



WHEN  
GOD

stories of hope

HEALS  
II

BETHESDA CATHEDRAL

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“But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was upon him, and by his wounds we are healed.” Isaiah 53:5



God heals in many ways.

There is no formula nor fixed pattern how He does it.

Sometimes, God uses doctors through modern medicine. Many times, God does more than what medicine can ever do through the power of prayer.



h e a l s  
G o d  
i n m a n y w a y s . . .

## Pastor's Address

by Senior Pastor Tay Cheng Kee

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This is our second compilation of true-life accounts of people who experienced the wondrous grace of God in their lives. God has in a special way touched the lives of these people, bringing hope in a seemingly hopeless situation.

You will see through the testimonies of these people how God in a miraculous way brought healing and restoration of health to their bodies.

Through these stories, we see people and families, who through these trials, love God more, grow closer to Him, and realize that He needs our total surrender.

May these stories of hope bring you and many others new hope in this hopeless world.

Tay Cheng Kee  
Senior Pastor  
May 2001

In January 1999, my feet and ankles started to swell for no apparent reason. I thought it might be due to a malfunction of my kidneys, and so I went to see a urologist at Changi Hospital.

The doctor gave me a scan, and when I returned for the results, he told me that my kidneys were fine, but that there was a growth in my colon.

I was scheduled for a colonoscopy. This is a procedure by which they put a tube through me with a camera attached. Of course, the camera is not life-sized! And they take beautiful coloured pictures of the inside of you.

This colonoscopy was to be in two weeks time, and it was these two weeks that were the most agonising time of my life; because 'a growth' to me meant 'cancer' and I thought that I was going to die.

I became very, very depressed during those two weeks. And I must have made my husband quite exasperated with me because I kept telling him that I was going to die. I even gave him instructions on what to do after I die!

The poor long-suffering man finally said to me, "You are not going to die. God is going to heal you and you are going to live a long, long life to torture me." Then he said, "Let's pray." So we prayed. It's amazing how many times you can pray when you want something from God!

During this time, I felt that I needed more prayer, so I came to church to see Pastor Tay. Pastor Tay laid his hands on me and prayed for me, commanding the growth to die in Jesus name. I felt much better after that, and my faith in God was renewed.



## Nothing is impossible with God by Anne Lee

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The day of my colonoscopy arrived. We got the results immediately, and the doctor announced that there was indeed a growth in my colon, but it was non-malignant.

He showed me the pictures. The lump was actually a very tiny one. It was round and flat in shape, somewhat like an abalone, but less appetising. The doctor said, "Well since it is non-malignant, you don't have to take it out. You have the option of just leaving it there. But we need to do another scan in a few months time just to make sure it has not grown."

Because of Pastor Tay's prayers, I felt so much better by then and even went on a holiday.

When we returned, I went for a final scan. This time, when I met the doctor for my results, he looked at me and said, "You have been praying very hard, haven't you?" Then he told me, "This is quite incredible, but this scan shows that there is nothing in the colon. There is no more growth there."

So I leave you with this thought - Have faith, because with God, nothing is impossible! Thank you Jesus!

"You have been praying very hard haven't you? 5

## What it is to live fully by Poon Mai Leng

I was at home one late July morning, resting on the couch after attending a Sunday service, when I discovered a small nodule in my sternum. It looked like a mosquito bite. But my heart sank, and in my mind an alarm went off. Just 2 years before, I had been diagnosed with cancer of the breast. I underwent a mastectomy, a round of chemotherapy, 25 sessions of radiation and thank God I came out of it well.

I sought my doctor the next morning. Bad news, the lump was removed and found to be positive for cancer cells.

While all this was happening, Pastor Tay was invited to speak in my home church (Bethesda Bedok-Tampines Church). It was the last Sunday of August 2000, a month after I discovered the lump. During this healing service, Pastor Tay gave an altar call and I

stepped forward to be prayed for. I felt a deep presence of God and as I returned to my seat, gave the Lord a word of thanks by faith for His healing.

Things did not get better immediately. While waiting for the scar to heal before starting treatment, a new nodule came up within 3 weeks of the one that was removed. Within that week, I also felt a lump in my right armpit. An ultrasound showed a shadow which no one knew whether it was benign or not. I was devastated. In my prayers, I surrendered to God and cried out that I wanted Him to take charge of my life completely, not just over my physical well being.

It was at this time that I was seeing my oncologist and surgeon frequently. They were highly concerned due to the rate at which the lumps were appearing and were in much discussion over

my next course of treatment.

While they discussed, I felt a great burden to seek out Pastor Tay again. So it was on the first Wednesday in September that I visited his office, was prayed for and anointed with oil. Pastor Tay told me to do as the doctors decided.

By early October, my surgeon and oncologist both confirmed that the second nodule was gone completely and an ultrasound confirming that the lump in the armpit had also disappeared.

Praise be to God that He can bring about healing in many ways!

the lump had  
**disappeared**

## A 1.8cm Cyst that is no more by Emily Ho

In July 1999, the radiological report for a pelvic ultrasound scan showed that I had a 1.8cm cyst in my left ovary. My gynaecologist advised me that should the cyst remain in my body, there was a chance of it becoming malignant.

Four months later in November, Pastor Tay received a prompting from the Lord during the service and asked for those with 'growth problems' to move forward to the altar to be prayed for. I did so and was prayed for.

In April 2000, another pelvic ultrasound was done. Praise the Lord! The scan showed that my ovaries were normal and the cyst was gone. This was confirmed by my doctor. I was so excited and happy and thanked the Lord for my healing. Praise the Lord!



“and  
I was  
healed!”

Jesus turned and saw her  
“Take heart, daughter...  
...your faith has healed you.”  
matthew 9:22

In end-August 2000, I was diagnosed with colon cancer and was scheduled for surgery to remove part of my colon. But it wasn't just my colon. My doctor suspected that the cancer had spread to other parts of my body. And through a series of ultrasound tests, they diagnosed that there was a nodule in my liver.

In early Sep In September, after I had undergone surgery to my colon, my doctor did a CT scan to take a more detailed cross-section of my liver in the area of the suspected nodule.

It was about this time that a couple who knew of my case, Nancy and Caleb Lee, told me of a wonderful ministry that one such Pastor Tay Cheng Kee had in a church called Bethesda Cathedral. They shared of the many who have been so richly blessed through his prayers for healing and encouraged me to visit the church. They also helped me by calling and informing Pastor Tay about my circumstances.

My husband, Martin and I met up with Pastor Tay on Wednesday, 29 September. He struck me as a humble and friendly man, and we immediately felt at ease with him. And then he prayed for me, a very simple yet very commanding prayer of God's power.

With my eyes closed, I saw flashes of light and an image of Christ on the cross even as Pastor Tay prayed. This bright light slowly turned into the shape of a heart. When I saw these images, I was overwhelmed by God's love for me, and the verse "...by His wounds I'm healed" came to mind.

my oncologist

could not tell  
why this was so.

## Saved from cancer

by Patricia Liu

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Pastor continued to pray further, commanding all the cancerous cells in my body to die. It was at this moment that I felt a warm sensation in my chest, moving down to the area just above my stomach. I later realised that this was the position of my liver. I knew for a fact then, that God had touched and healed me.



On our way home, Martin too shared that he sensed God's complete healing for me. It was while Pastor was praying that the story of Jesus commanding a barren fig tree to die crossed his mind. Like the useless tree, Martin sensed that God's command for the disease to die was a sure thing.

The following morning, I saw my oncologist about the results of my CT scan. There was good news. The nodule that had been detected on the ultrasound had 'disappeared' and in its place were three black, 1 cm-sized spots. My oncologist could not tell why this was so. He did a further blood test called a cancer marker check, and found that the level had dropped from a former level of 10.8 to 2.2, a drastic fall into the normal range (<3.5). Praise God, for surely He was in charge here! Thank you Jesus.

Since December 2000, I have been experiencing severe pain & great discomfort around my womb area. On January 2001, on the advice of my gynaecologist, I decided to go

for a scan at the Gleneagles Hospital. The specialist from the hospital discovered a cyst of about 4 cm in size around my uterus. The doctor told me that the cyst' could either be an 'endometrioses cyst' or a 'functional cyst'. A functional cyst is a temporal cyst that would go off by itself after a period of time. However, whether it is a permanent or temporal cyst there is always the possibility that it might rupture at any time. Should this happen, death may occur. The doctor strongly recommended an operation should the pain persist.

On 22 January 2001, I went for a second scan at the Gleneagles Hospital. The result of the scan revealed that the 4 cm cyst was still there.

no more jabs...

...no more operation!

## A 4 cm cyst that is no more anonymous

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At that point, the gynaecologist advised me to go on a 3-month course of intensive medication in order to reduce the size of the cyst or better still, dissolve it. I took the gynaecologist's advice and started the medication.

