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## X Ray

### My Last Will and Testimony.

A testator is supposed to croak or fall off the perch before his assets are of any use to benefactors. In my case I am going to flaunt the law. I am going to leave the small amount of assets that I possess **before I die** to many people. They probably won't get a lot each, but then, you can never be certain. Some might.

I thus, being of sound mind [I think] bequeath all my mental and spiritual knowledge to the 42,000 persons in Australia who will die of cancer this year, to the growing number of at least an extra 5,000 each year thereafter who will join them, and to the 140,000 persons who will be diagnosed with the disease in the coming year, 2009.

I received a letter from my specialist yesterday. It had a sort of a "merry Christmas" ring to it. Nice of him to send it at such a time. It was a nice touch I thought. He informed me that my recent bone scan indicated that my prostate cancer was rapidly spreading through my body and that the medication I was on wasn't working and that probably no other medication would work either. He quipped whimsically, though no doubt unintendedly at the end of his letter, "I will see you at the next appointment time unless you have more concerns."

More concerns? With news like that, all my other concerns in life didn't seem to matter any more because I wouldn't be around to worry about them. By pointing the bone at me in his letter, what did other concerns matter any more?

He could have saved himself 55 cents and an envelope because I had long since drawn these conclusions for myself. Then an hour later I get the news that my latest blood test revealed that my alkaline phosphate reading had reached 700 from a normal 60 which meant I had severe liver or bone disease. I already knew that also because bone cancer is considered a serious disease one would think?

Having received all this wonderful news within an hour I sat back and contemplated my future. Death has never been a problem to me. I have often welcomed the thought. But I wandered down the back and dragged myself into the old caravan, laid down, and picked up a Bible. God has shown me a thing or two in that old caravan let me tell you. These words leapt out at me, "**Be not afraid of the words that thou hast heard.**" This obviously referred to the wonderful tidings I had just received from my urologist and the vampires at pathology. I could immediately draw an interesting analogy from the quotation from the Bible I just spoken of and the story behind it, to my own current circumstances.

Maybe God was in a funny mood too? Having just received the penned jocularity from my specialist about having bigger concerns than dying, here God seems to be telling me not to take any notice of my terrible bone scan results and the deplorable blood results that all spelt certain death. Even Superman would have a worry or two on such occasion.

Now to that analogy I spoke of.

A bloke called Sennacherib in the Old Testament came on the scene during the fourteenth year of the reign of King Hezekiah of Israel. Sennacherib was a pompous loud-mouth braggart who had just conquered Judah and had his mind set on destroying Jerusalem. It's amazing when you think about it, even way back there in history we still had our megalomaniacs, dictators, and lunatics who wanted to conquer the world and crush all who stood in their way. Sennacherib's army greatly outnumbered the Israelites and Hezekiah knew he was in for it. Numerically speaking in the impending battle, Hezekiah didn't have a chance and he knew it. But Sennacherib wasn't satisfied to hurl insults at Hezekiah, he also hurled them at the God of heaven whom Hezekiah worshipped and served. So when Hezekiah knew what he was up against he ran into the Temple and got stuck into some serious prayer. Most of us do the same when real trouble strikes or when we get a good fright.

He sent a few of his envoys over to the prophet Isaiah and asked him to pray also and that things were looking real bad. Sennacherib shouted from his loud mouth such niceties as, "Let not Hezekiah fool you people because his God will not be able to conquer me and before this battle is all over you Jews will be that hungry you will be eating your dung and drinking your own piss." [Isa 36: 12.]

That's about the time when Isaiah spoke the word from the Lord to Hezekiah and said, "Be not afraid of the words that you have just heard. God will send a spirit upon him and he will go back confused to his own country and there his own sons will kill him. Then an angel of God came down and slew 185,000 of Sennacherib's men in one night. That evened things up a bit. Then the screaming God-mocking fool who had all that power and military might at his fingertips returned home like Isaiah said he would and was put to the sword by his own two sons.

How things can change when God takes over.

There is a lot that can be drawn from the story of Sennacherib, Hezekiah, and Isaiah but I am not going to go into any of it. My question is "Why did the words in the bold text spoken by Isaiah above light up when I read them? Was God actually speaking to me? Can he actually use words in the Bible as a means of communicating with us? Was Sennacherib a type of Satan who threatens to kill us with sickness and disease? Were the odds against Israel just as great as the odds are against me with filthy cancer eating out my bones and threatening to destroy me? Can God turn my impossible situation around from hopeless defeat into victory, survival, and a healthy life?

It's all so easy to roll over and give up and die when we are real crook, but what's the situation when you think God is telling you that he wants you to live and the only way you can make it is to produce a faith you never had before?

