

HEALING LINE

Spring 2014

My Search for the Spirit

An Invitation to Pray for Healing...

Into His Healing Arms

The Importance of Boundaries

and more...

HEALING LINE

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Letter from the



Welcome to the *Healing Line* family! We hope that you enjoyed your holidays and that 2014 provides a fresh start to your New Year's resolutions and blessings. If not, we hope that you will add your prayer requests to our online intercessor's list.

My family just got back from a trip to Israel where we experienced snow in Jerusalem (leftover from the week before we arrived). We visited places where Jesus performed miracles—like Capernaum where He healed Peter's mother-in-law—and places where His presence can still be felt—like the Church of the Primacy on the Sea of Galilee where the resurrected Christ addressed Peter and asked him to feed His sheep. The trip's focus on these healing locations brought to life the rich history of healing and the reason why Christian Healing Ministries exists today.

As I write this, Jacksonville, Florida has just had two days of freezing weather and many of our subtropical plants will need to be taken out, pruned back more than usual and maybe even replaced. We don't expect subfreezing temperatures very often. As with Jesus' pruning and vine images in the Bible, we will need to prune and assess damage from this freeze. In prayer ministry at our center, the prayer ministers start each session with prayer. Just like the post-freeze, they ask the vinedresser to come and make an assessment. They read the prayer recipients' intake forms and ask the Holy Spirit to assess what healing work He wants to do in the prayer session. I continue to be surprised that He comes up with a plan that is not the most logical in progression (OK, we are talking about my idea of logical, i.e. linear in progression, etc).

As a prayer minister at CHM, we are taught to listen, love and pray. As a mother and wife, I often want to fix, control and quickly eradicate problems. The Holy Spirit always knows the best path for each person and I continue to be amazed at how many different paths He shows us for the same healing issues. Not one prayer session ever looks alike. We are truly blessed at CHM to weekly see transformed lives and hear the testimonies of inner healing, deliverance, physical healing and generational healing. Please consider joining us this year—either for prayer on our campus or for training at our schools and conferences! And if you love to intercede, we would love to have you join our intercessory prayer team.

Please continue to submit your testimonies of healing on our website. We love to hear your stories and we often print them. We thank God for you and ask Him to bless you and continue your healing journey in 2014.

Kathi Smith, Senior Editor

P.S. Please let us know when an article in the *Healing Line* has struck a chord with you and intersects with your life somehow. Let's encourage each other! Write to me at: kathi@christianhealingmin.org. I will pass on your encouragement and stories to our writers and the staff. Due to the volume of emails, we are not able to write back to everyone individually.



KATHI SMITH

Senior Editor of *Healing Line*
and an active prayer minister
and volunteer at CHM.



MY SEARCH FOR THE SPIRIT

FRANCIS MACNUTT

When we spend time with Francis MacNutt, we hear about many treasures from his past. Recently he brought out this testimony from decades ago when he had his first encounter with the Baptism and release of the Holy Spirit. It had been typed on an old typewriter. Its pages were stapled and the staple had started to rust. A treasure! The following testimony is one that changed so many lives, and because of that, we have left it in its original form. His voice has changed over the years, to a strong worldwide voice encouraging and teaching on the Baptism, yet below you read, see, and experience Francis as a young man as he first encounters the person, presence and power of the Holy Spirit. Step back in time to the late 1960's and enjoy!

As a young priest, I realized that Christ taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves, but he didn't say too much about how to do it. I began reading works by psychologists such as Eric Fromm, Carl Rogers and Karen Horney in order to develop priests' retreats in which I tried to teach very practical ways to love. My conferences were based on group dynamics, such as exercises and ideas used from Eric Fromm's *Art of Loving*. I tried to encourage the participants during the course of a week to move from an ideal of loving your neighbor to actually doing this in practice in a workshop format. I soon, however, realized that I was preaching much less about Christ. Ninety percent of the content of my retreats was gathered from psychologists, rather than from the Bible, yet I knew instinctively that something was missing.

It was in this questioning frame of mind that I first met Jo Kimmel, a counselor who had a very special gift of prayer, especially praying for the sick to be healed. It fascinated me to find a Protestant layperson who was healing the sick, a practice that had been so prominent in the lives of our Catholic "saints." Naturally I wanted to meet her, so my friends arranged for several of us to have dinner with her. We began by talking about Jesus in a very natural, personal way, and she wove Him in and out of her conversation. It struck me as such a beautiful thing—as if she were talking about an old friend. When asked, she seemed to assume that this was a very ordinary and normal thing to do.

She was amazed that I was surprised by this "old friend" status with Jesus that she portrayed. She remarked, "There are hundreds of people like me, you know; this is nothing out of the ordinary."

I replied, "Well, if there are so many people like you out there, where are they? I want to meet them."

She then gave me a copy of John Sherrill's book, *They Speak In Other Tongues*. I suspected I might be turned off by tongues, but instead I found the book very interesting and I didn't see anything in it with which I would disagree. I was very much attracted to what he was saying about this

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extraordinary experience that God intended for helping us in our life of prayer, but I wondered how it would fit into my Catholic background.

I felt I couldn't afford to let any bias get in the way. I wanted to investigate this, because theology is supposed to be a reflection of things that are really happening, and my only question was—*Are these charismatic gifts authentic?*

I didn't have an opportunity to pray for the Baptism of the Spirit until the following summer. Jo Kimmel was going to take her mother-in-law to a retreat called "A Camp Farthest Out." Jo's mother-in-law fell sick, so Jo wrote and asked me if I would like to take the available spot at the camp being held in Tennessee.

There were 800 participants at the event, very large in my experience. I soon found out that the reason why it was so large was because of the quality and reputation of the three speakers: Rev. Tommy Tyson, a Methodist minister; Agnes Sanford, a remarkable Episcopalian about seventy years old whose special gift was inner healing and teaching about it; and Derek Prince, who taught about deliverance (a new topic for me). They gave long lectures, over an hour each, but there was none of that heavy feeling you get when you are listening to long lectures. I was filled with joy when I heard these speakers, so much so that I actually hated to hear them stop! All of them soon became my friends.

At this conference I didn't know exactly how to act, or even how to dress. Do I merge into the crowd or do I dress in such a way as to be immediately identified as a priest? I had determined when I went there that my goal was to pray for the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, because it is supposed to deepen your relationship with Jesus. I wanted that! If that was the purpose of the Baptism, then I knew I wanted it, even though I could not sort out all the theological questions I had.

At the beginning of this camp they passed a microphone around so that each person could tell the entire group what they had come to receive. When the microphone finally came to the back of the auditorium where I was sitting, I took it, stood up and said, "I am a Roman Catholic priest and I came to receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, whatever that is." When I made my prayer request known, it seemed to me that all 800 people turned around to look at me; they were amazed to see a Catholic priest there saying that kind of thing.

A man down in front who was one of the four counselors assigned to pray with people (an Episcopal priest about eighty years old) stood up. He said, "I am just delighted that we have a Roman Catholic brother here this afternoon, and if Brother Francis will allow me the honor of praying for the Baptism of the Spirit, I would be so pleased." Father Bill Sherwood, this Episcopal priest, had his little appointment book out, and I made an appointment to meet with him the following Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock.

All during this camp, people were coming up to me and asking, "Have you received it yet?" I really felt uncomfortable with this kind of question; after all, I had received the sacrament of confirmation and had spent fifteen years as a Dominican priest praying all 150 Psalms every week. "What do you mean, have I received the Spirit?" But I felt that I wasn't supposed to explain or to justify myself, so I would simply reply by saying, "No, I'm sorry; my appointment isn't till Wednesday." I really felt confused and a little humiliated.

Wednesday came around and I went to my appointment accompanied by Jo Kimmel and my camp roommate, an impressive Episcopal minister, along with a small group of other recipients. Father Bill Sherwood began by offering an explanation of what the Baptism of the Spirit was, and as I waited I thought, "When is he going to get around to do the praying?"

Finally, about 20 minutes before noon, they finally got around to praying. We prayed as a group for about five minutes in total. This confused me, and I mention this because we often seem to box in the Spirit or expect Him to follow our schedule or our method. Instead, the Holy Spirit takes us where we are, with our own needs and works from there; sometimes it happens according to our own human expectations, but sometimes there is a better or different way.

After his prayer, they all turned to me and said, "Can you pray in tongues?" and I answered, "Well, I came here to do what I could to receive the Spirit," so they said, "Go ahead and pray," so I did. I prayed very fluently in something that sounded to me like Russian—I don't know what it was. At that time I didn't have any welling up inside me, or any great interior experience. What I was after was not tongues so much as a real encounter with Christ. That's what I was really looking for, so I left that session feeling disappointed.

