

I'm Super Healthy

Ivy's Testimony Spurs Up Abby's Faith

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FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO PLACE ORDER:

UNITED KINGDOM:
LoveWorld
Unit C2, Thames View Business Center,
Barlow Way Rainham-Essex,
RM 13 8BT.
Tel.: +44 (0) 1708 556 604
Fax.: +44(0)2081 816 290

USA:
Christ Embassy Houston,
8623 Hemlock Hill Drive
Houston, Texas. 77083
Tel.: +1-281-759-5111
+1-281-759-6218

SOUTH AFRICA:
303 Pretoria Avenue
Cnr. Harley and Braam Fischer,
Randburg, Gauteng
South Africa.
Tel.: +27 11 326 0971

CANADA:
4101 Steeles Ave W,
Suite 204, Toronto, Ontario,
Canada M3N 1V7
Tel: +1 416-667-9191

NIGERIA:
Plot 97 Durumi District, Abuja,
Nigeria.
22/23 Billings Way, Oregun,
Ikeja, Lagos.
P.O. Box 13563 Ikeja, Lagos.
Tel.: 01-8888186



“Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, having died to sins, might live for righteousness--by whose stripes you were healed.”

(1 John 4:4)





Abby's seat in class was empty again. She hadn't been in school for the whole week, and our teacher, Miss Claudette said she was sick and had to be admitted to the hospital.

I had planned to visit her after school, and my mom had agreed. Thank God it's Friday! I could hardly wait for the closing bell to go off.





At the close of school, I ran to Lynda's class. She was Abby's elder sister. She had promised to take me to see Abby at the hospital. She was arranging the books in her bag when I saw her. I told her I was ready.

As we walked down the hallway, I asked if Abby had gotten any better.

"She's very sick still, Ivy," she said with a sad tone, trying hard to hold back her tears. "I don't know what might happen next. The doctors say she will be referred to another hospital where she would be given a better treatment, but my mom says our insurance can't cover her treatment there."

"She'll be fine," I said calmly while placing my hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry, Lynda."

"I'm trying not to," Lynda said. "Do you think she'll come out of the sickness?"

I nodded vigorously.

