

During a livestream Pause for Prayer on Monday 12 April 2021, Marian wrote these words.

This has been wonderful today. Such a wonderful presence of our Lord Jesus we felt we were with Nicodemus looking into the face of Jesus and I remembered my second birth when first I heard the gospel message and found forgiveness for the weight of guilt I was feeling over stealing a small toy from the classroom when I was only five. I ended up throwing that little toy away because I couldn't bear to look at it any more and I feared that if I returned it and owned up, I would be punished. But I couldn't throw away the guilt,, and for the next eight years that guilt crushed me. I lost sleep imagining I would go to hell when I died. No one had told me why Jesus died, only that naughty children and people go to hell.

The stress on me was so severe it brought on psoriasis that became chronic, even needing hospitalisation at times because it covered my whole body and my skin couldn't breath. Tar baths and Corisone injections became part of my young screwed up life. Guilt is a terrible thing. One day, when I was thirteen a leaflet came through our door to tell us an Evangelist was coming to the town hall and he had prayed for people who had been healed. My father said he would take me since the medics could do nothing! That evening the evangelist didn't even speak of healing, but preached the pure gospel message, explaining why Jesus had died, and how His precious blood had the power to wash away every sin when we repent.

It was music to my young ears. I had found where I could finally find the forgiveness I so craved. To my father's surprise I was first to the front to kneel, tears streaming down my cheeks. The Evanglist laid his hands upon me and I knew the presence of Jesus in a way words could never express. From that day on my life changed. I put on weight, I slept peacefully, my sister and I joined the newly planted Elim Church in the town and we were baptised by full immersion after giving our testimony. Joy filled my heart and my psoriasis didn't both me any more.

It was four years later in a monthly service for healing when I knelt again at the rail and thanked God for my psoriasis which had brought me to Jesus because I preferred to have psoriasis and know Him than not have it and not know Him. It was my psoriasis that had caused my Dad to take me to that service! As the pastor lay hands on me as i knelt at the altar that night, I fell to the floor. My mother thought I must have fainted and ran to the front but the Pastor told her it was because God was working in me and i was "resting in Him". As they watched an area of skin on the back of my right hand suddenly cleared miraculously as my mother watched astounded. Six weeks later my skin had cleared completely.

I kept my check up with the Consultant and he was SO shocked to see my whole body was clear, but he was still skeptical, not believing in God or miracles! He said it would return because he'd never heard of anyone being healed of psoriasis. I told him it wouldn't because Jesus had healed me! I am now 79 and my skin is as perfect as the day I was born! Wrinkled with age, but not a blemish has ever returned.

Sorry this is long, but today's reminder of the Nicodemus story brought back that glorious day - 18th May 1955 at around 9pm - when I first met with Jesus and knew I had been born again. O happy day.