

God IS our HEALER!!

“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.” Isaiah 53:5.

That scripture has been prayed over me more times than I could ever possibly count. I have decreed and declared it over myself, over and over again. What I am about to share will seem impossible to some, will inspire many, strengthen the faith of others, and for those who have ears to hear, it will be the key to open the locked door to your healing and deliverance.

December 21, 2019, I heard God tell me, “This will be the greatest year of your life [to date].” I was overcome with joy at those words! I had had some direction from Holy Spirit in the way I needed to focus my walk, working to step out in the destiny God breathed into me before He put me in my mother’s womb. I reworked my website, began to put myself back out as a speaker (after taking about a five year sabbatical); I made my books available for Kindle online, and I anticipated what God had declared over me to come to pass.

January began very rocky and strange. And in the midst of the rocks and strangeness, I kept having a strong sense that something huge was coming. I sensed it would be a massive impact on my life. I shared what I was feeling with my dear friend Taunja Hoole and my sister Shari Dietrich, and both of them said that they had sensed the same thing. Our mom had suffered a massive stroke in the spring of 2019; the three of us believed mom was going to die. We even knew what was coming would happen in March of 2020. It was that strong. Taunja, a pastor, cleared her schedule, working to have the whole month of March covered at her church, and she came up to Washington from Oregon in the beginning of that month. Right after she arrived, the whole world went into lockdown, and we realized that what we sensed coming had nothing to do with mom.

While Taunja stayed with us through March, God began to speak to us in ways we had never experienced before, and we began to pray in deep intercession for our nation, for the world, for the Body of Christ. In the midst of all that prayer and deeper relationship with God, He spoke to me again. He said, “I want you to ask Me to heal you because I am going to do it.” In that same week, He told me to pray for my mom’s complete healing because He was going to give her a “Lazarus moment.” Up to this time in my life, my faith had been up and down in many areas. I knew God was serious about both words He spoke to me. I wrote them down in my journal, and then He told me to share them with Taunja and Shari, which, at the time, was scary for me to do — I was thinking, “what if nothing happens?”

This marked my journey of deliverance and growing in faith in leaps and bounds. I had no idea what I was in for, but true to His word given to me on my birthday in 2019, 2020 was the greatest year of my life up to that point. He stripped me of all fear, breathed a level of forgiveness into me that I didn’t know was possible, gave me a hunger for Him that nothing but Him could satisfy; scripture came alive as never before and danced around me, and in the midst of the world’s chaos, my world became full of God’s peace, “the peace that surpasses all understanding, guarding our hearts and our minds through Christ Jesus.” (Philippians 4:7). I was introduced to prophets and Christian leaders I had never followed or read before. I devoured the Bible and books by each of these men and women. I listened to preaching and teaching nearly everyday. God began to give me dreams and visions, more than ever before. I spent most of my time with Him, day in and day out. I learned more and more about decreeing and declaring scripture and God’s rhema words over my life. I learned how to stand in the midst of not seeing but knowing what God had said. My husband Sam and our friend Taunja and I took a trip in the month of October. We drove through 31 different states, praying, decreeing, declaring in every place God told us to go. We went to Dutch Sheets’ Reset 2020 Holy Convocation, which had sparked the whole trip. None of us had ever thought to do something like that, let alone accomplish it. All the while, I anticipated and got more excited about God’s promise of healing in my body.

You may be thinking, “What kind of healing did you need, Heidi?” Well, since the moment of my birth, I was unable to eat eggs, chicken, and turkey. Of course, it first manifested as not being able to have my mother’s milk, no products on the store shelves, no cow’s milk or goat’s milk either. The doctors didn’t know what to do for me. Everything I was fed made me have excruciating pain and severe constipation. After the first few months of my life, some medical scientists came up with something I was able to keep down. My mom said that it was very expensive, smelled awful when she mixed it up for me, and smelled worse when I spit it up, but I could keep it down; it didn’t cause me pain, and I began to sleep soundly and grow.

By the age of two, my mom knew I could not have eggs, chicken, and turkey. Now, in this day and age, food allergies are quite common unfortunately, but in the early 70’s, no one was like me, and almost no one had compassion or any kind of understanding of how hard it was for me to survive each day. To eat out was literally taking my very life and putting into a stranger’s hands and hoping that he didn’t use the same spatula to flip a chicken breast and then flip my hamburger patty. If that happened, I would become violently ill for about two weeks, or if that happened when I was in my twenties, I would have to have an epi-pen shot and be rushed to the ER. By the age of fifteen, I was no longer able to eat Salmon, avocados, some nuts, and bananas. By twenty, all fish were unavailable to me.

