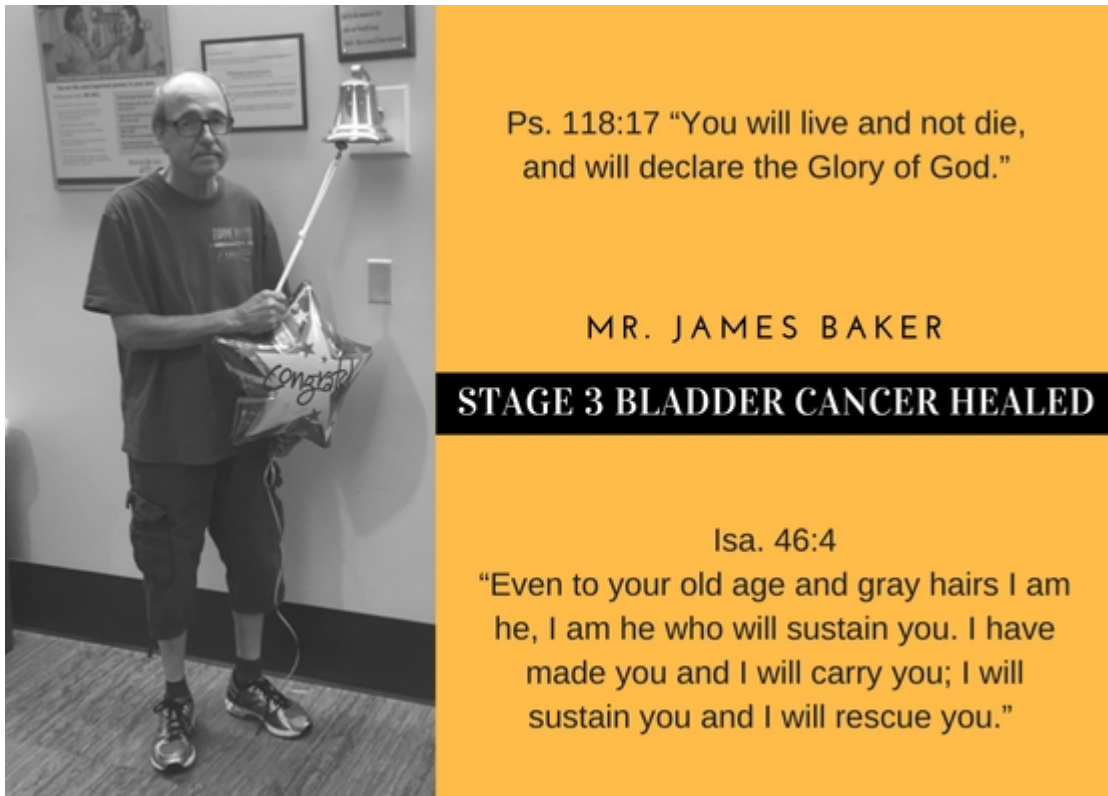


A Second Chance



Mr. Baker shares this amazing testimony of how God healed him of stage three bladder cancer!!

In March of 2015 I was diagnosed with stage three bladder cancer. In consultation with my doctors their prognosis was to schedule surgery immediately, as they characterized the cancer as “very aggressive.”

After much prayer for wisdom and direction, I informed the doctors that I would pass on the cystectomy (removal of the bladder) and opt for radiation/chemotherapy. (RCT)

This decision upset my doctors. Four urologists and the head of the department insisted that the only way to treat me was to remove the bladder. Upon hearing my decision to opt out of their recommendation the chief urologist said, "Then you will die." (Whatever happened to bedside manners and discretion?) I replied, "My life is not in your hands, it is in God's hands."

In consultation with my radiation doctor, he told me that the VA (my healthcare provider), would not be able to offer radiation therapy as there was a danger of perforating my small intestine and if that occurred I could die within 24 hours. (So much encouragement.) I asked "How long do I have without therapy?" He replied "Six, maybe seven months."

This information made my decision to reject surgery seemed foolish. I replied "Is there anything else I can do?" He thought for a minute and said "There is another possibility. There is a machine at Siteman Cancer Center called "Vue-Ray" that you might qualify for treatment. There are only three in the world and one is here at Siteman in St. Louis." This technology had the ability to specifically target cancerous tumors without harming soft tissue around them. I called it "Fu Manchu" after a song about a guy who gets a diagnosis of a terminal disease. This, I believe, was the first miracle that was provided to me by our gracious Lord.

I began the first of thirty-nine radiation treatments in June, 2015 and also chemo-therapy. By the end of July I was so sick, I could only sit up for very short periods of time. During the two months of treatment, the Lord gave my wife and I some very powerful words to encourage us. Two of the most powerful were **Ps. 118:17 "You will live and not die, and will declare the Glory of God."** The second was just as powerful. **Isa. 46:4 "Even to your old age and gray hairs I am he, I am he who will sustain you. I have made you and I will carry you; I will sustain you and I will rescue you."** My wife and I held on to these promises to get through the fears and the naysayers. July 29, 2015 was the last treatment of radiation.