The medication did not help. I became easily tired and very weak. I lost my appetite yet gained weight because of the medication. Worst of all, I experienced intense pain for the whole week. I visited my company doctor and he immediately arranged for an operation to remove the cyst at Kadang Kerbau Hospital. The same specialist who performed my previous operation would operate on me. The last operation was done on 23 January 2000 to remove a ruptured 4 cm cyst on my left uterus.

A friend of mine from Bethesda Cathedral, on hearing of my impending operation, gave me a booklet, "When God Heals" and introduced me to Pastor Tay Cheng Kee. I went to his house and he laid hands on me and prayed for me. He commanded the cyst to die and be gone in Jesus' Name. I have never heard such commanding prayer before. Pastor Tay was very confident in commanding and demanding that the cyst die and that I should be healed in Jesus' Name.

The next day I went to the specialist and had a third scan. The scan revealed that the 4 cm cyst was not there anymore. Everything was clear, cyst-free! I found it hard to believe so I asked the radiologist to confirm the result of the scan. He could not detect the cyst at all! I was so happy, so very excited. No need for an operation! No need for the terrible hormone jabs on my tummy. No more felling tired and fatigued all day long. I remembered Pastor Tay's prayer the previous day and suddenly I realised that God had heard his prayer and healed me. Praise the Lord! Thank you Jesus!

In early 2000, after a check-up, my doctor broke the bad news that there was a suspected growth in my rectum and that it was likely to be cancerous.

To anyone who has been afflicted, the news of cancer hits one terribly hard. To a nineteen year old, such as I was, the impact was great.

My doctor instructed me to go for a scope, a scan and some tests to verify and confirm this. I was consumed with fear, and the thought of cancer filled my entire being like the spread of an intangible poison.

In April, a couple of months later, a special service was held to pray for the sick at church. When an altar call for healing was given, I found my way to the front seeking God's healing. I still remember tears flowing uncontrollably as the musicians played the hymn, 'Jesus Loves Me'. My dad then brought me to Pastor Tay and cried, saying, "Pray for him, he has cancer." It was the only thing on our minds.

The first words I recalled Pastor Tay saying was that we should confess positively and not negatively as the cancer was only suspected and not yet confirmed. "Life and death lie in our own tongues," he reminded us from the Word of God. He also urged me to fill my thoughts with positive ones, looking to and trusting God at all times.

I was heartened and amazed at my Pastor's faith. Especially when he said to me, "Jon, you are in the Music Ministry, in my cell group, you are also my friend. How can I allow you to have cancer?"



...entrusting  
my life completely  
to G o d

## Fill your thoughts with hope by Jonathan Chen

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The following week, after what seemed like a very long wait, I was at the clinic to collect the results of my tests. The scan showed what looked like an ulcer. We were not sure, but my doctor insisted that it was cancer. He said that he had been treating cancer patients for so long. "I've seen so many cases," he said, "this is definitely cancer."

To add authority to his words, he mentioned that he was the head of the department. He advised me to undergo a second scope to ascertain the reliability of the first.

I informed him of my ongoing school examinations and up coming work attachments, but he retorted, "Which is more important? Your life, or studies

and grades? If it's cancer, you can forget about your studies, it's not important anymore." I felt angry and fearful and proceeded for the second scope.

That Sunday in church, Pastor shared a prophetic word with the congregation about the need to place our trust in God and not be fearful. That word was for me, and I responded to the altar call to be prayed for. I felt relieved and assured after the service that day.

A week later, I was at the doctor's again to collect my second scope results. My doctor ate his previous words when he announced that the scope results showed no cancer! It was only an infection which would go away after a course of antibiotics.

If my confident doctor, with all his years of experience had been right reading the first test results, then it was God and only He who healed my disease. Whatever it was, this entire experience brought me to the core of entrusting my life completely to a God who loves me.

I asked the doctor for a letter to certify what he had said I intended it to be a testimony for God's glory.

I am deeply grateful to God for His love, And to my family, Pastor and friends for their love, concern and prayer support. Praise the Lord!



In early 1998, I developed a cyst on the left of my forehead. Doctors said it was caused by a blocked sweat gland and warned that it would grow. And it did! What started off as an insignificant lump, soft and movable to the touch, soon grew over the months to the length of my thumb.

In mid-May 1999, it became infected and turned septic. As it continued to swell, I felt a pulling sensation against my left eye. My colleagues, church friends and family persuaded me to get it operated on, but I refused, hoping and believing that God would heal me.

Even my company's doctor, upset that I would not heed his advice and allow him to perform the minor surgery, wrote out a disclaimer clause on my medical card and asked me to sign it. This clause stated that he would not be held responsible should my condition worsen.

In the mean time, I responded to altar calls for healing in church and my cell group supported me in prayer.

Then on 9 May, I went forward during the Sunday service when Pastor Tay gave an altar call for healing. A few days after this, my cyst grew larger. On 23 May, I responded once again in persistent faith that God would help me in this plight when an altar call was given. My cyst had, by then, grown red and infected. Pastor Tay himself prayed for me then.



I responded  
again in persistent  
faith

## A stubborn faith by Wan Lai Chan

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The next day, the cyst grew even more. I paid a visit to my company doctor, only to be told that no cream or antibiotics could cure it except surgery. I adamantly refused, still believing that God would in His own way heal me.

That night at about 10pm, as I stepped out of my bath, I saw that the cyst had burst and that yellow pus was oozing out on its own. I was thrilled! And for 2 hours, not withstanding the pain I went through, I squeezed out as

much creamy pus and blood as I possibly could, retiring to bed only some time after midnight.

The next morning, the swelling had been reduced by half, and I consulted my family doctor. He advised me not to squeeze the lump anymore, and to avoid inflaming it, lest it be linked to meningitis or brain damage. That news was new to me, I thought, as I recalled the brave battle with the cyst just the night before.

Soon after the doctor prescribed me antibiotics and anti-inflammatory medicine, the wound began to shrink and heal rapidly. After 2 months, my forehead area was normal again!

I thank God for protecting me from the worst, the threat of meningitis, and for responding to my stubborn faith in Him! Thank God for never letting me down!

## What a lump-ful?

by Eva Chow

In August 1999, I detected a lump on the left side of my abdomen. I informed my doctor regarding the growth of this lump when I went for a Papsmear test in September.

The doctor advised me to see if whether this lump was cancerous. She also enquired about a previous lump that had grown on the right side of my abdomen a year ago. I began to tell her how God had healed me of that first



He never  
lets you down...

lump during one of the Wednesday prayer meetings last year. This was how it happened:

On that Wednesday, I had told my husband, Johnny, that I would be skipping the prayer meeting so that I could see the doctor about that lump. At about 5 pm, however, I changed my mind and decided to attend the prayer meeting instead. This was one of the rare occasions that God prompted me. My faith rose within me to believe that God would heal that lump.

That evening at the meeting, an unusual thing happened. Pastor Tay, operating under the direction of the Holy Spirit, received a word of knowledge to pray for those who needed healing on their abdominal area! I had not said a word to him.

Responding in faith, I went up to the altar area to be prayed for. In the next few days, I kept a check on the lump. And right before my eyes, the growth gradually flattened and disappeared! God had healed me, praise the Lord!

As I completed telling this story to the doctor, she smiled sarcastically and said, "Tomorrow is Wednesday, why don't you go and ask for healing again?"

I did just that! Although there was no altar call for healing that very Wednesday, a call was given that Sunday. And I stepped out in faith once again, fully relying on God to remove the lump on my left abdomen as He had done before. Pastor Tay prayed for me and released God's healing power to make me whole.

A few days later, I noticed that the lump on my left abdomen had disappeared. God is so good! And you know, He never lets you down when you put your faith in Him! Thank you Jesus. Hallelujah!

## God can heal any ailment

by Mike Chew

In March 1999, the second finger on my left hand became stiff. Gradually, I had difficulty extending that finger and had to use my right hand to literally pull that finger straight. It was very inconvenient and uncomfortable for me.

I tried many ways to find a cure, consulted many doctors and even Chinese physicians. Many of them recommended different kinds of ointment to massage onto my finger but to no avail.

About 9 months later, I was introduced to Pastor Tay who prayed for me. A few days later, I was surprised to feel that the stiffness in my finger had greatly reduced. However, I was still unable to extend my finger without help. 2 weeks later, Pastor Tay held my finger in his hands and prayed for complete healing. Faith arose within me. A week later, I realised with great joy that the stiffness had totally disappeared and I was able to extend my finger freely once again!

Hallelujah! Praise God for healing me! He is indeed the Great Healer!

He is indeed the  
Great Healer! <sub>17</sub>



## No doctor like Him

by Deng Li Fang

I was introduced to Bethesda Cathedral when a friend brought me there in 1998. I began to attend the Chinese service regularly.

At that time, I was suffering from a terrible pain in my kneecaps. For 3 years, the pain would come in the night. At times, the pain in my kneecaps were so intense that it would awaken me in the middle of the night.