Next I went to the cafeteria—there were two lines of about 400 people in each line waiting to be fed. As I was waiting, Agnes Sanford cut into the line next to me. As one of the three main speakers, she had the option of cutting in so she could go and rest after the meals. I told her about the prayer appointment I had just experienced and she said, "Well, I had a feeling from the first time I met you, at the beginning of this camp, that probably you should not have gone into a group and received prayer for the Baptism in the Spirit in the way they usually pray; that is as if you don't already have the Spirit. I didn't want to stop you because I felt you were being moved in that direction, but now that you have brought it up, I feel that my initial leading was right when I felt the right prayer would be for you to receive **the release of the gifts of the Holy Spirit** that were already in you, by virtue of your baptism and ordination. Somehow these gifts need to be fully released. This prayer assumes that you *do* have the Spirit but that the gifts needed to be released."

The next evening Mrs. Sanford and two people prayed for me. Agnes prayed a beautiful prayer for the unfolding of the gifts that were already within me, and in that prayer there were some elements of prophecy. The main one was that I would be used to bring the gift of healing back to the Catholic Church (a prophecy that has largely taken place)!

When she finished her prayer, a spirit of joy fell on all four of us in that room—we just laughed and laughed. Then we would share for a while and we would begin to laugh again. A sense of well-being and joy filled me. This was the way the Spirit came to me—a sense of absolute joy. We decided that what had happened was that the Holy Spirit already in me was now fully released!

Since that time my life has not been the same—particularly my ministry. It is hard to decide what causes what, but that isn't too important as long as the Spirit really becomes active!

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AN INVITATION TO PRAY FOR HEALING IN THE MARKETPLACE

a new experience

TAYLOR SMITH

Encounters with healing prayer have been unexpectedly popping up in my work arena recently, which are exciting and yet somewhat unsettling developments in my life. Unsettling, because I have always seen work and healing prayer as two circles that have been separated in my life. Recently, conversations about healing and healing prayer opportunities have occurred during marketing meetings, on airplanes, during fundraisers and during cocktail parties. One discussion even came up during a tough business deal negotiation. All of these situations are in very different venues from what I have long considered to be “normal” and “appropriate” for healing experiences. I think the Holy Spirit is redefining my “normal” to fit His business plan to spread healing prayer.

My journey into the “healing arena” began about 18 years ago when our son, Taylor Mac, was healed from a hole in his throat (see **Endnote** to this article for a summary of his healing). This was the singular event that completely rocked my world. My faith experience did not include the supernatural before then. After that first encounter, however, I assumed that praying for healing would occur almost exclusively within “Christian” settings, which seemed appropriate and orderly to my Presbyterian mindset. Over the years I have seen the Holy Spirit heal many times in churches, large and small conference gatherings, hospitals and even small home groups, all of which supported my initial assumptions. “Boundaries” and “structure” have provided some degree of safety for me with respect to my involvement in the healing ministry. Honestly, my comfort zone included keeping healing prayer outside of work settings.

Now, after almost two decades of experiences and after finally becoming somewhat comfortable seeing God heal people through “hands-on prayer” within these “safe” settings, I have begun to encounter Him outside the former boundaries and within my secular “marketplace.” It is in this arena that I spend most of my time, so perhaps it is logical for the Holy Spirit to make this expansion, yet I am still finding it uncomfortable and risky. The enemy regularly places thoughts in my head, such as, “Hey, you might not want to talk with your non-Christian business partners about your experiences with healing, because they might think less of you and not want to include you in the next project.” I find myself timid at times to talk freely about the subject.

Despite my discomfort and concerns, more and more work conversations have segued to the topic of healing without effort or guidance on my part. They arise out of nowhere, almost spontaneously, in all types of settings and they quickly penetrate much more deeply than normal topics of conversation.

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They have an unusual intimacy about them. And I also find that they have a more lasting impact on me. For example, at this moment, I can't remember the terms of a major lease negotiation from our biggest project from three months ago, yet I can recall with detail the one-off healing prayer encounter that I had with a rental car employee at the Ft. Lauderdale airport a few months ago.

The Holy Spirit appears to catalyze these healing prayer conversations and seems to be present as a third person during these encounters. Is God somehow presenting these new and special opportunities for me with business colleagues? Are these "divine appointments," or are the boundaries between my "faith world" and my "work world" now melding in such a way that healing prayer is no longer compartmentalized? It's a mystery to me.

I still find it difficult to take the next step and offer prayer in a work setting, even if we have discussed healing prayer. It is more common for me to talk about praying than it is for me to offer to pray (in that moment) for healing. In the same manner as with initiating a conversation about healing, my hesitancy comes from a desire to "not offend," and I struggle with a nagging fear of rejection by others. These issues usually stop me from offering. Interestingly, I don't recall a time when someone has rejected an offer of prayer.

Despite overwhelming personal experience to the contrary (e.g. in about 80% of my experiences with praying for healing, the recipient has received some degree of healing), more often than not, I fear that nothing will happen when I pray for healing. I even start to sweat just prior to the actual prayer. On a positive note, I slowly gain confidence as time goes by from watching others lead by example—especially in the case of my wife Kathi. Rarely does she NOT offer to pray for someone once she has entered into a conversation about healing prayer. We were in Miami in December for a work event with celebrities and musicians, and by the end of the evening, Kathi had offered to pray for healing with a few folks whom she had just met that night. I find it infinitely easier to offer to pray for healing when there is another praying person with me. I also find that when my family starts my day off by interceding for me (which is their norm), I seem to be more willing to risk offering to pray for healing.

IS PRAYING FOR HEALING IN THE MARKETPLACE NEW?

Exploring Israel over the Christmas holidays this year with my family was a fantastic adventure and provided me with new insight into the Scriptures. I was particularly struck by the "compactness" and proximity of the locations in which Jesus and His disciples did their ministry and lived their lives. The synagogues from that time were tiny, as were the houses and the public meeting places. Every aspect of life must have blended together and overlapped. From the home of Peter's mother in Capernaum, to the mount on which Jesus shared the Beatitudes, to the pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem, every setting was tight and small. It is easy to imagine how the crowds could follow Jesus from place to place and how difficult it would be for Jesus to find "away time." The marketplaces of the time and religious life must have been intertwined. Even though Peter might have worked occasionally in the evenings, his tent-making activities must have been right alongside his preaching, teaching and praying for healing. Jesus' healings would have

occurred in and amongst everyday life and people. There were no quiet retreat centers, mega-church worship concerts, or scheduled healing services. Moreover, the folks involved with Jesus in ministry were for the most part common and unremarkable in their own circles, just like me, a common and ordinary businessman. In the Bible, the words of encouragement and instruction on how to pray for healing were given in that context. This gives me comfort in my new experience of healing prayer popping up in my work life. Just as He did during the early days of the church after Pentecost, I think the Holy Spirit continues today to use everyday people in everyday settings to bring healing and restoration.

ENDNOTE: AN UNEXPECTED "KNOWING" FROM OUR FOUR YEAR OLD SON (1996)

At four years of age, Taylor Mac was struggling. Kathi and I had just received the results from a barium swallow test at Nemours Children's Clinic in Jacksonville, which showed a malformed esophagus valve. He needed corrective surgery, but the doctors were not willing to operate until his esophagus was fully mature, which wouldn't happen until he was at least twelve. We were devastated; eight more years of living with the condition seemed impossible. Taylor Mac had already endured four years of violent vomiting on a daily basis. Due to the deformed valve, he had developed a chronic case of Gastrointestinal Esophageal Reflux Disorder (GERD, also known as reflux), which was very painful. His nightly regime for years consisted of a large nightly dose of liquid Zantac and being propped up in bed to limit his occurrences of being physically sick. We saw no relief for our son in the near future. Prior to this diagnosis, a friend had suggested that we go to a place in Jacksonville where Taylor Mac could have people pray for him. It was Christian Healing Ministries. After several weeks, we went to a walk-in Tuesday night Open Prayer at CHM. After filling out a brief card outlining our prayer requests, we were led into a little room with two volunteer lay prayer ministers. The twenty-minute appointment consisted of the two people listening intently to our summary of Taylor Mac's condition followed by a ten to fifteen minute prayer session, during which time they exuded love and kindness through their gentle demeanor. Eyes open, soft words and gentle prayers in tongues are my memories of the time. Kathi and I sat on a couch both bemused and comforted at the same time. Taylor Mac happily played with a toy, while running in and around the chairs (receiving fly-by prayers from the prayer ministers). We went home not thinking much and feeling a strange sense of "peace" from the experience. Kathi and I had actually been hesitant to go, and yet afterward, we were both struck by the mysterious transfer of love and peace that happened during the short session.