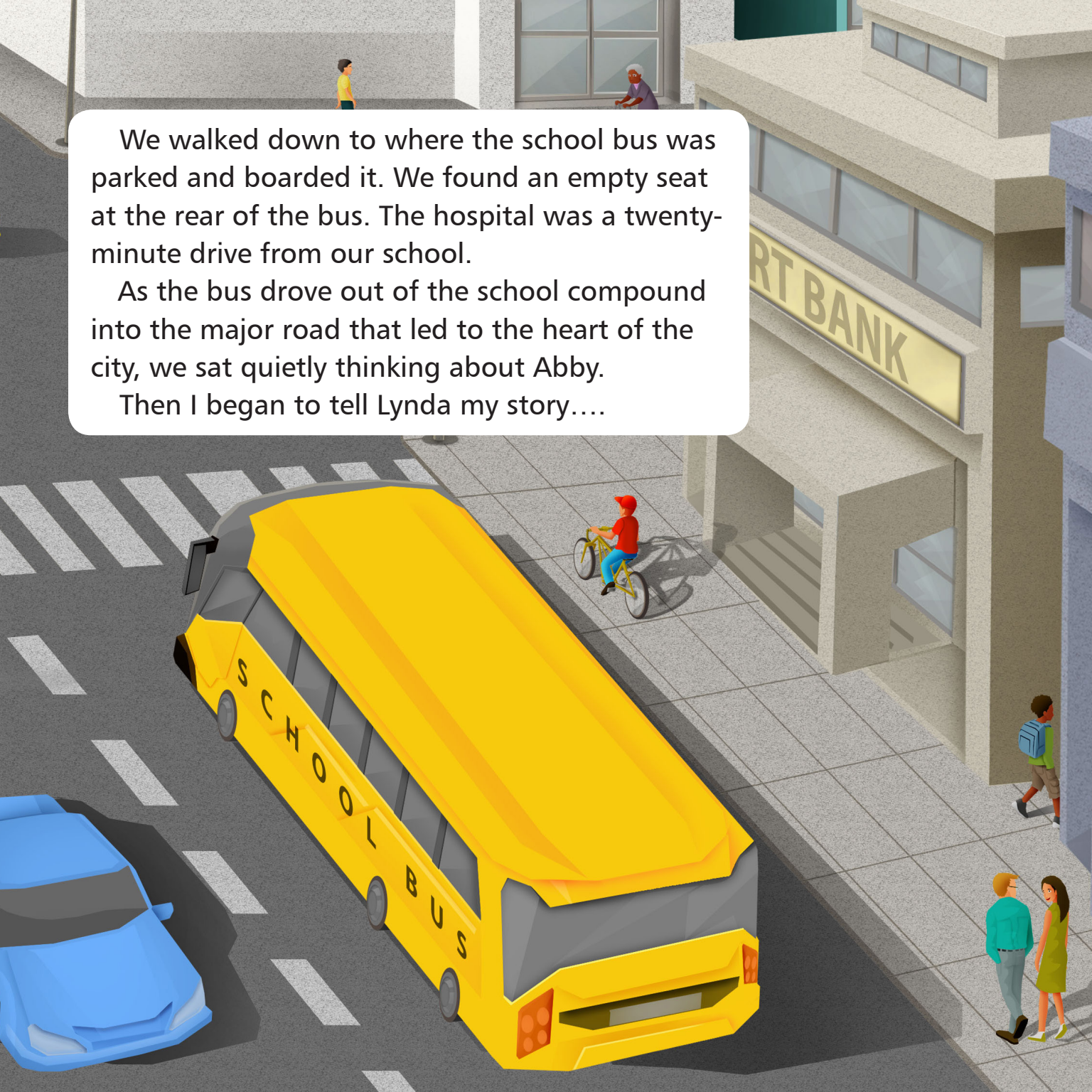
"How are you so sure of that?" Lynda asked.

"I had a similar incident," I replied. "I'll tell you when we're on the bus."

We walked down to where the school bus was parked and boarded it. We found an empty seat at the rear of the bus. The hospital was a twenty-minute drive from our school.

As the bus drove out of the school compound into the major road that led to the heart of the city, we sat quietly thinking about Abby.

Then I began to tell Lynda my story....





When I turned five, I found out I couldn't do some of the things my classmates did. I couldn't run during sports; whenever I did, I would get tired and had difficulty breathing properly.

At home, it was difficult to play with my cat because I would sneeze over and over again until I felt pain in my chest.





Lynda said rhetorically with a surprised, "I can imagine how painful that must have been for you."

"But it stopped," I said. "Now, I'm super healthy."

"How did it happen?" Lynda asked.

"One day," I said, "the pain became so upsetting and unbearable that my parents took me to the hospital. The nurses immediately wheeled me on a stretcher to the emergency ward, where I was attended to by some doctors. They did what they could, and also ran several checks on me. I was in the hospital for a couple of days. Afterwards, I felt a little better. But then, it became a routine to go for check up with the doctor every week."

"What was the nature of your illness?" Lynda asked.

"The doctors said I had acute asthma," I replied. "So, I have to be careful of animals, dust, cold, and so on."




“For some people, their asthma isn’t that bad, it didn’t matter all that much if they left their inhaler at home or forgot to take it along with them.

“But if I did, that would mean being placed on admission again, because the attacks were frequent and unexpectedly. The wheezing would start, and it was as though I was trying to breathe through a plastic bag.



“Since my last admission to the emergency room, my mom had attached a spare inhaler to a string which she knotted firmly to the belt loops of the jeans I had planned to wear. This was how she could be sure I was safe.”





"That must have been very difficult for you," Lynda said kindly. "You're nine years old now, right?"

I nodded.

"But I see you're no longer with your inhaler," she said. "How did the treatment at the hospital help you?"

