



Session 9: Healing Wounds

Part 8: Examples of Inner Healing Experiences

Many people learn best through hearing the experiences of others therefore, I want to share some of these with you. You may have heard some of them before. But here are questions to think about and answer as you read through the various ways God brought healing.

- What facilitated these healing moments?
- How was the root cause revealed?
- What lies were uncovered?
- How did the presence of Jesus come into the healing moment?
- Identify common elements found in many healing experiences.

1. Tormenting pictures of three of my patients

Following several days of fasting, I was praying with a friend with no specific reason in mind, when suddenly I saw three of my student nursing patients and remembered how painful it had felt whenever I had to care for the three of them. One was a teenage boy who had broken his neck while diving, the other a mother dying with cancer with young children, and the toddler who died of leukemia in his mother's arms.

In nursing school, no one had talked about how to handle our own pain as we took care of the sick and dying. Because I did not know how to handle my own pain, I swallowed it. And all through the years, the faces of these patients would often come to mind and torment me and fill me with fear that this might happen to someone I loved. But I thought this was normal!

Now after almost 40 years, the Holy Spirit had brought these patients to mind and this time, I went to Jesus in prayer asking Him to free me from this torment. And God gave me the grace to cry out the pain I had felt back then. After this, I never once experienced their faces again. I was freed from torment and fear.

2. Tormenting pornography pictures

This is a similar problem: I stumbled into some pictures of porn and was unable to get the pictures out of mind day after day. Finally, I took the pictures and prayed over them, asking Jesus for His Help. Suddenly I saw a chalice of blood being poured out over the pictures, creating the shape of the cross over the pictures.



3. The death of my Mom's dog

This experience occurred in 1975, when an older woman (she was like a spiritual mother to me) was praying with me. She said, "I believe the Lord is showing me something about the fear of the death of an animal."

When she said this, a memory of something that happened to me when I was about four-and-half years old came into my mind. As I remembered this event, I felt a pain well up from somewhere deep within me. It came with a wail. . . "Mamma, mamma, I always disobeyed you, I am so sorry, I am so sorry. Please forgive me!"

I was really surprised by this memory and crying. It was a totally new experience for me and I wondered where the pain was coming from. I listened to myself and I knew the crying was not coming from my adult self. To my ears, it sounded like a small child crying in anguish. I must say, over the years I had never thought about this incidence nor had I been troubled by it. I am aware of any guilt attached to this event in my young life:

The story goes like this: One fine spring day, I asked my mother if I could walk with my eight-year-old cousin to a store some blocks away. She said I could as long as I promised to not let her dog get out of the yard and follow us. A few blocks from home, I turned around and there was the dog following us. Apparently I had not shut the gate tight. I yelled trying to make the dog go back – but of course it didn't. A few blocks later, a car in front of my eyes hit the dog, and as it lay dying, I watched it writhing in the street.

My father was called to the scene and took us home. I remember seeing my mother lying on the couch crying. Nobody said anything to me – I was never punished, scolded, loved or comforted in any way. That was the way it was.

Now, at 37 years old, up comes all the anguish and pain from that event. I asked the Lord about it, and I asked why I had to go through this experience again. He pointed me to this scripture: "*Whatever is hidden must come to the light; whatever is in darkness must be revealed*". Then I understood why it was important for the old wound in me to be opened up.

The experience had left a deposit of pain, guilt, shame, fear, and failure inside of me. There was a sore spot in my soul, and it needed healing. Because it is the desire of the Father to heal us, He brought it to my attention through the operation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Insight: In the years since, I have learned that pain has energy and needs to be released by going through it, or by receiving the comfort of the Father. If we do not release it in some way, we stuff it and swallow it into our gut. It takes a tremendous amount of our energy to keep a lid on this pain.



4. "I never had a daddy"

Frank asked if He could pray for me. I said "Yes." He started to pray for me—for the time when I was in my mother's womb—and nothing happened. Then he prayed for me when I was an infant. Nothing happened.

I did not know what to expect because this way of praying was new to me. But when he prayed for me when I was eighteen months old . . . whoops! Something changed. A cry begins to form in the middle of my belly. Slowly it came up and out with the sound of a heart-broken little girl. "Daddy, daddy, I never had a daddy," I wailed. As I sobbed out my need for a daddy, this wonderful man lovingly took me into his arms and sang lullabies to me as my husband sat beside me. Then he whispered in my ear, "You got a daddy now, honey."

Healing prayers of friend, going to Jesus, inner healing prayers, deprivation, need for a father, emotional release of pain, body of Christ, arms of a man singing baby songs to me

5. Freed from 3 lies embedded in a traumatic experience

Many of our problems are caused by the destructive lies we believe. For six months in 1985, I'd prayed, "*Lord, there is a lie somewhere in the depths of my being; would you heal it?*" I did not know where the idea to pray this came from; it must have been the Holy Spirit!

Then one Friday night I dreamed I was looking at a small pimple on my thigh. I watched as the pimple opens up and I see my whole thigh is filled with infection down to the bone.

Since the infection was in my thigh, it seemed the problem might be rooted in my emotional support system. We use our legs to support us. From this dream, I knew God was about to do something—my faith quickened. Two days later, the Lord did!

M. Scott Peck¹ said that our earliest memory often reveals how we look at the world and our place in it. My husband asked, "What is your earliest memory?" I knew immediately. It was something I'd experienced when I was two and a half years old. This idea precipitated two hours of intense healing in the core of my personality.

My Earliest memory

I was 2 ½ when my baby brother was born. My memory is of seeing my mother holding the new baby and smiling at me through a window. Because I'd been ill with a contagious disease (measles) I could not be with my mother. So I was staying with my grandmother. I started crying for my mother and my grandmother shamed me.

As I told this memory to Jerry, I experienced an intense pain welling up from somewhere in my gut. I began to let it loose with a cry. It sounded like the cry of a broken-hearted child who didn't think *she was loved*.

¹ *The Road Less Travelled* (1978) p. 191



Lie: I'm not loved

At the same time, I saw a woven basket, with a hand reaching down and touching one of its fibers. As the hand touched it, in a flash I saw the belief that *I wasn't loved*, was all a lie – my mother had loved me. As I watched, the hand continued to pull the fiber out of the basket. The lie was broken, truth had set me free!!.

I think of the personality as being like a basket consisting of many strands all woven together; it carries the life force God has given us. We need a healthy personality in order to live and express the life God has for us. A personality woven with lies will always handicap us.

Lie: I'm not wanted

This healing was quickly followed by two more episodes, similar to the first. As the hand touched another fiber, I saw the lie and the pain welled up again. It was the pain caused by the belief *I wasn't wanted or valuable* to my mother. Again, in a momentary flash, I knew this too was a lie, I had been deceived. My mother had wanted me, and I was important to her. As I saw the truth, the hand pulled the fiber out of the basket. I was freed; these lies never troubled me again.

Lie: Self-hatred and self-rejection

The next episode followed the same pattern—the hand touching the fiber, the welling up of pain, and the revelation of what the fiber represented.

This was the most important episode, because it involved a grievous sinful reaction by me as a young child – if I'm not loved and not valuable, then *I will reject me*.

This is what I'd done; I'd rejected who I was, and the strands of *self-rejection and self-hatred* wove themselves into the structure of my personality.