From a very young age, Mom had to drill into me that it was my responsibility to read every label, to always take food with me that I could eat, and to never take someone’s word for how they prepped the food or what the ingredients were. When I was in grade school, every child’s birthday that happened during school dates was celebrated. Parents would bring snacks for all the kids in the class. And although it was widely known that I couldn’t eat most cookies, all cakes, and most treats, only one parent, one time, ever thought to plan a special snack for me. She wasn’t even a close family friend nor the mom of one of my good friends. But her kindness to think of me on her son’s birthday has never left me; it has stayed as a dear, tender memory that even now brings tears to my eyes.

One other time in my childhood, a dear, sweet lady set out to give me a food blessing I had never had. She found a cake recipe that didn’t have eggs (a recipe I still use to this day), and she made me a whole cake with more than an inch of frosting, all just for me. I had never had cake before, and it is still one of the most amazing and rich memories of my childhood. The kindness she showed me was more than she could ever understand, but in those two moments, God was reminding me that I still mattered, and that He loved me, and He saw my struggle.

I tried very hard to never complain, to never make people feel as if they were responsible for my life. I didn’t always succeed in the not complaining, but for the most part, I was always just thankful for what I could eat. This thing didn’t just effect me; it effected my whole family and close friends. People feared killing me when they invited me over for dinner. For most of my life, I would “pre-eat” just in case I couldn’t eat what was prepared.

By my late twenties, the list of food I couldn’t eat began to rapidly increase. By the age of 30, I was unable to have more than 85% of food. I couldn’t eat most vegetables, most meats, most nuts, and some fruits. I got very ill because my body was so imbalanced from lack of nutrients and minerals. I had to go to a nutritionist, who designed a balanced diet for me, which included eating tablespoons of olive oil. Needless to say, I put on weight — because staying alive became far more important than being thin.

Like I had done for my whole life, I tried to wrap my brain around it and just be thankful for what I could eat, but my allergist was becoming very alarmed. He believed one day, I would die because there would be no more food for me to eat. In all seriousness, he asked me one day, “How do you survive?” I smiled at him and said, “By the grace of God go I.” It wasn’t a flippant statement. It was true.

Right before my fifteenth birthday, I died in the mall in Wenatchee, Washington while Christmas shopping with my sisters. That was the first time my heart had ever stopped from having something I was unable to eat. Clearly, things were getting much worse. Although the account of God’s greatness in raising me from the dead in that mall that day is powerful and

amazing, I will share that what I learned from that moment was God had a great plan for my life, and although things were out there that were trying to take it, He is my Sustainer, my Deliverer, my Protector, and my Healer.

I had been prayed over countless times in church, Bible studies, prayer meetings, and just at home with family. In my late teens, God asked me a question one day after I left church. He said, “why have you never asked Me to heal you?” I told Him that I just figured it was all okay, and that no matter what, I was going to love Him. Then He said, “I want you to ask Me to heal you.”

I did faithfully obey, but I didn’t have much faith that He would. I had lots of faith that He wouldn’t let me die, but faith to heal me, apparently, that was a different level of faith.

One Sunday morning in my early thirties, my pastor was using me as part of his sermon, and he said, “Heidi faces death everyday.” When I heard that statement, it felt like a horse kicked me in my chest. I had NEVER thought of it that way before, and it took my breath away, and in that moment, satan used that opened door to shove fear inside of me. After that Sunday, I lost even more food, and I was, for the first time in my life, afraid to go places in fear of dying from not being able to find food to eat. I started believing the lies of the enemy when he would say, “What would you eat? What if there isn’t any food you can eat in that state, in that city?” I know it all sounds stupid – of course, there are stores in every state, but that is how fear works. We become distorted in our thinking, and then we believe everything we hear even if it is ridiculous.

Then, around my birthday one year, I became sick while eating corn, and apparently, that was the straw that broke the camel’s back. I was filled with righteous anger, and in that moment, I wrongfully directed it at God, but from that railing, we did have a good talk. I yelled, “You didn’t create me to live this way! You have called me to do some big things, which includes going to other countries. How am I supposed to fulfill all of that if I can’t eat?” And as I waited for His answer, breathing heavily, a knowing began to wash over me, and I heard Him say, “Well, it’s about time.”

He was waiting for me to say enough was enough. He was waiting for me to cry out to Him, even angrily. He was waiting for me to realize that He never planned for me to be unable to eat food, and He certainly didn’t design me to be that way. After that encounter with Him, I began to study everything I could about natural healing. I even called the best allergy clinic in the United States, went through the phone transfer rigamarole until I was connected with a leading allergy doctor from that “world renowned clinic.” I told her my situation, and she said, “What do you want me to do for you?” Stunned, having thought I had articulated myself well, I said, “Well, I want you to help me. Your website said that you can help someone like me.” She said, “We can tell you what you’re allergic to.”