"No," I replied. "The treatment made my life very difficult, but God's Word helped me out. It was a miracle!"

Lynda looked surprised again, more puzzled than surprised. I knew exactly what she had in mind.

"How?" Lynda asked. I told her my testimony ...



One day, while attending the Sunday School in church, my Sunday School Teacher opened the Bible, and read from John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Then she said to us, "God sent Jesus to die for you, and by believing in Him and declaring Him Lord of your life, you'll be saved. This is the greatest blessing anyone could have."



I believed everything Ms. Gina said. She prayed with me, and showed me how to receive Jesus as my Lord.

When I was through praying, I knew I was a different person, and as the scripture says, I am born again.

“So, what then happened?” Lynda interrupted.

I continued



I told Ms. Gina that I was a sickly person and I was scared to live a normal life like every other kid because the doctors said I might put my life at risk if I did.

Ms. Gina assured me, "As God's child you have God's life in you, and that life has destroyed the sickness in your body."

I asked if it was really true I didn't have to be sick anymore.

"Yes, it's true," Ms. Gina assured me again. "Not only were you healed, you have become healthy too. You must be conscious of what Jesus did for you and declare it. Healing and health are your God-given blessings through faith in Christ."





“I have never heard that before,” Lynda interrupted again, and then asked, “But how does this life work?”

I smiled. “I asked the same question too and she said: I must believe and act on what God’s Word says about my health. Then I should speak forth healing to my body.”

“I didn’t really get it,” Lynda said. “You mean Ms. Gina said you could speak healing to your body?”

“Yes!” I said emphatically. “If you had pain or disease in your body, or you tripped and got injured, or you accidentally kicked a stone; instead of screaming and crying, lay your hands on where you’re hurting and command it to heal.”





Lynda took a keen interest in what I said. I guessed she wanted to hear more.

“So, is that how your asthma stopped?” she asked.

I laughed. “Yes. I acted on God’s Word and it stopped.”

“Act on God’s Word?” Lynda asked. “Did your asthma go immediately Ms. Gina introduced you into this “acting” thing?”

“I can’t recall if anything much happened that day,” I said. “But I believed every word she said because God’s Word says so. Then, I began to act as though I had no asthma.”

“So, that was how you got over your sickness?” Lynda asked.

“Yes!” I said. “But one day, something happened.”

“Tell me what happened,” Lynda probed.

The sun was setting as the bus pulled to a halt in a neighbourhood. Some of our friends alighted, and waved we waved to them. After a couple of more minutes, the bus stopped again with a jerk. More of our friends got down, and we waved again to them.

The bus started again with a roar and drove down the street leading to the hospital.



HOSPITAL

HOSPITAL

ENTRANCE







Oh yes, I was back, to Lynda's question how I got healed of asthma. I took a deep breath in, and told her the incident ... how it all happened.

I was asleep in my room and in the middle of the night, suddenly I couldn't sleep and my breathing was difficult. I was having another asthma attack. It's like someone placed a ten-pound weight on my chest.

By this time, I had stopped using my inhaler, so, I couldn't find it where I usually kept it.

If only I could talk, I knew my mom would be in my room in ten seconds. I didn't know how she did it but she always found a way to hear even if it's just a whisper. But this time, I couldn't muster the strength to say a word.

I scrambled for my phone on my reading table. At least I could dial my mom's number I thought, but my mum's cell phone was turned off. I guessed she must have forgotten to recharged her cell phone.



Lynda looked scared. “Were you afraid something terrible might happen to you?”

“Yes, I was scared at first. But then, I remembered what God’s Word says about me ...my health ...and who I am in Christ.”

Lynda’s eyes popped wide open as though she could see everything that actually happened through my eyes.

I continued talking without looking into her eyes...



Although I couldn't recall the exact place it was written, the words of Jesus poured into my heart, "Most assuredly, I say to you, he who believes in me has everlasting life."

Then I placed my hand on my chest ...

