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WHEN YOU PRAY, BELIEVE

*“Therefore I say to you, whatever things you ask
when you pray, believe that you receive them,
and you will have them.”
(Mark 11:24)*

Within the Christian context, to believe means to have personal trust and faith in Jesus Christ. It means that we acknowledge His lordship and are fully convinced of His power. It shows that we rely upon Him and are prepared to submit to Him in obedience.

In Matt 9:27-30, two blind men followed Jesus and cried out to Him for healing. Jesus responded by asking them one very important question, “Do you **believe** that I am able to do this?”

In other words, “Do you trust Me to heal you? Are you fully convinced that I can restore your sight?”

Their confident reply was, “Yes, Lord.”

Then He touched their eyes, saying, “According to your faith let it be to you.” And their eyes were opened. (Matt 9:29-30a)

But without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he who comes to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him. (Heb 11:6)

The two blind men **believed** because they “**must believe**” and they were rewarded. They received their healing.

Today, if we want to receive what we pray for, we too must believe. God is able to do the impossible (Luke 1:37). When we pray, believing, we will receive what we ask for, even the impossible, according to the will of God. Healing is the will of God. He is the Lord Who heals (Ex 15:26).

The Lord Is My Healer

Yap Kwee Neo

I had been branded as a sickly child since I was five or six years old. I fainted frequently and it caused concern to my parents.

Another chronic disease I suffered from was piles. I would sweat with pain each time I cleared my bowels. This was accompanied with bleeding. I tried all sorts of treatment but without success. I had to depend on medication just to check the bleeding and the pain. When I stopped using the suppository, I would bleed again, sometimes profusely.

As I grew older, I also had diabetes. According to the doctor, this was an incurable disease. I had to go for regular urine tests and had to keep on taking medicine to reduce the sugar content in my urine. I was also advised to take less sugar especially in my drinks. If I were not careful, it would lead to some complications which were bad for me.

Later on, I found out that I had gastroenteritis, an inflammation of the lining of the stomach and intestines. It had even affected my duodenum. It would cause gripping pain whenever I was hungry. For this, I was given some very tiny bitter tablets to be taken daily. Unfortunately, I got so addicted to the tablets that I could not do without them even for half a

day. My hands would tremble when the ache and pain came, just as if I were suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Praise be to God Who is very merciful and loving. When my sisters, Jean and Anna, visited my home in 1987, they once again asked me to repent and receive the Lord Jesus as my Saviour. This time, to their joy, I agreed and Jean led me in a prayer of salvation. On the very day I received Jesus as my Lord and Saviour, I was healed of the piles. That was the first miraculous healing I received. I really rejoiced over it. "For with God nothing will be impossible" (Luke 1:37). The bleeding and the pain ceased. Before that, I had been unable to walk long distances without aching.

But this cure did not last long. The reason was I sinned. I doubted God. I thought to myself, "I had better keep the balance of the suppository safely, just in case I should need it again." You see, the devil puts doubts in our minds, just like he questioned Eve in the garden of Eden, "Has God indeed said, 'You shall not eat of every tree of the garden'?" (Gen 3:1)

When I started to bleed again, I prayed and asked God why. Suddenly I received the impression that I had **doubted** the healing touch of God. Therefore, at once, I took hold of all the medication and dumped them into the garbage bin. I said to the devil, "You get out of my life. The Lord has healed me and I believe in Him. You cannot create doubt in my mind. I know your filthy tricks. Get out of my life. In Jesus' name, I command you."

You see, we have to fight him. We have to be aggressive because Jesus has given us victory over the evil one. Since then, I no longer bled or felt any pain. I was able to work as a normal person. Thanks be to God for He strengthened me. Praise His holy name. No power can stand against Him.

As I stayed faithful in the Lord, reading His word and believing in His promises, He began to cleanse me of the other

diseases. During an altar call in FGA Kuala Lumpur, I was healed of diabetes. This sickness had weakened my leg muscles and I would feel very tired when I walked. I was told that it could only be checked from worsening by taking medicine regularly and by taking less sugar. There was no other way.

