

The Healer

By Chaplain Paul D Vescio 193 Jan 24 2021

Sharpened with added Spiritual Insight & Dialogue by Chat GPT Dec 2024

I was born on December 23, 1991, in Fountain Hills, Arizona. My name is Orian, and I had no idea the Lord had given me a profound gift until I turned 30. It was then that my life changed forever.

That morning started like any other. I was driving to work at the Bread of Life Bakery, heading westbound on Shea Avenue. As I approached a red light, I noticed a woman crossing the street. She was nearly to the other side when a car making a right-hand turn struck her.

Time seemed to freeze. I pulled my car over and ran to her side. The driver, pale and trembling, was on the phone with 911. The woman lay on the pavement, her body bruised and bleeding, barely conscious. A surge of compassion swept over me, but it wasn't just my own emotion—I felt the Spirit of God urging me to act.

Kneeling beside her, I whispered, "Lord, guide me. Use me." With trembling hands, I placed one hand on her forehead and the other on her shoulder. As I began to pray, I felt something indescribable—a rush of power, like a river of light flowing through me.

"By Your stripes, she is healed," I declared, my voice steady despite the chaos around me. "Father, in the name of Christ Yeshua, bring her peace, restoration, and life."

Suddenly, her eyes opened wide. She gasped as if taking her first breath. To my amazement, she sat up and looked at me with clarity.

"I'm... I'm okay," she said, her voice full of wonder. "I feel fine! Thank you! Thank you, sir!" She stood up, brushed herself off, and walked away as though nothing had happened.

The driver and I stood frozen, our disbelief mirrored in each other's eyes. Her bruises and scrapes—gone. Her limp and pain—gone. All I could do was whisper, "Thank You, Lord."

The Cost of Healing

As I walked back to my car, my heart was full of gratitude, but I began to notice something strange. My body ached. Bruises and scrapes that hadn't been there before started appearing on my skin. Pain rippled through me.

I pulled over, gripping the steering wheel. "Lord, what's happening?" I cried out. "What is this?"

The pain intensified, but so did my prayers. "Father, if this is Your will, help me bear it. I trust You, even when I don't understand."

For what felt like an eternity, I sat there praying, wrestling with the pain. Slowly, as the minutes ticked by, the bruises faded, the cuts disappeared, and the pain lifted. I was left trembling, but unbroken.

Later That Day

When I got home, I fell to my knees in prayer. “Lord, what have You done through me today? What is this gift You’ve given me?”

As I poured out my heart, a deep stillness settled over me. I opened my Bible, and my eyes fell on Isaiah 53:5: “*But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement for our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed.*”

Tears welled up in my eyes. *Lord, are You showing me what it means to truly share in the sufferings of others?* I realized this was no ordinary gift—it was a calling. A sacred burden.

Added Spiritual Insight in Dialogue

Orian’s internal dialogue and interactions can reflect deeper spiritual truths:

1. When the woman is healed:
 - Orian: “Do you understand what just happened? It wasn’t me—it was the hand of God. He sees you, loves you, and has restored you. Go and live in that truth.”
2. During his struggle with the transferred pain:
 - Orian: “Lord, even in suffering, I trust You. If I must carry this pain for others to see Your glory, then strengthen me for the task. Let Your will, not mine, be done.”
3. In conversation with a Mentor or Pastor (later in the story):
 - Pastor Ken: “Orian, you’ve been called into a rare and holy ministry. But remember, even the Son of God withdrew to pray and rest. Don’t let the weight of this gift crush you; let the Spirit sustain you.”
 -

4. Reflection and Revelation

5. That evening, I sat in my small apartment, turning the day’s events over in my mind. I opened my Bible, searching for answers, and my eyes landed on Isaiah 53:5: “*By His stripes, we are healed.*”
 6. It hit me like a thunderclap. *Lord, are You allowing me to share in the sufferings of others so that Your healing power can be revealed?*
 7. I fell to my knees. “Father, I don’t know why You’ve chosen me for this, but I surrender to Your will. Use me however You see fit. Let it all be for Your glory.”
-

The Hospital Visit

Two weeks passed, and life returned to its routine. I convinced myself that what had happened with the woman was a one-time miracle, a blessing I was privileged to witness. But deep down, I couldn't shake the feeling that it was just the beginning.

