

HE BELIEVES...

BY: BRAD CULLEN – JUNE 14, 2003

I don't know what frustrates me more... somebody, referring to me, saying, "He believes..." then proceeding to say something that doesn't come close to what I actually believe, or what happened just this morning. That is, somebody saying something about me that barely touch the basics of what any believer ought to believe -- if he or she wants to begin walking in a demonstration of "faith."

Here's how it went... a casual conversation with two other people during which, again, referring to me, one of them said, "He believes that if you say that something won't happen, then it won't." The conversation was about blood pressure. The two individuals are both younger than I, both with elevated cholesterol levels and both with elevated blood pressure...

The other person said about my supposed belief system, "Well, that just isn't necessarily so."

What on earth kind of a reply can I come up with to that? I asked quietly and knew that I was not to say anything.

A story is in order. I was twenty-four years old when I had a heart attack. I remember the occasion all too well. I won't take time to tell the full story here... but by about fifteen years later I had taken to jogging and had gotten into better health habits generally. About two years after I had gotten into pretty good shape, I had an occasion, for business purposes, to apply for a sizeable amount of life insurance.

Because of the large amount of the policy I had to have an extensive physical examination... including a electrocardiogram before and after a stress test. The heart specialist that handled my "EKG" – showed me the graph and startled me with a question: "How many years ago did you have a heart attack?"

"What?!!" I half asked, and half exclaimed. Then I remembered... and said simply, "about twenty years ago."

He showed me how my heart beat regularly and the graph showed an "up-tick" for about twelve beats and then the "spike" went downward. The cycle was regular... twelve up... then one down. He had me listen to my own pulse. Twelve beats... then one beat – nothing! Just silence. It was unnerving to say the least! The cardiologist explained that one of the valves on my heart had scar tissue from the heart attack and, "in laymen terms," it was like a regular "misfire..." and the graph showed it.

I received a reduced policy for \$250,000 rather than the applied for \$500,000 and at a significantly higher premium.

I got into the habit of checking my pulse right after I jogged. Sure enough, that regularly missed beat was always there.

About ten years later I was ministering in Alaska. Two of us were visiting a couple. She had arthritis in her neck and he was scheduled for surgery the following week to graft arteries from his legs to replace some that were blocked around his heart. The condition was causing his skin to have a definitive blue cast to it.

Within an hour she was totally freed from arthritis and his complexion turned to a healthy looking pinkish glow. As we were getting ready to leave we prayed a "blessing" over the couple and their home. During the prayer, I had a picture in my mind of a brand new healthy looking heart. I stopped and said to the man, I think you just received a new heart. He replied, "I don't need a new heart... my only problem was the blocked arteries... and it looks like God already took care of that!"

I was puzzled and said only... "well somebody just received a new heart! I saw it and I know it's true."

The next day the man came out to the building site where we were building a little mission church and said he wanted to help. He had been unable to do any physical labor for several months – and here he was digging trenches for a drainage system saying that he was feeling great. Still with that same healthy glow he received the previous night.

At about 4:00 p.m. we quit working for the day... and I went for a five mile run. When I finished... per usual... I checked my pulse. For the first time since I had seen the cardiologist... no missing beat! I was the one that had received the new heart the night before!

About two years later I went into business with a couple of men near Portland, Oregon. They wanted "partnership insurance" on each of our lives.

On the application I had to admit to a previous heart attack... and the fact that the previous life insurance I had applied for came back in a lesser amount than that for which had been applied and the policy had been rated substandard.

When the three policies came back... mine was the only one that came back rated "preferred" with a substantially reduced premium. My partners, both ten years younger than I were both rated "standard."

About two weeks ago I had another physical related to business life insurance. The EKG was still perfect – over fifteen years after receiving my new heart.

Now then, what does that long-winded story have to do with what I believe and why I feel frustrated when my beliefs are misstated?

Here is something to ponder: If, as Jesus seemed to say, it is true that Satan and his agents are responsible for all kinds of disease – then it might be valuable for us to understand the legal system under which these agents operate.

First, let's look at what Jesus said... "The thief comes only to kill, steal and destroy, but I come to give life and it more abundantly." Some would have us believe that Jesus was making reference only to spiritual life... not to the health of the body bags we occupy. If that is true, what was the point of the many instances of his restoring physical health or casting out demons and saying we could do the same things?