The next day began as usual, with bustling pre-school preparation for Taylor Mac, my departure on a business trip and the normal routine for Virginia, our healthy and energetic two-year-old daughter. It started off as a normal Wednesday. At the end of the pre-school day, Kathi was so happy to hear that Taylor Mac had not thrown up that day at school. We only received that kind of report a couple of times a year. At bedtime, as she spooned out his Zantac medicine, Taylor Mac shook his head and said "Mommy, I don't need my medicine." Kathi noticed something very different about this adamant declaration to the medicine; it was different from his unsuccessful attempts at avoiding unpleasant vegetables and

foods (e.g. "I don't need broccoli today"). His firm resolve seemed beyond his years and had no hint of deceit. Kathi's eyes must have registered surprise. Apparently Taylor Mac saw her face and registered a response—fear—because he thought she was mad at him for lying. "I'm not lying Mommy," he said, as tears formed in his eyes and his four-year-old frame took a step back—as though he was in trouble. "How do you know?" Kathi asked somewhat sternly. Her external and internal reactions were very much a knee-jerk response, triggered by the memories of long nights awake watching him throw up, sometimes for hours. You have to know my son to understand his response. He was always black and white, always a "truth-teller," often to his detriment whenever he did something wrong. "Because God healed me. I'm not lying." My four-year-old had responded as though his healing was indeed a fact—no question in his mind. We had not ever explained to him why we had gone to "that place" the evening before. We hadn't even debriefed in front of him. We didn't want to make him self-conscious about going for healing prayer. We all believed in God at this point in our lives, especially Taylor Mac, but the certainty of his healing expressed in that moment was startling. How could he "know?" How could Kathi know? In her hesitation, she was faced with three choices, each of which seemed like a dilemma in the moment. Each had consequences, depending on her response. First, she could override his "knowing" and give him Zantac; second, she could believe that this was a real "knowing" and not give him the medicine and face a night of violent illness; or, as a third option, she could hedge her response and "somewhat believe" the "knowing" but still give him Zantac as "insurance" to ensure that she would avoid a solo parent night with a vomiting kid. She told me that she felt like Peter in the New Testament as he asked Jesus to call him to walk on the water. When Jesus said yes, the fear (gulp!) was there, the hesitation, the invitation to come to Jesus was there for Peter. He asked for it and got it. We had asked for healing the night before, and now could it really have happened? It was our solicitation. Kathi realized that it was the same for her in that moment; time to step out of the boat. And so in a split second decision, she decided not to give our son his Zantac, but, instead, to "have the faith to walk on water," so to speak. She was going to believe that maybe, perhaps, Jesus had invited our family into the "walking on water" realm where gravity was defied and a plunge of faith had to be taken in order to experience the mystery of healing. As it turned out, our son was totally healed. He had not lied. And he had received a "download" from God of his healing, as I call it today, a "knowing" that he had been healed. His healing was the beginning for our family into an amazing adventure and journey into the realm of prayer for healing and association with Christian Healing Ministries. Taylor Mac never threw up again and did not have to have any surgery for this former condition. His Jewish physician at Nemours called it a miracle. Taylor Mac is now a happy and healthy senior at Florida State University. ➔



TAYLOR SMITH

A member of CHM's Board of Trustees and speaker at many of CHM's schools and conferences.

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Those of you who know me from the time I was teaching in Dubuque, Iowa know that I did a great deal of counseling at that time. I was under considerable pressure from some of the faculty to cut it out. They thought I was wasting my time counseling when it could have been better spent preparing my classes. But I knew from the depth of problems that people brought to me that I couldn't just let that ministry go. Nobody else was seeing them. Some were dying on the vine.

I found that my approach had changed again; instead of just counseling, I prayed for the person about the problems they had, with the expectation that the Lord would move in and help them in a way that I was never able to (and the psychiatrist was never able to either). Some people I had counseled for four years. Some had gotten better, but now, after the Baptism, more would happen in one five-minute prayer than had happened in the four previous years. We were seeing our own personal lives being transformed by healing prayer. We were able to help each other in ways we had never dreamed possible before.

In all my years as a student, whenever I went to a priest for counsel, or whenever the students came to me, I never remember that we actually sat down and prayed about it together—we would never have thought of it. We didn't realize that there was a power that would actually come through our prayer to help our friends. I now see that the Lord can help a person far more than I was ever able to—it's great—it's beautiful—the time has come to tell everyone about it.

I see a tremendous hope for the renewal of a real spiritual ministry where we can know Jesus Christ in a more personal way than we have ever known Him before—which isn't to say that we haven't known Him at all, but it is to say, there is much more! ➔

FRANCIS MACNUTT

Co-Founder Director and Executive
Committee member of CHM.



PULLING DOWN STRONGHOLDS

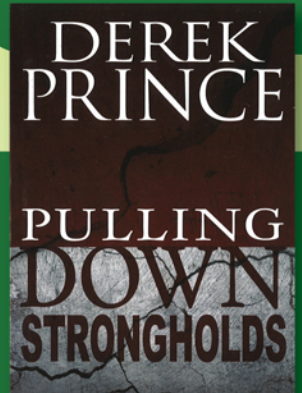
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ignite 2014

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co-founder of Christian Healing Ministries, Inc.



Graham Cooke

Author, founder of Brilliant Book House and
Brilliant Perspectives.

Worship



Kelanie Gloeckler

Prophetic worship leader, song writer

renew
restore
refresh

Ignite is CHM's annual conference in the Northeast. This event is designed to equip and empower the body of Christ through powerful teachings, spirit-led worship, healing prayer, and small group fellowship.

INTO HIS HEALING ARMS

TESSA AFSHAR

I was born in Iran, land of Cyrus, Esther, and the Ayatollah. I grew up speaking Persian, feasting on pomegranates, pistachios, basmati rice, and lamb. My family was nominally Muslim; although they believed in God, they did not practice the basic tenets of Islam. My mother wore the latest fashions instead of a veil, and neither of my parents prayed five times a day.

When I was almost fourteen years old, my parents divorced and my mother, sister, and I moved to England. Moving to a different country was jarring. Overnight, I lost my friends, my home, my language, and my father, who remained in Iran.

I began to attend an all-girls boarding school called Princess Helena College. Although not faith-based, our school was very traditional, and weekly church attendance was a requirement. I didn't get much out of those Sunday pilgrimages. The few foreign girls who attended the school were told to sit upstairs and read their own holy books. I decided this was an unrealistic requirement. For one thing, I did not own a copy of the Quran. For another, the Quran is written in Arabic, which I could not read (Iranians are not Arabs, and cannot speak Arabic).

So I made a compromise. I read in church—romance novels! Suffice it to say that I learned some things about love, but it wasn't exactly what Jesus had in mind.

Eventually, I moved to the United States to attend college, and this has been my home since. What is still shocking to me, however, is that having lived in the Christian West most of my adult life, I never heard the Gospel until I was twenty-six years old. Perhaps people did not want to intrude or offend. Perhaps they just did not know how to approach me. I am sure they had good reasons. What I do know is that no one invited me to church, to Bible study, or simply offered to pray for me.

The summer of my junior year in college, I met a young man from Venezuela. By our second date I knew that he would be my husband. We seemed to have the same values in life, and similar desires and dreams. When I graduated from college, we were married. I was twenty-one and he was twenty-three, not exactly the height of maturity.

The pressures of life, the stresses of graduate school, and discontentment born out of immaturity were not kind to our marriage. Five years after we were married, my husband asked for a divorce. It was a devastating experience for me. After my parents' divorce, I had vowed that I would never go through the same thing myself. This vow meant that in my heart, I had judged a failed marriage to be life's greatest failure. Divorce meant not only that I was rejected, but also that I was an absolute failure in my own estimation. My worst fear had come to pass.

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Healing Arms....cont. from page 9

Until that moment, I had believed that striving and strength could carry me through life. All I needed was hard work and perseverance to achieve my dreams. My husband's determination to be divorced regardless of my efforts at reconciliation taught me differently. Happiness didn't come from being smart enough, determined enough, moral enough, or attractive enough. I simply couldn't do enough.

My world had come apart and I had no solution. In the midst of drowning in this ocean of unalterable rejection, I had a dream of Jesus. I was standing by the Sea of Galilee when Jesus came to me. Having never read the Bible, my only real experience of Jesus had been through films I had seen during Easter and Christmas as a schoolgirl. In those movies, Jesus was very handsome in a movie star kind of way. In my dream, Jesus was homely. It was not until years later that I would read in Isaiah that the Messiah would not be much to look at.

My first reaction in the dream was disappointment. *This was Jesus?* Hot on the feet of that feeling, however, was a melting amazement, for in His eyes I saw reflected the power that created the stars mingled with the love that led Him to the Cross. I almost dropped to my knees when I saw the indescribable tenderness reflected in His eyes as He gazed upon me.

