

HEALING? That's something you read about in the Bible, but those days are long past. Perhaps you have heard someone express this opinion; perhaps it is your own. But God's healing power is at work in our world today, just as it was in Jesus' day. When we experience a healing of body, mind or spirit, we may be reluctant to talk about it because we wonder what kind of reception our story will get. When Darby Puglielli experienced a spontaneous healing from Chronic Fatigue Syndrome twelve years ago, she felt called to share the good news – to be an evangelist. She throws a party every year to give thanks and to witness to God's continuing work of healing in our world. I was one of the lucky ones who responded to Darby's invitation in Timely Grace this year and heard her tell her story on November 17. You can read the story below; it's even more powerful to hear her tell it in person. Watch for your invitation next year.
--The Rev. Margaret Irwin

Miraculous Healing

I had Chronic Fatigue for four and a half years going into November of my junior year of college. I wanted it to be gone, but had pretty much resigned myself to having it indefinitely.

I was eating lunch with a friend of mine from church, Robin, and discussing my choice of lunch: roast beef sandwich, Cheetos, and juice. I said I was eating the roast beef for protein and the Cheetos for salt because a high-salt-and-protein diet helped me feel better from CFS. Suddenly, she looked at me and said, "Darby, you're not going to have Chronic Fatigue for much longer."

I thought, "Wow, that is nice of her to be thinking positively."

But then she said, "Don't ask me how I know, I just know. You are not going to have Chronic Fatigue for much longer."

I got tingles, because rarely, if ever, had I heard prophecy about myself, let alone from an Episcopalian. Her words were reinforced for me two days later as I was walking to the library, when I had a vision of me sitting in church and crying for joy. As I studied myself closer, I realized that it was because my CFS was gone.

Since the church that I had the image of was the church I attended during college, I decided I better be there the next day so I did not miss the event. So Sunday morning I made sure I was up early and dressed more nicely than I ever had before to go to church. (I was not going to have some miraculous event happen to me in jeans!)

As the service began, I prayed that this day I might be healed. I then sat and waited. Nothing was happening. Then the music began right before communion. I started to shake with excitement. I thought, "This is it! God is going to take my CFS away during communion! What a perfect setting!"

Normally, I receive communion on the right side near the wall. This Sunday I was front and center, directly under the cross. As I knelt at the rail, I looked up at the cross and thanked God for the miracle that was about to occur and stated that I was ready for it. I ate my share of the bread and wine, and my CFS was gone.

I had expected it to be like on TV when someone dies and a transparent version of themselves lifts away. But it was not like that. It was a feeling that all the fatigue and depression was gone, and in their place was joy and energy.

I went home and called everyone I could think of to tell them the news. Some people were overjoyed. Some were skeptical. But I figured that God would not have healed me so dramatically if I were not to share the story and show that not only does God exist, He is still involved in our "here and now."

Darby Puglielli