I consulted the doctors and was told over and over again that this sort of pain could not be cured. All they could do to help was to prescribe painkillers for me whenever the pain got too severe. In short, they were telling me that I simply had to live with the pain!

At the 5th Anniversary service of Bethesda Cathedral, Pastor Tay prayed for all the sick who were there. He requested that we remain right where we were seated, and to simply place our hands upon the parts of our body that were ill. Pastor Tay urged us to believe that God could heal us. Then he prayed for us.

I was amazed and surprised by the firm and commanding prayer of Pastor's, I have never heard Pastor pray this way before. I followed his instructions and after Pastor Tay had closed his prayer, I made a personal cry for God to deliver me from my troubling condition. I felt deep in my spirit and believed in my heart that the Lord had heard Pastor's prayer and would heal me that day.

That night, I experienced no pain at all. I had a peaceful and painless night's rest, the first in a very long time! Even better, I have not had any more pain since. I cannot tell you how relieved and overjoyed I am that God has healed me. I now know that there is no doctor and no medicine like God's love for us. Only God can truly heal! Glory to Him!



o n l y   G o d   c a n   h e a l

## God does the knee-dful

by Lauren Chew

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In mid-June 1999, a pain developed in my right knee. This distressed me much because my knees have always been important to me. I get into the kneeling position even when I mop the house.

Due to the unbearable pain, couldn't even kneel to pray. I had to resort to using only my left knee, assuming the 'proposing posture' (like a man asking a lady for her hand in marriage!) to cope with my daily chores.

My eldest son, Jonathan, urged me to go for an X-ray or medical examination, but I never did. My family knows that I am absolutely stubborn when it comes to visiting the doctor for I always believe that God will heal me in His time. So in the meantime, the pain just got worse.

On 30 June, during Prayer & Praise, Pastor Tay received a word of knowledge to pray for those with pain on the right foot. I wanted to respond but held back because the call was specifically for the 'foot'. I told the Lord that night, that I would wait for my call. And I did. Sure enough, come Sunday, 4th July, Pastor Tay gave an altar call for healing. There was no specific area named, and I responded in faith.

Even as I stood at the altar area, while Pastor was urging others to step out in faith, a warm sensation began to flow down from my neck, down my back and to my kness.

When Pastor Tay laid his hands on my forehead and began to pray, both my kness started to wobble. I could not support myself and fell under the power of God.

When I got up, the very first thing I did was to kneel down to thank the Lord. Hallelujah! The pain was gone. Praise and glory to God, for He alone deserves our praise and honour!



When I was fifteen, I dislocated my right knee during a softball game. Upon my doctor's order, I had a cast over my knee for close to a month. Due to the fluid build-up, the knee

swelled and became stiff for more than five months. With daily application of the ointment, the swelling subsided, but my right knee remained weak. I had to place most of my body weight on the left knee. And because of this strain, my left knee suffered a severe sprain three years later during a hurried walk down the stairs. For more than twenty years, I could only do a half squat and kneel at 90 degrees, even so with great difficulty and pain. To get up, I would need to hold on to a grab-bar or some furniture. I got around with this difficult condition by cutting out all strenuous sports and games, and mainly by avoiding squat-toilets.

there was my answer

God had healed me completely!

## On bended knees by Annie Aun-Ni Koh

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Until I came to Bethesda Cathedral in late February 1996, I had not heard of healing through prayer to God in the Name of Jesus. By then, the stiffness in my knees had lessened somewhat, and I had grown to accept it. But God, I learnt, does not accept second best.



On the morning of Sunday 24 October, as I was driving to church with a friend, Mary, we prayed aloud that there would be a mighty manifestation of God's presence in the service to heal the sick, the blind, deaf, dumb and lame. Funny how it did not occur to me to pray for complete healing on my own knees.

During the 10.30am Healing Service, however, I felt a prompting to place my hands on both my knees when Pastor Tay called for those who needed healing to lay their hands on the afflicted parts of their body.

A minute or two passed after Pastor prayed. I tested both my knees, first by swinging my right then my left leg. My right knee swung with ease, but the left "creaked" a little.

Shortly after, Pastor Tay called for those who had been healed to step forward to the altar area to testify, so as to seal the healing received. I was one of those who went forward. But when Pastor asked how I knew I was healed, I was momentarily stunned. By faith, I knelt down with my back straight, and rested my full body weight on both knees. There was my answer. God had healed me completely! Thank you Jesus!

As it is often a norm for me to kneel when I read the Bible, or pray alone in my room, I rejoice with thanks that I can now kneel fully and get up with ease! Praise the Lord!

# The knees are an important human hinge

by Anne Lee

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Since October 1999, a pain gnawed at my left knee making walking, especially up and down the stairs, excruciatingly painful. My doctor said plainly that it was arthritis, and that there was no cure. He prescribed anti-inflammatory medication. This helped the pain to subside for a while, but the relief was short-lived. A week before Chinese New Year in February 2000, the pain shot back and it became increasingly difficult to walk. On Chinese New Year's Eve, when I saw Pastor Tay, I asked him to pray for me. The very next day, as I walked down the stairs of my house, I knew God had worked a miracle. For the first time in months, I did not have to lean on the bannister and mince my steps. God had healed me. I give Him all the glory and thanks!

# I knew God h a d w o r k e d a miracle

# Pain in the left knee

by Irene Lau

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It all began with a bad fall that I had on a Wednesday morning before a Sunday Healing Service.

"We had just agreed that we would go for prayer meeting in church that evening," explained my husband, Kelvin. "Then she fell. Her left knee was rather badly bruised and affected her walk, even as she made her way to work."



That evening in church, Pastor Tay paused in mid-speech. He had received a Word of knowledge to pray for someone with pain in the left knee.

"A lady and her young daughter came forward for prayer," said Pastor Tay, "but the Holy Spirit told me that this call was not specifically for her."

I was there, somehow glued to my chair. "She was too shy!" explained Kelvin, who was relating my testimony to the 900-strong congregation.

After the prayer meeting, we quickly went up to ask Pastor Tay to pray for me. He did so, commanding the pain to subside in Jesus' name.

"That night, the pain disappeared, and so did the blue-black bruise! What was more marvellous, our parents found out about the healing and are with us in church today!" Praise God.

## Walking down the aisle

by Lucy Sng

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In the latter half of 2000, I took a fall. The experience left me with a slight discomfort in my left heel whenever I walked. But I took the discomfort in my stride, leaving it unattended.

The pain in that heel soon worsened and I began to realise that the injury was probably not as insignificant as I had assumed.

I decided, then, that a visit to the Chinese 'sinseh' (physician) might relieve my pain. At the 'sinseh's', I received massage and acupuncture treatments, but my condition did not improve. The pain developed into a prickly 'needle-poking' sensation that distressed me whenever I walked. I was deeply frustrated and refused to return to the 'sinseh' for any more treatment.

One Sunday in church, during a special healing service, Pastor Tay gave an altar call. The Holy Spirit had prompted him to pray for those with pain on the leg. I was overjoyed, when I heard those words from Pastor Tay. I had desired so much for God to heal me. And He did. As I walked down the aisle the ever-persistent pain began to subside until it went off completely! Our God is a wonder-working God! Hallelujah!



...the pain  
began to subside

## Details from heaven

by Tay Ai Choo

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On the the last Wednesday of June 1999, during the church prayer meeting, Pastor Tay received a word from the Lord to pray for those with pain on their right leg.

At first it did not occur to me that the call was meant for me. But as Pastor repeated the words 'right leg'. I suddenly remembered that I had been living with the pain for so long that I had almost forgotten about it.

You see, about ten years ago, I slipped while mopping the floor at home, crashing my feet into a wall skirting and sustaining a bad fall. My toes were badly bruised, and it caused me to limp after that.

Both my big toes were never completely healed from that incident. But the pain, which felt like what we Chinese call a 'pulled nerve', came only when I walked.



And then, just a month before this prayer meeting, the 'pulling' pain spread to the top of my foot, otherwise it did not hurt.

I had thought about visiting a general practitioner, but due to my busy schedule, I somehow never got down to doing so.

So it was Pastor Tay's words 'right leg' that triggered my memory, and I went forward to be prayed for. Pastor Tay prayed a general prayer for all of us at the altar and later Elder Pearleen laid hands on me.

When I awoke the next morning, the pain had completely disappeared from my right foot and toe!

I cannot express how overwhelmed I am by God's mercy to me. That He would be so concerned with the smallest details in my life! Thank you Jesus!

overwhelmed  
by God's mercy 25

## Stepping out in faith

by Alan Lim

.....