Somehow, I was stubborn and rejected medication. Praise God, He healed me and now I can take any amount of sugar without feeling any discomfort and without fear. My prayers were answered. The word of God in Mark 11:24 says, “**Whatever** things you ask when you pray, **believe** that you receive them, and you will have them.”

Later, I realised that I did not have any more gastric problems. Glory be to God. Psalm 103:2–3 says, “Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgives all your iniquities, Who heals all your diseases.” I was also delivered from fainting spells.

A few years later, when I was teaching in the Sri Sempurna School, I became ill. I consulted one private physician after another, going from one clinic to another, and not one doctor could diagnose the disease in me.

Finally, my husband took me to the University Hospital where I had to undergo a series of medical examinations. The result was that I had to have major surgery to remove part of my affected colon.

Strangely enough, I received the news calmly. I did not reveal any fear but members of my family were very worried. Some of the nurses marvelled at the way I took the news.

“Others would have screamed and cried,” they said. I told them that it was my God Who gave me the peace that surpasses all understanding and the boldness to face the situation.

After the operation, the doctor called for my husband and asked him why he had not sent me to the hospital earlier. He said

that I had cancer of the colon which he had tried to remove. But my condition was more serious than he had thought. The cancer had already spread to my liver and was at a very advanced stage.

He also said that he would not dare to attempt another operation on me to remove it, for it was very risky. Even if he tried, it would mean a very slim chance of surviving. Anyway, he said, it was advisable for me to go for chemotherapy. Who knows, the liver might shrink (which he doubted).

“Just give it a try,” he said. I accepted the treatment but after going through it for a week, I hated it. I felt like a prisoner and decided to abandon the idea.

Now, before the operation, when they heard that I had been hospitalised, my sister Pastor Jean Lim, the church elder Dr Koh and his wife had come to pray for me. As James 5:16 says, “The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.” The church members, the home cell group and teachers and children of Sri Sempurna also prayed for me.

The school children sent me lovely cards which they had made themselves. They gave me healing verses such as Psalm 107:20, “He sent His word and healed them, And delivered them from their destructions.” I was really thankful to God that those little ones knew how to choose encouraging verses to cheer me up.

While I was confined to my hospital bed, I read the word of God daily. It taught me not to worry but to focus my attention on God’s goodness and faithfulness and to put my trust in Him.

All four gospels – Matthew, Mark, Luke and John – tell about the miraculous healings Jesus did and the wonderful things He said. Jesus has not changed. His desire for us is that we be well. What He did in the Bible, He will do for us today.

*Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.
(Heb 13:8)*

While I was at home recuperating, I spent most of my time listening to gospel songs, especially those on healing and deliverance. My son also bought tapes on healing by Benny Hinn.

I noticed many, many Scripture verses which I could claim for healing and used them as a basis for my prayers. For example:

Father, Your word says that when I come to You in faith, You will answer me and give me what I ask of You. Your word says, "If you have faith and do not doubt, ... say to this mountain, 'Be removed and be cast into the sea,' it will be done." (Matt 21:21)

Therefore I **believed** and I commanded the cancerous cells to leave me in Jesus' name because His word is true.

Some of the healing books I read also gave me courage. Jean gave me a book about a pastor's wife who was healed of terminal cancer because she read the word of God and she claimed all those promises of God for herself in faith. That gave me more courage and hope to claim the same promises for myself.

My family members thought that they were going to lose me soon and they were very sad. In the natural, there was hopelessness. But I cheered them up by telling them not to worry.

I said, "If I die, heaven is my place but if God wants me to live longer, He will heal me." In my heart I believed that He would work another miracle in me. I **believed** in Him, I **trusted** Him.

At that time, my husband's uncle who was a Methodist came to my house with a non-Christian brother-in-law. They came to persuade my husband to take me to Prayer House to be ministered to. You see, God can even use an unsaved person to help His people. They'd heard about Jean's healing ministry and they came to give hope to my husband. Praise the Lord.