When I was lying in the paddock a year ago having lost all my strength and fully aware that there was something terribly wrong with me, I saw something else in the Bible that made me sit up and take notice. King David was crying out to God in the 38<sup>th</sup> Psalm and rattling off a list of all the ailments he wanted God to fix up. There were about 7 in all and my eyes were fixed upon one ailment in particular, "**That loathsome disease of his loins.**" A man's loins are the centre of his reproductive capacity and are also the centre of his manhood, his pride, and his virility.

The first thing the urologist wanted to do to me when he diagnosed my cancer was to surgically castrate me. I declined his generous offer even though the only way to stop the growth of prostate cancer was, or is, by surgical or chemical castration. Most men don't even know that 'testis' [testicles] is the Latin meaning 'witness' because it bears witness to a man's virility. When I walked out of the urologist's surgery I was muttering under my breath, "If that bloke thinks he can turn me into a sheila, I will come back with my mini dress and high heels on and belt him over the head with my hand bag." Castration comes at a cost. Not only does a man get changed forever from what God intended him to be, he may also develop enlarged breasts complete with milk, depression, and many other terrible side effects.

When my cancer progressed and rapidly worsened within a year, I decided to take up my doctor's offer of surgical castration and began to inject myself with a monthly hormone. It was successful in 94% of men the drug company claimed, but it did not work for me. My readings went higher and higher.

But the minute after I read of King David's illnesses, the Lord seemed to turn my attention to the preceding book which is Job and the Bible opened at the 5<sup>th</sup> chapter and this is what it said. "**I [God] will deliver you in 6 troubles; no in seven shall no harm touch you.**"

It occurs to me that it is a dangerous and confusing business getting words from God. To deceive one's self into presuming God speaks to us when he does not, clearly leads down a path of extreme danger and self deception and the cemeteries are full of such misinformed people who claimed that God had healed them when it is patently clear that he did not. Yet to ignore God speaking when he actually does is fraught with equally drastic consequences. Take for example the issue I mentioned above. Within a couple of hours of being told over the phone that my liver was shot with an Alkaline phosphate reading of 700 and that my prostate PSA reading was out of control, and that my life was in extreme danger, I read this page from the Bible that jumped out at me and said, "Be not afraid of the of the words thou hast heard."

Does that mean I now ignore medical help and walk down the plank of the unknown trusting only in God trying in the process to put out of my mind blood readings that are obviously in the process of killing me? And what about the terrible unending pain that won't go away, a loss of energy, and a lack of will to live?

Smith Wigglesworth, a mighty man of faith used by God to heal many once said, "In every case of cancer that I have ever dealt with, I knew I was dealing with a demon spirit. Demons of cancer are the most evil and difficult of all spirits to deal with and they must be cast out."

I have never had reason to doubt Wigglesworth's words because I can see no other logical explanation for cancer, one of several insidious diseases that seems to be taking over the world. If God does not cause cancer, then who does? Is not Satan roaring around like a lion in these last days "seeking whom he may devour?"

To the theologically impaired who might be reading this, if you do not believe in demons or don't understand them then to put it as nicely as I can, you are culpably ignorant, and if you don't, it is impossible also for you to believe in God because you can't have one without the other, and in which case, the Bible calls you a fool. Most of the Church believe in demons but runs away from them.

The real tragedy today is the state of the Church that prefers to flee from the reality of cancer. They flee instead like cowards to doctors, and choose to bury the hapless members of their congregations with dignified piety and hypocrisy whilst Satan laughs at the grave site knowing he has successfully killed another powerless victim. A victim that the Church could not help because of its spiritual impotence. And after all, let's be perfectly honest, it is far more comfortable sitting in a doctor's surgery than it is confronting a demon face to face. Who wants to do that?

I will refer you again to the text that God led me to in the Book of Job that said "**I will deliver you in six troubles, no in seven shall no harm touch you.**" There is no doubt about God's timing, it is always on cue. Do you still have trouble believing in the reality of demons? The text just quoted has been floating around in my head for an entire year and although it seems to be straight forward in the text, there was still an uneasy feeling in me that I did not

fully understand its real meaning.

The very next day after I wrote the above, I was reading Chuck Missler's "Prophecy 20/20" depicting the events of the world's last days before the return of Christ. These words of Misslers sprang out at me. "In the Bible the numerical significance of numbers is vitally important. [Every number has a meaning.] The number six [one less than the complete seven] appears to be used with subtle but definable consistency. It always alludes to the sinfulness of man **and the evil of Satan.**" [For instance 666 the mark of the Beast.]

If this was the case I could now paraphrase the promise that God had given me thus, "I will deliver you from [6] troubles, **the evil of Satan—cancer!**" This not only reinforced God's promise to me, it proved beyond all doubt that Satan was the instigator and master mind behind all cancer.

There is more to come on this page. Don't go away.

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