

# Healing Testimonies



## Healed of Recurring Acute Pancreatitis<sup>1</sup>

On Christmas Eve 2020, I suffered an attack of acute pancreatitis. Having had a single attack of it ten years earlier, I knew immediately what the extreme pain was, and we went straight to the hospital. For hours, I languished in the waiting room, knowing if they would only take a blood test, they could confirm what I already knew and help me get the pain relief I so needed.

While praying, I was stunned by the thoughts that came to my mind.

“Why pray? There is no God, so there is no help for you,” and that went on for *hours*. “You are alone. No one cares.”

The voice continued, “See! You are still in pain. Obviously, there is no God,” and the devilish insinuation was that these were *my* thoughts—that I doubted God’s existence and that I didn’t believe He would deliver me.

We need to understand that the enemy has no authority to make believers in Jesus Christ sick. Read that sentence again. He can only lie, accuse, and threaten. He can’t go before the throne of God and ask for permission to harm us as in the days of Job. Things have changed. Jesus gave His life for us to set us free from the kingdom of darkness and to bring us into the kingdom. We have been redeemed—forgiven by the blood of Jesus (Eph. 1:7).

Even the Old Covenant protected those under it from sickness if they obeyed it (Ex.15:26). We, however, are protected by the New Covenant which is “better.” Through His death, Jesus destroyed the one who *had* the power of death, the devil, and delivered us from the bondage of the fear of death (Heb. 2:14). On the cross, Jesus “disarmed principalities and powers” making a “public spectacle of them, triumphing over them” (Col. 2:15). The enemy has no authority in our lives except to lie—this is how he tries to steal, kill, and destroy. He lies to God about us and to us about God. But when the enemy accuses us before God, the Father points him to the blood of His Son—our Advocate.

When I went home feeling much better, those thoughts still troubled me. I apologized profusely to the Lord for what I’d thought, wondering how I could be so faithless knowing all He’s taught me.

Gradually, the Lord revealed to me the enemy’s tactics—**that those were not my thoughts**, but his lies. I determined that if I ever went through something like that again, those thoughts would be taken captive, and my lips would confess what is true.

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<sup>1</sup> C. D. Hildebrand

Only three weeks later, I was in the emergency room again, writhing in pain, shocked that I was having yet another attack of acute pancreatitis so soon. The enemy began his lies, but instead of letting him accuse my beloved Father and me, I began to confess:

“Father, You do exist. You are with me right here and right now. You know exactly what is going on in my body. You will heal me. You will get to me the help I need in time to help me.” Tears flooded my face while I continued to be in extreme pain. There were no warm fuzzy feelings as I walked by faith and not by sight.

When we are in extreme pain or trouble, there might be no indication that the truth is true. Our senses are shouting out like a loud wind on a stormy sea. **We simply choose to believe it without evidence.**

These experiences brought about new fears and anxieties. What food might provoke another attack? Did my gallbladder need to be removed? Was this or that new pain another attack coming on? Should I go to the doctor again? Each day brought new concerns, but the Lord was there encouraging me.

In between that second attack and the third, which was yet to come, I got an infection that my doctor said was probably contracted while in the hospital, which was allowed to flourish in my body after taking an antibiotic for a separate condition.

C. diff is a serious infection, and I had a full-blown case of it by the time I got to an urgent care doctor who recommended I go to the ER to avoid something “dire.”

“What do you mean by *dire*?” I asked cautiously.

“You could *die*,” the doctor said calmly.

So off to the ER we went, and his diagnosis was confirmed. For two weeks I was in intense pain, many times crying out, “Oh, God save me! You are my Healer. You have called me to preach the gospel to the saved, and I want to fulfill Your calling on my life. I want to love my children and grandchildren.” In between the bouts of intense pain, all I could do was rest in God. I don’t know how people get through things like this without Jesus.

Eventually, after four weeks of antibiotics, this sickness departed, but only three months later, I was back in the ER with yet another attack of acute pancreatitis. I texted my praying friends and poured my heart out to Jesus as we waited endlessly in the waiting room. Curiously, by the time I was admitted to the ER, my pain had subsided. However, the blood tests indicated that I had acute pancreatitis.

The doctor who attended to me did another test, and she happily reported that the test showed that it wasn’t my gallbladder causing the attack. But the very next doctor, only an hour later, told me it *was* caused by my gallbladder. (He was a rather obnoxious authoritarian chap, and that is putting it politely). Even David found his behavior overbearing. When I told him the previous doctor had done tests and they showed it wasn’t my gallbladder, he looked displeased and suggested more detailed

tests be done the next day. I was admitted to the hospital again, which was oddly starting to feel routine.

