

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

by John Le Huray

“I should say that in 1982, I was definitely not a Christian; in fact, I felt that any religious talk at all, whether on TV, or radio was an imposition on my non-belief - how dare they talk about stuff like that when I knew that there was nothing to it.

I should also say that Wendy, my wife and Melissa my second youngest three daughters of about 14 years of age were both committed Christians. One evening Wendy was to take Melissa to see a gospel musical called Day-break, which Rob Frost, the Methodist evangelist and his team had brought over to Guernsey for just one night, and I was to stop home and baby sit my youngest daughter Alison.

The time grew near for them to go and Alison who was about six decided that she wanted her Mum to stay until she went to sleep. She just wouldn't go to sleep, and every time Wendy tried to leave her room she cried and cried and cried until finally Wendy said to me, 'John I can't take Melissa to the show, you will have to take her'. Me of all people!

Well I really did not want to go, but I also did not want to disappoint Melissa who had really been looking forward to this musical. So we went.

We sat in the middle of the theatre and as the show went on I remember thinking that the songs were not bad and the music was ok and not boring at all. At the end of the show Rob Frost said that while the audience sang a few chorus's from the show any one who would like to give his life to the Lord, or just rededicate themselves to Jesus should come down to the front of the stage and be prayed for.

So we bent our heads into our song sheets and shortly Melissa got up and moved down to the front. I thought, that's lovely, she's already a Christian and wants to show everyone there, that she really loves Jesus. I thought that was something I could never do even if I wanted to, which I did not. I bent my head back to my song sheet and - the next time I looked up, I was standing in front of the stage alongside Melissa who was crying at the sight of her very non Christian Dad declaring himself to the Lord.

My feelings at the time were of utter bewilderment as I had no recollection of moving from my seat in the middle of the theatre, no memory of walking down several flights of stairs and certainly had no intention to do so. After the show a young man came up to me, asked me why I had come forward, and would I like some literature about becoming a Christian. I said I had no idea why I had come forward, as I had no idea that I had until I found myself down here.

He looked at me a bit quizzically and moved to the next person. It took me several weeks to conclude that the only way I could have moved to the front of that theatre, was that God had transported me there. I do not mean that he physically lifted me up and wafted me down there, but he moved me to actually get up out of my seat and walk down to Melissa.

Later I found out that Wendy and Melissa had been praying for me to commit my life to Jesus for some time and it was not long after that evening that I asked Jesus into my life.

That was the first miracle. The second happened just a short while ago. I am diabetic and I had a problem with my feet called Diabetic Neuropathy, which is where the nerve endings in my feet were dying. I was losing sensation in them with the result that I was falling over and tripping up quite a lot. I had been to a podiatrist and she established that I had little or no sensation on the surface of my feet up as high as my calf on both legs.

A few months ago, Wendy asked me to come to a church where there was to be a healing service as she wanted to ask for prayers for her back. She also said that I should go and ask for my feet to be healed. Well we went and at the end of the sermon by this lovely lady called Marilyn from Wales, she asked all people who wanted to be prayed over to come over to the side pews and quite a long queue formed. After a while, Wendy nudged me and said go and get your feet prayed over. We both got up and joined the line. When my turn came, this lady sat next to me and put her hand on my head, and prayed quite simply for my feet to be healed of this neuropathy.

After the prayer, she said to Wendy that when we got home she should massage my feet in oil and pray over them again. Well in spite of some wifely misgivings over having anything to do with my feet, she did as she had been asked and while she was doing that I felt warmth and a tingle in them, but decided not to do anything then.

Next morning I told Wendy that I thought I had some sensation back in my feet, but not say anything until I had been back to the podiatrist. Well my appointment was about three weeks after that evening and I told my podiatrist the story of that healing service and she said she would do the tests again and compare them with the first tests. She did just that and I was delighted to tell her that I had regained all of the sensations back in my feet.

So there you have it. God does definitely answer prayer proving that miracles happen to very ordinary folk just like me.

