**My Camarillo Healing**

I want you to know that I have seen some remarkable answers to prayer for healing through my life and ministry. As I begin this ministry, I am reminded of what one of my early “heroes” in the faith used to preach—Rev. Ross Hayslip. In 1970 he was the pastor of Whittier College Avenue church that I later came to pastor in 1987. He was often asked to preach revival services on the Southern California district and would often ask me to do the music for the services during the week. Every Saturday night in the week’s services he’d preach a sermon, “God always heals!” His three points were, 1) sometimes God heals instantaneously, 2) sometimes God heals gradually through medicine and the life strength that is within our bodies 3) often God heals totally—taking the believer to absolute healing in Heaven. God heals!!!

Through his life and the lives of many saints of my early years, I came to believe and expect for God to be active in answering the prayers of those who fervently and diligently seek Him and the moving of His hand in a variety of circumstances. Twice I have prayed for persons to come back to life again after having been pronounced dead by doctors in a hospital and saw them revived!!! I will save those stories for a later time. I want in this section to share stories—a witness if you please—of healings that are in some way like the story in Acts 3: the healing of the lame man.

Here is a personal healing I experienced. When I was the pastor at Camarillo, I awoke from sleep at about 2am needing to use the restroom. Rather than use the one near the bedroom which might wake up my wife, I ran barefoot, full speed, down the hallway of our four-bedroom house to the bathroom on the other side of the house. I forgot that we had moved my oak desk from where it had been into a place where it was partially in the hall. My bare foot hit that immoveable desk with full force, and I heard a cracking sound, and had immediate pain in my last two toes.

Hobbling in pain down to the toilet and crying there while I was “doing my business”, I remembered that in a prayer time just that week, one of our prayer “warriors” said that she had heard a sermon which said that if you are alone and need prayer, cross your arms and **“lay hands” in faith on yourself**! After I finished my need for the restroom, I reached down and laying hands on my last two toes, I told God how much I needed to be healed to preach in a few hours, claiming I John 5:14-15, and the pain went away!

Rejoicing, I walked all the way back across the house, with no sign of pain or even discomfort, praising God for how He had delivered me. After about two more hours of sleep, I woke up with that pain again in my two toes and feet. After I cleared my head, I prayed in praise to God “I know you healed those toes when I prayed in the bathroom, and I refuse to accept this pain. I praise you that I am healed.” When I said those words, the pain again went away. I went back to sleep, however when I woke up at 5:30 am to get dressed for the day, the pain came back. I again claimed victory—praying as before, but this time the pain remained.

I continued to claim victory because of God’s word, and how I knew that He had healed me the first and second time. But the pain remained. One of the most painful things I have ever done was to put on my right foot those dress shoes and walk to the car and drive to church to get ready for the services that day. What made the day even more challenging, was that I was not only to teach a Sunday School class that morning and to preach the morning sermon, but also to sing the special solo before preaching.

So that I could rehearse the song, while I was alone at the church, I had to start song at the sound booth, run to the mike at the pulpit to get the sound balanced, and to rehearse the song. What made it even more difficult was that the sound booth was in the balcony of the church!

There was not a normal stairway to the balcony, but a pull-down type of stairs like you would find in a garage.

But I said to myself, “I know, Lord, that you healed me this morning, I will not stop believing!” As I recall, it was the second time down that stairway, that the pain immediately left me, and I have not had any pain or any problem in that foot from then on, or with those toes now for over forty years.

I tell this story because I want to be a witness that healing is often a struggle of faith—and that verse in Hebrews 11:6 that talks of **diligently seeking Him** is, I think, a crucial aspect of healing faith. It is not only expecting, but also persevering in faith that so often brings a result that we rejoice having seen throughout our lifetime!

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