather around her, leaving me with no opportunity to speak to her in private. So I decided to write her a letter explaining my situation. I made an appointment to see her at the Prayer House in Persiaran Duta.

My intention was to find out if it was God's will to heal me miraculously or through medical means.

After reading my letter, Pastor Jean did not express any sadness. Usually, people would sympathise with you over such a dilemma. However, Pastor Jean did not. **She smiled and told me to trust wholly in the Lord. She said that there was no need to go for radiotherapy.** She shared how God had used her to bring healing to her sister who had colon cancer, as well as a few other testimonies. (Sister Neo's testimony is in the book "When You Pray".)

Then she said that God could heal me too. She showed me many Scripture verses concerning healing and how we must drive the enemies (the demonic spirits) out of our land (bodies) (Num 33:55-56).

I went home and thought about what Pastor Jean had said. In my prayer, I told the Lord that His servant, whom He had used to bring healing to so many people, had advised me to

trust Him completely and not see the doctor, take any medication or radiotherapy.

I told the Lord that I did not mind dying and going to heaven earlier but if I did not fulfil His plan and purpose for my life due to following Pastor Jean's advice, then Pastor Jean was to be blamed.

When I visited the oncologist to tell him that I was not going to proceed with the radiotherapy, he was shocked and warned me that I could die without it. **I closed my ears and rejected all that he had pronounced over me.**

I began to go to the Prayer House every Monday and Friday. Every time Pastor Jean invited the people for prayer, I would go forward and fall under the power of the Holy Spirit. I would continue to soak in the presence of God as she taught on the subject of healing and deliverance.

When I heard that Pastor Jean was going to the Station of Life (SOL) in Sabah for one month, I panicked and decided to follow her there. To my dismay, she was only due to arrive the third week. Who was going to pray for me? My friends in SOL tried comforting me and encouraged me to pray and trust God.

One morning, I blacked out in the bathroom. I shouted to my friends for help and they came and carried me to my room. I told them to inform Pastor Jean that I was sick and could not come to class.

Fifteen minutes later, they returned saying that Pastor Jean wanted me in class. I objected but they insisted that it was Pastor Jean's order and so they CARRIED me down to the classroom! I grumbled in my heart about how incredible this lady was. She would not even allow a sick person to rest and skip her class.

I sat at the back of the classroom as the lesson was going on. Towards the end of her teaching, Pastor Jean called me to

the front for prayer. **I went down under the power of the Holy Spirit as she and the students began to pray for me.** I was told later that the more they prayed for me, the more pale my face became. I was about to ‘depart’! Pastor Jean asked the students to close their eyes, look to heaven and pray fervently for me.

After praying for almost two hours, Pastor Jean bound and broke the power of death and cast out the spirit of death from me. Then blood came back to my face and I recovered. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! This happened in 1995 and I am still well and alive today! To God be all the glory and thanks for His grace and mercy towards me.

On returning to Kuala Lumpur, I continued to attend the Prayer House regularly on Mondays and Fridays for about two years. A lot of time was spent soaking and waiting in the presence of the Lord to allow Him to bring deeper cleansing, deliverance and healing into my life.

Praise God for Pastor Jean Lim who had such incredible **faith to believe in God that He would heal me miraculously when so many people thought that it was a crazy and risky idea.**

I was glad that I had chosen to believe in the word of God rather than in the counsel of man. Jesus said, “And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free” (John 8:32). Believe in God for your healing (Heb 11:6). Reject all the lies and doubts which the enemy throws at you (Eph 6:11-17). God has healed me and He can heal you too! Amen!

Do not seek healing only. Seek Jesus, the Healer. He is interested in your life. He is the Source of your health. Do not be in a hurry. Wait upon the Lord. Yes, wait upon the Lord (Lam 3:25-26). Remember, He is the Potter and you are the clay (Is 64:8). Your life is in His hands (Jer 18:6).