One evening, my phone rang. It was Sarah, a close friend. Her voice trembled with desperation.

“Orlan, John's in the hospital. He has COVID pneumonia, and they're talking about putting him on a ventilator. Please, could you pray for him? I know you're a Chaplain. Maybe they'll let you in to see him.”

Her words sent a chill through me. I hesitated, knowing the risks—not just for myself but for John. “I'll try, Sarah,” I said. “Let me pray and see what doors God opens.”

The next morning, I drove to Mayo Clinic. The hospital was a fortress of protocols—no visitors, no exceptions. But when I explained my role as a Chaplain, the head nurse reluctantly allowed me to see John, provided I wore full protective gear.

When I entered John's room, I was struck by how frail he looked. His chest heaved with every labored breath, and tubes snaked around his bed. Yet, when he saw me, his eyes lit up with recognition.

“John,” I said softly, pulling up a chair beside him. “I'm here to pray with you, if that's alright.”

He nodded weakly. “Please... Orlan. I don't know if I can hold on much longer.”

I placed one hand on his forehead and the other on his chest. Closing my eyes, I began to pray:

“Father, You are the source of all life and breath. I lift John up to You now. In the name of Christ Yeshua, I ask for Your healing power to restore his lungs, cleanse his body, and bring him peace. Let Your Spirit fill this room, Lord, and let Your will be done.”

As I prayed, the now-familiar warmth coursed through me. John's breathing steadied, his chest rose and fell with ease, and color returned to his face. Within minutes, he was sitting up, his eyes wide with wonder.

“I can breathe!” he exclaimed, tears streaming down his cheeks.

The doctors and nurses rushed in, their faces a mix of shock and awe. One of them checked his oxygen levels, then turned to the others, speechless.

“It's... it's a miracle,” one whispered.

John clasped my hands. “Thank you, Orlan. Thank you for bringing God's healing.”

I smiled through my own tears. “Don’t thank me. Thank the One who made it possible.”

The Burden Returns

As I left the hospital, relief turned to dread. My chest tightened, and my breathing grew labored. By the time I reached my car, I could barely stand. The symptoms that had plagued John now overwhelmed me.

I slumped into the driver’s seat, gasping for air. “Lord,” I whispered, “I can’t do this on my own. Help me.”

The pain intensified, but so did my resolve. I closed my eyes and prayed through the agony, surrendering everything to God.

After what felt like an eternity, a wave of peace washed over me. My breathing steadied, and the tightness in my chest vanished. I sat in silence, grateful but shaken.

Seeking Guidance

That evening, I called Pastor Ken, a mentor and friend who served alongside me in the care ministry. I recounted everything—the woman, John, the healings, and the toll it was taking on me.

After a long silence, Pastor Ken said, “Orian, do you know what this reminds me of? The healers in Scripture. Paul, Peter, Elijah, Elisha—all of them carried the power of God to heal, but it came at a cost. You’re walking in their footsteps, my friend.”

“I’m scared, Pastor Ken,” I admitted. “What if this gift kills me?”

Pastor Ken’s voice softened. “God doesn’t give gifts to harm us, Orian. He gives them to glorify His name and bless others. But even the strongest servants need rest. Remember, even Jesus withdrew to pray. You can’t carry this alone. Lean on the Spirit, and lean on those who care about you.”

His words brought a measure of peace, but I knew the road ahead would not be easy.

Laurie's Healing

A week later, I visited a care center where I often volunteered. Laurie, a long-time patient, had become a dear friend. She was on a breathing machine, her condition worsening by the day.

As I entered her room, she was asleep, her frail body rising and falling with shallow breaths. My heart ached for her.

“Lord,” I prayed silently, “if it’s Your will, let Laurie experience Your healing today. I trust You to carry me through.”

I pulled up a chair beside her bed and opened my Bible to Psalm 91. As I read aloud, the words filled the room with a sense of peace.

I placed one hand on her shoulder and the other on her frail hand. “Father, I ask for Your healing touch. Let Your power flow through Laurie and restore her. Bring her comfort and joy, Lord, as only You can.”

