

Simply Christ
Gospel Newsletter
Sharing the simplicity that is in Christ

May 7, 2019

Our Great Physician

About three months ago I noticed a small dark spot on the side of my nose that looked like a piece of hardened blood. I pulled it off and discovered that underneath there was a deep hole in the side of my nose about the size of a pencil lead. It did not bleed and after a few days it covered with a light film, but the skin around it became raised and I could still see the hole. As I do with all such things, as I finish my daily time of prayer, I said, "Lord, take this away. It should not be there."

As the weeks passed, the hole became larger and more of the skin around it became raised and tender. I have to say this concerned me quite a bit, but I simply prayed about it and went on. Yet with each passing week this thing seemed to consume more of my nose. As we prepared for our Spring 2019 Campmeeting, this situation began to bother me more and more. I asked the church to pray with me, and said, "I have seen the Lord do so many wonderful things. I want to trust him with this also."

In the week leading up to Campmeeting, this hole began to expand rapidly. This troubled me. One day I saw a man whom it appeared had his ear removed due to some kind of cancer. I admit that I began to have unpleasant thoughts about having half my nose cut off. I kept seeing the Apple Computer logo, which is an "Apple" with a

bite taken out of it. I said to myself, "That's what my nose will look like if the doctors have to deal with this."

I am not opposed to doctors or medicine, but Jesus Christ has always been my physician. Like King David, I have always desired to fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men. 11 Samuel 24:14. There are so many healings and miracles God has given both myself and my family that I suppose some believe I make up the testimonies I give. Yet for some reason today's trials always seem more real than yesterday's victories. And it was today that I needed a touch from heaven.

The presence of God filled the Spring Campmeeting services. Rev. Andre Oatis from Donaldsonville Louisiana ministered the Saturday Evening service and the glory of God filled the altar service. I called Bro. Oatis over and showed him what was going on with my nose. He prayed and rebuked this attack, and we just continued to worship God with the congregation. By the time Campmeeting was over, people were rejoicing continually in the Lord, but I could also see the concern in the eyes of many.

The days that followed were quite disconcerting. This thing increased in size measurably from day to day. The surrounding skin began to change color, and the entire area became painful to the touch. I told the Lord I wanted to trust him, but I did not know what he wanted me to do. I said, "Lord I know nothing can come into my life except you permit it. What are you doing here with this? I have never been one that believes a healing or miracle comes through "confessing." In fact I have seen far more people

receive healings and miracles who at times expressed sincere fears or doubts than I have seen in those who tried to make sure every word was “positive” or who professed God was bound to do a certain thing. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego said, *“Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. BUT IF NOT, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods...”* Daniel 3:17-18. Trusting God is not something you do only if God does what you want him to do. Trusting God IS trusting God!

By the fourth day after Campmeeting, things appeared noticeably worse. People would look at me silently, not wanting to point out the obvious. It was enlarged, enflamed, and very tender. It seemed I could even feel it growing and consuming more flesh. I asked and told the Lord many things during this time. I never said I would not go to a doctor although I knew many would think me a fool for waiting so long. There were times I might have been in agreement with them. Finally, I told the Lord, “I believe you will take care of this. I will trust you!”

Around 10:00pm that evening, I was in my office when I lifted my finger and touched the place on my nose. I looked and there was blood on my finger. I touched it again and there was more blood. I went to the bathroom mirror, reached up and lightly pulled on the raised portion around the hole in my nose. The skin pulled off and then a chunk of dead flesh came out. Underneath there was a hole the size of a pencil eraser and it was doing something it had never done in these three months. It was bleeding. Maybe it should have horrified me, but

it did not. Somehow I knew this was the hand of the Lord. The bleeding stopped shortly and all the pain and inflammation was gone. I thanked the Lord and went to bed in peace.

In the morning the hole had neatly clotted over and you could only see a smooth scab about the size of a small button. There was no sign of redness, inflammation, or any other such thing. My wife saw me and asked "What did you do." I just pointed to the place on my nose and said, "This is my miracle." When I saw a brother a few days later he said, "I thought you went and had whatever that was burned off." Each day that passed you could see the area getting smaller and healing as a normal wound should. I just want to offer thanks to Our Great Physician, Jesus Christ!

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." II Corinthians 2:14