

MIRACLES

JUDITH MACNUTT

I lived with my husband Francis for 40 years. Healing always went on in our home. Even if I simply had a headache, Francis would say, "Come sit down and let me pray for you." That is how healing prayer should be—natural and part of everyday life.

Many of us who were raised in church, including me, were taught that healing died out with the last apostle. Through the centuries, the belief and practice of healing prayer ebbed and flowed; it was not present all the time. In Francis' wonderful book, *The Healing Reawakening*, he explains that while historically, healing almost died out in the church, the thread of healing continued in some places and some denominations.

I have personally experienced three creative miracles in my lifetime, two of which I will share. One of these happened in my hometown in eastern Kentucky. I had invited three friends of mine to visit me at my father's home. The four of us had just returned from Israel where I ran a House of Prayer. These

friends and I were just beginning to understand healing prayer.

My family owned quite a large parcel of land, and my friends and I had great plans to build a healing center there for the whole surrounding area. The four of us had been out on the land all day, walking around it like Jericho, praying fervently, *Lord, bless this land and pour out your Spirit!*

That evening we had a dinner party and we were preparing beef fondue. These were the days when people used Crisco! We had a boiling pot of Crisco on the stove which went into the fondue pot.

As we brought the boiling oil to the table, my father said, "I'm afraid that's going to burn the table; let's put a pan under it."

We got a second pan, and as my friend picked up the oil for me to slide the pan underneath, the handle on the fondue pot broke. Boiling oil drenched both of my hands. I can't begin to tell you what that felt like.

Our country doctor lived right across the street from our home. They rushed



me over to see him, and when he examined me, he started crying. "You've destroyed your hands," he said.

He began to tell me what was going to happen in the next ten minutes, and then outlined the devastating consequences of a deep burn like this. What was possibly a second or third-degree burn, turned my skin white and my hands were quite swollen and horribly painful. There was a significant risk of infection or scarring. There was no emergency room in that little town, so what the doctor did was give me something for the pain and sent me back home.

This little group of friends gathered around me and started praying. We knew

from our experience in Israel that miracles happen—we had seen them!

Against all odds, that night before I went to bed my right hand was totally restored. It looked as if the accident had never happened!

By the next morning, my left hand was also totally restored! That day was Sunday, so we all went to the little church in the town I grew up in.

At the end of the service, there was a time of singing and an opportunity for people to come forward and give their life to Christ. My friends said to me, “You’re supposed to go up there and tell everyone what Jesus did for you!”

I was quite reluctant and said to my friend, “I know these people; have you forgotten where we are?”

At this church, Christians didn’t understand healing, nor did they pray for it. *But I walked to the front of the church anyway*, with my hands in my pockets.

When I walked up to this lovely pastor, he thought I was coming to confess my faith and he was confused. He knew I had already been a missionary in Israel.

He asked me quietly, “Why did you come to the front?”

I replied, “I had a healing and I would like to share that story with the group.”

He looked puzzled and said, “You had a what.....?”

I continued by explaining that I believed God was asking me to speak to the congregation, so he allowed me to talk. After relating my miraculous story, the service was over and I was invited to stand at the door and shake hands with people as they left the building.

Surprisingly, very few people wanted to greet me; they left by another exit! Instead of being offended, I decided to laugh about it.

There is one memory of that day that stayed with me. A woman that I had known since childhood came to me, lovingly hugged me and said, “I have prayed for 50 years that someone would come and tell us that God is real, that he loves us, and that he still heals today! Thank you!”

The second creative miracle I experienced happened a few years later, before Francis and I were married.

I knew I wanted to marry and have children, but it was never a top priority for me—that was until I saw the

very handsome Francis MacNutt walking down a street in Jerusalem. The image of him that day is emblazoned in my memory! The first time I saw him I didn’t know he was a Catholic priest because he was wearing a turtleneck!

