

Paralyzed Woman Healed

By R. A. Torrey

How often God has given to me faith as I have prayed for some sick one, and healing immediate, complete and wonderful has followed. When I was Superintendent of City Missions in Minneapolis, I found on my desk one day a request to go to a home three miles distant. The people were unknown to me. Upon reaching the home I learned that they were French, and had been Roman Catholics, but the husband and wife had been converted, though many of their relatives were still Roman Catholics. I learned that the woman had been sick for four years and had had nine different physicians, none of whom could help her. She was helpless. She could move her hands, but she had to be lifted upon a sheet when they made the bed. I sat down by the sickbed and asked the woman what she wished me to do. She replied that she wished me to pray that she might be healed. One of her Roman Catholic relatives, who sat by a window in the same room, said, "If she is healed we will all become Protestants." I read to the sick woman this very passage that we are expounding, James 5:14, 15. Then I asked her, "Do you believe God will heal you?" She replied that she believed that He could heal her. "But," I said, "do you believe that He will heal you?" And after reading her various promises from the Word she said she believed that He would. I then explained to her very fully the meaning of the anointing and that on her part it meant a full surrender to God of all her physical powers. Then I knelt by her bedside and, "having anointed her with oil in the name of the Lord," I prayed that God would come in with the healing power of His Holy Spirit and restore her to perfect health then and there. As I prayed God gave me faith that He heard my prayer. I prayed "the prayer of faith," and as I arose I said to the woman, "I expect you as soon as I am gone to get up and go about your work."

I went from that home with the full assurance that God had answered my prayer. The night of the day following, before I began our evening meeting, I said to one of my missionaries, "Polly, you are going to hear something tonight." I was sure someone would come down from the neighborhood and say that the sick woman was well. And, sure enough, when the meeting was opened for testimony a neighbor of this woman arose and said that God had completely healed the woman, and that immediately after my departure she did get up, dress, and go out for a call. And the following Sunday she was down to our services, three miles away. And she remained a strong, healthy woman as long as I remained in Minneapolis. Afterwards they went south and I lost track of her. But many years later, when I was holding meetings in Los Angeles, in a tabernacle that was erected for me by the churches of that city, down on the corner of Seventh and Los Angeles Streets, I told this story one afternoon in speaking on the subject of "Prayer." A man sprang up in the audience and said, "Mr. Torrey, that was my wife. We are living in Los Angeles now, and my wife is a well woman." They are still living in Los Angeles, and she has been a well woman from that day, about thirty-five years ago, until this day.