I recall the day clearly - 15th August 1999. It was on this day, during a Sunday morning service that Pastor Tay received a word of knowledge and issued a specific altar call

from the pulpit for those with pain in the left ankle, "for there is an anointing for healing from the Lord for those with such a condition," said Pastor Tay. My heartbeat quickened, and I stepped out of my seat excitedly. For in the past year, I had been experiencing and tolerating occasional pain in both my legs, particularly in the ankle, shin and knee areas. I remember Pastor Tay praying for me that day, and since then, the pain has not returned to either of my legs, in any of the areas! What a gracious and benevolent Father, to heal not only one but both of my legs. Praise God who is our Jehovah Rapha, the Lord that healeth me. Exodus 15:26.

# Praise God

our Jehovah Rapha

## What we take for granted

by Benson Teo

.....

I still recall clearly that it was a Friday morning that I awoke one day with a horrible stiff neck. I could not turn my head left nor right properly without experiencing great discomfort. Throughout the day, I had difficulty going about my daily tasks and I realised just how much I had taken for granted.



Two days went by, and there was no improvement. Despite the difficulty I found in driving, my family managed to be at our regular Sunday service that weekend.

As sure as He knows every hair on our heads, God knew of my situation that very morning. For in the midst of the service, Pastor Tay was prompted by the Holy Spirit to pray for those suffering from neck pain.

The minute I heard the call, I left my seat to be prayed for, placing my trust in God. For me, the healing did not come instantly. But within two days, the pain was gone. Pastor was so kind as to call and enquire how I was. I was only too pleased to praise God for His goodness.

I thank our gracious heavenly Father for healing me, and for reminding me once again of His great love.

# God knew

of my situation

### Instant healing!

by Jennifer Guai

.....

One morning I got out of bed and felt a very sharp pain on the left side of my neck and shoulder. The pain was so bad that I could not turn my head to the left, and it was difficult to lie down to sleep. I have never sought a 'sinseh' for treatment before, but because the pain was really unbearable, I decided to consult one in the hope that the pain would go away sooner.

The 'sinseh' massaged my neck a little and gave me a big foul-smelling plaster to stick on my back. I must admit that the pain lessened after that but my neck was not fully recovered. I prayed and asked God to heal me completely but nothing happened.



A week later, as I was on duty for backup singing, Pastor Tay gave a call for healing during the second service. He specifically spoke about people who had a pain in the neck. I was stunned for a moment as I had "gotten used" to the pain and thought it would go away by itself. However, I took a step of faith and believed that God was going to perform a miracle on me. I responded to the altar call, and as Pastor laid his hands on me and prayed, I knew in my spirit that I was healed. True enough, when I opened my eyes and daringly twisted my neck to the left, there was no pain at all! It was simply amazing. God makes all things beautiful in His time. I thank Him for his goodness!

no more  
foul-smelling plaster

### Nagging pain in the back

by Melanie Chew

.....

Some time ago, I suffered from a nagging pain in my lower back. It was not unbearable, but caused me great discomfort.

One Sunday during a service in church, I responded to an altar call for healing. My mind was wavering initially. I had doubts, wondering if my case was serious enough, or if the pain would really go away in time. I shut these thoughts off and told myself to step out in faith.



As I stood up and placed my hand on my back as Pastor Tay had instructed, I felt extremely self-conscious. There was nothing out of the ordinary, or so to speak, about the moment. I was too busy distracted by thoughts of whether anyone was looking at me. I didn't feel any special sensation on the affected part. But what happened next shocked me. I stretched my back to feel for the pain to convince myself that there was no healing, but the pain was not to be found.

After the service, I stretched even more vigorously. Some church members must have wondered if I was getting ready to run a marathon. But it was true, God had sent me a miracle. I had been healed on the spot. Thank you Jesus.

I learnt that day, that God desires us to trust Him. For when we honour Him, He never lets us down. Praise God!

“despite my  
doubts...  
...God sent me a  
miracle!” 29



## My christmas story

by Anthony Wee

.....

In August 2000, I experienced itchiness throughout my body, feet and hands. This plagued me day and night.

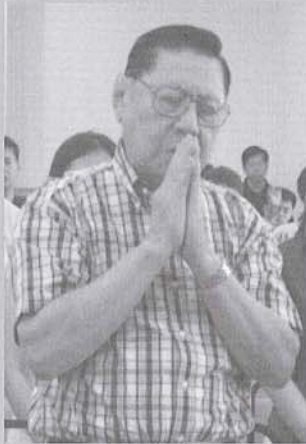
I sought help from two skin specialists. Being an elderly man, one of the doctors told me that the rash was due to my old age. The other said that it was due to my perspiration after exercise. Both doctors prescribed me several ointments which were to be applied and some tablets to consume, but there was no improvement. Instead, it got worse. I cried out to God for healing in my daily prayers.

After enduring this itch for three months, Pastor Tay released a word that the Lord had prompted him to pray for those with skin disease during one of the Sunday services. He instructed us to remain in our seats, but simply to place our hands on our knees in faith, as he prayed for us. My heart jumped in anticipation as I thought, "The time has come, our good Lord will heal me!"

I followed as instructed and placed my hands on my knees. As Pastor Tay prayed, I suddenly felt very cold. I knew that this was a special touch from God. There was no immediate healing for me., but I was far from discouraged. I continued to pray daily, asking the Lord for complete healing in his good time.

True enough, it was two weeks after that particular Sunday service, that the itchiness disappeared completely.

All Glory to God!



## Vitamin F for 'faith'

by Jason Ng

.....

My son, Joseph, was only seven years old when he developed a severe skin rash.

Initially, we thought it was just a heat rash and paid little attention to it. But soon, his condition worsened. The rash, which had started on his chest, spread to his abdomen, down the groin, and even to his upper and lower limbs. This went on for a period of 5 weeks. Joseph's skin grew rough like sandpaper. And it was a sorry sight to see our young boy scratching himself helplessly as he tried to relieve the itch.

During this time, we consulted a few doctors. They told us that it was just rashes and gave us creams to apply for the itch and anti-inflammatory syrup. The medicine did not help Joseph's condition, instead, the rashes appeared to have spread even more.

Two days before we approached Pastor Tay, Joseph's piano teacher looked at his skin rash and told my wife that she had a similar skin rash when she was younger. She suffered the condition a few years until a doctor who attended her home church noticed her condition and advised her to take a vitamin B complex. Her rashes disappeared soon after she took his advice.



When I heard this, I told the Lord in prayer that I could not bear to see my son go this way. We prayed and believed that God would heal him. We stood firm in our faith, and though a caring relative of ours passed us some vitamin B complex, we did not let Joseph try it.

I was reminded of what Pastor Tay has shared some weeks back, that whatever he had asked God to do, God had never failed him.

Come Sunday, after the service, we approached Pastor Tay to pray for Joseph. Nothing happened that afternoon that caught our attention. However, the very next morning when we checked our son's condition, we were delighted and over-the-moon to see that the rashes had begun to subside. In its place were some dark scars.

A couple of days passed, and Joseph stopped his habit of scratching. His skin healed and the rashes did not return. God had answered our cry. Glory to Jesus! And thank you, Pastor Tay.

My grandson Aaron Quentin Goh suffered from eczema since he was about 2 months old. He scratched his head constantly because of the severe itch. As his grandfather, it was very painful to see him scratch his head and body till they bled. We took him to a skin specialist and prayed hard that the medicine would cure him. For a while, the medicine worked and he appeared to be cured. However, he later developed a more severe form of eczema where all his folding areas became swollen and inflamed. We returned to the skin specialist who told us to keep applying the cream he prescribed and "to be patient." He told us that the medicine will help overcome the itch and hopefully, after 5 or 6 years, Aaron would grow out of his condition. As grandparents, we were upset and appalled by his flippant reply. On 22 March 2000, we sent Aaron to KK Children's Hospital because the eczema had spread all over his body and even on his face. It was difficult and worrisome to see our only grandson suffer such agony.

## No more rashes by Philip Goh

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During our prayer and devotion time one morning, the Lord reminded me of how Pastor Tay once prayed for a friend's son who suffered from a similar condition and was healed. I called Pastor Tay and he asked me to bring Aaron to his office straightaway.



When we arrived, he took Aaron on his lap and playfully talked to him. He then laid his hands on Aaron's body and prayed for him. He rebuked the eczema, spoke healing into Aaron's body and covered him with the blood of Jesus. The very next morning, my son and his wife found dried skin on Aaron's bed. To their joy and amazement, they found that the welts had dried up! Subsequently, my grandson's condition improved tremendously.

Pastor Tay came to visit us on 14 April to see how Aaron was faring. We told him that except for some rashes, he was very well. Pastor said that he would ask God for complete healing and not just partial healing. He once again took Aaron on his lap and prayed for all the rashes to be gone in Jesus' name. My grandson is so much better now. He is indeed a living testimony of God's healing power and grace. We thank and praise God for His awesome power. To God be the glory!

“We found dried skin on his bed!”

## He's got the whole world in His Hands by Margaret Low

.....

