

HEALED FROM M.E.!



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LifeinJesus.net

'Healed from M.E.!'

by

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Preface

Healing isn't about waiting for God to do something
or even asking Him to do something.

It's about understanding that He won our healing
through Jesus 2000 years ago and it is already ours.
I pray that my testimony will help you to stand on the
truth and not give up until you see the healing that
already belongs to you manifest in your body.

God loves you and only wants good for you
and He is faithful.

He has no favourites – believe and receive.

HEALED FROM M.E.!

HOW IT BEGAN

I have always loved singing. When I was a child my parents took me to see some Gilbert and Sullivan operettas and I dreamt of playing the soprano lead in them. It was a dream that came true. By 1992 I had been singing the lead in amateur G&S shows for about ten years. I absolutely loved it. Each year I would put my all into the show mentally, emotionally and physically and after show week I was always really tired and quite drained, as well as feeling deflated because the show was over. It was not unusual for me to get some sort of virus afterwards. I realised later that I had made it all far too important in my life.

In March 1992 I was playing Phyllis in Iolanthe and, as had so often happened in the past, I got a throat infection the following week. I just presumed it would last a few days as it usually did but by the end of a week, although my throat was no longer hurting, I didn't feel any better. The lack of energy that comes with a virus didn't seem to be going.

After about three weeks I went to see my doctor and he said to come back in three months if things hadn't improved. Well, by the end of three months I was worse. I had no infection and a normal temperature but my body still wasn't functioning properly. I had no energy to do anything. I went back to the doctor which was a huge effort in itself and he said it was post-viral and to give it another three months. Another three months went by and still I was no better so

back I went to the doctor once again.

It was then that he started to talk about M.E. or chronic fatigue syndrome. I thank God for a doctor who knew it was a physical condition, had studied it and believed me when I said how I felt.

I also thank God for my husband who supported me in every way he could. I am so sorry when I think of all he had to do and so thankful for his willingness to do it. It really was love in action. And I'm so grateful for our son who was 13 years old at the time and who stepped up where he needed to. I did as much as I could to stop my illness negatively impacting him, but I couldn't shield him from it completely. Both of them were so good, neither showing me sympathy which I did not want, but both helping me practically and encouraging me.

Six months turned into a year and a year turned into four years, by which time I was able to pace myself and do some normal things. But so often I had to pay the price afterwards. I was not confined to bed or a darkened room and I was not in pain. For all those things I am so grateful, but life was on hold and not only for me, but to a large extent for my husband as well.

This was not what God wanted for any of us. It was not the abundant life Jesus came to give us (John 10:10). It was not living in the victory that Jesus had won for me. I thank God that I was never told that He had sent the condition either to punish me or to teach me something or for some greater good in my life. I had never had that sort of teaching and it never really crossed my mind. From the beginning I knew that the condition was from Satan – he is the one

who comes to steal, kill and destroy (John 10:10). God only gives good (Psalm 145:9). I read some encouraging books on healing and on God's love for me and they helped me to keep positive. *(All the Bible verses I refer to are written out in full at the end of this booklet.)*

WHAT IT WAS LIKE

When a virus hits, you go very quickly from being able to do everything normally to being able to do very little and having to sit down or lie down. Your body switches off the energy from your muscles and diverts it all into defeating the virus. God has made our bodies to heal and this is part of His system. But my muscle energy system never switched back on again when I got better from the virus. Over the years there have been lots of theories and ideas about what

causes M.E. but this is the only explanation which I felt fully explained what I was experiencing and I firmly believe that this is what happened to me. Though what causes the system not to switch back on I don't know.

Another part of M.E. is the sensation inside your head. Again, it's a feeling you can have with a virus but magnified many, many times. I described it as though someone had drilled a hole in my head and then pushed cotton wool balls into it over and over and over until they couldn't get any more in because they were all totally compacted. And every thought had to be thought through that compacted cotton wool and every decision had to be made through it and every conversation had to be held through it. I later heard that it is called 'brain fog', but to me that term doesn't describe

the terrible, draining feeling of having to try and function mentally through dense compaction. It took so much effort and energy and sometimes it was impossible to find the word that I was looking for.

