

How God healed Creflo Dollar of Prostrate Cancer...Testimony

A FEW YEARS AGO, I WENT IN FOR MY REGULAR YEARLY CHECKUP. MY DOCTOR RAN SOME TESTS, AND THE RESULTS CAME BACK SHOWING AN AGGRESSIVE FORM OF PROSTATE CANCER. MY DOCTOR WARNED ME, "YOU CAN GET ANOTHER OPINION, BUT YOU'LL BE WASTING PRECIOUS TIME ."

I didn't say anything to my wife, Taffi , right away. I just went right on living my life as I listened for direction from the Holy Spirit. About that time, a comedian I know called and offered me a role in a movie. Surprisingly, he wanted me to play a funeral director. Considering my diagnosis, I didn't want to do it, but the Lord had other plans. He instructed me to take the role, telling me, You're going to be laughing all day long. He knew exactly what I needed—to laugh. I took the role, and at the end of the shoot, after a day of laughter and fun, I finally told Taffi about the diagnosis. My wife was a champ. She looked at me and said, "OK, what's the plan?" "The plan is what it's always been," I replied. By His stripes I knew I was already healed, and I had no doubt the healing would manifest.

Isaiah 53:4-6 (New International Version)

Surely he took up our pain and bore our suffering, yet we considered him punished by God, stricken by him, and afflicted.

But he was pierced for our transgressions, he was crushed for our iniquities; the punishment that brought us peace was on him, and by his wounds we are healed.

1 Peter 2:24 (New International Version)

"He himself bore our sins" in his body on the cross, so that we might die to sins and live for righteousness; "by his wounds you have been healed."

What I didn't realize was that during the experience I would gain a deeper understanding about healing, rest, spiritual authority, the love of God and how they all work together. After I told Taffi about the diagnosis, I got to work. I went to the other side of our house and began to meditate on and confess the Word. While one part of me focused on the Word, the other part fought to remain in a place of rest. My body had yet to manifest my healing. In essence, I had to believe against—or in spite of—my body. I learned firsthand that it's one thing to say something is true, but it's another to believe so strongly in God's faithfulness and the integrity of His Word, that one lives in a place of rest—confidently relying and trusting in Him. If I had stayed focused on the doctor's report, I would have strengthened my faith in the cancer more than I would have strengthened my faith in the healing that had already been provided for me. Instead, I walked up and down the hallway, saying, "Thank You, Jesus." Thanksgiving allowed me to stir up my faith and get to a place of rest. I also began meditating on the Word and spending even more time in God's presence. All of these proved important elements to entering into rest. It wasn't a matter of God healing me—He had already done that. I was merely laboring to enter into rest so the healing could manifest.

I went to see a doctor friend of mine in Chattanooga, Tenn., who is a specialist. He scheduled an MRI for me. While I was in the MRI machine, I overheard the technician say, "Oh, dear God, it looks like this man has cancer on his spinal cord." My friend, the specialist, was sitting in a remote lab with big screens and other equipment. When I left the MRI, he called me into his lab where he began pulling up the images. He said, "With the intensity and aggressiveness that they've reported about you, the screen should light up." He enlarged the image and moved it up and down and all around. Nothing appeared. No cancer of the prostate. No cancer of the spinal cord. *Nothing.*

My son was in the room with me, so I have a witness to what I'm sharing. The specialist paused the screen at one point, and there, on the screen, appeared the image of a bearded man. My son Jeremy said, "Do you see that? ... that guy right there?" while pointing to the screen. As clear as day, I heard the Spirit of God speak to my spirit and say, Didn't I tell you there's a man living on the inside of you? I've got your back!

Something supernatural had happened. The specialist advised me to go back to my doctor and have him rerun the original test. I celebrated. The devil had wanted me sick, but I wasn't going to let that happen. My healing had manifested.

There's a man living on the inside of me, and He's got my back!

My revelations about healing didn't end there. About a year after my healing from cancer, I experienced tremendous pain in my tailbone. One day, I talked to God about it, reminding Him of all the times I had already talked to Him about this problem. In the middle of my lecture, the Lord said, *You've been talking to Me all these months about your tailbone, but you haven't talked to your tailbone.* "Talk TO my tailbone?" I asked. *Yeah, I've wanted your tailbone healed just as much as you have. But I don't have the authority to do anything about it. You do! I gave you the authority.* Later that night, I said, "Tailbone, I speak to you in Jesus' Name. I command you to be healed. I command the pain to go! You're not allowed to stay here anymore! Be healed in Jesus' Name because you're already healed!"

Fifteen seconds later, I sat down on a wooden chair and then on the floor. No matter where I sat or how I moved, the pain was gone—and it has never returned.

I discovered that there are two types of prayers God will never answer.

1. He will never answer a prayer to do something that He's already done.
2. He will never answer a prayer about a situation that He's already given us instructions on how to handle.

Sadly, we spend a lot of time asking God to do what He's already done instead of releasing our spiritual authority. We also spend time asking God to do something He told us to do. Spiritual authority has already been given to us. We simply need to release the authority we already have.

Our God is awesome and a miracle worker.

(Credit: Believer's voice of victory magazine August 2016)