

Healing Prayer Ministry

A big part of Jesus' ministry was healing. Jesus healed others, and taught his disciples to heal also, and made it clear to his close followers that he expected them to heal others as part of their ongoing ministry. Healing ministry connects us to one another and encourages the path to wholeness. "Healing" is not the same as "curing." Healing is about wholeness, feeling connected within our own body, mind, heart and soul, and connected to God. When we speak of healing, we do not necessarily mean the restoration of perfect health, but moving toward God's perfect will for us at each stage of our lives. Spiritual healing takes many forms. Often it is simply a matter of being able to give up our anxiety or worry to trust that God is at work. We may be given grace to love and forgive someone whom we see as unlovable. Praying for healing renews and deepens our relationship with God. We can count on this: that whenever we open ourselves to the activity of the Holy Spirit, some kind of healing takes place.

Healing Prayer is offered at BUMC on the first Sunday of each month along with communion. If you have any questions please call the church office at 650.344.6321.

We offer the following stories to give you a sense of the healing that has taken place in the lives of some of our members.

I have seen God working in my life since I took Disciple I & II Bible studies. I know God has worked in my life before, but I can see it clearly now. I never thought that I could lead a small group, but God has been with me [and] we could feel God's presence. My prayers are very simple, but I know that God listens...

- Tina

In 1996 I was having pelvic pain and distention. At times, the pain was worsened by walking. Sitting in healing prayer meditation, I was guided to allow healing energy to flow through my hands into my pelvis. After some time, as I was doing this with my eyes closed, I saw a stream of black energy wafting away from my body as my pelvis filled up with rosy gold light. Shortly afterwards, I was diagnosed with an ovarian tumor. After receiving the call, I cried deeply painfully remembering my mother's battle with ovarian cancer and the anguish she suffered. I was crying for her not myself. It took me back to those memories of her pain and suffering, caring for her, our last months together, becoming closer than we had ever been, and the prayer I prayed. It was September 15, 1981. I left my mother's hospital room to walk the few blocks to their apartment. I did this every evening to meet my dad for dinner. Then we both would return to the hospital. This night as I walked by the church I was raised in, tears streaming down my face, my heart cried out to God. "God, if there is anything else I can do to help her, please let me know and I will do it. Anything! I don't care what it is. I will do it. If not, please take her out of her suffering and misery. I don't want to lose her. We have gotten so close; and I don't want her to go. But, if there isn't anything else that can be done to help her get well, please take her God and end her suffering." Memories and emotions flooded me as I spoke with the nurse about my test results and cried uncontrollably. The next afternoon I was sitting in my living room with a bag of frozen peas on my knee, crutches next to me, having just had my knee aspirated. I was feeling overwhelmed to say the least. I began praying and crying. Talking with God about how I was feeling. I was scared. I was deeply concerned about my dog, Josh. Who would take care of him? I came to the core of my feelings and said: "God, if it's thy will for me to die from this as my mother did, I accept this in accordance with thy will." It was at this point God said to me: "You are healed. Don't worry. Everything is going to be okay." A peace filled me and surrounded me like none I had ever felt before. From that moment on all worry and concern left me. I wasn't afraid. It was a rapidly growing tumor. Within the few weeks from diagnosis to surgery, my pelvis had grown significantly. All I could fit into was an oversized jumper I usually cinched in with a belt. By then my belly filled out the jumper. I looked very pregnant, much to my brother's surprise who had seen me only five days earlier.

I was told it would take three to four days to get the lab results back after the tumor was removed. It took 12 days. The hospital sent it to three different labs to confirm their findings because it had all the markings of a malignancy yet was benign. The final consensus was: "Benign with unknown malignant potential."

- Kathleen

In my brokenness, Healing Prayer came and embraced my spirit. I had just experienced 7 months of emotional, spiritual and physical turmoil. My husband had been diagnosed with a very aggressive cancer, underwent spinal surgery, a 3 month hospitalization, 4 weeks in Rehab and 3 months of physical therapy. During this time, I was his advocate, nurse, support system, caretaker and cheerleader. At the time I needed it most, my spiritual life fell out from under me. I was not angry with God; but try as I did, I just couldn't feel God's presence in my heart. I continued to pray, but it was without emotion or feeling. I questioned why I felt so distant from God. During my husband's remission, Denise Ritch offered a Quest Group on Healing Prayer. I had only been attended BUMS a short time, and didn't know anyone. I was apprehensive about attending, but truly felt drawn to this group. Looking back now, I honestly think it was the Lord's hand reaching out to me, bringing me back to God's heart. Through prayer, discernment, visualization and conversation, the Healing Prayer group brought me to a stronger more emotional relationship with the Lord. My prayers became deeper and more visual. God was revealed to me many times, walking alongside Dick and me through this journey of his illness. I could actually FEEL God's hand in mine. Dick's cancer metastasized and he was eventually put in Hospice care at home. The Healing Prayer Team came on two occasions to pray. Their prayers and presence brought incredible peace...

- Judy

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