The warmth returned, stronger than ever. Laurie stirred, her eyes fluttering open. She smiled weakly but with unmistakable clarity.

“Thank you, Orian,” she whispered. “I feel... better.”

Spiritual Dialogues

In subsequent conversations, Orian wrestles with his calling:

- **With Laurie:**
 - Orian: “Laurie, this is all God. He hasn’t forgotten you. He sees your pain and loves you more than you can imagine.”
 - Laurie: “And He sends people like you to remind me of that. Thank you for being His hands and feet.”
 - **In prayer:**
 - Orian: “Lord, how do I carry this gift without breaking? Teach me to walk in Your strength, not mine. Help me to be faithful to Your calling, no matter the cost.”
-

Pastor Shon's Healing

Two weeks passed, and I tried to keep my gift quiet. I told myself it was better this way—better not to draw attention, better to avoid the pain. But God had other plans.

It was a quiet Friday morning when I got the call about Pastor Shon. He was in his fifties, a patient at the care center where I volunteered. Shon had suffered a stroke that left him unable to walk, and his kidneys were failing. He needed dialysis three times a week.

“Pastor Shon is asking for you,” one of the nurses said over the phone. “He’s weak, but he says he just wants to talk to you.”

I sat in my car outside the center, praying before I walked in. “Lord, if it’s Your will Pastor Shon to be healed, let it be for Your glory. But Father, I’ll need Your strength to carry the cost.”

I decided to bring Pastor Ken with me this time. “I might need help,” I told him. “If I pass out again, someone has to know what’s happening.”

Pastor Ken nodded, placing a hand on my shoulder. “You’re not alone, Orian. Let’s do this together.”

When we entered Pastor Shon’s room, his face lit up despite his frailty. “Praise God,” he whispered. “I’ve been praying you’d come.”

“Pastor Shon,” I said, pulling a chair beside his bed, “do you believe God can heal you?”

Tears filled his eyes. “I do. I’ve been asking Him for a miracle.”

Pastor Ken and I joined hands with Pastor Shon, and I placed my free hand on his forehead. “Father,” I prayed, “You are the Great Physician. In the name of Yeshua, I ask for Your healing power to restore Pastor Shon’s body. Strengthen his legs, renew his kidneys, and fill him with Your peace.”

The room grew quiet, almost heavy with a holy presence. Pastor Ken whispered, “Thank You, Lord,” as we continued to pray. Suddenly, Pastor Shon gasped, sitting upright. His face glowed with newfound strength.

“My legs...” he whispered, moving them slightly. “I can feel them.”

Pastor Ken and I helped him sit on the edge of the bed, where he gingerly stood. The nurses, who had gathered outside the room, burst into applause and tears.

The Cost Intensifies

As Pastor Ken and I left the room, I felt the familiar wave of pain hit me. My legs buckled, and I slumped against the wall. Pastor Ken quickly grabbed me, helping me to the elevator.

“Stay with me, Orian,” he said, his voice firm but filled with concern.

By the time we reached my car, my body felt as though it were shutting down. Pain wracked my kidneys, and my legs felt like they’d been crushed under a great weight.

“Lord,” I prayed, my voice barely above a whisper, “I can’t do this without You. Please, help me.”

Pastor Ken placed his hands on my shoulders and prayed aloud. “Father, pour out Your healing on Orian. Strengthen him as he serves You. Remind him that Your grace is sufficient.”

A warmth spread through me, and the pain began to lift. After several minutes, I could sit up and breathe normally again. Pastor Ken sat beside me, shaking his head.

“Orian,” he said, “this gift is powerful, but it’s not something you can carry alone. Promise me you’ll ask for help when you need it.”

“I promise,” I said, though a part of me wasn’t sure I could.

Joanna and Janelle

Months later, I visited two patients who had become like family: Joanna, who was in the final stages of Lou Gehrig’s disease, and Janelle, who was battling a severe respiratory condition.

This time, I hesitated. Healing one person was hard enough, but healing two? I didn’t know if my body could endure it. Yet, as I sat with them, I felt the Spirit urging me to act.