Do not look at your circumstances. Fix your eyes instead on

Jesus and His finished work on the cross for you (Heb 12:1-2). Turn to God with a repentant and contrite heart (Ps 34:18, Is 66:1-2). **Trust your very life into the hands of the Almighty God** (Prov 3:5-8).

Believe, agree and claim the exceedingly great and precious promises which the Lord has given unto us, His children (Rom 4:17-25, 2 Pet 1:3-4). By His wounds, you have been healed (1 Pet 2:24). And having done all these, stand firm upon the promises of God and resist the lies of the enemy (Eph 6:13, James 4:7).

Hallelujah! God be praised! Jesus said, “Do not be afraid; only believe” (Luke 8:50).

Blessed is the man

Who walks not in the counsel of the ungodly,

Nor stands in the path of sinners,

Nor sits in the seat of the scornful;

But his delight is in the law of the LORD,

And in His law he meditates day and night.

He shall be like a tree

Planted by the rivers of water,

That brings forth its fruit in its season,

Whose leaf also shall not wither;

And whatever he does shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so,

But are like the chaff which the wind drives away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,

Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the LORD knows the way of the righteous,

But the way of the ungodly shall perish. (Psalm 1)

Now the cat is out of the bag! I thought Patrick had attended SOL because he wanted to get closer to God. Only when he testified did I realise he had gone

there to get prayer for healing. May God forgive him.

We should seek God and not man. Seek the Healer, not only the healing. Only God can heal and only God must be glorified. Patrick had wondered how I could smile after reading his letter. Well, to me it was just the time for him to really know God as his Healer.

He was surprised when he was carried downstairs to join the class. Well, he went all the way to SOL to receive healing so, during the healing sessions in class, he should be there.

The sick want God to heal them but often give the excuse that they are too sick to come for the healing meeting. If you are desperate, you will get people to help you. If Patrick had not allowed himself to be carried to the class, he would not have seen his deliverance that day. He would not have received his healing then.

For He healed many, so that as many as had afflictions pressed about Him to touch Him.

And the unclean spirits, whenever they saw Him, fell down before Him and cried out, saying, "You are the Son of God." (Mark 3:10-11)

When they could not get him in through the door, the friends of the paralytic were so desperate that they went up to the housetop. They let him down with his bed through the tiling into the midst before Jesus. When He saw their faith, He said to him, "Man, your sins are forgiven you" (Luke 5:18-20).

How To Receive Jesus Christ As Your Personal Saviour And Have Your Sins Forgiven And Cleansed

Just follow me in this prayer:

“Dear Lord Jesus, I thank You that You love me so much that You chose to die for my sins.

I acknowledge that I am a sinner and I need Your forgiveness. Please forgive me of all my sins. I choose to repent of all my sins and renounce all my past sins. Please cleanse me with Your precious blood and set me completely free from the band of Satan.

*I invite You to come into my life and be the Saviour, Lord and King of my life. **From today, I choose to renounce all other gods and choose only to serve You.***

I thank You for forgiving me of all my sins. I am now born again into Your Kingdom and have become a child of God.

Thank you, Jesus. Amen.”

I welcome you into the Kingdom of God. Now that you are a child of God, Satan has no hold over you. You have been born again into the Kingdom of God and God has now become your Heavenly Father. You can now claim the promises of God, especially for the healing you need.

Please contact us, or go to any Christian who is strong in the Lord to help you grow in Christ and bring you to a Spirit-filled church.

God bless you.

Now I will pray for you

Lord Jesus, I am so grateful to You for Your love toward _____ (please put your name here). Right now, as Your child repents of his/her sins, You have forgiven him/her.

Thank you, Lord, that he/she is now a new creation, for You have said in Your word that if anyone is in Christ, He is a new creation. Old things have passed away. Behold all things have become new. I pray that You will continue to cleanse him/her and bless him/her and set him/her free from all his/her past sins and bondages.

Lord, please fill him/her with Your love and presence and give him/her such a desire to pray and read Your word.

In Your most precious name, I pray. Amen.