So I was allowed to stay in Prayer House for a few weeks. Jean prayed for me as often as she could. I am really privileged to have a sister who is a pastor. I felt very good when I was staying there and had the opportunity to join in the prayer meetings, even the overnight prayer. The presence of God and the preaching I heard really increased my faith. Up to today, I still go to the Prayer House weekly and serve there.

About three months later, my doctor called to find out why I had not continued with the chemo treatment. I told him that I did not like it because I could not stand having the needles pricking my hands or arms and lying down in bed eight hours a day, every day for a week. That was not all: the treatment could go on indefinitely.

To my surprise, he was not angry with me. In fact, he sympathised with me and respected my wish not to carry on. He told me it was alright that I did not want to be treated but that he would like to check me regularly to see how I progressed. So he fixed appointments for me, at first twice a month, then monthly, then once every three months and thereafter every six months. Each time I went for a check-up, I was told that I was improving.

“And I will take sickness away from the midst of you.”
(Ex 23:25)

“For I am the LORD who heals you.” (Ex 15:26)

The last time I went to see the doctor was on 20 Dec 1996. It was just a few days before Christmas. The Malay lady doctor on duty that day saw me for the first time. She looked at my medical file and said, “It’s written ‘No medication’ and everything recorded here is fine. The blood tests show no trace of cancerous cells in you.” She was surprised. She said that I had been completely cured!

I was so overjoyed I was healed that I boldly exclaimed to

the doctor, “God healed me! Jesus healed me!” When my family members received the good news, they rejoiced with me. It was on a Friday morning.

That night, we had a combined home fellowship Christmas dinner for members in Klang and Shah Alam. Jean was the speaker and she told them of the good news I had received. Praise the Lord!

After the dinner, I followed Jean and Kwai Heng to Prayer House for the overnight prayer meeting. I was asked to give testimony of the Lord’s mercy upon me and everyone was glad and encouraged to hear the good news of the miraculous healing in me. Glory be to God. His word in Psalm 118:17 says, “I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.”

With faith, all things are possible. When you pray, believe. Thanks be to God. Hallelujah!

My Jesus Heals Anna Yap Kwee Keow

In 1982, I became a born-again Christian through the persistence of my sister, Jean Lim. During the early years, I only went to church on Sundays and rarely attended the other church activities.

In 1992, I was suddenly struck by an illness. My whole body became stiff and I suffered from severe pain. I took the medicine prescribed by the doctor but the pain grew worse as the weeks went by. I went to a few other doctors but their medicine were of no help either.

As my body grew stiffer, I could not even lift up my arms and the pain was increasing. My whole body, hands, legs and feet swelled until I found it a torture to walk even a few steps.

The doctors said I was suffering from arthritis and that

there was no cure. To ease my pain, I had to take painkillers three times a day. My husband insisted that I go for massage treatment but that did not help either.

Every week, I visited the doctor for more painkillers. After almost a year of suffering, I decided to stop taking the medicine and put my trust in Jesus to heal me. **My husband scolded me for not taking the medicine but I told him not to worry for I knew only Jesus could heal me.**

Praise God, after only a few days, the pain and the swelling started to disappear as I began to trust in Jesus' healing power. Since then, I have been completely healed by my Lord Jesus.

Actually, my faith in God was built up through Jean. During the time of my illness, I used to ring her quite often and each time she would say, "**Pray and believe** that Jesus can heal." Then she would go on to pray for me.

Each time I called her, I would think, "The only thing Jean knows is to say, 'Pray and believe that Jesus can heal.' If only she knows the pain I am going through. Can't she say or do something better?"

I give glory to God that in the end, we have the victory. I was completely healed by our Lord Jesus.

I continued going to Prayer House and have seen many divine signs and wonders there. Many people have been set free and many miracles have taken place. Truly, it is only when we seek God and draw close to Him that we find His peace, joy, strength and wisdom filling our lives.

I thank the Lord for using Jean in prayer and also for being such an encouragement to me and my family.

What a mighty God we serve!