The next morning they did an hour-long MRI to see if I should have my gallbladder removed. The test confirmed what the other doctor's test had concluded (it wasn't caused by my gallbladder), but the surgeons *still* recommended surgery to remove the gallbladder. I refused the surgery when they assured me that my life and health were not in danger at that time. My own doctor agreed that I did not need my gallbladder removed.

Though a very private person about my health, I share these things with a purpose. I can tell you that any thought that God did not exist and could therefore not help me was no longer successful, and even after the fourth attack some four months later, God was continuing to help me.

### ***Psalm 3***

*Lord, how they have increased who trouble me!*

*Many are they who rise up against me.*

*<sup>2</sup> Many are they who say of me,*

***“There is no help for her<sup>2</sup> in God.” Selah<sup>3</sup>***

*<sup>3</sup> But You, O Lord, are a shield for me,*

*My glory and the One who lifts up my head.*

*<sup>4</sup> I cried to the Lord with my voice,*

*And He heard me from His holy hill. Selah*

*<sup>5</sup> I lay down and slept;*

*I awoke, for the Lord sustained me.*

*<sup>6</sup> I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people*

*Who have set themselves against me all around.*

*<sup>7</sup> Arise, O Lord;*

*Save me, O my God!*

*For You have struck all my enemies on the cheekbone;*

*You have broken the teeth of the ungodly.*

*<sup>8</sup> Salvation belongs to the Lord.*

*Your blessing is upon Your people. Selah*

The other day, while reflecting on these things, I began to weep. God is with us in times of trouble. He comforts the weak. He helps us and even speaks to us and guides us when we are overwhelmed with pain and emotion. Ultimately, the victory comes because He is faithful and has promised to answer us. Yet in-between times, when it looks like nothing is happening, He is right there working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. We can rest that He is answering our prayers.

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<sup>2</sup> I couldn't resist changing "him" to "her" in this instance.

<sup>3</sup> "Selah" indicates a pause for contemplation. Think about this.

Did Satan make me sick? No. Did God? Certainly not! God knew what the problem was all along and moved me from California across the country to Indiana, where I finally found a doctor who would diagnose me correctly. The doctor seemed to happily walk into the room where we awaited the results of a very detailed MRI of my pancreas to give me the good news. It was not my gallbladder—definitively not. I had a condition that few people have, which develops while in the womb—pancreas divisum. Most people who have it never even know.

David and I were elated for so many reasons. First of all, almost every doctor had pleaded with me to have my gallbladder removed. I felt somewhat justified and so happy to know God had been leading me all along to keep it—that it wasn't the problem. The doctor explained what procedures could help or that we could simply keep an eye on it and do something later.

I remember leaving his office walking on air, still surprised by this discovery, and so happy to know it wasn't my gallbladder causing these recurring attacks of acute pancreatitis. As we waited for the valet to bring our car, I remember thinking that when we got home, David and I would pray for this condition now that we knew what it was and ask that I be healed.

But God spoke to my heart and said, "Why do you need to wait until later? Why not now?" Then, just like that, I put my finger on my abdomen where I thought my pancreas might be and simply believed He would heal me right then and there. "Do it, Lord. Heal me now." I knew without a doubt that I was healed even though there was no evidence.

The threat of another attack still lurked for many months, but I knew I was healed. It is what inspired my book, [The Immediacy of Miracles](#). Since the last attack and after believing I was immediately healed, I have had zero attacks. It's been almost four years.

I did later suffer a horrible experience when my gallbladder infected my liver. I had to have a gallstone removed, and then my gallbladder. Even through all of that turmoil with my liver and gallbladder, my pancreas did not react.

One of my prayers has been that I could one day eat anything without fear or symptoms—to be able to freely *choose* to eat what was healthier without the threat of consequences. God has granted this request, and sometimes, it just seems too good to be true. My prayer now is that He will continue to work in me to make healthy choices. He is doing that also. Oh, He is so wonderful!

Whatever it is we are going through, we can expect this: the enemy is not going to let up. He will accuse both you and God. Do not be surprised by this. Remember you belong to Jesus. No weapon formed against you will prosper. My heart tells me that God has healed my pancreas, and each year that goes by declares that it is so. I don't have the mentality that I will eventually have another attack of acute pancreatitis because of the pancreas divisum. But even if that happened, my faith is firmly in Him. He is my Healer and my Provider, and it is such a joy to live free from the fear.