Another symptom was the strange feeling in my upper arms. Over the years my muscles had wasted away with doing so little, to the point that I couldn't raise even the smallest biceps muscle when I clenched my fist. Yet my biceps always had this strange sensation in them.

The fatigue of M.E. is something so hard to describe. It is nothing to do with feeling tired. I never yawned. I never felt normally tired at the end of the day. It's that awful dragging, incapacitating fatigue that can accompany a virus. I remember one day reaching up and rubbing a mark on a

window – two things which I knew could cause problems – reaching up and rubbing and I did them both at the same time. I was overwhelmed with exhaustion and it took me six months to recover from those few seconds of activity. I used to plan things I had to do around the house, such as getting my lunch, by working out the way to do it which involved the fewest paces.

One of the hardest things to deal with was not being able to spend much time with friends. Conversation, both speaking and listening, was so exhausting. Laughter could knock me back and I never knew in advance how long the recovery time would be. If I knew it would be an hour or so I could decide it was worth it for the enjoyment of friendship. But as I say, it could be days, weeks or even months.

M.E. Is a condition that can go in cycles. Although I never felt well or able to live completely normally, there were times when I could do more and times when I could do very little. I could feel relatively well for a few days or weeks but then, either as a result of doing too much or for no obvious reason, the debilitating fatigue would hit again. Planning was always difficult.

Over the first year I gradually picked up my commitments at church which I was really pleased about, but it was at a cost. To others I appeared to do what I'd always done, but when I got home I had to deal with the consequences. Life was about getting up and somehow getting through the day, hopefully with something achieved at the end of it, however small.

THE LETTER

Then, one day in 1996, out of the blue, I had a letter from someone I didn't know who also had M.E. It turned out that she knew a Christian friend of mine and when my friend saw her out and about, she asked her what had caused her to improve. She told my friend about a ministry she had been to that God was using to heal people with M.E. My friend gave her my address and asked if she would write to me and this she did. But my reaction was not what you might expect.

The letter told me that the ministry was holding a healing conference in a few months' time. It was about 140 miles away from where we live. How on earth could I cope with such a long journey? How could I sleep in a strange bed? How could I attend the conference itself once I was there? And

what if I went and nothing changed and I had to deal with the disappointment and the negative impact on my body for months afterwards or even years?

And yet, here was someone saying there was help. Was it from God or Satan wanting to make me worse? Was I saying no to God or yes to Satan? All these thoughts and emotions were exhausting in themselves and I have to admit to wishing I'd never got the letter.

When my husband came home from work, I showed it to him. He didn't put me under any pressure but said he'd take me if I wanted to go. All I could do was put the letter back in the envelope, put it in a drawer and say, "Lord, if you want me to go, don't let me forget about it."

Well, I couldn't forget about it.

THE CONFERENCE

Eventually I had to get the letter out and read it again, and as I read it, I knew I needed to go to this conference. So my husband registered us and booked the hotel where it was taking place. The conference was in November 1996. I can't remember how long it was between booking and going, but I do remember a real sense of concern as the time drew near, but alongside it, a flicker of hope rising up.

The conference ran from Monday to Friday. From the very first session on the Monday evening, I found myself enveloped in the unconditional love of God (Romans 5:8). He showed his love to me through the people in the ministry and through the truth of his Word so that I began to learn of His personal love for me in a deeper way. I felt His arms

around me and heard His words of love speaking directly to my heart. I knew without a shadow of doubt that He had not sent the condition and that He wanted me healed. He'd already won my healing through Jesus' suffering – I didn't have to try and get it or persuade God to do it. He had done His part over 2000 years ago. My part was to believe it and receive it. What a loving, gracious God He is.

And to his surprise, my husband also experienced God's love in a new way. He had come to the conference simply to bring me and to support me in it, but he found himself entering deeper and deeper into God's personal, unconditional love for him too. It was so wonderful for both of us and experiencing it together at the same time made it even more precious.

Only God could have got me through the five days of the conference. The bed was very uncomfortable and I slept very little, but I was there at every session ready for more of God's truth and love and blessings. No-one got into conversation with me about their symptoms or experiences for which I was very grateful. I had always refused to spend the little energy I had talking about the condition.