Perhaps the most miraculous part of this dream was that I *knew* who He was; I was aware of the fullness of His identity. I knew this man was the Son of God, and to be trusted above all. As our Lord once said, flesh and blood had not revealed this to me. In my dream, I knew Jesus enough to bow my knee before Him and to confess His Lordship. In the years since, I have come across many Muslim converts who had their first taste of Christ in dreams and visions.

In my dream, Jesus asked me to follow Him and I did. How could I do otherwise? To meet Him face-to-face is to fall in love. He even showed me a glimpse of my spiritual work for His Kingdom, which at the time meant nothing to me, but has grown to be a precious affirmation in more recent years.

I didn't wake up a Christian; I still didn't know what it meant to surrender my life to the Father. I did not understand repentance. But I knew I had had an encounter with the living God. I experienced an otherworldly peace that lingered for three days. And I believe a spiritual stronghold broke over me in that dream. My soul awoke to seek the Lord and to long for His touch.

Within months of my dream, Christians began to share the message of salvation with me and that is when my life changed. I learned about the love of God for me; I learned about the Cross and the resurrection and the Word of God. I even learned a little about the Holy Spirit. But still I learned nothing about healing. It wasn't a topic you talked about in those days.

After my conversion, I began working fulltime in Christian service. For several years, I worked six days a week, often for seventy-hour stretches. My emotions, mind, and body started to rebel against this pace. I felt that it was not in my power to change my schedule however; I simply had to meet the expectations of my job.

I did not yet understand that something more powerful was driving me. I derived my sense of worth from my achievements rather than from my heavenly Father. I needed to constantly accomplish and have the uninterrupted approval of my boss in order to feel well within myself. Though I did not realize it at the time, I had become a slave to

achievement. My head understood that God had chosen me, but the rest of my soul strove to find my identity in meeting the broken measures of success that I had erected in my heart.

My body, unable to keep up with such a pace, began to fall apart. Undiagnosed neurological complications landed me in doctors' offices, with some very serious possible diagnoses hanging over my head. Tired and afraid, I began to experience panic attacks and constant anxiety.

My father was a doctor and I grew up believing that the medical community had all the answers. I discovered they don't. During my search for solutions, I found Francis MacNutt's book, *Healing*, and my life started to be transformed. Until I read that book, I believed, theoretically, that the work of the Holy Spirit continued in the church and that the Book of Acts was for today. After I read it, I realized I could expect God's supernatural move, not as a rare exception, but as a natural outpouring of Jesus' presence among His people.

My first experience of healing prayer had nothing to do with work, or stress, or anxiety. As the Great Physician, Jesus is more interested in the root of a problem than in the presenting issue.

In my case, He chose to focus on my early infancy. As we prayed, I had a memory of being held in my mother's arms. I had been a difficult baby who preferred to sleep during the day and fuss during the night. My father, a busy physician, had very little involvement in my care. My mother, only twenty-one at my birth, was overwhelmed by the demands of her baby. She loved me deeply, but she also felt frustrated with me much of the time. During the prayer, I saw Jesus take me in His arms, and again wash me with His incredible love and perfect acceptance. I realized that I was not overwhelming to Him; I was not a frustration or a problem. I was pure joy to Him.

My desperation to achieve, to find my worth in my accomplishments, had been born out of a desire to assuage the wound of my father's frequent absences and my mother's frustration. As a child, I had internalized their responses as rejection, even though I knew they loved me. But I had concluded that by myself I wasn't enough. I needed to achieve in order to have worth, to prevent people from rejecting me. Healing prayer set me free from that bondage and enabled me to live out my true identity as a precious child of God.

Another stream of healing that I experienced in my life was physical. Two years ago I started having headaches everyday. Because I have had sinus problems in the past, I just ignored them. After six months they grew so bad that they affected my ability to function.

It turned out that I needed sinus surgery—a simple endoscopic procedure that did not even require an overnight stay at the hospital.

But my simple procedure ended up being more complicated than the doctors presumed. Inside my sinus cavity, beside the infection, which we expected, and the happy fat polyps that had found a comfortable home, the doctor found a tumor.

A second more serious surgery was planned immediately. The trick to removing this tumor was to find a way to access it; it had spread to a tricky spot in the back of my sinus and it would require a very skilled surgeon to remove it. There are only seven or eight people in our whole state capable of doing this procedure. Throughout this process, God gave me a sense of profound peace; I felt that Jesus had handpicked my surgeon and would bless her to do this work.

The doctor injured her thumb two weeks before the date of my operation, so we had to postpone the surgery by four weeks. As a result, I had the opportunity to attend a CHM conference where I received beautiful healing prayer. A few days before the surgery, my brilliant surgeon told me that the tumor seemed to have grown smaller. Not only that, but the tumor had disappeared from precisely the area which had been so difficult to remove. So the surgery would be much less complicated and require less invasive procedures. She couldn't explain this change, except that she thought perhaps she had originally made a mistake about the size of the tumor.

I knew she had not made a mistake. I believed, without a doubt, that God had shrunk the tumor. I wasn't going to say this to the doctor because they generally get annoyed when you start speaking about miracles in their pristine, logical offices. I didn't want to annoy her while she was sticking sharp instruments up my nose, but I also felt that I owed God some kind of credit.

So timidly, I confessed that we had been praying. To my shock, the surgeon did not laugh. She said, "I believe in that! Keep on praying. Pray for me too."

I told her that we had already done that, for the healing of her thumb. She said that might have been why it had healed so quickly. By the end of the consult, she no longer seemed to assume that she had made a mistake about the original size of the tumor. She never came out and said it, but I sensed that she was open to the idea that those prayers had left their mark on my flesh. She even considered waiting to see if the tumor would disappear entirely with further prayer, though we both felt that we should go ahead with the scheduled procedure.

My surgery only took two and a half hours. There has been no sign of the tumor since, and the surgeon is confident that it is gone forever. I cannot explain this grace. I cannot tell you why this happened for me, or why it doesn't happen for everyone. I only know that it happened. I am not deformed. I don't have cancer. My health is restored.

Through all these victories, losses, and changes, God has taught me some precious truths, and this, in part, is why I write. I want to remind my readers of a few spiritual realities: You are precious. Worthy of unfailing love. You are a joy. You are inherently worthy of honor. God delights in you. Your life has a firm purpose. Your Creator made only one of you. The Architect of your being didn't want a world that was devoid of you. A universe without you is just not a good enough universe. It is incomplete.

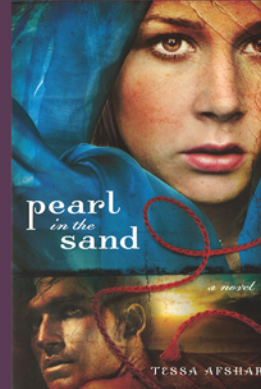
This is part of your original design according to Scripture. These are unshakable truths about you. You were made to be loved—accepted, not rejected. The Lord still intervenes in your life for good, for healing, for restoration. ✨



TESSA AFSHAR

Iranian born, holds an MDiv from Yale, author of several novels, and has spent the last fifteen years in fulltime Christian service in New England.

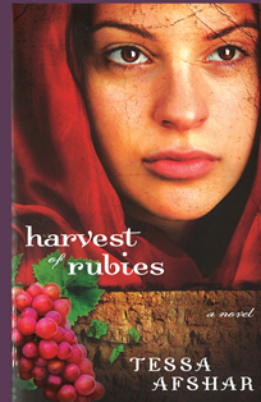
Novels by Tessa Afshar



PEARL IN THE SAND

Striking beauty comes at a price. Rahab paid it when at the age of fifteen she was sold into prostitution by the one man she loved and trusted—her father. With her keen mind and careful planning she turned heartache into success, achieving independence while still young. And she vowed never again to trust a man. Any man. God had other plans.

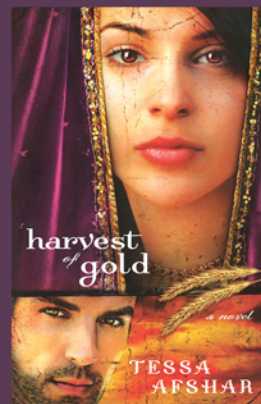
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HARVEST OF RUBIES

The prophet Nehemiah's cousin has been catapulted into the center of the Persian court—working long hours, rubbing elbows with royalty, and becoming the queen's favorite scribe. Not bad, for a woman living in a man's world. But a devastating past has left Sarah believing that God doesn't love her and her achievements are the measure of her worth—a measure she can never quite live up to.