But then, our bus made a squeaking and hissing sound as it ground to a halt in front of the hospital, our destination.

"Oh no, we're at the hospital already?" Lynda said with a tone of sadness.

"Look," I said pointing Lynda's attention to the notice. "We're just in time before the visiting hours were over."

"You're right," Lynda agreed. "But I'm yet to hear the rest of your story."

"You will," I replied with a smile as we alighted the bus. "Let's check on Abby first."







We met a nurse in the hospital, who led us to Abby's room.

"Abby," the nurse said with a smile as she opened the door to her room, "you have visitors."

"Yes, yes, I've been expecting them," Abby said excitedly. "My mom called earlier to tell me Lynda will be visiting with my friend, Ivy."

"Come right in girls," the nurse said to us. "Remember, the visiting hour is almost over."







The Sun shone through the oval window, casting its square frames on the glossy stone floor. The room was simple, slightly decorated with beautiful paintings on the white walls.

Abby's eyes were pale, blue, but so watery you'd almost expect them to drop tears. I sat beside her and held both her hands.





We talked about everything – school, home, our parents, and of course, my first day in school. We laughed and chattered on.

“I might be missing all that soon,” Abby said with a tone of sadness. “I’m diagnosed with leukaemia.”

“You’ll be fine,” I said still holding her hands. “Abby, don’t worry.”

“I’m scared,” Abby said.

“I know how it feels like,” I said, trying to console her. “I used to miss school a lot some time ago because I was always sick.”

“Really,” Abby said.

“Yes,” I replied. “But it stopped. Now, I’m super healthy.”

“She told me about it on our way here,” Lynda interjected. “I didn’t get to hear what happened in the end. Could you tell Abby and I again?”

I went over my experience, narrating it as simple as I could. Abby listened with rapt attention, and so did Lynda as though she was hearing it for the first time.

I went on and on and got to the part I left off with Lynda.


I was scared I was going to die, and my mom wasn't there to help me. But then, I remembered what God's Word says about me ...my health ...and who I am in Christ.

Then I placed my hand on my chest, and declared under my breath, 'I believe in Jesus; therefore, I have His life in me. The Lord is the strength of my life, therefore I'm not afraid.

As I spoke, I became stronger, and my voice was louder. Suddenly, I spoke up real loud, 'I have the life of God in me! You asthma, get out of my body now in the Name of Jesus.'








Immediately, I felt relieved. Gradually, I began to take a deep breath. I took in another deep breath, and another and another. Then I began to breathe normally.

From that day, I stopped being sick. After my third regular check with the doctor, I was told I didn't need my medications anymore, there was no trace of asthma in me.

"Really?" Lynda said with excitement.

An illustration of a young girl with short, shaggy brown hair and large green eyes. She is wearing a purple t-shirt and a blue backpack. She is smiling and looking towards another girl on the left. The girl on the left has long brown hair and is also smiling, with her hand near her mouth. The background is a soft, warm yellow and orange gradient.

I smiled and said, "I've got my life back – I'm super-healthy now and always."

"Do you think I can have my life back just like you had yours?" Abby asked.

"If you believe what God's Word says," I replied.
"I believe every word you said from God's Word," Abby said. "I know I can be healed too."



