

Healed in Mercy

A Personal Testimony

**This is the story about how God
miraculously healed Cheryl Rogers of Environmental Illness
after she surrendered her life to him.**

by Cheryl Rogers



I always tried to make a place for God in my life, but I didn't really know him.

As a child, I was taught to pray, go to church every Sunday, and lead a quiet and honest life. Outside I went through the motions. Inside, I was filled with fear.

One of earliest memories is of a German Shepherd who lived behind us, He was barking at me violently as I peered at him from my side of the chain-link fence. I didn't know what I had done wrong, except maybe stick my fingers inside *his* side of the fence.

I must have been 2 years old at the time -- I don't really know. I suspect I was young enough for it to have a devastating effect on my personality.

I was afraid of every living thing that moved, it seemed: dogs, cats, frogs, lizards, bees and wasps...

With people, I was painfully shy, except with a few close friends.

I was afraid of saying something dumb. I was afraid people would think I was weird or something. So I said as little as possible, preferring to sing or participate in high school plays (because I could assume someone else's character). Only at home was I comfortable enough to speak my mind.

My father tried to help me with the animals. He told me how the cows gave us milk and beef, and I loved steak, so I warmed up to them a little when we visited my dad's friends on the farm.

But the unpredictability of dogs, and their friskiness, made me wary.

I was fearful with God, too.

It was hard for me to think of God without also thinking of my obligations: being good, attending church, and submitting to its rules.

My prayers seemed to be sucked into a vacuum. I couldn't say I knew God was real.

I wondered how I would live if he weren't real; if I would do anything





differently. I could see religion helped keep people in control, kept them from killing each other.

Although my life seemed without real purpose or meaning, and I wondered what I was here for anyway, I decided I *wanted* God to be real. So, I continued to go through the motions, as if I knew for sure.

In my early 30s, things seemed to fall into place. I moved to Tampa to accept a job as newspaper reporter. I met my future husband and we married. When I expecting our first child, I quit my job as part of a long-range plan to run a desktop publishing business at home while raising our family.

On the surface, things looked good. But it was the devil's trap.

In my desire to find meaning in my life, to prove myself, I threw myself into the home-based business. I worked long hours while my parents watched our daughter, struggling to learn computer software and build my business.

In those days, printers didn't work so fast. I'd put a graphics to print, let it sit for hours, and then check it in the middle of the night and put it to print again, if necessary.

I was surrounded by computers and other electrical equipment in the room we set aside for the home office. I didn't realize it, but my mouth full of amalgam fillings picked up the electrical charge.

I became tired and my allergies worsened. My allergist sent me to have a mirror resonance imaging (MRI) scan, which is highly magnetic, and my health went into a downhill spiral. My vision became intermittently blurry, my heart raced; the headaches were uncontrollable even with prescription drugs. I had become environmentally ill: I was sensitive to electricity, to computers, to televisions, to microwaves, to fluorescent lights, to vacuum cleaners, to power lines. I was bothered by balloons and liquid bleach. I developed sensitivities to my favorite foods.

I was scared, to death.





Where can you go for help if everything around you is making you sick?

You guessed it, God.

He made me, right? So now I wanted him to fix me.

I had fled to the relative safety of our huge screen room, where I slept in a tent. There were about 10 acres of citrus groves behind our house; I was grateful *they* didn't need electricity.

I used my little strength to get to the library to learn what I could; I didn't even know a doctor who could help, at first. And so I prayed earnestly to the one who made me and I believed God answered me, that I should go "the medical route" through the doctors. And so I did.

I found an alternative medicine doctor in a neighboring city and managed to drive myself there. He put me on a pile of pills: Supplements to boost my immune system, build up the friendly bacteria in my body, and defeat candida, a yeast overgrowth.

I improved for awhile, moved back into the house and even managed to continue my desktop publishing business with help from subcontractors. But my improvement followed the weather: I was better in the dry season. My symptoms began to worsen in the rainy season and when late summer arrived with its airborne mold, I was in deep trouble again.

My doctor referred me to a specialist in Environmental Illness. There they offered preservative-free shots for sensitivities to molds, food, and to help the body combat bacterial and viral infections.

There I became immersed in a new lifestyle of managing my condition, a condition I was told could never be cured. I was taught to exercise and detoxify regularly in a dry-heat sauna, rotate organically grown in a four-day schedule, and reduce my load of stressors by turning off electricity in portions of the house, for example.

The business was closed and I dedicated myself full-time to the task of





managing my condition, ordering supplements by telephone, cooking in a crock pot, and struggling to do the laundry...

I gave myself injections for my many sensitivities.

In the fall of 1995 I returned to the far away specialist in the height of airborne mold season, grateful to escape the mold and its complications. There I saw my alternative medicine doctor, plus a physicist who had developed a treatment for electromagnetic sensitivity and a dentist who specialized in the removal of amalgam fillings. I had come to believe the fillings were a great deal of my problem. So the dentist removed all but one of them and I returned home.

I was relieved to have those fillings out of my mouth, but I had done a rush job, removing many fillings in just a few weeks. I had not properly detoxed and my immune system took a hit in the aftermath. When the summer rains came in 1996, I couldn't tolerate even the tile-lined bathroom I made my refuge inside our house.

I went to live in a park.

There was a state park not far from our house which offered primitive camping adjoining a nature trail deep in the woods. Without any electricity nearby and my allergy shots, I was able to handle the outdoor molds.