\$14.99 » Item #B1398



HARVEST OF GOLD

The scribe Sarah married Darius, and at times she feels as if she has married the Persian aristocracy too. But there is another point she did not expect in her marriage—Sarah has grown to love her husband. She has wealth, property, honor, and power, yet securing her husband's love seems unattainable. And though Darius has been on numberless battlefields facing fierce enemies, he finds himself standing before Sarah with a fear he has never before felt—all because he wishes to express the truth to his wife.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BOUNDARIES

LINDA STRICKLAND

The phone rang promptly at 6:30, just as it had every night for the past two weeks. As I looked at the phone, I could feel my face redden from the inner struggle of feeling torn. Picking up the receiver, I began to feel that familiar “knot in the pit of my stomach,” knowing that I was once again making a bad choice.

It was my first experience on a prayer team, and from the very start, it felt like the perfect fit for me. It wasn't long before I started receiving compliments from clergy and fellow prayer ministers, praising my dedication and compassionate heart. Feeling overly confident in my newfound identity and growing reputation as a gifted prayer minister, I made a big (although common) blunder. I completely ignored all boundaries, allowing the prayer recipient to call my home every night to talk about her problems.

It only took a few days for me to realize the enormity of my mistake. In over my head, I didn't know how to reverse my (ego run amuck) error in judgment. I tried to fix it by casually mentioning during one of our conversations that after working all day I had a lot to do to take care of my family in the evening. Unfortunately that message went right over her head. She was lonely and hurting, and for her, the combination of my compassionate heart and inexperience as a prayer minister was actually just what she needed. So there I was, squeezed between the proverbial rock and a hard place. After two weeks of promising myself and my husband that I would find a solution, I was still choosing her (and the coveted accolades) over my own family.

In Francis MacNutt's book, *The Power to Heal*, he included a chapter titled *Having to Say No*. In this very personal narrative, Francis is open and honest about his own struggle with setting healthy boundaries in ministry over the years. He says, “It's hard to be yourself when you are in the healing ministry: either people think less of you than you are and you are faced with criticism, or they make too much of you and you are exalted beyond reach.”

At CHM's School of Healing Prayer® Level 4, we teach prayer ministers that the battle to set and maintain healthy boundaries falls into two main categories: outside resistance and inside resistance. Outside resistance is when well-meaning people pressure you to do more than you know you should. Inside resistance is the guilt you feel when you say no.

After watching three close friends literally collapse while trying to meet the needs of people through teaching and healing, Francis found himself wondering if the same thing might happen to him. Although it was hard for him, he had to learn to say no, both to requests to speak and to the desperate pleas from individuals. As a result of his personal journey,

cont. on page 14

Boundaries....cont. from page 13

Francis shares with us what he calls the Three Seductive Near-Truths he had to work through:

SEDUCTIVE NEAR-TRUTH #1: FALSE SPIRITUALITY

This is the idea that prayer would cover every lack of human prudence.

He shares what a typical weekend conference could look like for him:

- arrive at the airport and be taken directly to a hospital to pray for several desperately sick people
- after a very short lunch, be taken to meet with leaders of the community
- attend a meeting during dinner to prepare for the meeting that night
- go straight to the meeting after dinner to both speak and minister
- stay in the home of one of the group leaders where the host would discuss serious issues well into the night
- the next day would be more of the same, with the addition of the phone ringing off the hook with desperate people who had been at the meeting the night before asking for prayer

Francis came to realize that during these weekends he would become so exhausted that he could barely make the trip home. But what can you do? What are your options?

Option #1 (unrealistic):

You can always do what is asked of you and get over it.

Option #2 (somewhat unrealistic):

When you are picked up at the airport you can refuse to go and pray for dying people in the hospital and attend leadership meetings because you need to rest from the travel. You can also insist on having your meals alone where you can actually eat and not have to talk, and then relax, or take a swim or play some tennis before the meeting.

Francis, in his own experience, points out that the problem with Option #2 is that it would blow your image of being a spiritual leader. After all, spiritual people don't act this way. As spiritual people, especially leaders, you should *always* choose the option to pray! How can you compare something as important as helping a sick person get better to something as frivolous as playing tennis and enjoying yourself? However, the problem with not ever choosing this option is that, if you are an anointed healing person, pretty soon your entire life will be nothing but praying for the sick.

"You have to look at the balance of your entire life and to say that beyond a certain point you have to not only rest, but shift gears and change activities," Francis advises. "Otherwise, you will burn out, and in the long run, end up praying for fewer people. For most of us, life is a long distance marathon rather than a sprint, and we should pace ourselves accordingly."

SEDUCTIVE NEAR-TRUTH #2: GUILT

"Spawned by this false spirituality comes a guilt that makes me ashamed to tend to my real needs and to say 'no' to a request—especially a desperate, legitimate request for prayer," Francis writes. He often struggled against this guilt that he either imposed on himself or that others tried to make him feel. "It's hard to say no to a sick person

who is asking for help and then go and lie down on your bed and rest. Yet, that's the way it really is; sometimes you have to do that. People don't even have to try to make you feel guilty; it's just their sickness pleading for help that does so. And my guilt comes into play almost automatically; my feeling that if I could take the time I ought to deny my own apparently lesser needs. But it's not just one more person; behind that person stands another with arm extended, and another and another..."

SEDUCTIVE NEAR-TRUTH #3: COMPASSION

More difficult to resist than the false spirituality and the false guilt, is to know (or believe) people can be healed through prayer, and then have to pass them by. "The truth is," Francis explains, "the greater our ability to help, the more people will come. And it hurts to say no to a person whom we feel we could really help if there were only time. In the beginning of learning to pray for healing, a big problem can be the fear that nothing will happen and we will be hurting people by leading them into false expectations. Later, as we experience how much God blesses and heals, in spite of our own pitiful weaknesses, it seems we have the opposite problem. It's hard to hold back and restrain ourselves, so that we don't kill ourselves praying for those who call out to us for help. Healing prayer does drain us and takes its toll.

"I see the same paradoxes in the life of Jesus. I am so grateful that he was human like us: 'For it is not as if we had a high priest who was incapable of feeling our weaknesses with us; but we have one who has been tempted in every way that we are, though he is without sin.' (Hebrews 4:15) We see Jesus so moved with compassion that he heals on the Sabbath even when he knows that the synagogue leaders will turn against him.

"On the other hand, we also find Jesus trying in various ways to protect (or pace) himself as best he could." In Luke 5 we read that, "His reputation continued to grow, and large crowds would gather to hear him and to have their sickness cured, but he would always go off to some place where he could be alone and pray." (v.15-16)

In Mark 1 we find the story of Jesus taking a sick person outside of town and healing him there. He then told the person not to tell anyone about it. Francis believes that he did that because he already had too many people following him around asking to be healed. Later on in that same story there is a poignant description of Jesus getting up before dawn to pray. He didn't even tell his disciples where he was, so that, come dawn and the rush of people, they had to go looking for him. When Simon and the others find him, Jesus doesn't come back with them to town, but instead tells them he is moving on to the next town so he can preach to a different crowd. The end of Mark 1 perfectly describes Jesus' dilemma: "Jesus could no longer go openly into any town, but had to stay outside in places where nobody lived. Even so, people from all around would come to see him." (v.45) I love Jesus' creativity. He even used boats and secluded locations to get away—he knew he needed to be alone.

Francis refers to this story in Scripture of Jesus' reality as "the diary of a hunted man!" He explains, "Clearly, if Jesus felt it necessary to plan on how to get away from the sick, we can feel justified in laying out similar plans. If you, like him, find it hard to say no, you had best, from time to time, get to some place where no one can ask you for prayer."

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Captivate is CHM's annual women's conference in Jacksonville, Florida. This event is designed to create an environment where women of all ages can seek God together, experience personal healing, and go deeper in the things of God.

ESTABLISHING GOOD BOUNDARIES IN MINISTRY

One of my favorite examples that God used to demonstrate the importance of boundaries in ministry is the person of Moses. After leading the Israelites out of Egyptian captivity, Moses found himself overwhelmed with their care. Scripture tells us that there were about 600,000 men, plus all the women, children and a rabble of non-Israelites in tow. During a particularly exhausting time, Moses' father-in-law, Jethro, came to visit. Exodus 18 tells us, "When Jethro saw all that Moses was doing for the people, he asked, 'What are you really accomplishing here? Why are you trying to do all of this alone while everyone stands around you from morning to evening?'" (v.14)

Feeling overwhelmed but indispensable, Moses answers Jethro's thought-provoking question by listing all of the things for which he is responsible. "The people come to me to get a ruling from God. When a dispute arises, they come to me, and I am the one who settles the case between the quarreling parties. I inform the people of God's decrees and give them his instructions." (v.15-16) Jethro replies, "This is not good! You are going to wear yourself out—and the people too. This job is too heavy a burden for you to handle all by yourself." (v.17-18)

I think Moses was knee-deep in alligators (so to speak) and as a result had lost perspective in his leadership position. It took someone from the outside to help him draw some much-needed boundaries. Using what had to be Holy Spirit wisdom, Jethro gave Moses some administrative advice, helping him to establish boundaries that would turn out to be beneficial for Moses and the people for which he was caring. Jethro told him that he should continue to teach and instruct the people, but he needed to appoint some leaders who could help him by handling the smaller matters and settling the common disputes. "If you follow this advice, and if God commands you to do so, then you will be able to endure the pressures, and all of these people will go home in peace." (v.23)

Good boundaries, particularly in ministry, can become blurry. I find it interesting that, although Moses was able to solve other people's problems, he did not have clarity for his own issues. The truth is, we all have blind spots, and we need each other.