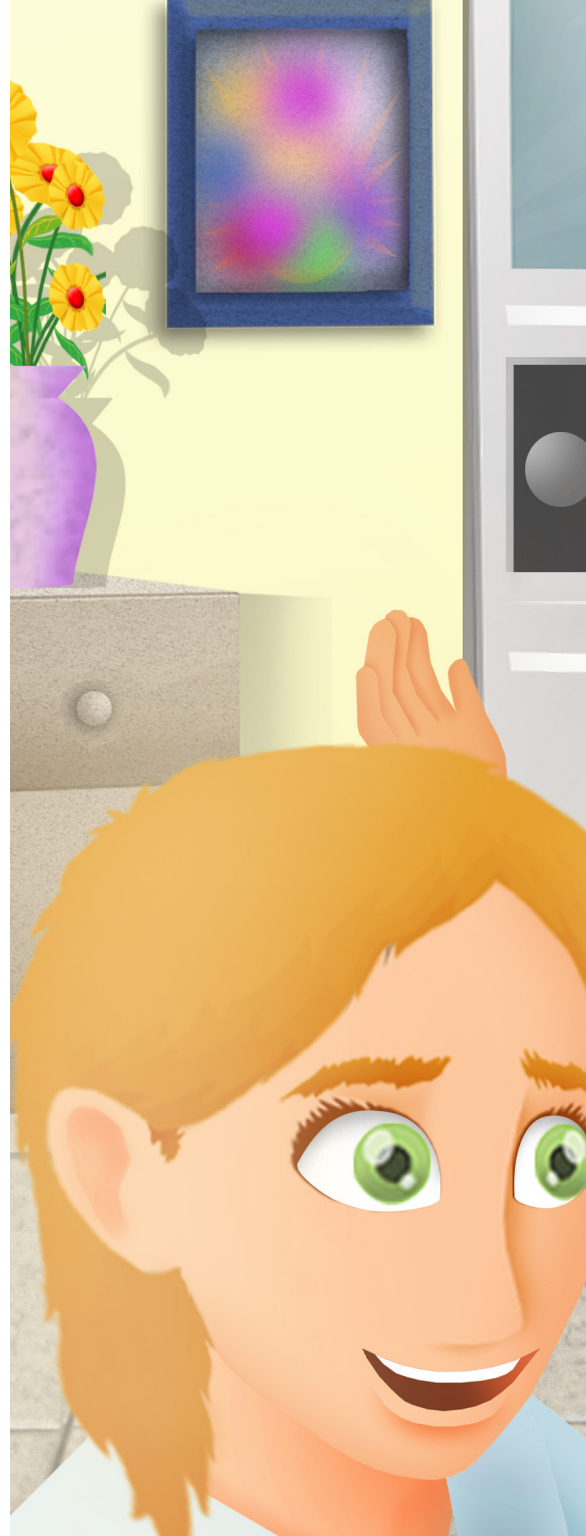


We held our hands together and prayed.
That day, I was glad Abby and Lynda made
Jesus their Lord and Saviour.

“Wow! This is amazing,”
Lynda exclaimed. “I can’t wait
to tell my friends about Jesus.”

“And we can’t wait to see
Abby come out from the
hospital,” I added.

We giggled.







Two weeks had passed,
and it was the start of
another week in school.
Guess who I saw sitting in
the classroom? It was Abby!
She was in class smiling,
laughing and telling everyone
she was fine.







“Hello Abby,” I said happily.

Abby turned and stood up to hug me. “Thanks, Ivy!” she said. “My sister and I told our mom and everyone in the house your story.”

“Really?” I said.

“After listening to all I had to say,” Abby continued. “I told them I was healed, and I needed to be re-examined.”

“A week later, the result was out and it read negative, I had no trace of leukaemia! It was as though I had never been sick! And now, I’m back in school.”

“That’s great news!” I shouted.
“Thank you, Jesus.”

“The amazing thing about your testimony is that it spurred my family to rededicate their lives to Christ,” Abby said with a smile.

I smiled back at her.







“We didn’t know there’s more to Christianity than just going to church,” Abby said. “Now, knowing Jesus is living the God-kind of life that keeps us healthy, prosperous and successful. What a life!”

“I’m so glad to hear this,” I said.

“What’s more,” Abby said as she put her arm around me, “Now, I can say what you always say.”

“I know it,” I said and pulled my hands around her shoulders too.

‘I’m super healthy!’ We chorused together.





We laughed and gave each other a high five. I was glad Abby was back in school, hale and hearty. We spoke some more until Miss Claudette, our class teacher, walked in.

Then I went to my seat and pondered on Abby said. It's so amazing to know we can be super healthy by trusting and acting on God's Word. That's what will always make us "Super-healthy."



