

Help Me Heal



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by Lynda Allison Doty, Ph.D.

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Chapter 1



Introduction

*“When my father and my mother forsake me,
then the LORD will take me up” (Psalm 27:10).*

“**T**he tiny little newborn lay in its crib, tired, hungry, wet, soiled. It cried and cried, and no one came. Its little wet face scrunched up, and the tiny fingers flailed the air. Finally, its little head rolled over, its cheek touching the soiled sheet of the crib. With a heavy sigh, old beyond her mere days, she gave up. It did no good to cry. No use to wait. No use to hurt. No one would come. No one would help.

“The room was dark and cold. The fire in the kerosene stove in the corner had gone out long ago. The pungent odor of kerosene lingered in the air, burning the tiny nostrils, making the little stomach queasy. A drawn window shade let in a tiny slither of light.

“The little one had learned so soon that no one cared. Except, there had been one person, a beautiful young lady, who came just about the same time every afternoon. From the way the girl talked to her, the baby thought this might be her older sister, home from school. The first place the older sister went was into this little nursery. And each day she found the same sight. The newborn cold,

wet, soiled, hungry—and finally no longer able or willing to cry out. At last, the little newborn quit fighting; she just gave up.”

This book is written for the person who is hurting. You know who you are. You know you need healing, but you have tried everything and you still need healing. Your situation is discouraging. You have gone to counselors, from therapy to therapy perhaps. You have grabbed every book in your local Bible bookstore, taken it home, and devoured it with a heart full of hope. You might have been touched a little, but for the most part you once again felt that familiar disappointment. Nothing has really changed.

There are some things nobody really wants to talk about. And these are the very things you are struggling with. Where do you go for help? So many in the church feel helpless to assist you. And sometimes, when you venture to mention these kinds of things, they look so shocked that you just back off. Then there are worldly counselors trained in these specific areas, but you do not really want to go to them. So you just do not know where to turn.

One hurting sister told me, “I don’t know how much longer I can take this. I have been in such intense pain for years. A lot of people have tried to help me, but they’ve given up. When I come around now, they turn away. It’s not that they don’t care, I’m sure; it’s just that they don’t know what else to do with me.”

Another lady in the counseling room said, “I was dying spiritually. I was faithful to church, I did everything the preacher told me to do, but I was dying. I finally gave up and just started crying out to God, every day, every day, ‘Jesus! Help me heal! I don’t know what’s wrong with me, just *help me heal!*’”

This book is not a piece of magic, and nothing is going to be done merely through my words. But this book

is written for *you*, in answer to your prayer, and will accomplish what He wants it to accomplish. “So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it” (Isaiah 55:11). “He sent his word, and healed them” (Psalm 107:20).

It is also written for the person who longs to help the hurting person. Perhaps you have been likewise hurt and healed and cannot understand why other people are still stuck in the hurting mode. Or perhaps you have never been through anything like this and do not understand, even though you want to help. This question comes from a letter I received from a pastor’s wife: “Lynda, can you help me with a young woman I’m working with? I don’t know what it’s like not to be wanted by my parents. Both my parents loved me and wanted me. I can love this girl, but I just can’t understand! What can I say to her that will help?”

And here is part of a telephone conversation: “I was raised in this truth; I used to sleep beneath the pews. I’ve never known anything else. I’m having such a hard time relating to what these people are telling me!”

A pastor confided: “I can preach the gospel and lay hands on the sick. I can do a lot of things. But I just don’t know how to deal with a rape victim or a woman who has killed her own baby by abortion. It’s not that I condemn them—I just don’t know what to say.”



I just don’t know how to deal with a rape victim or a woman who has killed her own baby by abortion.

Another pastor: “I have an almost impossible time dealing with the women [in my church]. I can’t counsel alone