Here are a few suggestions we give our prayer ministers at CHM for setting good boundaries in ministry:

Freedom to Say No

The most basic boundary-setting word is no. The truth is, God is not necessarily calling you to help just because you care. To quote Agnes Sanford, "Not everyone is in the bundle that you are meant to carry."

Have Realistic Expectations of Yourself

Few crises are so serious that it becomes necessary for us to wear ourselves out. When it comes to realistic expectations we are often our own worst enemy. Becoming comfortable with your own human limitations is one of the most freeing exercises you can do for yourself. I was forced to confront mine after a very wise friend lovingly reminded me that Jesus was the only one called to be a sacrificial lamb. (We all need an honest "Jethro" in our life.) We cannot continue to help people unless we know how to take care of our own needs as well.

Set Limits and Boundaries Early

People who are suffering often forget that those who are trying to help them actually have lives of their own. This is not a purposeful act,

but when people are in pain, most of what they think about is the fact that they need help. When you set limits early, the recipient will know their place in your life. If you don't do this from the beginning, they are likely to feel that you are always on call and will feel rejected when you finally do set limits.

Recognize Dependence

We always caution our prayer ministers about allowing a recipient to become dependent on them. Many people who are hurting would like someone to take over and take care of them. Feeling cared about is a powerful emotion! If we allow them to become dependent on us, we may rob them of the opportunity to see God take over and take care of them. As prayer ministers, it is not our job to become a savior; it is our job to point people to the Savior.

Use Caution When Making Promises

People who are hurting tend to hang on to every word a loving and kind prayer minister says and promises. They look forward to you carrying out what you say you will do. For example, if you promise that you will pray with them once a week for the next six months, the first time something comes up and you have to skip a week can be devastating if they are dealing with rejection or trust issues.

Identify Responsibilities

People without boundaries usually have distorted images and attitudes about responsibility. It is important to know what God wants to do, what he is asking you to do and what he is asking others to do. I think it can be helpful to explain to the recipient what your roles are. As their prayer minister, you are simply the "helper." Recommending professionals when needed may be part of your ministry to them, and can even facilitate a healthier recovery for them. Common recommendations may include clergy, a therapist, or even a medical physician. Also, helping the recipient understand personal responsibility can be vital to their long-term goals. If you discover they are unwilling to participate in their healing process, you may need to re-evaluate your commitment to minister to them. It can be disheartening to spend months, or even years, trying to help someone only to discover that you are the only one invested.

Teach People How to Pray for Themselves

This is something we don't often think to do, but one of the most important things you can do for someone is to encourage them to stop and pray for their own needs before automatically calling you. Although this is a good boundary-setting exercise, more importantly, you will be empowering them to grow and mature in their relationship with the Lord.

Pray Cleansing and Cutting Free Prayers after Ministry

It is important to recognize that the sickness and evil we encounter during ministry can sometimes negatively affect our own spirits. After ministry it is essential to give the recipient back to Jesus, and then ask Him to cut you free from anything you may have picked up during your time with them (such as sadness, despair, negativity, etc.). Then ask the Holy Spirit to fill you anew with his life, his love and his power.

(*To download CHM's Prayer Card, which includes The Prayer for Protection and The Prayer To Be Set Free, please visit www.christianhealingmin.org.)

Boundaries....cont. from page 15

After my first no-boundaries debacle, I almost quit prayer ministry all together. But for me, experience was, and continues to be, my greatest teacher.

I decided to enlist the help of my prayer partner, and when I told her what was happening she immediately took charge of the situation. Admitting my mistake was hard to do. I was both relieved, and humbled at the same time. Later I discovered that many of the other prayer ministers on our team had learned their boundary lesson in the same way. Through that experience I learned that one of the greatest gifts we have is the support and accountability that comes from serving in community.

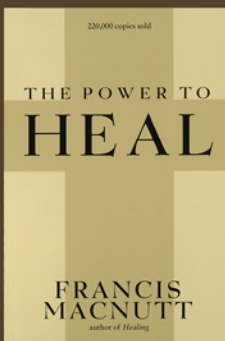
On the side mirrors of my car I also have those smaller mirrors that allow you to see your blind spots. I have had them for so long that I now rely on them and I don't like to drive a car without them. I feel the same way about ministry. Serving with people who will lovingly point out blind spots is a safety feature I never want to be without. ➤



LINDA STRICKLAND

CHM's Associate Director of Ministry
and Assistant to Judith MacNutt.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS ON BOUNDARIES AND THE HEALING MINISTRY

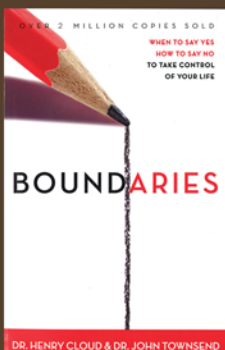


THE POWER TO HEAL

» by Francis MacNutt

A moving and powerful witness to the healing action of the Holy Spirit, this book clarifies many points that have been a mystery and sometimes a barrier to those praying for healing. It deals directly with some very difficult issues and is an invaluable resource to those ministering to the sick.

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BOUNDARIES

» by Dr. Henry Cloud Dr. John Townsend

Christians often focus so much on being loving and giving that they forget their own limits and limitations. But Drs. Henry Cloud and John Townsend give you biblically-based answers to tough questions, and show you how to set healthy boundaries with your parents, spouses, children, friends, coworkers, and even yourself. You'll discover firsthand how sound boundaries give you the freedom to walk as the loving, giving, fulfilled individual God created you to be.

\$14.99 » Item #B510

the word of their testimony...

At the past School of Healing Prayer® Level 4, I was very touched by the way the Lord let me know that He was there with me. In group prayer, I decided not to mention my past regarding sexual abuse because I thought it was resolved in previous prayer ministry. I mentioned two different requests that were of more concern. God thought differently. To my surprise, the prayer minister who was leading the prayer group (I hadn't met him before) began to pray for me. He brought up things that only God could know. He brought to my attention another aspect that I had never thought needed to be healed regarding the sexual abuse—another layer. Fear of men was the new layer. The way he prayed for me was like Father God protecting me. It was a great revelation for me and I have been floating in the clouds since then. Thank you for this ministry.

—Lydia from Daytona Beach, FL

I came primarily for physical healing. The Holy Spirit placed me with the perfect day for individual prayer and the perfect staff and volunteers to pray with me. I was given a Word in my spirit—"you don't have to be perfect!" Then after my prayer appointment, the Holy Spirit spoke Psalm 103:11 to me! How awesome! I received exactly what I needed to build the foundation for physical healing! A prayer minister also gave me such encouragement—she used the word "yet" when discussing what had not yet happened, giving me hope for a change in the future—you do not see in that eye "yet!" Wow! I needed that!! Thanks, and I will be studying, praying and seeking with a fresh and renewed confidence to pray for manifestation of my own healing as well as for others—Amen! Abba Abba! You are an awesome Father!! I have been telling everyone about the retreat and to invest in this weekend of Journey to Healing for their own testimony. Thanks again to the staff.

—Bill in Chattanooga, TN

My first experience with CHM was the women's conference and it was altogether a "wow" experience in my life. I grew up in a charismatic church and was aware of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, but had chosen to go to a different church in high school to join some of my friends. I always considered myself a closet charismatic, but felt awkward and alone in my practices. What I did not realize is that with the change of church, my heart had grown dull toward the gifts since my high school church did not accept the gifts as relevant for today. I was awakened and reunited with the Holy Spirit during the conference and don't want to be a closet charismatic anymore. Thank you CHM and God!

—Anonymous

...hallelujah!

THE POWER OF SURRENDER

in inner healing

DEBBI MYGAT

There is power and life and freedom in the act of surrendering to God! This is a concept I am passionate about, having learned it for myself the hard way. I don't hesitate to share this with students in our Prayer and Healing classes, where I sometimes get a few wrinkled brows and questioning looks. Some will say they agree with the concept, but cannot bring themselves to give up control of their lives. I understand what they mean. It may seem counterintuitive to think that power and freedom come from surrender, but I have found it to be true, whether I am preparing a sermon, praying for the sick, or finding my way through a difficult situation. When there is less of me and my ideas, there is more room for God.