My friend Lynne and I were in Jerusalem for a prayer conference, expressly to learn more about healing prayer. When Francis walked out on the platform to speak that night wearing a clerical collar, I said to myself, *Oh no, I think I made a mistake.*

Francis often came to Clearwater, FL to write at the home of a good friend. He enjoyed the company of the loving Christian community located there. A year before we married, I happened to also be at the Callahan’s house where Francis was staying. I came to get prayer because I had just found out from my gynecologist that I had cervical cancer, or a pre-cancer, and they recommended a hysterectomy.

When it came time to pray, I sat in a chair and closed my eyes. When Francis laid hands on me, I felt the power of God go powerfully through me. He had his hand resting on my forehead and I felt him pressing down firmly, so much so that I was trying to lean forward to counteract it. At the same time, I was trying to be nice and not blurt out, *You’re pressing down too hard and this is really uncomfortable!*

When I finally opened my eyes, I saw that Francis was not even near me anymore; he was standing across the room! The presence I felt was the Holy Spirit. The power of God was so strong that I felt frozen to the chair.

The following day I had an appointment with a surgeon, Dr. William Reed, the goal of which was to get a second opinion before my upcoming surgery. The doctor had access to all my test results and biopsies. When he came into the exam room he said, “It looks like you have a problem. There’s nothing wrong with you.”

Then he abruptly walked out of the room and left me there wondering, *That’s it? What am I supposed to do?*

After a length of time, he came back into the room where I was still seated in my hospital gown. “Are you still here?” he asked. “Why?”

I’ll never forget this - he gently held my shoulders and said, “Go home; God has healed you. All the tissue is pink like a tiny baby. You don’t have cancer anymore.”

CHM 2022/23 Calendar of Events

2022

Renew and Review Online

Nov 8-11

Internship (on campus)

Nov 15-19

Journey to Healing (on campus)

Nov 17-19

SHP® Online Level 4

Nov 28-Dec 10

2023

Journey to Healing Online

Jan 12-20

Internship Online

Jan 17-20

SHP® Level 1 Online

Feb 6-18

SHP® Level 1 (on campus)

Feb 16-18

SHP® Level 2 Online

Mar 6-18

SHP® Level 2 (on campus)

Mar 16-18

Renew and Review Online

May 2-5

SHP® Level 3 Online

May 22-Jun 3

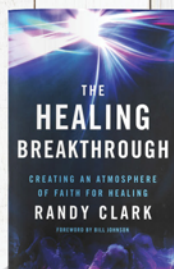
SHP® Level 3 (on campus)

Jun 1-3

**Schedule is subject to change. See website for more information.*

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I walked out of that clinic stunned, overwhelmed, amazed and rejoicing!

A year later Francis and I were married and we have two beautiful children.

Jesus didn't heal to prove that he was God, He healed to alleviate suffering, pain, loneliness, and all the brokenness of the human condition.

When Jesus came, he gave us a double commission; He told us to preach the gospel **AND** share the good news!

The "good news" encompasses all that Jesus did and taught. When He called His disciples to him and commissioned them, He said, "Go, heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers, cast out demons. Freely you have received; freely give." (Matthew 10:8) "He gave them authority over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal every disease and every affliction." (Matthew 10:1)

The same power and authority that Jesus possessed is the same power the Holy Spirit imparts to us!

Very truly I tell you, whoever believes in me will do the works I have been doing, and they will do even greater things than these, because I am going to the Father. (John 14:12)

We have all experienced tragic losses, failures, sicknesses, regrets, sins, and addictions; Jesus is the one who can heal them. It is the love of God that heals and restores!

The love of God is our standard. Francis used to say that **healing prayer is the sleeping giant of God's loving power.** It's time to wake it up! It's time to be bold and to have courage! When someone in your life says, *I'm sick, I'm afraid, I'm terrified of what might happen*, you can say, *Let's pray! Let's turn to God now and trust Jesus!*

Miracles still happen! ➡



JUDITH MACNUTT is a licensed psychotherapist, author, teacher, conference speaker, co-founder and president of CHM.

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