It was during a National Kidney Foundation (NKF) health screening that I first discovered I had traces of blood in my urine.

In early January 1999, on the advice of the NKF nurse, I went to my doctor who conducted a laboratory test on me. Indeed the test revealed that the blood content in my urine was high. I was advised to go for further tests.

During a Sunday morning service, Pastor Tay called for the sick to step out in faith and be prayed for. I responded and in faith, believed that God would heal me as Pastor Tay prayed for me.

An appointment in October 1999 was arranged with

another GP and the result still showed traces of blood in my urine. I was worried. Thoughts of having to use a kidney dialysis machine added to my fears. The GP advised me to take a Renal Function test, which is a 24-hour collection of my urine. This test would enable the doctor to better analyse the fault in my body system.

I took this test without hesitation. During the collection of my urine, I did my own tests with detection strips which I had purchased from a pharmacy. To my dismay, it consistently indicated a blood content.

My husband and I prayed and placed our trust in the Lord.

We strongly believed that He alone could see us through our difficulty. I was also very much encouraged by my cell group members who supported me through their prayers and concern.

Finally, the results of this Renal Function test were out. To my total disbelief and surprise, my doctor announced that there were no traces of blood in my urine anywhere.

Praise God for His miracle in my life! Thank you Jesus!



# No traces of blood anywhere!

## God sees our very need by Patricia Chan

.....

Sometime in mid-March 1999, my eyes began to itch. It began with a slight itch in my left eye. But two days later, it spread to my right.

I saw a general practitioner who asked if I was sensitive to the soap I used, or perhaps my cooking oil. The answer was obvious, I had been using the same kind of soap and oil all along.

Short of a product to blame, my doctor prescribed some eye drops which I promptly applied. The next day, however, the itching grew more severe and I could not resist rubbing my eyes.

On Saturday, 30 March, my husband said in faith that we should ask for prayer about this the next day, and

perhaps, check with an eye specialist the following Monday.

On Sunday after the service, I told Pastor Tay about my eyes and he quickly said, "Let me pray for you." He laid his hands over my eyes, rebuked this sickness and spoke healing in Jesus' Name.

That day, when I reached home, I noticed that the itchiness had gone down. My husband was so happy, "Praise the Lord! God has really healed you," he said.

I didn't need to make the trip to the eye specialist on Monday. The itchiness had dissipated altogether!

Praise God for His healing touch!



# Almost blind, but now I can see!

by Chow Wing Lok

.....

In 1994, one of the veins in my left eye was blocked and I lost 50% of my vision. 3 years later, a vein in my right eye burst as well. As a result, I lost my ability to see from waist down. This caused great inconvenience to me, and many times I fell into drains. Life was terrible. The doctor told me that there was no cure, and all he could do was to stop the bleeding by laser treatment. I had to live the rest of my life with this condition - or so I thought.

On 24 Oct 1999, I responded to the call for healing at the Healing Service. Pastor Tay laid his hands on my eyes and prayed for me. 2 weeks later, I realised with great joy that my vision had improved. A month later, 50% of my vision was restored. At this point, I know that miracles still happen. I started to pray earnestly, asking God to fully restore my sight, and He answered my prayers!

In February 2000, I went to see my eye specialist. He confirmed that my sight had returned to normal - something which he had earlier pronounced to be impossible. With God, all things are possible!

I'm so happy that God really listens and answers our prayers if we ask in faith. It's good to be able to see again.

Praise the Lord!



with God, all things are possible!

# He hears me

by Patricia Chan

.....

In August 2000, I was plagued by the onset of a persistent itch in my left ear. The pain grew to the point of diminishing my hearing ability. I soon became quite deaf in my left ear.

I was prayed for by Pastor Tay, but was not yet completely healed. The pain and itch became unbearable and I decided to consult an ear specialist.

The specialist found the cause of my distress to be a fungal infection growing in my left inner ear. There was an inflammation in the inner ear, hence the horrible pain. The doctor prescribed me some medicine which, improved my condition over a period of 3 visits. I felt better.

Barely two weeks later, however, the pain and itch returned to my left ear. But worse, imagine my horror when pus began to ooze out from my right ear! The inflammation soon blocked my hearing in both ears. I was deaf to daily conversations!

I saw my specialist again, who drained out the pus and advised me to see him in 4 days time.

That Wednesday night, at the church prayer meeting, I approached Pastor Tay and asked if he could please pray for me again. His reply was not quite what I expected. He told me that the Lord wanted me to wait, be patient and have faith in Him. Pastor has said this to me before, but I realised that I had not understood it the first time. This time, I placed my trust in God and waited.

The wait was not too long. At dawn on Friday morning, just two days later, as I lay semi-conscious in bed, I felt the awesome presence of God with me, then His gentle hand moved over and touched my right ear.

When I awoke in the morning, I felt no more pain. Moreover, the pus and itching that had gone on for the last two months had now disappeared completely. I knew then that God had kept His word, and had healed me. I shared the good news with my husband and we were so overjoyed with God's healing power. Praise and glory be to God!

I placed my trust in God...  
...and waited

When I was in the fifth month of my pregnancy, I had a detailed scan. The doctor told my husband and I that he had detected a white dot in our baby's heart and another seed in his brain. He warned us that this could lead to our baby being born with Downs Syndrome, which is a genetic disorder that results in physical abnormalities and limited mental ability. The doctor advised us to go for an amniocentesis test, which would confirm whether our baby had Downs Syndrome. I was devastated. This was my first born and I could not believe what I had just heard. I went for this test the very next day and was informed that the results would be available in three weeks time. I confided in a good friend of mine, Alicia, who is also in Bethesda Cathedral. She suggested that I ask Pastor Tay to pray for my unborn child, that God would turn the situation around. I did just that.

God's will  
for my baby is  
to be **healthy!**

## My baby is healthy

by Queenie Goh

.....

Together with my husband, Jeffrey, we went to Pastor Tay's office one afternoon. After sharing the situation with him, Pastor asked us to hold hands and he prayed for us. About a week later, I went to a second gynaecologist at Mount Elizabeth Hospital for a second opinion, and there underwent



another scan. There on the screen, the results showed that my baby was perfectly normal. I was overjoyed! God heard Pastor Tay's prayer. We were so happy and thanked the Lord for this miracle.

The pending results from the amniocentesis test no longer seemed important to us. We believed that God had truly turned the situation around. And to our delight, when the results did come, it confirmed that our baby was tested negative for Downs Syndrome.

When my child was born, he went through all the checks for symptoms of Downs Syndrome, and they were negative. Praise God! I know in my heart that it is God's healing power that have touched my baby and protected him. God's will for my baby is to be healthy! Thank you Jesus. Glory to God!

**“people brought to him (Jesus)  
all who were ill with various diseases  
...and he healed them.”**

matthew 4:24

My husband and I prayed for a child and shortly thereafter, by God's grace, we were overjoyed to learn that I was pregnant with our first child.

On 16 January 1999, our joy grew stronger when we learnt that the child I was carrying was what we asked the Lord for - a baby boy. On the same day, as part of a precautionary measure recommended by the gynaecologist because of my age, I underwent a triple blood test to help determine if there were any abnormalities in our child.

A week later, the clinic called to say that the test showed strong positive results; our child had a high probability of being born with Downs Syndrome. The news was devastating.

At this time, although my husband and I are not from this church, we had heard about the healing miracles that God had worked through Pastor Tay. We went to see him on 23 January. In his prayer, Pastor Tay asked God for His blessings on our unborn child and rejected all abnormalities. He also prayed for our baby's safe delivery into the world.

On 27 January 2000, I took an amniocentesis test as advised by my doctor to confirm the results of the triple blood test. The results of this would be known only in 2-3 weeks, so you can imagine how difficult the wait was for us. We fought hard to keep our faith in the Lord, and continued to pray each day for God's mercy and grace.



## Our gift from God by Jennifer Yeo

.....

On 10 February, I called the clinic and was told that the test results were in. As the nurse opened the envelope and read the words 'No Abnormalities Found', my heart raced with joy! My husband and I were strengthened in our faith and we called Pastor Tay to thank him for his prayers. We decided that we would name our son Matthew, because he is truly God's gift to us.

The day that Matthew was born was another miracle to us. On 25 May, 5 weeks before my delivery was due, my water bag burst. It was about 11.30pm, and though I was rushed to the hospital, I had experienced no contractions.

I waited in the labour ward for half an hour, and because the delivery wards were full and I still had no contractions, I was placed in a normal ward. Fear filled me as I was worried for the baby's survival. My tummy had shrunk considerably and there was the danger of bacteria setting in and affecting unborn Matthew because of the burst water bag.

The fetal machines monitoring Matthew's heartbeat detected a slight drop in his heart rate and my doctor decided at 1.30pm the next day that a Caesarean section would be the best option.

