

TESTIMONY OF JACO VENTER

Friday afternoon, the 8th of December 1995 my Wife and I departed from Pretoria, Gauteng to Nelspruit in Mpumalanga for the weekend. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon, about 28 degrees Celsius.

When we reached Witbank, about 100km from Pretoria, we traveled into wonderful rain and the temperature fell to between 9 and 11 degrees Celsius. I filled the petrol tank at the Ultra Service Station and about 8km on our way, close to Middelburg I saw that there was something wrong with the petrol meter. We stopped and I turned off the engine to look at the petrol tank. I found nothing wrong, but when I tried to get the engine going again, there was no power at all.

With my restricted knowledge of motorcar engines, I tried to find the problem. In the process to get the motor going again, I got soaking wet in the rain. While pushing the car I was praying urgently for an outcome. The SAPS District Commander of the Security branch, of Mpumalanga, came to my rescue. With a rope cut off from bomb disposal-equipment, he towed me to Middelburg.

He towed me at a speed of 90km/h, because we had only 15 – 20 minutes before the closing time of the VW agents in Middelburg. The car had no electric/ battery power. Needless to say, no wipers, no air conditioner and the rain were pouring. The inside of the car fogged up very quickly and no attempt to clean the windows so that we could try to see where we were going, were successful. I could barely see the break lights of the Colonel's (Senior Superintendent) car. When I tried to put my head out of the window to see the road, the rain got in my eyes. I had no idea where we were going!! I had never been so afraid in my whole life. The more I tried to see where we were going, the more I panicked and the more my Wife panicked. I was waiting for the accident to happen!!

By the grace of God we arrived safely in Middelburg.

The Sunday evening the Holy Spirit reminded me of the above experience and told me: *"The moment when you were not in control of the vehicle and could not see the road ahead of you, you panicked and tried all possible means to get in control again. The more you tried, the worse the situation got. The Colonel knew what he was doing and where he was going. All you had to do was to sit back and follow him."*

"Most of My children give their lives over to Me like this. The moment that they feel they are no longer in control and the future looks dark, they panic and try all sorts of tricks to get in control of their own lives again. When you give your life over to God, He not only knows the future, He plans your future."

We sing too easily "I surrender all", but the moment the fire comes we want to be in control.

The next Wednesday morning, the 13th of December, I went to see an urologist. When he examined me his reaction was: "You had to be operated yesterday already!" I was admitted to hospital within an hour.

When I walked to HF Verwoerd Hospital (Now called Pretoria Academic Hospital), Pretoria, that afternoon, I experienced the same "panic" that I felt in the motorcar to Nelspruit. The Holy Spirit was speaking to me saying: "You haven't given over yet." Sometime that evening I gave the situation and my whole future over to God and experienced what the Word promise us, peace that surpasses all understanding.

I was operated the next morning and the results were positive – I had cancer!!

The 19th of December they took a scan and found that it had spread to my stomach.

That evening I surrendered everything to God, I had the assurance in my heart that this sickness was not going to kill me.

The 8th of January 1996 I began chemo-therapy. It was very intense. The 22nd January I became completely bald. Only a few hairs were left on my head.

After the third series of chemo therapy they took scan and found that I was clean. Praise God no more cancer!! I still had to go through a last series of chemo. This was the worst one, but praise God I was healed.

The time of chemo therapy was very bad. There were times that I could only say: "Lord, You are my hope!!" I thank God for the people who fasted and prayed for me.

God is faithful and true; by Him Stripes we are healed!!

Although I had to go through chemotherapy I know and firmly believe that the source of my healing is what Jesus did for us on the cross. God only used the doctors and medicine as instrument in His hands.