

God Wants to Heal the Lame

Acts 3:6

*Peter said, "I have no silver or gold,
but what I have I give you; in the name of
Jesus Christ of Nazareth, stand up and walk."*

This incident took place at a *Rekindle the Flame* prayer conference. I had been asked to be a co-leader in the conference. It was held in our western Pennsylvania District. We gathered together the night before the conference and had a time of prayer and seeking the Lord's presence and blessing. There were probably nine or ten people gathered together. While I prayed I saw a vision. I've never had a vision like this before. I was down on my knees in one of the front pews praying and asking God to do his work among us and asking him what he wanted me to do.

I had a very clear picture of a man in a wheelchair with bands on his legs. He was crippled. He was coming into the *Rekindle the Flame* conference. I saw him coming through the doors. I saw him wheeling himself down the hallway. As I looked I was astounded because I recognized who he was. Many years before while we were preparing to go to Brazil it was required that we get an attorney to draw up a will for us. We had used a particular lawyer that was significant in the Christian and Missionary Alliance. I had not seen him for many years. It was very unusual that I would see him in Western Pennsylvania. I knew that he did not live in Western Pennsylvania. As far as I knew he still lived in New York. When I saw this very clear vision I asked the Lord, "What is this? Why are you revealing this to me?" The Lord spoke very clearly to my heart and said "I want to heal him."

After we dismissed the meeting I met with some of the leaders and told them about the vision I saw in prayer. They said it certainly sounded like a vision from the Lord but the test would really be if this man happened to show up here, or somebody similar to him, then you will know that it is from the Lord. I went home that evening and told Marilyn about the vision. I was very concerned about seeing visions and maybe having prophetic words that were not from the Lord but from my own heart.

The next day I went to the conference. I was there early to help get things set up. As we were setting up chairs I happened to be crossing the entrance way of the church. I looked up and to my shock I saw the same man I had seen in my vision wheeling himself into the church. When I got closer I looked at him and recognized it was the lawyer! I got goose bumps up and down my spine. I met him at the door and called him by name and said, "What are you doing here?"

He said, "Well, I heard about the *Rekindle the Flame* conference and I came to hear what was going to be said. I said, "Excuse me for being shocked to see you but I thought you lived in New York, and people in New York don't usually travel to Western Pennsylvania for a conference." He replied that he was retired and lived in Florida now but when he heard about the conference he sensed the Lord prompting him to go. So, he came.

I quickly gathered together the leaders that prayed with me the night before and I told them, "He's here! He's here! The man I saw in my vision last night is really here." Then I asked them what they thought I should do. Should I call him out in the conference and tell him of my vision and what the Lord said? They all thought it was best later in the conference before a healing service to tell of my vision in general terms, not mentioning specifically the wheel chair or his polio and see if he responds.

That sounded reasonable, so I agreed. Although I felt in my heart that was not what God wanted us to do, that God wanted me to say specifically, "Brother, I had a vision of you yesterday and God said, 'I want to heal you, if you can trust me.'"

After the lectures of the day were finished, we had a time of prayer for healing. The leader called on me to share my vision from the Lord. I came forward and shared the vision I had seen and what the Lord wanted to do. I did not describe him in a wheelchair, instead I described someone that had problem walking, and that it's been there for many years and they desperately needed the Lord to heal them. I said, "This evening the Lord is calling on you, if you have the faith to believe Him, he said He wants to heal you tonight."

With that we gave the invitation. Many people came forward and were prayed for. Some were healed, some were not. Three men gave testimonies that night that they felt they were the person in that vision and that God had spoken to them that they needed to trust God for their serious back injuries. The three of them were healed.

But the lawyer did not come forward. It broke my heart. I wasn't sure what to do about that. About the time we were cleaning up and ready to close the doors I saw he was still in the room. He slowly wheeled himself up to me and pulled me aside and said, "Dick I need to talk to you. I have no doubt that I was the one that you saw in that vision. I knew that as soon as I came in and you said "What are you doing here!" that something unusual was happening. I knew that the Lord was offering me another opportunity to trust him to heal my body."

Then he told me his story. In tears he told me about his polio as a young child and the years that he spent seeking the Lord for healing. He had gone to many healing conferences. He had been to Oral Roberts. He'd gone to every possible charismatic meeting that would offer healing. But the Lord never healed him. So he took the passage of 2 Corinthians where the apostle Paul said, "*My grace is sufficient for you my strength is made perfect in your weakness.*" He said he went away to college then on to law school and got his degree and became an attorney. He worked for the Christian Missionary Alliance as part of his missionary service to the Lord. Then he concluded, "Dick, many years ago I gave up asking the Lord to heal me. Tonight when you shared your vision, my heart was overwhelmed and I began to weep saying, 'Oh God not again. Here we go again, another disappointment!' Dick, I did not have the courage to come forward to be prayed for because you said, 'The Lord said I want to heal you if you have the faith to believe me and trust me.' I do not have the faith to believe God for my healing."

This brother and I wept together. I sobbed as I prayed with him. I told him I was sorry that I had a vision and had to share that with him, but I was to be obedient to the Lord. I had to. He said he understood.

I felt that what had happened was a camaraderie developed between him and me. He asked to have lunch with me the next day and we had a great time together hearing more of his story and more of what God was doing in his life. I had hoped that at that time he would trust the Lord for his healing and ask for the elders to come and anoint him once again. But he did not.

Dan continues to move about in his wheelchair, continues to be the invalid that he has been for so many years. I had to ask myself after all this, "Lord, what were you doing? Why were you bringing that vision if you weren't going to heal him?" Perhaps in heaven we will know.