Those of us that understand the authority given to us "over all the works of Satan" know that his agents can only work where they have a legal right to do so. This is a highly complex subject, but I want to emphasize one point... that I deeply hope the reader will take seriously... Satan's agents have a legal right to play havoc with our health when we give them verbal permission. I have seen the results of this all too many times. From the simple, "I am coming down with something" – to going to a doctor for a tentative diagnosis and believing it. As I said... this is highly complex, but consider the following as possible evidence.

A woman in her sixties being told by a doctor that she had less than six months to live. She had a brain tumor... had undergone chemotherapy, which according to the same doctor, had caused incurable "nerve" blindness... Understand here that the doctor had been given "authority."

I had been asked by the woman's step-daughter and husband if I would go with them to "pray" for her.

Unbeknownst to me the woman's husband had asked his daughter if she knew a minister because his wife wanted to take care of the details of her death. His daughter (the woman's step daughter), I later found out, had told him, "Dad, she doesn't need some minister -- she needs somebody with faith," and thus arranged for our visit.

When we arrived, "Dorothy" (not her real name) was seated in a recliner chair. She had not been able to walk for several months. After the introductions I pulled up a chair to sit near her. I said, "Why are we here?"

"I want to be cremated," she replied.

That took me completely by surprise and I started laughing. I replied, "You mean you want to be cremated right here and now, Dorothy?"

She saw the humor and showed a trace of a smile. "No, I just want to take care of all the details so my family doesn't have to worry about it," she responded.

I said, "I don't think your husband would mind taking care of those kind of details if they become necessary... isn't that right?" I directed the question at him.

"Of course not," he immediately replied, "Dorothy, why don't we just listen to what he has to say?"

His daughter chimed in, "Dorothy, we've seen him heal people of all kinds of things."

"I don't heal anything," I interrupted, "but I know how to help you receive the healing Jesus Christ has for you."

"The doctor says that it is impossible and that I am going to die shortly." Dorothy said.

"Why don't we do something simple first, like get you your eyesight back... then maybe you can believe for the bigger picture of living?" I implored.

“No,” she said, “The doctor says I will never be able to see again. He said that it is irreversible nerve damage caused by the chemotherapy.”

“Can you see anything at all?” I asked.

“I can tell you are there,” she said, “but I can’t make out any of your features or the color of your clothes or anything like that.”

There was a large clock mounted on the wall over the fireplace. I asked her, “Can you make out the clock above the mantle?”

“I know it is there, but if I didn’t know it was a clock I would think it was just a shadow.”

A little over an hour later, Dorothy was standing out in front of their house yelling at the top of her lungs... “Look at the stars... they’re beautiful!”

Then she walked, all by her self around two square blocks. Her husband, Ron, was beginning to get a little worried... I just told him she was fine. We heard her steps on the front porch. As she entered the front door she said... “my legs are sore.”

When we found out how far she had walked I asked her, “What do you expect? You haven’t been able to take more than two steps for over six months! Your muscles are going to take time to rebuild.”

One of the amazing things that happened that night after she sat back down again... I asked her jokingly if she could tell the time from the clock above the mantle? She told us the time, then exclaimed that she could see the numbers perfectly – and the only way she had been able to do so previously before the onset of the cancer was with her prescription glasses.

I picked up a book that was setting on the coffee table there in the room. I handed it to her and instructed her to read out loud. She could! Something she had been unable to do for over twenty years without her glasses. Jesus had restored her sight completely.

Want to hear what “he believes?”

I believe that anyone reading this can also be the facilitator of God’s healing... but you’ll never be able to do it as long as you don’t believe that it is possible.

That’s what I believe... and the only reason I write these articles is so that many of you begin to get just that small seed of faith... from which a huge tree of faith will grow... if you water it and nurture it.

If you haven’t read the short books, “Living Excited,” or “Unlocking The Treasure Chest of God’s Gifts,” please just click on “Reply” and then type in one or both of these titles on the subject line and click on send. I’ll send you the books by attachment in a return e-mail. If you have already read one or both, let me urge you to read them again. Why? There is rarely a day goes by that someone doesn’t write to me telling me that they learn something new every time they read them... and that their faith has grown because of it.

As I have said many times before, I don’t tout these books for any reason of self-aggrandizement... most people that write to me from all over the world, believe these books were written under the inspiration of God’s own Spirit. I believe that as well... so I can hardly take any “credit” or be “puffed up” over what the books are accomplishing.

P.S. Jesus said, “Nothing is impossible to them that believe.” I BELIEVE THAT!

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