I first learned this concept when I was in my mid-twenties. I was a happily married young mother with a life that probably looked pretty good to friends and neighbors. My husband and I were living in a beautiful Victorian house that had been considered a 'tear down' to some, but a challenge to us. We saw the beauty and potential in the old abandoned home, despite the debris everywhere, and the bittersweet vines growing through the cracked windows, and we decided it was worth saving from the wrecking ball. Fortunately, my husband was beginning a career as a builder, and this project was something he believed in. He was able to look past the sorry state of the empty, broken down house, and could envision it as restored and beautiful. I caught that enthusiasm and vision of my future home and trusted his ability to resurrect this building and turn it into a beautiful place. And he did! The structure and foundation were rebuilt in some places and strengthened in others. Floors were sanded and stained to bring back the beautiful wood grain. Doors were restored, windows replaced, and the beautiful 'gingerbread' details were repaired and painted to help them stand out. It was a labor of love that delighted our new neighbors and was a blessing for our family.

Having a good marriage, a beautiful home and a new baby daughter would naturally seem to be a recipe for joy and contentment. In fact, family and friends often commented on how fortunate I was, how happy I must be. And I would agree and smile. I knew they should be right, and I really wished they were. But the truth was, I had a terrible secret, and I was using a lot of emotional energy to try and keep it. I was suffering in silence from a great loss that invaded my thoughts during the day, and my dreams most nights. I fought to deal with it privately and to cope as well as humanly possible. But that was not enough, and it was becoming more difficult to handle with each passing month. Inside of myself, I felt the way my Victorian house used to look...broken up, empty and abandoned. I was in need of inner healing, but did not even know there was such a thing at that time of my life.

cont. on page 22



2014

focusing on
mar/apr/may

March

For all Tuesday prayer ministry, be sure to call CHM first
at 904-765-3332 to verify there are no cancellations.

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
						1 JTH (FEB 27-MAR1) - JACKSONVILLE, FL
2	3	4 Open Prayer Ministry CHM campus: 1:30 pm Generational Eucharist CHM campus: 6:00 pm	5	6	7	8
9	10 Day of Healing Prayer on CHM campus	11 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	12	13	14	15
16	17  St. Patrick's Day	18	19	20	21	22
SCHOOL OF HEALING PRAYER LEVEL III - CHM CAMPUS, JACKSONVILLE, FL						
23	24	25 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	26	27	28	29 GALILEE CHURCH WOMEN'S CONFERENCE - KITTY HAWK, NC
30 GALILEE CHURCH WOMEN'S CONFERENCE - KITTY HAWK, NC	31					

April

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
		1 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	2	3	4	5 FIRST CHURCH WOMEN'S CONFERENCE - WETHERSFIELD, CT
6 FIRST CHURCH WOMEN'S CONFERENCE	7 Day of Healing Prayer on CHM campus	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15 Open Prayer Ministry CHM campus: 1:30 pm Generational Eucharist CHM campus: 6:00 pm	16	17	18 GOOD FRIDAY Office closed	19
20  Resurrection Day	21	22 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

May

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
				1	2	3 SCHOOL OF HEALING PRAYER LEVEL I EXPRESS - CHM CAMPUS, JACKSONVILLE, FL
4	5	6 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	7	8	9	10
11	12	13 Open Prayer Ministry CHM campus: 1:30 pm	14	15	16	17
18	19 Day of Healing Prayer on CHM campus	20 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	21	22	23	24
25	26  MEMORIAL DAY Office closed	27 Open Prayer Ministry on CHM campus: 1:30 pm & 6:00 pm	28	29	30	31

chm's calendar of events

2014

CHM Schools, Conferences & Retreats

[SCHOOLS OF HEALING PRAYER*]

CHM Campus, Jacksonville, Florida

Speakers: Judith MacNutt, and team

Registration: online at www.christianhealingmin.org

March 17-21 — Level III

May 1-3 — Level I Express

July 17-19 — Level II Express

August 21-23 — Level III Express

October 30-November 1 — Level I Express

December 11-13 — Level IV Express

[JOURNEY TO HEALING RETREAT]

Crowne Plaza Jacksonville Airport, Jacksonville, Florida

Speakers: Judith MacNutt and team

Registration: online at www.christianhealingmin.org

November 13-15

[CHM INTERNSHIP PROGRAM]

To apply, call 904-765-3332 ext. 216

November 11-15

[IGNITE]

Crowne Plaza Hartford-Cromwell, Cromwell, Connecticut

Speakers: Judith MacNutt and Graham Cooke; worship led by Kelanie Gloeckler

Registration: online at www.christianhealingmin.org

June 25-28

[CAPTIVATE WOMEN'S CONFERENCE]

Wyndham Jacksonville Riverwalk, Jacksonville, Florida

Speakers: Judith MacNutt and Graham Cooke; worship led by Kelanie Gloeckler

Registration: online at www.christianhealingmin.org

September 18-20

[CHM IS NOW STREAMING!]

We are now making conferences available for streaming! Not only can you enjoy each conference live from where you are, you will also have access to the archived teachings. Visit our website for more information and for pricing.

www.christianhealingmin.org

**Dates and schedules subject to change.*

Other Conferences

MARCH 29-30 » Galilee Church Women's Conference [Kitty Hawk, NC]

Speaker: Linda Strickland

APRIL 4-5 » First Church Women's Conference [Wethersfield, CT]

Speaker: Judith MacNutt

MAY 16-17 » Christ Church Healing Conference [Midland, TX]

Speakers: Judith MacNutt & Linda Strickland

JUNE 2-4 » Trinity Seminary [Ambridge, PA]

Speaker: Judith MacNutt

AUGUST 5-6 » Christian Union Staff Retreat [Sandy Cove, MD]

Speaker: Judith MacNutt

OCTOBER 2-4 » Women's Conference [Richmond, VA]

Speaker: Judith MacNutt

CHM BOOKSTORE



DISCOVER YOUR SPIRITUAL GIFTS

» by C. Peter Wagner

When you become a follower of Christ, you receive gifts from the Holy Spirit. How can you know for certain which gifts you have? And once you do know, how should you use your gifts to best serve God? *Discover Your Spiritual Gifts* gives you life-changing answers to these questions and more.

In this trusted study, you will be introduced to the 28 biblical gifts, learn the definition and history of each one, and examine biblical and modern-day examples of people who share those gifts. By using the included questionnaire, you will be able to identify your specific gifts and find ways to use them in a community of faith. This edition contains a new Bible study for personal reflection or for use in a small-group setting that will help you explore in greater detail each of the gifts that Dr. Wagner discusses.

\$12.99 » Item #B1118

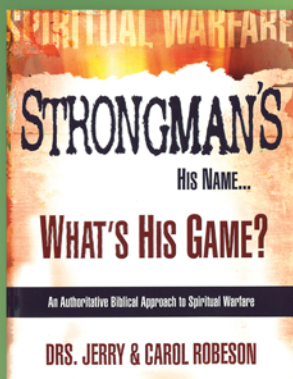


I RELEASE Live Soaking Worship Music

» Julie True

I Release is the culmination of some of the best moments captured on a special DVD entitled *Worship 24/7*. It includes live soaking worship music by Julie True, accompanied by keyboard, cello, violin, and classical guitar, and carries an atmosphere of worship, peace, and healing.

\$15.00 » Item #C215



STRONGMAN'S HIS NAME...WHAT'S HIS GAME?

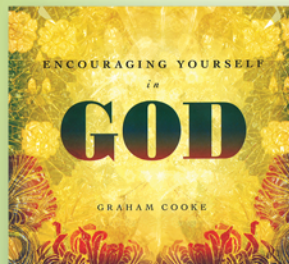
» by Drs. Jerry & Carol Robeson

An important spiritual law was revealed by Jesus in Luke 11:21-22 and Matthew 12:29, "How can one enter into a strongman's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strongman? And then he will spoil his house."

Now, instead of "binding" symptoms, we can attack the sixteen strongmen or demonic spirits mentioned by name in the Bible! If God names them, they are real, and He has given us dominion over them through the name of Jesus!

A Scriptural, balanced, uplifting approach to present-day spiritual warfare, this book teaches how to zero in on and quickly identify the strongman in every situation. It also instructs how to bind the enemy and loose the power of God according to Matthew 18:18, provides instant recognition when and where Satan is attacking our lives and the lives of those around us, and shows that God wants us to be free from Satan's hassles so that we can reach this world for Christ.

