

Fast Forward to 1975...Miracle of Healing...
Prologue....

This was it. I had finally reached the end of myself, and all pretence of being in control of a groovy life as a rock and roll chick was ebbing away moment by moment... Mick had left the Stones after 5 tumultuous years, and had left me, too. There was just one last fantasy interval to go, before I was rescued from my life of self-destruction and descent into hell.....

The Rainbow Express steamed into my life at The Thatched Cottage . Straight from New York City into Sussex!! My Swiss friend Charlie had brought her band of black, white and blue musicians (and that was just the hair colours) to fill my life with fun, music and excitement!! They did their best, bless them, to cheer me up; we certainly had a good deal of fun at times – but I was desperately unhappy, deep down, and unable to quit the drugs that were killing me. I was under 6 stone in weight, and really in a bad way.

Jennifer, the answer to prayer?

One night, I was walking to my bedroom, and my eyes were drawn to a Margaret Tarrant print that my mother had given me, on the wall – it was called “Jesus and the Animals”, and was a highly romanticised picture for children of a blue-clad Saviour, surrounded with an adoring circle of woodland creatures. I had had this painting as a child, and as I stared at it, remembering the simple faith I had as a child myself, all that long time ago ; and as I remembered the little gift of a text from the Bible that Nita Kozaks had given me when she was facing death in the Cancer ward; Matthew 11 v28, ”Come unto Me , all you who labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest”....

At that point, something broke inside me, and I got on my knees in front of the picture and sobbed out a desperate prayer for help , ”JESUS – if you’re real- come and help me!!” and then I crawled back to bed and pulled the covers over my head.

I don’t honestly remember how much time elapsed after this faint-hearted and desperate appeal of mine to someone I didn’t really believe in any more. Thank Heaven JESUS still believed in me, and heard my cry! HE sent a lady with incredibly piercing blue eyes to my bedside, with a voice like the Queen; I woke from my drugged sleep , with her arms around me. hearing the words “You are starved of Love...”At which I staggered out of bed to the bathroom, was violently sick....and never had to take heroin ever again!!! No withdrawal symptoms of physical and mental agony, no desire for it, NOTHING!!! A medical impossibility as my astonished father (a GP) had to admit. JESUS had come, in response to my mother’s faithful prayers, and my puny little (contemptuous even), prayer!! As I walked uncertainly down the stairs of the cottage, I heard Aretha Franklin’s majestic voice issuing from the record player in the Music Room, “Amazing Grace, How Sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me.....” and I knew that GOD had healed me! I was on my way. But not quite there yet....I was not yet willing to give up doing things my way. Even though HE had shown me such mercy, and love – I was still that stubborn child.....I had no idea at that point in time that something else was being required of me; a response to the miracle that had just happened . My hard heart was still intact, my determination to run my life MY way was still the determining factor. I paid GOD lip-service, gave HIM a cursory “Thank you”, and carried on without HIM. I paid the occasional visit to the Sanctuary of Divine Healing that Jennifer, the lady who had prayed at my bedside, lived at. (It was in the next village, just 3 miles away!)

Many people had been healed by prayer to JESUS CHRIST here, and I was always struck with the peaceful atmosphere that pervaded the place. I enjoyed singing hymns, as well. A reminder of my youth, I suppose. Never underestimate spiritual input at a tender age – it is of inestimable value. Thanks, Mum. You were a good influence for me with your Christian faith; it can’t have been easy,

when you were married to a determined Irish agnostic with the gift of the gab! It took my dad till his deathbed almost, to change his mind. Fortunately for me, it didn't take me quite as long.....but that's another story.

Suffice it to say, that my road had a few more hills and vales to traverse before I met the SAVIOUR, and bowed the knee before HIM in love and gratitude for HIS perseverance and love towards me. Do it young, if you can. Don't be stubborn and foolish for too long – it might be too late!! That's why it's such an incredible privilege for me to work with the young, and tell them about JESUS. In this crazy world of ours, if you can only realize that GOD has an awesome and irrevocable plan, and loves you so much that HE died for you – well, the sooner the better you understand that, and come under HIS guidance and protection, the better it will be, in my view!

P.S. There is a song on our website available to download for free, that we wrote in honour of this unforgettable invitation of JESUS' in Matthew 11; it is called ,“Come Unto Me”.