I paused and breathed in. “I already know what I’m allergic to. I want you to help me to not be allergic.” She said, “Oh, we can’t help you. You just have to not eat those foods.” I thanked her for “nothing” and hung up the phone. Okay, the only one who could help me was God Himself, the One Who created me.

So, in the spring of 2020, when He said, “Ask Me to heal you because I am going to do it,” my heart leapt; I knew it was finally my time! I didn’t concentrate on the healing; I concentrated all my time on deepening my relationship in Him, learning all He wanted to teach me. I stood on the promise of the healing, and called it out loud whenever the enemy of our souls, satan, tried to steal it from me. I waited expectantly for the healing to happen. I went places where I knew healing had taken place for others. I listened and received every time someone prayed for healing for others. I was determined not to miss my moment!

Then, May 7, 2021, I was lying in bed with my husband, and I was listening to Nathan French and Steve Schultz on Elijah Streams one day after the interview had aired, and Nathan began to pray for people as God gave him wisdom. I wasn’t even seeking my healing in that moment. I was thinking of all those other people in need in the world who were listening to the same words I was, and I raised my hands and began to pray out loud. In that moment, my husband, who had been sleeping, moved his hand and placed it on my stomach, and in that instant, electricity exploded inside of me and shot throughout my whole body. Holy Spirit came

upon me so powerfully, I began to weep, and without a doubt, I KNEW I was healed!! I knew it to the very core of myself.

I told Sam what was happening — well, I cried it out. He could see that something real had taken place; I couldn't stop crying. I was ready to drive down to our local gas station that sold chicken and eat some, but Sam was scared. As I said before, this thing hasn't just effected me, it has effected all who have loved me throughout my life. My husband has given me so many epi-pen shots, we have lost count. He has sat with me in multiple ER rooms; he has seen me so close to death so many times, that I couldn't blame him for not jumping up and going to get chicken with me in that moment. But, when he shared his fears with me, I wasn't very understanding in that moment either. I had waited nearly 49 years for this healing. But, thankfully, I listened to Holy Spirit, and I had grace for Sam. There is much to that part of the journey, but in short, Sam, Taunja, and my sister Shari all needed to have their faith grow with mine. I only told a handful of people about the healing, the one's God told me to tell.

This is a very important part of this account of my healing. Satan will use anyone and anything he can to steal your seed promise from the Lord, and he will do anything he can to weaken and even destroy your faith. When facing such a huge miracle promise, it is vital we share it only with those Holy Spirit tells us to and no one else. This walk of faith is very narrow, and we must never look to the left or to the right, and we must be obedient in all things to protect the promise and faith growth. Over the next handful of months, I held fast to my promise of healing. I decreed and declared it over my life, quoting scripture, stomping on the mouth of the enemy every time he tried to steal it. It was not easy, but it was absolutely worth it!!

I have had God heal me instantly before, and that is amazing! But, there is something even more powerful when we have to wrestle with our promise. In these moments, I have had so much more understanding of what Abraham went through, believing for Isaac. I have so much more revelation regarding faith, and I have learned about consecrating to each revelation, and I know that faith without works is dead — that scripture actually makes complete sense to me now.

One day, at the end of November 2021, Holy Spirit told me to read Ecclesiastes. While reading it, I had a revelation start to take shape in me regarding Ecclesiastes 3:1, "To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven." About a week later, I was reading the book, John G. Lake — His Life, His Sermons, His Boldness of Faith, and I got to a part where he was talking about praying for his wife's healing, and he had a revelation from the Lord, "There is a time for everything under the heaven." And it hit me hard, and I felt Holy Spirit fill me, and I began to weep. John G. Lake continued to hear, "Set a date and time for her healing, and I will do it." And in that moment, I saw Ecclesiastes 3:1 run through me, and I heard the words for myself. I asked the Lord, "What day?" And He said, "This started at your birth, so it will be finished on your birthday." I then asked Him, "What time?" I thought of times in my head, but I wasn't certain. Then, as I was walking into our kitchen, Holy Spirit said, "Look at your phone." I looked, and it read 12:21.

Now, about two years ago, God gave me my "birthday minute." It is just a beautiful gift from Him to me, and I see my birthday minute all the time. So, when I saw it, I knew, yes! 12:21 on 12/21/2021. Then I asked the Lord to begin to work on my husband, to ready him for that date and time. That night was our date night, Thursday, and as we listened to this gentleman play his guitar, I turned to Sam and said, "I have something important to tell you." And he looked at me as any husband would who just heard those words, and he said, "Ookaay."

