

For He Is The Light And They Shine Through Him

About eight years ago I started to feel as if I had a chronic case of the flu. I had headaches, stomach pains, and my joints and body ached all the time. Some days the pain was more intense than others, but the feeling of being ill was constant. I had no appetite. Eating—just swallowing—caused me great pain. My weight dropped to 87 pounds.

I was diagnosed with Chronic Fatigue Syndrome and Fibromyalgia. My symptoms were so severe that many of the doctors who examined me thought that I had other complications as well. This led to a variety of painkillers. Since I was allergic to most of them, my doctors were constantly switching me from one medication to another.

Despite the painkillers, most of the time I was unable to get up from a chair by myself. I hurt so much I had to be carried to the shower up to four times a night, where I would sit under hot running water just to get some relief. I couldn't even drive my children to visit their grandmother, which was a short one-hour trip. On the rare occasion when I did force myself to make the drive, I had to remain there, bedridden for three days, until I could build up the strength to drive us home. Some days I was able to go into work for a few hours. Other days I wasn't.

I began to feel like I was going crazy. My life was a constant cycle of pain and exhaustion. Little things such as washing dishes, cooking dinner or even just getting out of bed each morning became major efforts and were sometimes impossible. I had no quality time with my family.

My eight-year-old son took care of his three-year-old brother most evenings, cooking dinner since I couldn't get out of bed. Had it not been for my family, I don't know how I would have gotten by. Had I not had children, I know I would have allowed myself to die.

One evening when everyone in the house was sleeping, I swallowed several handfuls of pain pills, haphazardly mixing them together. (I'm not really sure how many I took, as I can't remember exactly what happened.) I later found myself on the bathroom floor vomiting, shaking and sweating. It felt as if my body were coming out of my skin. At some point I started to pray, "Please God, help me. I can't live like this, but I don't want to leave my boys." I had reached the end of my tolerance. I simply couldn't be sick any longer, but I didn't know where to turn for help. I finally fell asleep on the floor and was awakened by the morning sun coming in through the bathroom window. I didn't tell my family what had happened.

That day I stayed home from work, feeling sick and exhausted. Lying on the couch, I turned on the TV; a talk show was on. I wasn't sure why, but I felt as if I were supposed to watch it. A Dr. Eric Scott Pearl and a panel of medical doctors were discussing how so many of Dr. Pearl's patients had been healed of unusual afflictions. One man described how, as a result of a session with Dr. Pearl, he regained the use of his leg. The TV station even showed video footage and a photograph of this man at various ages prior to his healing. Dr. Pearl explained that the healings are brought about by a "Higher Power" which, to the best of his understanding, seems to come through him. I knew that Dr. Pearl was telling the truth, that he was for real, and that I had to see him. I called the television station and found out the number of his office in Los Angeles.

I phoned and asked the receptionist if the doctor could fit me into his schedule. I didn't have the money for airfare, the sessions, or even a place to stay. I called my parents and told them what I had seen, and how excited I was about going to see Dr. Pearl. Although they were skeptical, my mother said that they would help me with the expenses and told me to go ahead and make the appointment. My mother decided to come with me and, six days later, we were on a plane headed to L.A.

The 45-minute taxi-ride from the airport seemed an eternity. I could hardly wait to see the doctor. My first appointment was scheduled for that afternoon, April 4, 1995. I will never forget that day.

When I met Dr. Pearl I was comfortable right from the start, knowing somehow that I had been sent to him. I knew that God would take it from there. My first session began in a quiet room with dim lights and a soothing atmosphere. Dr. Pearl lightly placed one finger above my heart and I immediately fell into a light sleep. I wasn't entirely asleep, though, because I was clearly aware of movement in the room and sounds in the outer office. Dr. Pearl held his hands over and above my head and I felt a warmth in and around my body. The energy level in the room was very intense. I experienced an inexplicable and continuous movement of my right knee. (I had injured that knee while skiing several years ago and it always bothered me.) My hands were also in constant motion.

At one point the doctor left me alone for a moment. I had a strong feeling that someone else was in the room, even though I knew the doctor was not there. Then I heard the soft voice of a woman. She told me her name was Parsillia and that she was my guardian angel.

Parsillia told me that I would be healed and although I had never seen or been addressed by an angel before (at least not that I know of), I knew that this was to be my healing. The physicians had done all that they could, but Parsillia's presence told me that my life was now beginning again.

My body became intensely warm all over. The most painful areas of my body became hot, then returned to a comforting warmth, feeling much better. At one point I felt Dr. Pearl standing by my left side, but when I opened my eyes I realized that no one could possibly have been standing there since the treatment table was against the wall. Someone with a very comforting presence had been standing there, however, and nothing will ever shake my knowledge of this.

My second session, April 5, was just as dramatic. Parsillia came to me again. I asked her the name of the angel who works through Dr. Pearl and she simply said, "The Healing Angel". Again, several areas of my body became hot, then relaxed and warm. Several times Parsillia repeated that I was being healed. I came out of the session feeling light-headed. My body was so warm that my legs were bright pink, as if I'd just stepped from a sauna or spa. I had so much energy after my second session with Dr. Pearl that my mother and I decided to go shopping. Suddenly I heard my mother calling for me to slow down. This was a shock for us both since, during the past seven years of my illness, everyone had been forced to slow down for me.

In my third session I fell directly into a light sleep, almost before Dr. Pearl came into the room. The angel told me that they would be working on the cause of my headaches and the sharp, stabbing pains I had been having in my head. She said they would cure them that day. I experienced warmth, first in my right cheek and then throughout my entire face, and was told that I was being filled with love, peace and patience.

During my fourth session, the angels told me that I was healed and would gradually notice other changes. I was given messages for my father and ex-mother-in-law. I was also shown some beautiful gates which I assumed were to heaven, and saw shapes but no faces. There was singing all around me, flowers of colors I had never seen before, and happiness everywhere. I instantly knew that everyone there had a purpose and that each was assigned a specific task. I was told to spend more time with my sons, especially my oldest.

Parsillia told me to keep in contact with her. She promised should would be there.

It's been many years since my first visit with Dr. Pearl, and my life is still changing. I've had more contact with my angels, and I have been back to Dr. Pearl occasionally, just to visit. My life has returned to normal - quite quickly, and quite fully. I now work full-time in my own business, then come home every evening and prepare the family meal. My weight is normal and I exercise daily. And in case you're wondering, or just in case I haven't been entirely clear, I want you to know that I am healed. My condition is not just in remission; I have been completely cured. More importantly, I have my own life back and, after all these years, my children have their mother back once again.

Dr. Pearl is truly gifted. He is a caring and loving man who helped me to appreciate my blessings. I couldn't find any happiness or purpose in life when all I could concentrate on was fighting my illness and pain. Through him I was able to regain my family, my purpose, my happiness, my life. There are no words to describe my joy.

My feelings for Dr. Pearl can best be summed up in one phrase, something one of the angels told me:

"For he is the light, and they shine through him."

People can talk, people can wonder, people can debate whether healings of this nature truly occur; whether they are mind over matter; whether they would have happened anyway; and whether there really are angels. Ask me. I know.