The worship was very different to what we were used to – just one person singing verses from the Bible. But it really made those verses come alive. It wrote them on my heart. Without putting any pressure on people, the team encouraged us to dance as well as sing, and to my amazement I was soon dancing. It was such freedom and gave me great joy.

It was on Thursday 27th November 1996 that we came to the point the whole conference had been gearing towards. Those who wanted healing were called forward and the leader of the ministry commanded M.E. to leave in the name of Jesus and bodies to be restored. I remember gasping, knowing that something had changed. Immediately the cotton wool was gone from my head, never to return. Oh the joy of being able to think and talk freely and easily again. I couldn't praise and thank God enough. Food allergies were also commanded to leave and I later realised that a lifelong fish allergy had gone. Although I'm still not a great fish lover, it was brilliant to find out how wonderful salmon tastes!

We had a final session on the Friday morning to equip us for going back into the world.

We had lived in a wonderful cocoon of God's love for those days and didn't want it to end. And spiritually it didn't. Yes, we had to travel home and pick up the responsibilities of life, but that knowledge of being held in God's love remained. We both made sure we kept it going by our Bible study, worship and talking together of all God had done.

BACK HOME

When I woke on the Saturday morning after we'd got home, I quickly realised that the strange sensation in my biceps had changed. It was a different feeling. I raised an arm and clenched my fist and there was a raised muscle. I checked the other arm and it was just the same. I rushed into the bathroom to my husband, shouting "I've got muscles! I've got muscles!"

But as I started to try to do more things, I soon knew that the healing wasn't complete. I praise and thank God that the cotton wool never came back and the muscles never went away, but the crippling exhaustion was still there.

I'd come home from the conference armed with what to do when things didn't seem to be working out and I set my mind to stand on God's truth in His Word, keeping my focus on Him and His desire for me to be completely healed. I didn't waste any time or energy questioning why the healing wasn't complete. I concentrated on God's goodness and His love for me. Some days were easy and some days were a battle.

When we went back to church, people said that the difference in us was notable and we were asked to set up and lead a church

ministry team. This we did and we led it for 17 years. I trained the team which I really enjoyed doing. It was such a privilege to be able to share with them all we'd been taught and experienced. And it was so exciting to see God bringing His truth and love to other people through the team.

As the weeks, months and years started going by again, it remained difficult to function. But no-one could steal the experience of God's love which I knew each day or the knowledge that Jesus had already won my healing for me. And I always kept clear in my mind that M.E. is from Satan and God wants me well. No-one could ever persuade me otherwise.

TREATMENT PROGRAMMES

Over the years I tried various dietary supplements but nothing made any difference.

In 2007 someone told me about the NHS Graded Exercise Programme for M.E. sufferers. I asked my doctor about it and, as always, he was very supportive. He was happy to register me on the programme, but the decision I made to go on it turned out to be a very bad one. The programme lasted a year and involved a detailed daily schedule of gradually increasing physical exercise. I went for it and followed it very precisely.

When I began, I had been feeling quite well, but by the end of the year I was really struggling. It had set me back a long way and it took me about five years to recover from

it and get back to where I was when I first started. The Graded Exercise Programme is no longer offered by the NHS for people with M.E.

In 2008 I found out about the Perrin Technique. It is an osteopathic process which has helped a lot of M.E. sufferers. Its emphasis is on draining the body of toxins. I continued with it for the years of recovery from the Graded Exercise Programme. I can't say whether it helped or not as the improvement was so slow, but it can only have done my body good and it was very encouraging to have the support and understanding of a caring health professional during those years.

GOD'S UNDERPINNING

I think it was around 2009 that I had my next big injection of teaching, a significant building up of my faith and a yet deeper experience of God's love, which was to bring me through to complete healing.

The same friend who had initiated that unexpected letter back in 1996, sent me some Christian teaching CDs. One of the first I listened to explained how we are made up of three parts – spirit, soul and body and that it is in our spirit that we are a new creation, made perfect and righteous through Jesus when we are born-again. This revelation was so exciting and transformed so much of how I saw God, how I saw myself and my relationship with Him.