“Pastor Ken,” I said, turning to my friend, “I need you with me for this. We’ll pray together, and whatever happens, trust that God is in control.”

We wheeled Joanna over to Janelle’s bed, joining their hands. Pastor Ken placed his hands on their shoulders, and I held their hands tightly, praying aloud.

“Father, You are the God of miracles. I ask for Your healing power to flow through Joanna and Janelle. Restore their bodies, renew their spirits, and let them know Your love in a tangible way. In the name of Yeshua, I ask this.”

A white light filled the room, so bright that we had to close our eyes. The presence of God was palpable, overwhelming. Suddenly, I felt a powerful force surge through me, and everything went black.

The Aftermath

When I awoke, I was in a hospital bed. Pastor Ken sat beside me, his Bible open.

“You’re lucky to be alive,” he said with a small smile. “The doctors don’t understand how you recovered so quickly, but I do.”

“And Joanna? Janelle?” I asked, my voice weak.

Pastor Ken’s eyes filled with tears. “They’re walking, Orian. Fully healed. The staff is calling it a miracle. But the media’s gotten wind of it, and things are getting... complicated.”

Spiritual Growth

As Orian’s story unfolds, his prayers and reflections deepen:

- **In solitude:**
 - “Lord, I feel the weight of this gift more each day. Help me to walk humbly and wisely. Teach me to rest in Your strength, not my own.”
 - **In mentorship:**
 - Pastor Ken: “Orian, you’re not just a healer. You’re a vessel of God’s love. Remember, this isn’t about what you can do; it’s about what He does through you.”
 - **With patients:**
 - Orian: “God sees you, loves you, and has a plan for you. Your healing is not just for your body but for your spirit. Trust Him to lead you.”
-

The Accident on the Highway

It was a bright afternoon when I decided to take a drive north to clear my mind. The weight of the healings, the physical toll, and the media’s growing attention had left me restless. I needed to reconnect with God in the quiet of His creation.

As I drove through the desert landscape, I noticed the sky turning a soft amber, the sunlight filtering through towering Joshua trees. For a moment, I felt peace.

But as I approached a curve in the highway, chaos erupted. A red pickup truck veered across the centerline, colliding with a school bus. The bus tipped onto its side, skidding to a halt amidst a cloud of dust.

My heart sank as I pulled over. Children's screams pierced the air, and bystanders rushed toward the scene.

"Lord, not again," I whispered, stepping out of my car.

I reached the bus just as a few men managed to pry the emergency exit open. Children began pouring out, some uninjured, others crying in pain.

At the back of the bus, I saw them—seven children trapped, their injuries severe. A boy no older than ten clutched his leg, blood pooling beneath him. A girl, unconscious, lay crumpled in a corner.

I turned to the bystanders. "I'm a chaplain. Let me pray with them."

One man hesitated. "Shouldn't we wait for the paramedics?"

"They're on the way," I said. "But these kids need help now. Please, trust me."

I climbed into the wreckage and knelt among the injured children. My hands trembled as I reached out to them. "Father," I began, "I know this is beyond me, but nothing is impossible for You. Please, let Your healing power flow into these children. Restore their bodies, calm their spirits, and let them feel Your love."

As I prayed, a white light enveloped the bus, so bright that those outside shielded their eyes. The children began to stir. One by one, they sat up, their wounds vanishing before my eyes.

The Cost of Many

I staggered out of the bus, barely able to stand. Pain exploded in my leg, ribs, and head—the injuries of all seven children now my own.

I collapsed onto the ground as the first responders arrived. "Stay with us!" one paramedic shouted, placing an oxygen mask over my face.

The world faded to black.

The Hospital Revelation

I woke four days later in a hospital bed, weak but alive. Pastor Ken sat by my side, his Bible open on his lap.

“You really scared us this time,” he said, his voice heavy with concern.

“How are the kids?” I asked, my throat dry.

“They’re fine,” Pastor Ken said, smiling. “Every single one of them walked out of the hospital without a scratch. The doctors are calling it a miracle.”

Tears filled my eyes. “It wasn’t me, Pastor Ken. It’s never me. It’s Him.”