I later discovered that this decision for a C section was a blessing when my doctor found that I had actually contracted a urinary tract infection which could have affected Matthew had he gone through a normal delivery. Surely, God's hand was upon us and baby Matthew every step of the way!

Today, Matthew is a bright, smiling and active baby, with a tough muscular body and a very good temperament. We pray that he will always love the Lord and grow up according to His will. We thank God for this miracle child. Praise the Lord!

“No abnormalities found”

## The size of a chicken egg

by Yeap Ngi Chai

One Friday afternoon, several members of Bethesda Cathedral came to my home and amongst other things, asked if I had any prayer needs. I told them that my 2 year-old son, Chong Hung, was sick. His testicle had enlarged to the abnormal size of a chicken egg. He was scheduled for an operation to draw out the excessive liquid in his



testicle. My eldest son had suffered the same condition and had an operation to correct the problem.

Perhaps it was the will of God that my son fell sick and was unable to go for the operation. With the encouragement of the church members, I came to Bethesda Cathedral and asked Pastor Tay to pray for my son's healing. I brought him up to Pastor Tay during the family fellowship and explained to him the abnormality of my son's testicle. Pastor Tay then stooped down and gently

laid his hands on my son and prayed for him. He rebuked the abnormality and commanded the testicle to return to its normal size.

The following week, my son's testicle shrunk back to its normal size. I was very surprised yet overjoyed and relieved that the Lord had heard Pastor Tay's prayer and healed my son. I took him to see a doctor and he said that my son was healed. There was no need for an operation! Thanks be to God! All praise and glory be unto Him! My son is now completely healed and since then, there has been no relapse.

there's  
no need for  
an operation

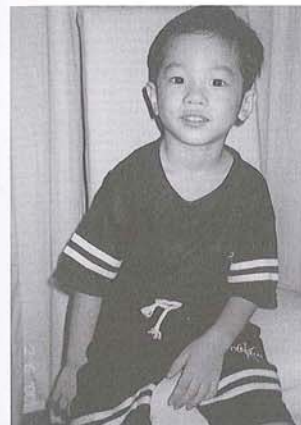
## Some things potty training won't do

by Tony & Shalin Tan

Like any other parents, the birth of our son Kearney brought us much joy and laughter. However, from the age of two onwards, Kearney began to have a problem, he was badly constipated. This issue could not be solved for the next three years. And though we consulted various pediatricians, we found no cure for him and were highly concerned for his health and well being.

One Sunday morning after church service, we approached Pastor Tay to lay hands on our son and pray for him. Pastor chatted with Kearney for a while, then he prayed for God to release His healing to our son.

Kearney's condition improved from being regularly constipated for about 5 days, to easing himself once every 2-3 days. As parents, we were greatly relieved at this great improvement.



Soon after, we met Pastor Tay again. He enquired about Kearney's condition. We were happy to tell him of the improvement. Pastor, however, was determined that Kearney be completely healed rather than partially healed. So he prayed for him again, asking the Lord to grant our little child complete healing.

God answered his prayers. One week after, Kearney was clearing his bowels everyday. And a happier child for that too! We are grateful to God and praise Him for His mercy and love on our family.

## When a little boy can't go by Ginny Tan

.....  
From the time he was a few months old till about three years of age, our son, Wee Hao was irregular in clearing his bowels. Despite our efforts to give him a balanced diet which included fruits and vegetables, Wee Hao did not get any better.

The heartache we felt as parents was seeing him in pain each time he had to go. It was such a bad experience for the little boy that he would refuse to sit on the potty, preferring to stand instead.

On the week before a healing service was to be held in mid-March 2000, Wee Hao was constipated for 6 days. His stomach was hard and bloated, and he simply had no appetite for any of his meals. When my sister, Shermaine heard about this, she urged me to bring Wee Hao to be prayed for at this special service.



That Sunday during the healing service, I responded to Pastor Tay's call to those who wanted a healing touch from God. In faith, I stepped forward to the altar area with Wee Hao, and there Pastor Tay laid his hands over my son and prayed for him.

The following day, Wee Hao was able to clear his bowels, though with some pain and effort on his part. But that very day was also the last time Wee Hao was ever constipated again! The pain and discomfort absolutely disappeared thereafter. And Wee Hao has taken to sitting on the potty with no complaints!

I praise God for healing my son. As a mother, I cannot express to you how happy I am that he is well! Thank you God for Your wonderful act of kindness and mercy on this little boy. It truly has been a miracle!

## Aralin is getting well by Rose Aravindan

.....  
In 1995, our daughter Aralin was diagnosed with Urinary Tract Infection (UTI) or Reflux. This comes about when urine seeps back into the bladder, thereby causing an infection.

Over the last 5 years, both her kidneys were infected. In terms of the severity of the infection, her doctors rated her right kidney 4 and her left 5. This was a high level of concern, and her doctor recommended surgery.



In June 2000, Aralin was due for a medical check up. We were anxious for her. So the Sunday service before, my husband and I approached Pastor Tay to pray for little Aralin. Pastor Tay laid his hands on our daughter and rebuked this sickness. He then released God's healing power into Aralin and spoke healing in Jesus' Name.

After her medical check up the next day, the doctor had a surprise for us. He told us that her condition had taken a turn for the better, and that surgery was now ruled out!

The Reflux on Aralin's right kidney had been completely healed, and the left side was improving greatly!

What a relief it was to the family that this condition which had burdened us for 5 years could be made right! We thank God for hearing our prayers and for His wonderful touch on Aralin.

The doctor had scheduled to see Aralin in a year's time. Then he will determine if she should stop her prescription of antibiotics. We trust God fully and believe that He will heal her completely.

her right kidney  
completely healed

surgery?  
ruled out! 45



### Toe-tally alright by Linda Teo

.....

I suffered from an in-grown toe nail on my left big toe since the beginning of 1998. It was soon infected and my toe was perpetually swollen. So much so that I could only wear a selected range of shoes to walk. Even then, moving around was at times uncomfortable.

My doctor prescribed me antibiotics and an antiseptic cream, and later recommended that the nail be completely removed. This, he assured me, would ensure the infection would not occur.

I took his advice, but soon discovered, as the new nail grew, that it was in-grown

once more. The pain, too, returned. I was angry, fearful and felt cheated by my doctor, and refused to see him again.

I responded to an altar call, twice, to be prayed for by Pastor Tay. Once during a Wednesday prayer meeting, and once more at a Sunday service. As I exercised my faith and trust in God to heal me, I began to sense His peace. I continued to claim God's healing promise over time. And God in His faithfulness healed my toe.

Today, the pain has completely gone away. Praise God for his goodness!



# I began to sense His peace...

### No more pills by Marcus Ng

.....

I had my first attack of epilepsy (a sickness that attacks the nervous system of the brain) when I was 7 years old. I had to take 3 anti-epilepsy pills everyday. If I missed taking just one pill, I would get fits which would render me unconscious for a while. Not only that, I would be bedridden for 2 to 3 days after each attack. I was hospitalised for 2 days after a fits attack in January 2000. The doctors said that one more attack could result in brain damage or even death.

I have visited many neurologists and doctors in Indonesia, Australia, USA and Singapore. My mother, brother and uncles are all medical practitioners as well. They say that there is no cure for epilepsy.

My best friend Daniel brought me to Bethesda Cathedral to attend a healing service. During the service, I took a bold step of faith and responded to an altar call to receive healing from the Lord. As Pastor Tay prayed for me, I felt something like a tingling sensation flow into my body. I believed that at that moment I received healing. I told my wife and she too believed I was healed.



From that day on, I took a bold step of faith to stop taking my medicine immediately. My neurologist (a well-known professor in Indonesia, Japan and Singapore), family doctor and brother however, did not support my decision. Basically, no one trusted the church healing service. I thank God that through it all, my wife supported me. I am alive today, only because God healed me. The doctors may say that there is no cure, but God has proven that no sickness or disease can prevail over the Name of Jesus.

I would like to give my deepest appreciation to God who used Pastor Tay to pray for me. I would like to thank my best friend Daniel and his wife for introducing us to Bethesda Cathedral. I especially thank my wife for supporting my decision, and last but not least, my cell group members and friends for their prayers and support. Praise the Lord!

It was a Sunday morning in mid-November 1999, and our family was getting ready for church service when I first discovered a strange blue-black spot on my younger son's nose. Zachary was just barely a month old, three and a half weeks to be exact. We were puzzled about this mark because none of us recalled how this precious infant could have been bruised.

The next day, I noticed a few more bruised marks on his elbows and thighs. We thought it wise to let the pediatrician have a look at him that night. Even as the hours passed, more marks began to surface. It was very worrying.

At the clinic, the doctor told us that the marks were due to small, ruptured blood vessels. A blood test was done the following day, and we were taken aback by the results. Zachary's blood content had a critically low count of platelets, a blood component that helps blood to clot. The level, 9 thousand per microlitre, was a far cry from the normal level of 140 - 460 thousand per microlitre! This explained why he was having those burst blood vessels that were unable to clot. Zachary was otherwise happy, drinking and sleeping well.