My husband bought me a wonderful screen room as the mosquito population increased. Even still, at dusk the no-see-um population swarmed, and I kept moving until I could sneak into the tent without bringing any in with me. The trail turned into muddy slosh and I had to use boots and mosquito net.

Make no mistake about it, *this* was living hell.

My aging parents scoured the town for organically-grown food, my mother cooked it, and they or my husband brought it to me. Though my sister lived upstate, she made some inquiries and found another park nearby for me which was, by comparison, mosquito free. I lived there for three whole months





at the grace of God. Every week, the water management district renewed my camping permit. I kept an old bike to ride its many, relatively dry trails and met my family near the main road regularly to get supplies. I explored the park's many trails and once in awhile our 6-year-old daughter came to spend a few hours visiting in the screen room.

Through God's grace, I already was learning to face my fear of animals. After all, I was living in nature with animals. I was on their turf, not mine. I faced a snake who snuck into my screen room while I ate lunch, another snake was cocked and ready to spring as I went by it on the trail. I was strung by wasps or bees -- hey, I didn't stop to ask them what they were. The small critters had to be expelled from my tent. And *that* was in the daytime...

At night I knew a fox roamed the neighborhood. For a long time, I cringed inside my tent as I listened to animals making a snuffing sound swallowing air outside, wondering if they would come after me in my tent (maybe for my food). I finally had the courage to peek. What a relief! They were only deer!

I would spend hours at a time crocheting and knitting with cotton yarn. It was something I could do, although not well. I woke with the morning's light and retired at dark.

Although I had been able to attend church every Sunday and go to the movies on Saturday during the bulk of my illness, now I could not. I reached out to God in the ways I knew how, through the Bible and prayer.

When even the park no longer offered safe refuge, I was in deep trouble.

My family couldn't push themselves any harder, and I saw myself starting to go downhill. I didn't know where to go. The devil wanted my life, so I gave it to God. I told him I couldn't do anything with my life, so he could have it.

It wasn't your traditional sinner's prayer. I wasn't even concerned with eternity so much as the here-and-now. As far as I could see, I had no options. I





was stuck in a place where I was doomed for a downswing.

But God didn't let me down.

In a matter of hours, my family learned another group had secured a camping permit for the wilderness campsite. Although my permit also was renewed, the other campers certainly would have a campfire, which meant wood smoke -- another big problem for the Environmentally Ill.

My father had to cancel his own doctor appointment, but my parents came to pick me up and take me to a new haven: the forest.

Now God was in charge, I knew it from the dramatic turn of events.

The next few weeks were very hard, but I was determined to follow God's leading.

I began rotating parks, just as I rotated foods, so I would avoid becoming ultra-sensitive to my environment. Two weeks later, I was in a lovely park inhabited by many wild deer...

It was about noon on Nov. 12, 1996, when I felt different inside. I had received the Holy Spirit! I promised myself to try and make the most of my circumstances.

When my parents came with my supplies, I learned my name had been drawn by lottery on Sid Roth's Messianic Vision radio show. They had prayed for my healing and were convinced I had been healed!

In fact, my body became steadily stronger. I started coming home long enough to use our dry-heat sauna before returning to the forest.

"But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."

Romans 8:11

One month later, wild forest fires and more campers drove me home. I was home to stay.





I began going to church and seeking prayers. Then one weekend, in a leap of faith, I drove about an hour to Orlando for a statewide charismatic conference. It was there God delivered me from Environmental Illness, in ONE NIGHT!

I was prayed for by the laying on of hands and told: “*You are about to experience God’s mercy.*”

I returned to my seat, then returned to the center aisles to pray for someone else. As I began to pray for another woman, this lady came by and starting to pray for *me*.

My body went limp and I lay on the ground for a little while. This time was like no other I had experienced. My body was chilled, I shook. They laid a sweater over me. I was on the ground for more than an hour as the others quietly left.

Then I got up and declared it was too late to go home. I telephoned instead and booked a room at the hotel!

I had been Environmentally Ill for 3 1/2 years. I’d had to give up many comforts most people consider normal. I’d learned to rough it, I’d learn to eat the vegetables I used to detest. I’d learned what it feels like to be isolated, to be misunderstood, and to be nearly helpless at times.

I learned to make the most of what I had, to live just to survive each day as it came.

But most of all, I learned God IS real and he answers prayer.

Postscript: A few months later, my community was subjected to aerial spraying of pesticides to combat citrus chancre. This was terrifying for a person with Environmental Illness and, though I had been delivered, I feared I would suffer a relapse. Instead, I was accepted for telephone counseling from a Georgia church, Pleasant Valley, which prayed with me over the spiritual roots of my disease. I was able to repent and renounce the fear and occultism which were behind my disease.





Cheryl Rogers, who once was sensitive to electricity, is now a living testimony of God's mercy. Not only has God given her her life back, but she is again happily working on her computer. She is the webmaster of SongsfromtheWord.com, a website offering free MP3s of Scripture-inspired songs and free Scripture-based fillers.

A stay-at-home mom, Rogers writes Scripture songs and Scripture-centered columns and stories in her spare time.

She holds a bachelor's degree in journalism and worked for several years as a newspaper reporter.

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For more information, visit her website at <http://www.SongsfromtheWord.com>