\$17.99 » Item #B327

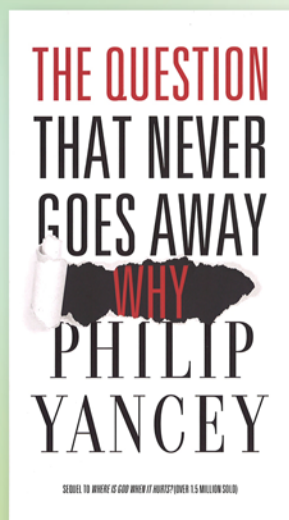


ENCOURAGING YOURSELF IN GOD

» a CD teaching by Graham Cooke

We learn the disciplines of the Spirit through the circumstances of life. Every situation that we encounter tells us something about God and who He is for us. The Holy Spirit will empower us into a place of encouragement so that we might possess our possessions and triumph in our circumstances. This teaching is about getting ourselves into a position to **OVERCOME!**

\$8.00 » Item #C206



THE QUESTION THAT NEVER GOES AWAY: WHY

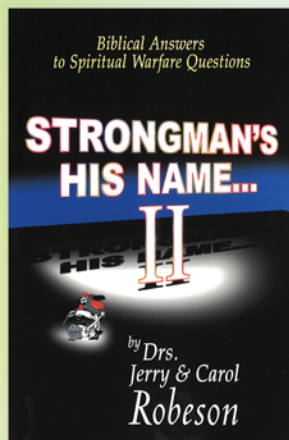
» by Philip Yancey

In his classic book *Where Is God When It Hurts?*, Philip Yancey gave us permission to doubt, reasons not to abandon faith, and practical ways to reach out to hurting people.

And now, thirty-five years after writing his first book, Yancey revisits our cry of "Why, God?" in three places stunned into silence by the calamities that have devastated them. At some point all of us will face the challenges to faith Yancey writes about and look for the comfort and hope he describes.

There are reasons to ask, once again, the question that never goes away: Where is God when we suffer? And Yancey, once again, leads us to find faith when it is most severely put to the test.

\$16.99 » Item #B1495



STRONGMAN'S HIS NAME...II

» by Drs. Jerry & Carol Robeson

Have you ever wondered...

- I've prayed, so why are things worse? Can Satan read my mind?
- How can I tell the difference between God's voice and the Devil's?
- Why does it seem like my prayers are not accomplishing anything?
- If the Enemy has been defeated, why do I still have so much trouble with him?

Within the pages of this book are simple, no-nonsense, biblical answers that will help you to understand what it is to be one of God's warriors in these last days.

\$14.99 » Item #B717

CHM BOOKSHELF



ANGELS ARE FOR REAL

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B1328 » \$12.99

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Francis MacNutt
B899 » \$16.99

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B506 » \$16.99

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THE POWER TO HEAL

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B045 » \$16.95

THE PRACTICE OF HEALING PRAYER

Francis MacNutt
B1208 » \$10.95

PRAYING FOR YOUR UNBORN CHILD

Francis & Judith MacNutt
B107 » \$18.50

THE PRAYER THAT HEALS

Francis MacNutt
B047 » \$11.95

CAN HOMOSEXUALITY BE HEALED?

Francis MacNutt
B332 » \$14.00

OVERCOME BY THE SPIRIT

Francis MacNutt
B231 » \$16.00

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT, THE WORD OF GOD

Joy Lamb
B467 » \$15.00
S467 (Spanish)
R467 (Russian)

Power of Surrender.....cont. from page 17

"The event" had happened years earlier when I was a senior in college. My high school boyfriend Chris and I were happily attending the same university in upstate New York, having the usual fun and challenges of college couples, while talking about a future together. We were planning to marry one day, and to pursue our careers in music education and film. I looked forward to that future. But in the fall of our senior year, tragedy came into my life. Returning from a trip to the bookstore, I found friends waiting for me outside my room. I looked at their faces and instantly felt a sense of dread. "Debbi, Chris is dead. He died while jogging around the track at the stadium. We're so sorry." I slumped back against the wall and cried out, then slid down to the floor and curled up in a ball. And although I eventually got up—physically—I know I stayed emotionally curled up on the floor for years to come.

A pulmonary embolism turned out to be the cause of death, and although it made no sense, I blamed myself. I thought, "If only I hadn't gone shopping for that book," (a gift for him) "I would have been in my room when he came to visit. But I wasn't there, so instead he went for a run. If only I had been there, maybe this wouldn't have happened! Or if I had, maybe I could have gotten him help. Then maybe he wouldn't have died." I felt so guilty. Then the painful, illogical thoughts started. "Maybe he has just left me, and the story of his death is a lie." I suppressed the thoughts, got through the two funerals services—one at school and one in our hometown—and essentially went on auto-pilot in order to complete my senior year and cope with daily life. Now I know the importance of healthy mourning, but then, all I did was avoid dealing with this loss in an appropriate way. It seemed too big to deal with, too horrible, too sad to address. Instead of helping, this avoidance prolonged my suffering.

Years later, I found myself a mother and wife, in a beautiful home, and I was still suppressing the pain, and it still was not working well. For at night, everything I fought to keep down would surface in my sleep. Dreams of being abandoned took over, as did dreams of seeing Chris just up ahead, rounding a corner only to disappear. I felt rejected, abandoned and deeply sad. And those feelings only made me feel guilty, since I had such a wonderful life and family.

I was raised a Christian, and really was praying all through this terrible time. In fact, I had all kinds of ideas for God on how to fix this painful situation and didn't hesitate to share them with Him! I was quietly angry that God hadn't prevented this great loss, and didn't seem to be doing anything to help now. I kept praying and thinking and offering suggestions, waiting for God to show up and erase my memory or change history or turn off the dreams or increase my coping skills. Trying to stay in control of my emotions and of my life was top priority, and I couldn't understand why God didn't seem to be listening or helping.

Then one morning, after an unusually difficult night of dreams that I now realize bordered on post traumatic stress, I had just had enough. In fact I gave up. There seemed to be nothing I could do to get past this pain. In tears again, I got out of bed and onto the floor, and knelt down, which was not at all my usual style of prayer. But I was out of ideas, out of coping skills and at the end of myself. I said, "God, I cannot handle this anymore. It's too much—I'm done. You are going to have to do this. Please take over because I am totally unable. Please, please help me."

I remember sensing that the words were not the important issue—it was the total surrender that I felt. I gave up and gave it all over, and just threw myself emotionally at God's feet.

What happened next, I will never forget. It is not something I could ever have done for myself, and did not match any of the ideas I had previously given God. As soon as my cry of surrender was handed over, I found myself looking down at myself from another vantage point, and yet still feeling present in my body. I saw and felt a rock begin to lift out and off of me. The rock was in the shape of my own kneeling self, and it was heavy. But that heaviness was slowly being drawn right out with the rock, and went up and away. I felt the difference immediately, and even found it easier to breathe. It was something of a shock to feel so completely different, so instantly. Then I was given a small pebble to keep. That pebble was the memory, now just a small, manageable piece of my life history and one I could honor and keep without pain. Without pain! In that instant when I totally surrendered it all to God, the pain left and has never returned. I will always remember that "aha" moment when I realized that, not only was God present and powerful and real, but also loved me enough to set me free. I just had to let go of control, and make room for God's grace. It was as if I had come back to life.

Years later when I first heard Judith MacNutt speak on the topic of inner healing during a School of Healing Prayer® Level I class, everything she said made sense. In her teaching, she put words to my experience. My mind returned to that memory of the rock lifting out of me, and the new freedom and life that came to me by God's grace. I knew exactly what she meant and was so thankful to know that others understood and had experienced this gift of God—inner healing! I wanted to know more! And I knew I wanted others to experience this saving freedom too. I wanted to be a part of what God was doing. This was too good, too transforming NOT to share!

Now, as the director of a prayer and healing ministry in Ridgefield, Connecticut, I pray regularly for those in need of inner healing, and train others to do the same. To minister God's healing to others is one of the most powerful and joyful experiences I have had. Because I've been there, I know the pain people often suffer. I understand how it is to feel like a broken down, abandoned house in need of One with a vision for renewal. And I absolutely know the freedom that is available through the grace of God and the timeless presence of Jesus Christ. Because I learned of the importance of surrender, I gently encourage others to trust and surrender too, and to invite Jesus into those episodes from their past. Our culture may not celebrate or understand this, but there is power and freedom in surrendering to God. God's ways are so much better than all our best ideas for ourselves, and when we make room, lives are changed. It is an amazing gift to see God rebuild lives and set captives free! ➔

DEBBI MYGAT

Pastor and leader of a healing ministry at Jesse Lee Memorial UMC in Ridgefield, CT.



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