Because of the critically low platelet count, Zachary was warded at the KK Children's Hospital for immediate treatment. We were instructed not to rock or pat him, as the slightest pressure could cause severe internal bleeding, or be life threatening. A panel of doctors, including a senior haematologist, were in charge of assessing our son. But they were unable to diagnose or explain Zachary's condition, nor offer any treatment. Zachary continued to take blood tests each day but did not receive any medication or treatment.



the doctors couldn't explain  
what had happened

cos'

God has done a miracle!

## What really counts by Bobby & Victoria Kok

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We found ourselves in the midst of this unknown, and knew deep in our hearts that only God could help to turn the situation around. And so we prayed, fervently, for this tiny infant who was barely three and a half weeks old. We trusted God to do a work which was best for our little one. And He did!

The next day, the unexpected happened. Zachary's platelet count began to rise. First doubling up to 18 thousand per microlitre, and then to 20 thousand per microlitre on the fourth day. Zachary still had not taken any medication, and though

the results were not yet favourable, our baby was discharged from the hospital. That day, our walk out of the hospital was a big step of faith. We continued to pray, putting our baby's life in God's hands.

After a week, we returned to KK Hospital for a review of Zachary's blood content. His platelet count had soared to an amazing 298 thousand per microlitre. God had done a miracle!

Like the medical doctors, we couldn't explain what happened to our son. But we do know that while we were weak and helpless,

God showed Himself in our lives and by His strength made us strong too. Praise God for making Zachary whole!

Our son Timothy had a bout of skin ailments since he was a baby. We brought him to see several doctors and even the skin specialists at the National Skin Centre, but were unable

to find a cure for him. We tried every available steroid cream in the market but none could heal his illness. Besides the skin problems, doctors also found that Timothy had sensitive lungs and was asthmatic. And so we spent a great deal of money on medical bills. When Timothy was two and a half years old, he was hospitalised for bronchitis. In October 1999, he was hospitalised again, this time for pneumonia. After he was discharged, Timothy was placed on an inhaler to help his breathing at various times of the day. There were a few times that he had to use the inhaler at every hourly interval round the clock. We, as parents, were distressed and greatly concerned about the possible side effects of his medication, particularly his prolonged use of steroids. In March 2000, we came to Bethesda Cathedral. I was encouraged by several accounts of healing which I had heard of in this church, and

wanted very much to ask the Pastor to pray for Timothy. During a special healing service in April, we went forward in faith when an altar call was given.

there's power  
in the name of... .. Jesus

## And Timothy had asthma

by Caleb & Nancy Lee

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And although Pastor Tay prayed for Timothy, we were unsure as to whether he was healed of asthma and decided to keep him on the inhaler. Shortly after, one of his steroid puffs ran out. We were now in a dilemma as to whether we should purchase a new one from the doctor.



We waited for a while, deciding to let Timothy complete his other prescription of Ventolin (Salbutamol BP) and monitor him from there. By the end of that week, the Ventolin too ran out, and Timothy's cough and running nose returned. We went back to the doctor for advice. Surprisingly, he noted that it would be a shame to put our son on the inhaler again since we had already taken him off it for a week already. The doctor gave him some oral medication instead.

That following Sunday, which was in early May, we approached Pastor Tay after the service to update him and asked if he would pray once more for Timothy. Pastor laid his hands on our boy and rebuked the asthma. He asked for God's healing power to flow into Timothy and commanded healing for him.

Today we know that God heard that prayer of faith. For since that day, the asthma did not return to plague our little boy again. And to show that, you can catch Timothy, like any other young boy, slurping down cold drinks, licking ice cream, and crunching on chips and eggs; things which he was forced to abstain in the past.

We are overwhelmed by God's kindness and love for our son, and we give God all the glory. There is power in the Name of Jesus, indeed! Thank you Jesus.

## What an ulcer!

by Jenny Lee

.....

For a number of days prior to Sunday, 22 August 1999, I had to bear with a terrible ulcer under my upper lip. I remembered telling my husband what a 'stubborn' ulcer it was. It caused me severe pain, and even the swelling of my lips.

Sunday approached, and little did I realise how special God would make that day for me even as we made our way to attend the morning service. For it was during the service that Pastor Tay, prompted by the Holy Spirit, gave an altar call for those who needed a healing touch.

I remembered being the first one to reach the altar area! I knew God could help me with this painful ulcer.

Even before Pastor Tay actually prayed for me, an indescribable feeling fell upon me. I knew God would answer my cry. Instinctively, I used my tongue to feel the ulcer beneath my lip. The pain was gone! I told Pastor Tay about it when he approached to pray for me. He thanked the Lord for His healing power in taking away the ulcer and for working a miracle in my life.

I know God heals because He is true and faithful. Thank You Lord Jesus.

God made that day special...  
...He healed me!



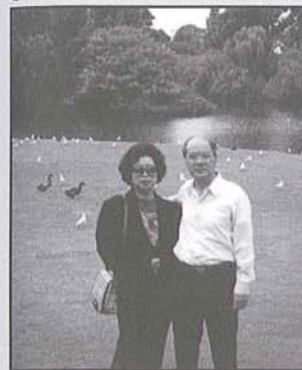
## Breath of heaven

by Jessie Teo

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For the last six months of 1999, I experienced heart palpitations. In January 2000, they grew stronger and more frequent, sometimes causing my chest to hurt.

During this time, I was easily tired climbing up and down the stairs at home. My breathing would grow heavy and I would pant easily. A stubborn and long-drawn cough which developed in



November 1999 and dragged on till January aggravated my situation.

And then in January 2000, during a Sunday service, Pastor Tay was led by God's prompting to pray specifically for those who had a heart, chest or respiratory problem.

In response to his call, I walked down to the altar with faith and hope. As Pastor Tay placed his hand upon me and prayed, I closed my eyes and lifted my hands to receive God's healing by faith. And He healed me.

As the new week began, I felt good and well, the symptoms and palpitations were hardly noticeable. Especially with the Chinese New Year just around the corner, I went about the busy preparations energetically and praising God for making me whole again! Thank you God for your loving kindness and rich blessings!

thank you **God**  
for Your loving kindness 53

## With our whole heart

by Jessie Teo

For the past 10 years, my husband had signs of a heart problem. Each time he took an ECG test, they found stress signals in the results; my husband took this quite lightly.

In 1992, he developed symptoms of angina (i.e. chest pains), and was warded for two days. The heart specialist could not find the cause of the pain and decided that it must be genetic. In 1998, during an annual medical check-up, the doctor recommended that my husband undergo a thorough heart examination.

The results for this test came a week before Chinese New Year this year (1999); his heart muscles had thickened slightly, and the doctor warned my husband that he was like a 'time-bomb' which could

'go off' anytime. We were thoroughly disheartened and depressed.

Once again, the doctor could not find the cause of the thickening and referred us to a professor at the National Heart Centre.

After studying the case, the professor felt certain that there was a blockage in one of the arteries and suggested an angiogram to confirm this. An appointment was made for my husband to be admitted on Monday, 19 April 1999.

On Sunday, 18 April 1999, we attended the Sunday service as usual. During the service, Pastor Tay called for those who needed healing to stand.

My husband responded in faith, standing up, he placed his right hand upon his heart as Pastor prayed.

I could feel that he was encouraged and assured by this prayer.

At the coffee fellowship after the service, Elder Dennis Tan and his wife, Jessie, prayed for him again. For the first time in all these past months, I felt at peace and knew that the healing power, grace and love of God would be with my husband.

Praise and glory be to our God Almighty! This is our testimony of God's loving kindness, for He is always faithful to His promises and true to His words!

Thank you, also, Pastor, and all those who prayed for us. May the Lord bless you! Praise the Lord!

## A decade of gastric

by Lisa Seow

10 years ago, I started suffering from gastric pain. Over the years, I consulted several doctors, but was never really relieved, much less cured from the stomach ailment.

In June 2000, I suffered a severe gastric attack. I called my sister, Margaret for help. She suggested that perhaps, it was not medicine I should turn to but God.

I agreed to visit my sister's home church, Bethesda Cathedral. During the service, the gastric pains struck and I felt uncomfortable throughout. God must have known my pain, for immediately after the worship, Pastor Tay, moving under the prompting of the Holy Spirit prayed for the sick. He asked us to place our hands on the part of our body that needed a healing touch from God.

I placed my hands on my stomach and followed Pastor Tay's prayer. Barely 10 minutes after the prayer, the gastric pain left my body. It completely disappeared!

It has been more than 3 months, at the time of this writing, and I have not had any gastric pain since. I now believe in Jesus Christ and encourage all who are sick to come and be prayed for. And let the Lord heal you and make you whole.