I started listening to more and more of the teaching CDs and God's truth gradually

settled in my heart, filling me with a deeper understanding of all Jesus had done and won for me. It was exciting to have confirmation of things that God had already revealed to me and also to receive new understanding.

The other major new revelation was that, as born-again Christians, we've already got everything we will ever need in our new spirit, including healing. I knew that the work Jesus had done was indeed finished on the Cross and that there was nothing more for Him to do. And while I knew I needed to receive my healing in faith with thanksgiving, I hadn't realised before that I'd already got it; that it belongs to me because Jesus paid the price for it for me, two thousand years ago. It's so much easier to receive what you've already got rather than trying to get it from the outside.

God was building a deeper foundation of truth under the one I'd received at the conference in 1996. He was giving me some really strong underpinning. And this created a foundation that reached up and out to encompass all of me and all my life.

STANDING ON GOD'S TRUTH

I was even more determined to stand on the truth of God. The healing was already done in the spiritual realm and it was mine to receive. It was only a matter of time before it would manifest in my body. I had come home from the conference armed with verses from the Bible to stand on and now I had more. I spoke them out loud, writing them on my heart. I would stand in front of the mirror and declare them to myself, putting my name in. For example, "Katherine, by Jesus's wounds you were

healed” (1 Peter 2:24). There is such power in speaking God’s Word out loud. Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the Word of God (Romans 10:17).

I would listen to praise and worship songs and let them speak to my mind and my heart, singing along when I had the energy. I made sure the songs were ones which focused on the love and goodness of God and on all Jesus had done and won for me, not on me or on any problems. Praise is so full of power.

I made a habit of thanking God for all He is and all He has done. Healing was already mine so I thanked God for it before I could see it or feel it. I quickly realised that living in thanksgiving is really powerful. We’re told to magnify the Lord with thanksgiving (Psalm 69:30). When I magnified God by

making Him my main focus, everything and everyone else fell into their rightful place. And being thankful so easily flows from that.

I continued to listen to good, wholesome teaching. And of course, I found the truth and the power I needed in God's Word. These are all things I still do today – they weren't just for a difficult time, but are for an everyday healthy Christian life.

Most of the time I kept positive in God, but there were days when things overwhelmed me and I would buckle under the weight of it all and cry. Even as I was crying, I knew I would have to spend time recovering from the energy it took out of me. I couldn't even cry without having to pay for it. But as I hit the bottom, I knew in my heart that I had to make the effort to pull myself back up and

into the truth of all Jesus had done and won for me. God wasn't automatically going to do it for me – the responsibility was mine. Once I faced up to this, I had to use energy to take my negative thoughts captive and start speaking God's positive truth – and this when I was so depleted. But it was the only way. And God is so good. As I turned to Him, He always put His arms round me and loved me through the process, giving me the strength to do what I needed to do.

Even though I didn't sink like this very often, I knew it was something I could do without. I determined to stop it happening again by refusing to entertain the very first negative thoughts when they came. You can't stop the thought coming but you can stop it staying (2 Corinthians 10:5). And the sooner you step in and refuse to entertain those thoughts, the easier it is.

I know I was only able to go through the years with a positive outlook because of Jesus. So many people are clinically depressed with M.E. So many sufferers' marriages fail. But I knew my loving Father God and my victorious Saviour and Healer. And I knew Satan was a defeated enemy. Thank You, thank You Lord.

ANOTHER CONFERENCE

In 2012 my husband expressed a desire to go to a Christian conference to recharge his batteries, so off we went to a different one this time. This proved to be such a wonderful blessing from God. The worship was so wonderful – it transported me straight into the tangible centre of God's love and there I stayed for the three days.

I came away even more assured of God's love, that He had already won my healing for me and had a plan for my life that was good. And I came home even better armed with the Word to fight against Satan and to stand on God's truth.

CALLED TO TEACH

Around 2012, I had handed over the training of the church ministry team to our minister because it had become too much for me physically. Then in 2014, during a church sermon, I heard God speak to me very clearly saying I was to take back the ministry training and teach and preach. He also spoke about me being a teacher to a friend during the same sermon to confirm it to me. I had taught in various capacities, including in the church, most of my adult life, but now I had God's calling to teach.

