

My Healing by Ted Pratt

In the spring of last year, I found I was having to stop from time to time when walking up hills. Not only was I getting breathless, and my legs needed a rest, but I had developed a pain above my heart.

So I decided, reluctantly, that the time had come to stop walking and scrambling up mountains, which I had enjoyed doing at least once a year for many years.

I did not mention this to my wife Andrea, who is a retired doctor, until this spring. She thought my problem was most likely angina, and she suggested I should see my doctor and ask to be referred to a heart specialist.

I first saw my GP, and then in May I received an appointment in June at Poole Hospital.

However, over the bank holiday weekend at the end of May I went to some of the meetings of Connect, the four-day event for local Christians. At the end of one of the meetings there was an invitation to come up for prayer for healing, and I did so. Two ladies prayed for me; one of them is a member of the Baptist Church; I did not know the other.

I felt that I had probably been healed, and I tested that out a few days later walking up a steep hill, and had no pain.

At my hospital appointment in June, the consultant gave me a treadmill test, which did not show any problem; but she then said I needed a more extensive test and I would be given another appointment, which was to be in mid-July.

Some months ago I had booked on a field meeting of the Wild Flower Society in Scotland for early July. The third and last day would involve optional climbing up a steep slope to see mountain species, and I had wondered whether I would be able to do that, and I had thought of cancelling my booking. But on reflection I thought I could do most of the walking on the three days.

On that third day we had walked about four miles, mostly on rough ground, latterly finding flowers up the course of a mountain stream. Then we came to the steep climb. I was one of the half of the party to have a go, and I made it (to the surprise of at least one of the leaders!) - it was a climb of 2300 feet overall in the day. I was breathless and leg-weary, yes - but no heart pain.

I was staying on for two days on my own, and on the second I set out to look for a rare plant on the slopes of the Cairngorm mountain. I walked up from the ski-centre car park, which is at about 2000 feet. The flower site proved to be in a north-facing corrie still under snow! So I thought to have a go at the mountain instead. I had been up it before, but that was in the days when you could take the train up to 3500 feet and just had to walk the last 500 feet. That is not allowed now, because too many people were doing it and disturbing nesting birds.

I made it to the top (4085 feet) without difficulty. There is a good path.

After I came back I kept my appointment at the hospital. I was given another, longer treadmill test and an ultrasound scan before and after it. At the end I was told I had no problem! Then I told the three medical staff involved about the prayer for healing.

PRAISE THE LORD!!!

And a big thank you to those who prayed for me, and to those who had a part in organising Connect.

Ted Pratt
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