I had lost about 30 lbs and was still very ill. (The chemo therapy I was taking was nicknamed "King of Nausea".) I could not even get out of bed to play with my grandson, who had come from Arizona to visit me. (He was only two at the time and would come in and lay by me on the bed. So precious!) God showed himself in so many ways over the winter months of that year.

We still did not have a confirmation from the doctors that all the treatments were successful. Friends, family and people all over the country were praying for me. Many I did not even know. One morning I went to the mailbox and pulled out a letter from a bank that held a second mortgage on the home we raised our children in. The letter said they were cancelling the entire debt, which was \$50,000.00. I brought it in to my wife and asked her if she thought it was some kind of joke! It turned out to be genuine. They even offered to pay any tax burden that might come as a result. Now that's a miracle!

In March of 2016, since I wasn't getting any better, my wife determined to get me down to CFNI to meet with Andrew Brown who is the administrator of the Healing Center. She knew CFNI was my spiritual roots, as I had graduated in December of 1982.

Since I couldn't sit up for very long periods of time, she put an air mattress in the back of our SUV so I could make the long trip down from St. Louis. When we arrived on campus we weren't sure where to go, so we went to the Student Center to find out the location of the Healing Center. After getting directions, I was coming out of the building as Mike Massa was coming in; another God moment. Knowing that Mike had fought down cancer and was healed, I stopped him and we talked a little bit about what I was going through. He spoke some encouraging words to me and we headed for the meeting with Andrew.

During the meeting with Andrew, as he was speaking God's word over me he kept asking me if I believed this promise or that promise. He was so kind and compassionate and, as he ministered faith to me, I became aware of a powerful, healing anointing in the scriptures he was sharing. He gave me a healing workbook, and prayed for me and also for my wife, RitaJo. He prophesied to us that what was difficult and hard would now be easy.

We returned home and I began to walk in the healing promises of God. I began to gain weight and was able to return to work. RitaJo came home from work one day after we had returned from CFNI. She was looking at me with a shocked expression on her face as I was standing in the bed of my truck, moving tools and materials around just as I did before I got sick. It was a moment when the grace of God just humbles you as you realize his faithfulness to perform His word. Isaiah 40:29 "He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak." And Isaiah 55:11 "so is my word that goes out from my mouth: It will not return to me empty, but will accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it."

In April I went into surgery to have samples taken to be tested for cancer cells. Three weeks later the doctor called and reported that I was cancer free. Praise his name! We also began to experience the reality of Andrew's prophesy. Medical bills that the VA refused to pay were suddenly paid. My stair business (I install stairs in residential homes) was so busy all summer that I didn't have any time to take off. Past due bills, that were a result of my inability to work, were easily brought up to date. I just kept getting stronger physically as well as spiritually.

In the fall of 2016 we headed out for CFNI to attend the healing conference that year. By this time I was not only sitting up, I was able to help drive. The first person we looked up upon our arrival was Andrew Brown. Now I was 25 lbs heavier and walking normally. Totally healed! After I shared what the Lord had done, Andrew asked me to share my testimony at his breakout meeting, which I did. Many people who saw me later at the conference shared with me how encouraged they were, as they or someone they knew was facing a similar trial.

There is something the Lord did for me that to me personally, was far greater than the physical healing of my body and the returning of my life to me. That was my renewed relationship with my Lord. I confess that prior to my diagnosis of cancer, I was not walking that close with Him. He was gracious to me years earlier by giving me two powerful words. He said "Don't coast" and "don't waste time."

When my doctor told me that I probably would not survive more than six or seven months, the Lord's words are the ones that came into my mind. I had been coasting and now I didn't have any more time. Don't misunderstand me. I was going to church, paying tithes and even preaching and teaching at the church we were attending. But the word says everyone knows their own heart. I Corinthians 2:11...For who knows a person's thoughts except their own spirit within them?

Jesus did not die a casual death on the cross, yet I was treating my walk and His grace casually. I am not living that way now nor will I ever again. I feel I have lost so much time and opportunity to serve Him. The worst thing was that I wasn't even aware that I had drifted so far. The Laodicean church thought they were rich and in need of nothing, but the Lord told them "But you do not realize that you are wretched, pitiful, poor, blind and naked." Revelation 3:17. Though I was loath to admit it, that word fit me.

Time and space does not permit me to share all that the Lord has done for me and my family. His Word became a living experience for us. We received true revelations of the wonderful portions of His grace, power, mercy and blessings that He freely gives to us on a daily basis. Even with all the prayer and support, there were many days and nights of living in the “valley of the shadow of death.” At the very heart of the journey the only thing we had to hold onto was the Lord himself. (Which turns out to be a pretty good place to be?) He gave me a second chance at life, and I do not intend to waste it. I am living and did not die and I am declaring to all of you His glory and the wonderful things He has done.