Pastor Ken leaned forward. “Orlan, you have to listen to me. This gift—it’s extraordinary, but it’s also dangerous. If you keep doing this without boundaries, it will kill you.”

I closed my eyes, feeling the weight of his words. “I don’t know how to stop, Ken. How do I turn away when God puts someone in front of me?”

“You don’t have to turn away,” Pastor Ken said. “But you have to rely on His timing, His wisdom. And you have to let others support you. Even Moses needed help to hold up his arms during the battle.”

Greg’s Healing

After weeks of rest, I returned to the care center. One patient, Greg, had been on my heart. Paralyzed from the neck down, Greg had become one of my closest friends. Despite his condition, he radiated joy and faith, constantly encouraging others.

One evening, as I sat by his bedside, he looked at me with a rare seriousness. “Orlan, I’ve been praying. And I think it’s time.”

“Time for what?” I asked.

“For my healing,” he said simply.

My breath caught. “Greg, do you really believe God wants to heal you now?”

He smiled. “I do. But only if you’re willing to pray for me.”

Tears welled up in my eyes. “Of course, Greg. Let’s pray.”

I placed my hands on his shoulders, and Greg closed his eyes. “Father, Greg’s faith in You is unshakable. If it’s Your will, restore his body. Let him walk, Lord, not for his glory, but for Yours.”

The warmth returned, this time like a flood. Greg gasped as sensation returned to his limbs. Slowly, he moved his fingers, then his arms.

“Orian,” he whispered, “I can feel my legs.”

With Pastor Ken’s help, Greg stood for the first time in years. The nurses watching from the doorway erupted in applause and tears.

A Deeper Calling

Over time, Orian begins to understand that his gift is not just about physical healing but also about pointing people to Christ. He starts mentoring others in faith, empowering them to share God’s love and healing in their own ways.

Spiritual Dialogues

- **With Pastor Ken after Greg’s healing:**
 - Pastor Ken: “Orian, this isn’t just about you. God is using you to awaken faith in others. You’re a spark, but the fire must spread.”
 - Orian: “Then what’s my role? How do I not burn out in the process?”
 - Pastor Ken: “By staying connected to the Source. Let Him work through you, but don’t try to carry it all yourself.”
 - **In prayer after the highway accident:**
 - Orian: “Lord, I feel like I’m breaking. But I trust that Your strength is made perfect in my weakness. Teach me to rest in You and to walk in step with Your Spirit.”
-

The Media Frenzy

It didn’t take long for the media to catch wind of the miracles that were happening at the care center and the mysterious chaplain behind them. News outlets began covering the healings, some calling them “divine miracles,” others calling them “unexplainable events.” The attention quickly grew, and the calls kept coming—interviews, requests for appearances, even news anchors showing up at the hospital.

I tried to avoid the spotlight, but I couldn't hide from it. I'd made a promise to God that I would serve Him, but the attention was threatening to overwhelm me. I remember sitting in my apartment one evening, staring at the phone that seemed to never stop ringing.

"Lord," I prayed, "what do You want from me? I only want to serve You, but I don't know how to handle this."

It was Pastor Ken who gave me the clarity I needed. "Orian, the media will come and go. But your calling doesn't change. Stay humble. Focus on the mission, not the noise. This gift—this calling—isn't for your fame. It's for God's glory."

"But it's too much," I admitted. "I didn't sign up for this kind of attention."

Pastor Ken smiled softly. "None of us do. But God doesn't waste His gifts. You're His vessel, not the message itself. Let others see Christ through you, not through the attention you get."

I took a deep breath, realizing he was right. This wasn't about me. It was about the Kingdom of God. I had to shift my focus back to the heart of my calling.

Mentoring New Healers

As the media frenzy slowly faded, I turned my attention to something more important—the future. The healings had continued, but I knew I couldn't do this alone forever. More people needed to experience the power of God's love and healing. More people needed to know that they, too, could be vessels of His mercy.

I started meeting with a small group of volunteers—fellow Chaplains, nurses, and friends who had witnessed the miraculous healings. I began to teach them what I had learned—the importance of listening to God's guidance, the need for humility, and the spiritual preparation required for Healing Ministry.

