

CHEMO CAPS FOR CHRIST

Do you need a chemo cap or know someone who does?

Well, this is the place. I understand what it's like having cancer so I made these bright and cheerful all-cotton caps with the sensitive head in mind, and the struggling soul. And I am pricing each one at only \$7.50 to cover just my materials and postage.

MY STORY

Forty years ago, I had cancer, but Jesus Christ healed me and took my life in an all-new direction. Today—2016—I am still free of it. And it's all His doing.

Here's what happened.

It was 1976. I had just graduated from college with a degree in psychology and had begun a graduate program. I was burned out but driving myself like a maniac to make something of my life, after many wasted years in the Bay Area '60s counterculture. And I was recovering from an extremely painful miscarriage, a D&C, and surgery to remove abnormal tissue from my cervix. Oh yes, I was also applying to law school. Did I mention my husband was applying to medical school and that our 15-year-old marriage was dead? And that I was being tormented by my involvement in the occult? You could almost say cancer was a given.

As I launched into my second semester of graduate school, the cancer returned, virulent and spreading through my uterus. My doctor scheduled me for an immediate hysterectomy. I was 35 and I could hear the clock ticking away my womanhood. I was in despair, certain I would never have children. And maybe not even a life.

Richard didn't have time for me. He was graduating in biology and too busy aiming for medical school. So I went to see a friend who happened to be a liberal minister. I wasn't a Christian; in fact, I was quite anti-Christian; and it was freaky going into a church. My friend didn't seem to know what to do with me, so he gave me a little booklet he had sitting on his desk left there by a visiting healing mission. Reluctantly I took it and went into the chapel alone, where I sat in uncomfortable silence before a huge painting of Jesus Christ, with rays of light pouring from Him.

Finally, I started reading it.

I have long since lost that little pamphlet, and forgotten its author, but I will never forget what I read. It was the story of a man instantaneously healed from cancer through prayer. And then I read the words that followed:

"It is a simple matter for Christ to put His hand on the chaos that is cancer and bring order."

As I read those words, it was like Heaven opened and a river of life poured through me, and I knew I was healed. At the same moment, a Divine Presence was pouring words into my soul: “Drop out of school. Start going to this church. You’re going to have a baby.”

My doctor confirmed my healing with a second biopsy. (I found out later he was a Christian who’d been praying for me and had seen other healing miracles).

I went home and shared it with Richard, and though neither of us knew what to make of it, we knew that something momentous was happening to us. It turned out that he had already made a huge decision independently. He had realized that he had a serious choice to make: He could either continue towards medical school and basically drop me and our marriage, or he could drop medical school and turn towards me. For he had become convinced I would die of cancer without his help. Not long after my healing, Jesus Christ revealed to him that he was a lost sinner headed for hell and in desperate need of the saving grace of Christ. We accepted that grace and began a new life, beginning by dropping out of school. Eventually, my husband, once a drug-taking Marxist-atheist pagan, went to seminary.

Six months after my healing, and five months into the pregnancy, I finally believed it would last and I returned to my doctor. Our son was born in 1977, when I was 36. Today we have two wonderful grandchildren and a third one on the way.

In the years that followed, the man who wanted to become a doctor in many ways became like a doctor to me. He studied the fields of orthomolecular and herbal medicine and helped me through two more near-terminal illnesses, with prayer and a variety of nutritional remedies. I've learned a lot since then about caring for my body (and my soul), but I've never stopped following the basic physical principles I learned from the Gerson diet.

This radical transformation has not been without pain, suffering, and a great deal of struggle in the 40 years that followed my healing. But it’s been worth it all to know and to belong to Jesus Christ—and to have certainty for all eternity. He’s the Great Physician—the only physician—who can heal body and soul. And I have discovered that the healing of the heart and soul—salvation through Jesus Christ—is all that really matters.

The purpose of these caps and this short testimony is to bless those struggling with cancer today. Though Christ healed me of the initial assault, He ensured my lifelong freedom from cancer (and many other ailments) through other means: diet, exercise, discipline, and the invaluable ongoing care of my husband.

The Gerson Therapy. Nowadays, supposed “cancer-fighting” foods are quite well known, and many doctors promote them. But in the late 1970s, I never heard about such things. Until, that is, soon after my son’s C-section birth, I “stumbled” across a book about Max Gerson, M.D., a German doctor who created the Gerson Therapy. This therapy is “an alternative, non-toxic treatment for cancer and other chronic degenerative diseases.” It “activates the body’s

extraordinary ability to heal itself through an organic, plant-based diet, raw juices, coffee enemas and natural supplements.” (Gerson.org).

Gerson’s success rate is truly amazing, and you can read all about it on their website. Christ put me on this therapy, and doors opened miraculously: money (when we had none), produce, the perfect juicer, and meeting several people on the therapy who helped me obtain the necessary resources from the Gerson Hospital in Mexico. And my doctor approved it. For a year and a half, I followed this rigorous diet and was totally rejuvenated physically. It was difficult but worth it.

Though I have struggled with other health issues over the years, and aging is certainly no fun, today at 75 I am still active, live in the country, walk a lot, eat well (and carefully), and—**am still cancer free.**

And it’s all due to Jesus Christ.

May He bless you as well.

Linda Nathan

*He is your praise and He is your God,
who has done these great and awesome things for you
which your eyes have seen.
(Deuteronomy 10:21 NASB)*

*“For ‘everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.’”
Romans 10:13 ESV*

© 2016 by Logos Word Designs, LLC

Chemo Caps for Christ

www.logosword.com

www.etsy.com/shop/YarnFlowersKnits