



## THE HEALING MINISTRY AT ALL SAINTS CHURCH

*An Ecumenical Acknowledgement and Expression of the Healing Gifts of Jesus Christ*

### *The Glennon House*

The Rev. Dr. Robert C. Lord, Rector  
Donald C. Jaeger, Director  
Doris M. Matthews, Executive Coordinator  
Kirsten Aufhammer, Coordinator

During the summer of 1992, I was diagnosed with ALS (Lou Gehrig's Disease), which is fatal.

Well, thanks to God, His Son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, I no longer have the disease. And thanks to late Canon Jim Glennon of Australia for his selfless, God centered leadership and teaching on Christ based healing.

Of very special significance to me at that time were the teachings of Canon Glennon and Fr. David Wilson (now retired as Rector of All Saints Church, Winter Park, Fl.) Both emphatically emphasized that disease is not the will of God. God wants us perfect. Disease is evil. In the Lord's Prayer, "*Deliver Me From Evil*", took on a fervent new meaning. God also instructed me to receive communion focusing on Christ's Blood washing the "nerve horns" in my spine and His body strengthening and healing those "nerve horns".

In July of 1992, two of the best experts in Central Florida agreed on the diagnosis, an EMG specialist and neurologist. It was then that Father Wilson told me of Canon Glennon's mission. That night, and the next, Canon Glennon, Father Wilson, other members of All Saints clergy and lay leaders laid hands on me and prayed for my healing. My first religious experience ever occurred when I felt a warmth and peace, leading me to be convinced that I would be cured. I was even ready to dispose of the total ankle-foot brace I was wearing.

I then began to study Canon Glennon's two books daily, How Can I Find Healing? and Your Healing Is Within You, along with the Life Application Bible. Also, I attended healing services each week at All Saints and went to physical therapy in an effort to slow the inexorable decline of my body. All sessions were devoted to God in thanks for His promise of healing.

As Canon Glennon and good sense suggested, I continued to seek other qualified medical advice and it was recommended I either go to the Mayo Clinic or the University of Florida. I made an appointment with a Professor of Neurology at the latter, still believing and knowing I was cured. It is important to note that during my entire sickness and then healing process, God blessed me with Divine Peace such as I've never experienced before and certainly never under such life and death stress. I'm sure that because of the extreme nature of my problem, I actually got out of God's way and let Him work His will in my life. It's a shame it took something of this magnitude to teach me a lesson that I've been trying to learn for years!  
I continued to inform my family, clergy, office staff, church leaders and friends of God's happening in my life and the progress of His cure.

It was while in the Professor's office waiting for him with my wife that God gave an irrefutable sign that even someone as dense as I could recognize. My skin temperature rose dramatically and a total encompassing, utter peace came over my body, to the extent that my wife saw it and confirmed it.

I told her that the tests would be perfunctory. I was healed.

The Professor kept telling me to be patient during the exam and appeared to confirm through physical inspection that I was cured. However, he ran another EMG (nerve response test) and confirmed a diagnosis of ALS.

I told my wife, then my office, and clergy by phone that I believed that I was cured and time would prove it.

A month later, having continued my prayer, studying, and asking for a sign that the mustard seed was growing, I was asked by some exercise therapy people to lift some weight with only my lower legs to establish a base line for further exercises. With my lower leg weakened through muscle atrophy due to disease, and with absolutely no strain, grimacing, or hanging onto the handles, I lifted the maximum machine weight of 220 pounds! This word flew all over the center. God had further revealed His cure to me!

Continuing good health management, I made an appointment at one of the few and best hospitals in the United States specializing in ALS, the Cleveland Clinic. En route, I had an opportunity to visit a convention with over thirty companies we represent, sharing with them my illness and belief that God had cured me, but if I were wrong (to comfort unbelievers) that I'd organized my company to survive my death.

Well, to close a too long testimony, Dr. Mitsumoto and his associates extended my stay at Cleveland Clinic to two days, including three hours of EMG tests by two different doctors! He told me that people in Florida may not believe me, but I see over 150 cases of ALS a year and you neither have nor show signs of ever having had ALS disease.

Praise God!

I threw away my brace and went snow skiing!

I'm now in the post healing stage, sharing my healing with people I have cut down my work activities (I used to average approximately 60 hours per week with many weekends) and spending more time listening to God; for I'm sure He has something special He wants me to do. As a reminder of my illness, I still have a weakness and pain in my left leg and in my right hand, the first extremities to be attacked by the disease.

For awhile after the healing, the devil attacked me and tried to intrude on my blessed experience. He did so mainly by attempting to instill fear that the healing wouldn't last or I didn't deserve it. Canon Glennon's books, especially How Can I Find Healing?, deal with fear and through God's help I no longer have that fear and don't fear fear.

Thanks be to God for Christ's birth and death, so we may be healed and forgiven.

Donald C. Jaeger  
Director

P.S. November 1995

I relearned that healing takes place in God's time, not my own.

My heart condition deteriorated after my teaching in June to the extent that I had my second open heart surgery on September 6. Again, Christ comforted me during my surgery and the recuperation there after.

I particularly felt God's presence when three days after my surgery my pulse rate went up to 177 and I was flopping around like a mullet in the bottom of a jon boat. It was a very frightening experience, during which I initially asked the nurses if I was dying. But then, I knew that Christ was with me and I had nothing to fear.

I am now well on the way to complete recovery, Praise God!

The lesson for me is that we must maintain our faith that Christ will comfort and heal us.

P.P.S. 2006

I was told that only ONE of the bypassed arteries remains open. With only one functioning artery I'm living in God's hands and grace. But aren't we all and if we are not, we should ask God for those gifts and thank Him.