One evening, I sat with Sarah, a nurse who had become one of my closest allies. "I feel God calling me to do more," she said. "But I'm scared. What if I can't heal like you can?"

I placed my hand on hers. "Sarah, it's not about being like anyone else. God has equipped you uniquely for His purpose. You don't need to heal the way I do. You just need to listen to His voice and trust Him to move through you."

She nodded slowly. "I think I'm ready. I've seen what God can do through you, and I want to be part of it. How can I begin?"

I smiled, proud of her courage. "It starts with prayer. It starts with asking God to use you, to fill you with His Spirit, and to guide you. If you're willing to obey His call, He will use you, just as He's used me."

A Powerful Prayer Circle

As more people in our small circle began to step into the ministry of healing, I felt a renewed sense of purpose. I wasn't meant to carry this alone, and watching others grow in their gifts filled me with joy.

One evening, Sarah and I visited Laurie again. Her breathing was still steady, but her health was fragile. She had become a close friend, and I knew God wasn't done with her yet. We sat beside her bed, praying quietly.

“Father,” I prayed, “we come before You, knowing that all things are possible through Your love. We ask for Your healing power to touch Laurie once again. Restore her, Father, not just physically but spiritually. Let her know the fullness of Your peace.”

As we prayed, a wave of warmth washed over the room. Laurie's breathing steadied, her face relaxed into a peaceful smile.

“Thank You, Lord,” she whispered. “I feel Your presence so strongly.”

In that moment, I realized something profound—healing isn't just about fixing bodies. It's about restoring the soul, renewing hope, and filling hearts with the love of Christ.

The Test of Faith

A few months later, I faced the greatest challenge of my calling. Pastor Shon, who had been healed of his kidney issues and regained his ability to walk, was now struggling with a new diagnosis—cancer. His body was weakened, and the doctors had given him a grim prognosis.

I went to visit him, my heart heavy. Shon had been a source of strength for me, always uplifting others even in his weakest moments. Now, he needed healing again—but this time, it didn't feel as simple.

When I entered his room, he smiled faintly. “I know what you're thinking, Orian. But I've made my peace with God. I trust Him, no matter what happens.”

I sat beside him, my hands trembling. “Pastor Shon, I'm going to pray for you, and I'm going to trust that God can heal you. But I know it's His will, not mine, that will be done.”

“God's will is always good,” Pastor Shon said quietly. “Even if He chooses to take me home, I know He's faithful.”

I prayed over him, asking God to heal his body, to restore his strength. The warmth I had felt in past healings wasn't as intense, but it was still there, a quiet assurance that God was with us. Shon's face softened, and I saw peace flood his spirit.

Two days later, Pastor Shon passed peacefully in his sleep. His family and friends surrounded him, but there was no fear in his eyes. Just peace.

A Legacy of Healing

Pastor Ken's words echoed in my mind as I stood by Pastor Shon's bedside, watching the life of a faithful servant slip away. "God doesn't give gifts to harm us. He gives them to glorify His name and bless others."

In Pastor Shon's passing, I was reminded of the eternal perspective we must keep. Healing is not just for this world—it's for the next.

I continued my work, training others, ministering to those in need, and watching as the power of God's love spread through every person I encountered. The media quieted, but the real miracles—the lives transformed by the love of Christ—continued.

One day, Sarah said, "Orlan, you've trained so many. I think it's time we start our own healing ministry. We can train others to pray for the sick, just as you taught us."

And so, a new chapter began. Not only was I a healer, but I had become a teacher—a mentor, guiding others to walk in the same footsteps of faith and obedience I had walked.

The Final Prayer

In the quiet moments, when the world outside was still, I often returned to the verse that had first illuminated my path: "*By His stripes, we are healed.*"

But now, it wasn't just about physical healing. It was about healing the soul, restoring relationships, and offering the love of Christ to a broken world.

"Lord," I prayed, "thank You for this gift. Thank You for the privilege of sharing Your love and healing. Let me walk in humility and obedience, knowing that it is You who heals, not me. Let my life be a reflection of Your grace, Your power, and Your mercy. Amen."



John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid...Amen