Thank you Lord!

the gastric pain  
left my body

## Give me rest by Susan Tan Su Zhen

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In August 2000, my husband suffered a heart attack and passed away. The loss saddened me greatly and I grappled with a new burden of providing for my children singly. I was worried and anxious for my children's future and my own. This was when I began to have insomnia.

Every night, I barely slept for 3 hours. I was emotionally disturbed and kept feeling that there were sicknesses in various parts of my body.

At work, my concentration was deeply affected due to my insufficient rest and emotional stress. I went to the doctors but they all told me that there was nothing physically wrong with me, and that there was really nothing they could do about my emotional state.

As a six month old church -goer at Bethesda Cathedral, I was present at the Cathedral's 5th Anniversary service in November 2000. That morning, Pastor Tay prayed for healing in a most unusual way. He asked us to place our hands on our knees where we were seated and he would pray a general prayer of healing over us all.

I was desperately in need of a touch from the Lord. In faith I followed Pastor's instructions and after his prayer, I cried out to God to grant me a good night's rest, for strength during the day and for calmness over my emotions each night.

That very night, I fell into a deep, blissful sleep the very moment my head touched the pillow. I thank God for His love and compassion. And for the priceless gift of rest for my troubled soul.

Praise the Lord!

I thank God...  
for the priceless gift of rest



## Every time by Christina Tan

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In late 1998, I experienced a troubling symptom. When I woke up each morning, my head would spin like a merry-go-round. In order to get out of bed, I had to lie flat on the mattress for a good while then sit up very slowly after the spinning had stopped. This went on for weeks until one particular prayer meeting when Pastor Tay prayed for me. The giddy spells ceased and getting up every morning was no longer a problem! God's mercy has no bounds for me.



Another predicament I suffered was a hearing problem I picked up while I was working at the airport some years ago. Since I began worshipping at Bethesda Cathedral in late 1998, I have responded in faith whenever Pastor Tay has given an altar call that concerns me in this area. By God's grace, my hearing has improved tremendously. And I believe that I will receive my perfect hearing in God's good timing.

Because of all this, I always worship the Lord with great fervour, to celebrate His goodness. God has been so real to me and met me at my point of need every time! Praise the Lord for the great things He has done!

the giddy spells  
c e a s e d

I was in Kuala Lumpur in 1998 when my brother-in-law (my younger sister's husband) was taken very ill. In fact, terminally ill. Believing in the power of prayer, I

called up one of the church elders, Dennis and his wife, Jessie, for their prayer support. Without delay, Jessie rallied a prayer group to pray and intercede for my brother-in-law who laid unconscious in the hospital bed. For over a month, I kept Jessie posted on my brother-in-law's condition and she would pray. By 22 September, the doctors in KL informed us that my brother-in-law had only 48 hours to live. Upon their recommendation, his family decided to transport him urgently to see a doctor in Singapore the following day. I had not yet informed Pastor Tay and was so surprised and most touched to see him and Elder Pearleen at the National University Hospital in Singapore upon my brother-in-law's arrival there. They had come to pray for him. My younger sister, though not yet a believer and I were greatly comforted when Pastor laid his hands on my brother-in-law and prayed for him.

4 8 h o u r s l e f t . . .

## Now he lives by Lucy Rajsingam

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Thereafter, he told us with so much certainty and confidence that my brother-in-law would be healed.

And he was! After lying unconscious for more than a month and bedridden for another, he began to grow in strength each day, and was discharged and fit to go back to KL.

Glory to our Heavenly Father! God truly lives, He hears and heals us. My deepest thanks also to Pastor Tay and the church for their gift of faith and prayer support. And especially to Elder Dennis and Jessie Tan who shared their deepest concern and efforts despite their own son being warded in hospital at that time. Thank God for His people!

..but God hears and heals  
59

I came to know of God's healing power, that it is real and relevant through my sister Sarah. Some years ago, I experienced a stinging sensation in my abdomen but did not find out what it was till March 1997. The pain had worsened to such an extent, and the attacks were almost hourly, I rushed to see the doctor. Through my doctor's referral, I took a barium meal test, not once but twice. Both times the doctor confirmed that he had detected a hole in the area somewhere towards the end of my stomach and where my small intestine began. I was shocked by the news and did not inform my family because I was fearful of the outcome. Once, I was on my way to see my sister at her home when the pain hit me hard. It was unbearable and I told Sarah about it. She placed her hands over me and prayed. As she did so, I was surprised to feel a warm sensation run through my body. The pain stopped right after that. Praise God!

“a warm sensation ran through my body”

## In the shadow of His wings

by Iris Yee

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A few days later, I went for an arranged scope test to confirm the position of the hole by a doctor at the Singapore General Hospital. The doctor was unable to detect the hole which was clearly shown on the previous X-ray. I knew then that God had done a miracle for me and sealed that hole in my stomach through prayer. There was no other explanation.



God has always been there for me when I needed Him most. In another critical life situation, my husband suffered a heart attack and was rushed to the emergency unit. I was extremely fearful and alone as none of our relatives were around. There was no one to turn to and I was reduced to tears.

It was at that moment in the hospital that I felt God's presence with me, His quiet voice assuring me to be calm. "I am with you, child, do not worry," were the words I heard distinctly. I felt such a strong comfort at that moment, and knew that only God could still my deepest fears. At the same time, a stranger walked up to me and echoed the words I already knew, "Do not worry, he'll be fine." I am filled with joy each time I think of

how God's presence fills and assures our being like no other can, whenever we call upon Him. He knows our situation and is right there when we need Him. Glory to God!



It was the darkest day in my life when I discovered that I contracted venereal disease (Herpes type 2) from my husband. At that time I was attending Bethesda Cathedral. The disease would resurface every now and then, particularly when I was under stress, when my resistance was down or when I was having my menstruation. I would be in so much pain at times that I could not walk. I saw a number of specialists, and also a Chinese 'sinseh'. They would prescribe various antibiotics and herbs. But they all knew what I knew. VD is incurable. I was in pain one Sunday morning when I felt a prompting to be in church that day. It was by God's grace and mercy that I went, because He had a miracle waiting just for me.

During the service, Pastor Tay gave a word of knowledge that God was going to touch and heal those who were having pain in the lower abdomen. He instructed us to place our hand over the affected area of our body. Then he prayed for us.

## What if it's incurable?

anonymous

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prayer, Pastor received another word of knowledge from the Lord that four people had been healed that very day. Even as he spoke, I consciously noticed that all the pain in my body had suddenly disappeared. Pastor continued to ask for the four people who had experienced this healing to step forward to the altar area. Three people went up. I remained in my seat. How could I let everyone know of my condition? I was too afraid and embarrassed to go up.

After the service, however, I scribbled a note to tell Pastor Tay of the intense joy that God had given me through His gift of healing.

The healing of my VD was complete. It never came back and I am free to worship God feeling whole and wonderfully made new by His loving and gracious hands. Praise the Lord!

t h e p a i n . . .  
...disappeared

.....  
"And **these signs** will accompany

those who **believe:**

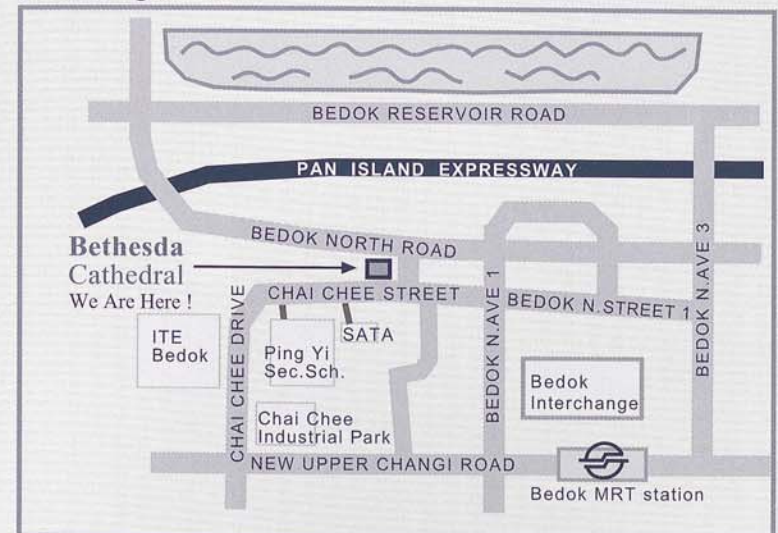
In my name they will drive out demons;  
they will speak in new tongues;  
they will pick up snakes with their hands;  
and when they drink deadly poison,  
it will not hurt them at all;

they will place their hands on sick people,  
and they will get well."

*Mark 16:17-18*

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how to get here



30 Chai Chee Street Singapore 468979  
tel: 4445891 fax: 4493107  
website: [www.bethesdacathedral.org.sg](http://www.bethesdacathedral.org.sg)  
email: [info@bethesdacathedral.org.sg](mailto:info@bethesdacathedral.org.sg)