I started writing booklets about the truths God had shown me and set up my website. And I began to experience the joy of preaching. It's such a blessing to be able to pass on God's message of love to others. I've sought to be faithful to this calling regardless of how I felt physically and He's never failed me.

STILL STANDING ON GOD'S ROCK OF TRUTH

Through the years I continued to stand on the truth that God wanted me well, that M.E. is defeated and that healing is mine and will manifest in my body. I did not allow anything or anyone to make me think differently. I saw myself standing on the rock of God's truth and refusing to budge or give up no matter what was happening to me or around me (Psalm 62:6).

Jesus says that we shall know the truth, and the truth will make us free (John 8:32). It isn't simply the truth that sets us free but the truth that we know. As I learnt more of God's truth in His Word, I set my heart to believe it and determined to stand on it, knowing that eventually it would set me free. And it did. I would go through some better spells and then the symptoms would get worse again, but gradually I knew something fundamental was changing. I just determined to keep standing on the truth until I saw the full victory.

From the first conference in 1996 I never asked God to heal me and following the teaching I'd received in 2009, I did my best to avoid situations where someone else would pray for me asking God to heal me. I knew He'd already done it so He could not

answer those prayers, and listening to them could foster unbelief in me, especially when nothing changed. When I had prayer, I would simply ask the person to stand with me in the knowledge that God had already healed me and that I would see it manifest in my body.

The Bible tells us to submit to God and resist the devil and he will flee (James 4:7). I tackled the M.E. on these two fronts. I submitted to God's truth and all Jesus had done and won for me. I declared it out loud, writing it on my heart and I spoke it to myself building myself up in it. And I also resisted the devil by speaking directly to the M.E. in the name of Jesus, telling it that I was a child of God and it had no legal right to be in my body and commanding it to leave. Both approaches were important, but I made sure I spent the most time declaring

God's truth. I wanted my mind to be focused on Him, not on the devil's work.

These were the main verses I used (the underlining is mine):

- “The thief only comes to steal, kill, and destroy. I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.” (John 10:10)
- You were healed by his wounds. (1 Peter 2:24)
- Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us. For it is written, “Cursed is everyone who hangs on a tree,” (Galatians 3:13)

And through it all I praised and thanked God for who He is, for His love for me, for all He had done for me and specifically for my healing.

I just kept standing on the rock of God's truth. I never saw myself as being blown about on the rock and having to struggle to stay on it. No, I saw myself standing upright and strong with my feet firmly planted so nothing and no-one could make me wobble or knock me off. The wind could blow and the waves could crash but I simply stood there firm and strong. As Paul says, having done all, I stood (Ephesians 6:13).

As I have said, there were times when this was difficult and I don't want to give the impression that it was always easy, but this was how I tackled my situation and how I saw myself. If I began to slip off the rock, I quickly got myself back in place. And as I continued to stand on the rock of God's truth, it did get easier until it became my default position.

And this is what brought things to a head when Satan, knowing he was beaten, had one final go at keeping me bound by M.E.

SATAN'S FINAL THROW

In 2015 I began to believe my healing was finally manifested. I was functioning almost normally and felt well. Then without warning the crippling fatigue returned. It was hard to take.

As I started to make that big spiritual effort that was needed to take my place on the rock again, God, as always, lifted me and helped me. I stood against the disappointment, and as I stood firmly once again on the rock of God's Word of truth, the thought came to me that the symptoms were now counterfeit – that Satan knew he'd lost and was making one last effort by

trying to get me to believe I was still ill when my body was actually fully healed. Just after this, I was speaking to my friend of the letter and the CDs and out of the blue she asked me if I thought the symptoms could be counterfeit! Then another friend suggested the same thing! This was all within a few days. No-one had ever said anything like this to me before and I realised God was confirming to me three times that this was indeed what was now happening, so I would know what to do.

I really let Satan have it, telling him I knew what his game was and I was not going along with it. And I praised and thanked God for my healing. It took some weeks but the symptoms disappeared never to properly return.

