

A couple of years ago during my homeless period, a sister in the Lord called me and asked if I would go to the Hospital with her to pray for a man dying of Throat Cancer.

It's amazing to me sometimes that when we are at our lowest, the Lord will summons us to obey Him. I could have refused. I certainly had enough going on in my life and to wallow in self pity would have been well deserved.

I decided to go, somewhat reluctantly, but figured I would check it out and see what the Lord wanted me to do in this situation.

Upon arriving, I'm not sure what the family expected. The man was non-responsive and had been like that for days. You could smell the mix of Cancer and Death in the room.

I thought – dear God, what have I gotten myself into?

I asked if I could sit beside him, moving a family member away and sat there holding this dying man's hand, waiting for the Lord to show me something, give me insight, something.

We all sat in the room talking and my hands started getting red, itchy, and swollen again.

I allowed it to go on for a while, then asked if when I prayed, we could completely clear the room.

This can some times be alarming to people. You are in the room surrounding a dying loved one and a complete stranger comes in and in order for that person to pray, that person (me) wants everyone out-including family!

I did this because upon arriving; you could feel the lack of faith. The discussions of partying, the cussing, I knew I could not tap into their faith for this miracle. I felt if anything was going to be done; all of the doubt and unbelief had to be cleared out.

Everyone cleared the room and was outside watching through the window. The nurses included.

I just bowed my head while I was seated before him and held his one hand in mine and my other hand, I placed on his forehead. I began asking the Lord for mercy for him and repented on his behalf for not living for the Lord. I then began speaking healing and life Scriptures over him and taking authority over and binding up the Spirits of Cancer & Death. I anointed him with oil and prayed over him until I felt a release.

After, I motioned for the family to come back in and continued like a body-guard sitting next to him in the only seat near him to hold his hand. Over the course of the next hour, his hand started moving, his eyes opened and he woke up from having been non-responsive for several days.

They called in the rest of the family and for 6-8 hours he was sitting up, talking, joking with everyone. He even wanted to eat.

So I left. I told the family to play worship music all night, to watch what they were speaking over him (words are powerful) and to continue to pray. I had found out during this time, many had tried to reach him for Christ and he refused to live for Him. It wasn't until he became terminally ill, he was open to that, but became ill very fast.

I received a call a couple days later that he had slipped back into a state of being non-responsive. Because the Nurses knew me and I had a Clergy Card, I was allowed in that night. To my heartache; no one was there with him. This man, a man I never met before now, was left to die by himself. I was so tore up. The Nurses let me in his room; relieved someone was there to sit with him.

As I sat down, I called his name. Nothing. I held his hand and put my forehead on his forearm and began to weep that he was left alone. That was so heartbreaking to me.

As I began to pray, he squeezed my hand. I lifted my head up, called his name and he opened his eyes. I asked him if he remembered me? He squeezed my hand again.

I asked if he wanted to ask the Lord into his heart? He squeezed my hand harder.

I told him I would say the Salvation Prayer and all he needed to do was say it in his heart. You have to understand the Throat Cancer was so bad it caused his tongue to be so swollen and protrude; he could hardly make a noise. I was so shocked the days before he was actually able to speak as the swollenness had went down.

As I said the Salvation Prayer aloud, when I said, 'Amen.' He squeezed my hand. Tears ran down the outsides of his eyes towards his ears. I knew he said it in his heart and meant it.

I sat a while longer. He kept looking at me. When he finally fell back into sleep, I kissed him on his forehead, told him I loved him and left.

I found out he had passed away the next day.

His miracle; receiving the power of God so his entire family had him back lively for those 6-8 hours and the greatest miracle he received; was Eternal Life.