I told him all God had shared about eating chicken on 12/21/2021 at 12:21, and to my surprise, he said, "Okay, let's do it! I'm in." I just have to say here, God is so absolutely good! I asked the Lord who I was supposed to tell about the coming date, and I only told those very few people, knowing they would stand and pray with me in that moment. For three weeks, I battled with the enemy as he tried every lie and trick in his bag to stop me from walking out my faith. I won't give him props to say what he did because this isn't about him.

I consecrated myself to the revelation of that coming moment. I did everything Holy Spirit told me to do. I was careful about what I listened to, what I did, what I watched. The day

before, I had a phenomenal encounter with the Lord while watching Church International. Later that day, my husband and I left for our three night getaway we had planned months in advance for my birthday. God is so intricate in His amazing planning!

The morning of my birthday, my husband watched the Eleventh Hour on YouTube (live) with me, and when they took communion, so did we. Then, we finished getting ready, got in our truck, and drove north to the town of Omak, Washington where there is a KFC (a place I had dreamt of eating at my entire life). The trip was full of Holy Spirit, but I could feel the pressure of the enemy horde pushing in on me, and as we got closer, I was compelled to decree and declare part of Psalm 23 out loud, and as I did, I was given a vision of God setting a table for me before the dark horde, anointing my head with oil, as if to say, "in your face, satan." It was so beautiful and so freeing, I began to weep. At about 12:10, my husband drove up to the KFC order board and ordered a chicken thigh and leg meal. At 12:18, we drove away from KFC, found a parking place, and Sam prayed over me, telling the Lord we knew He had healed me, and he thanked Him. I waited until it was exactly 12:21; I said what Holy Spirit had placed on my heart to say, and then, I picked up that chicken thigh and bit a huge chunk of meat off and quickly chewed and swallowed it! It was SPECTACULAR!! And then I did it a few more times, while Sam took pictures to share the miracle with PROOF to friends, family, and all God told me to share with.

The enemy tried to vomit a lie on me in that moment, but I told Sam, and he rebuked him, and satan had to flee. We drove around as I cried and praised God and called family to share what God had just done. I sent the pictures to my sister Shari, my mom, my friend Taunja, my other sister, our kids, and other friends. Each one of them have walked this long road with me, and most of them cried and praised God as I shared! I posted it on social media with pictures, giving God all the glory through His Son! I promised God many years ago, that when He healed me, I would shout it from the roof tops, and I would do whatever He wanted me to do with it. This healing although mine to enjoy and be blessed by is so much more than for me; it is really for everyone else. I know that I will get to share this amazing miracle over and over and over again, and that God will open thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands of doors to me, so that He can bring healing and deliverance to all who need it. I know I will have the privilege to pray for multiple thousands, and I have even said millions. I didn't walk this road for 49 years, my entire life, to not see God be even bigger and greater in other people's lives through it.

"You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you." John 15:16.

Yes, Lord Jesus, it is my privilege to do so!

Faith is the key that turns the Master's head, brings His eyes directly onto us, and He is so ready and willing to heal us, to deliver us, to restore us, to redeem us. Faith is the greatest key in our arsenal against the enemy of our souls, satan, and he knows it. That's why he vomits fear on us. But I know that, "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Romans 10:17. So, as I have shared this amazing miracle I am still unfolding, you have heard the word of God; receive it; soak it in, and let your faith grow. As you have a revelation of faith, consecrate to it; write it down, speak it out loud before the Lord. And harden your heart against the enemy, who will try to steal it (Mark 4). Then, whatever Holy Spirit is saying you have to do to walk out that faith, do it. Because, "faith without works is dead." James 2:26.

When my husband and I went to the KFC in Omak, Washington, we knew we wouldn't pull out the epi-pen; we wouldn't drive and eat the chicken in the hospital parking lot; we would do nothing that showed lack of faith. We had set our hearts to that truth. We had HEARD the word of the Lord; it was certain. And after hearing from Holy Spirit, we walked out that faith.

I have spent these last two years allowing Holy Spirit to tune my ears to His voice, so that when He said something, I would hear it; know it was Him, and obey it. The enemy has tried to get me to step out before it was time to do so, but I recognized the liar, and I didn't obey him. I waited on the Lord. I waited on His perfect time and season, and for my healing, His perfect time was 12:21 on 12/21/2021, and the perfect season was Christmas! Just like the

Lord to be so prophetic. The time we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior, Jesus, is the same time He picked for my recompense on my birthday. All the time the enemy tried to steal has been given back to me, and just like Moses, I will not waste it. I will rise up and do whatever my Lord asks me to do, knowing that this great miracle is for His glory, for thousands to be delivered and healed and for the world to know for certain that God is absolutely our HEALER!!!

Be GREATLY ENCOURAGED!!

Heidi Jo Lopez — now lovingly known as Chicken Girl!