Subsequently, if I felt the slightest symptom,

I knew what to do straightaway and refused to be affected by it. The symptom always went and in 2016 I knew without a doubt that my body was finally fully healed. And as I write in 2022 the years have proved it. My healing involved wonderful miracles and also seeing God's faithfulness and the defeat of Satan as I stood firm on God's truth, refusing to budge from it.

THANK YOU LORD

I thank God for all the people He used to help me through those twenty-four years – for the love, support and practical help of my husband and son and later on my daughter-in-law, for my doctor, for my friend who was the catalyst for both big injections of God's love and new understanding, for the first ministry conference and the team God used to bring

about real miracles of healing, for friends and family who helped me, for my osteopath, and for good Biblical teaching which opened up a deeper understanding of God and new revelations which gave me such a powerful depth of truth to stand on.

But most of all I thank God for His love and faithfulness and for all Jesus has done and won for me. I can't find the words to express my thanks. God didn't send the M.E. and He never wanted me to have it – He'd won my healing from it 2000 years ago! And he didn't want me to suffer with it for twenty-four years. I don't know why it took that long, but I do know that it wasn't God's fault. He is good and only gives good (Psalm 145:9).

But God brought good out of those years according to His promise (Romans 8:28). My

relationship with Him is so much closer and deeper and stronger. The revelations He has given me have been life-changing in so many ways. I would not now want to be the person I was when I first became ill.

NOW AND FOREVER

It's so exciting to know that my journey as God's loved, forgiven, healed child goes on until one day I will literally be in His arms of love, with nothing to have to stand against and eternity to enjoy my love relationship with Jesus.

And in the meantime, I continue to teach and share the truths God has revealed to me. It is so good to encourage others so they can stand equipped against anything Satan would throw at them, without any doubt of their Father God's unconditional love for

them and His goodness; and knowing that He's already won every victory for them through Jesus, and everything they will ever need is already theirs.

What a privilege! Thank You Lord.

BE ENCOURAGED

Be assured that what God has done for me, He has done for you and wants you to believe it and receive it. He doesn't have favourites (Acts 10:34) and His love for you is completely unconditional.

If you, or someone close to you, are suffering with M.E. and you would like to get in touch with me, please do so. Go to my website lifeinjesus.net and send me a message via the CONTACT page. I will reply to you as soon as I can.

BIBLE VERSES

These are the verses I have referred to through this booklet.

Speak them out loud to encourage yourself, to write them on your heart and to build yourself up in God's unconditional love for you and in all Jesus has done and won for you.

“You will know the truth, and the truth will make you free.” (John 8:32)

But God commends his own love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

(Romans 5:8)

Christ redeemed us from the curse of the law, having become a curse for us. For it is written, “Cursed is everyone who hangs on a tree,”

(Galatians 3:13)

“The thief only comes to steal, kill, and destroy. I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly.”

(John 10:10)

“Truly I perceive that God doesn’t show favouritism.”

(Acts 10:34)

The LORD is good to all. His tender mercies are over all his works. (Psalm 145:9)

Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

(Romans 10:17)

You were healed by his wounds.
(1 Peter 2:24)

Be subject therefore to God. Resist the devil,
and he will flee from you.
(James 4:7)

Therefore put on the whole armour of God,
that you may be able to withstand in the evil
day, and having done all, to stand.
(Ephesians 6:13)

... throwing down imaginations and every
high thing that is exalted against the
knowledge of God and bringing every
thought into captivity to the obedience of
Christ.
(2 Corinthians 10:5)

He alone is my rock and my salvation, my fortress. I will not be shaken.

(Psalm 62:6)

We know that all things work together for good for those who love God, for those who are called according to his purpose.

(Romans 8:28)

I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

(Psalm 69:30)

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*“You will know the truth,
and the truth will make you free.”*

(John 8:32)

You were healed by his wounds.

(1 Peter 2:24)



Katherine Hilditch has been teaching in local churches for many years. In 2013 she wrote her first booklet and since then has written many more. She created her website to make all the

booklets freely available to everyone. They can be read online or printed out. Katherine’s threefold purpose is to help people understand more about Jesus and all He has done and won for them, to encourage them to go deeper in their relationship with God and to provide material to help them share their faith with others. To read her story and find all the booklets go to –

Website: LifeinJesus.net

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