My name is Erica.  I am part of a bible study group that meets every other Wednesday night and we were recently told by our friend in the group, Tanya, about a prayer request for her son. He had a lump on his thyroid and had an ultrasound performed. As a nurse herself, she knew what she saw on the screen wasn't good. We had been praying all week for her son and family. Friday the 13th, we received news that all signs were pointing towards malignancy and they were going to need to perform a biopsy.  That Sunday was the Holy Spirit service at church. It was one of those days that I wasn't very motivated to go to church and we planned to leave early due to afternoon plans. So being used by God that day was one of the last things I expected. Sarah started singing and I started praying for my son that I had been struggling with a little lately. And then I thought, I need to pray for Tanya's son. I started praying with eyes closed and almost instantly, I saw a round shape with white worm-looking figures weaving through it. Everything was dark except for this round shape. The only thing I could figure was that it was maybe his thyroid and these little worm-like things were working to remove anything harmful in it. All I could see was this shape for what felt like minutes. Next, I saw her son seated, reclined and elevated in air in a dark room. He just sat there peacefully and I had the feeling that he was in God's operating room. I saw a hand being held over him in prayer. And the whole time, with the round worm-weaving figure in the corner of my view. Next, I saw Tanya with eyes closed and just standing there peacefully. Also, with a hand being held over her in prayer. And then it was just peace. Both of them in a dark room with without interruptions and a feeling of peace that can only be described as the same feeling you have when you've been overcome with the Holy Spirit.  It was intense and I just sat there in awe. The music came to a close and Sarah spoke of her vision. Then we were all asked to share. I sat there with my heart pounding on the verge of a panic attack. My vision was so much different than what others were sharing and began to doubt myself. I felt the Lord was telling me I needed to share but, I didn't have the courage to stand up and speak. I just knew I HAD to tell Tanya and be obedient. So I sat there,  debating how to do it. Do I walk over and tap her on the shoulder? Do I wait until after church? I asked the Lord, if this is what you want me to do, please open a door for me. Maybe have her get up and go to the restroom so I can tell her in private. I sat there for a minute or two trying to figure out what to do and then she got up. She went towards the back of the church and I jumped up and followed her to tell her what I saw. I was a sobbing mess and was worried what she would think, but I was obedient. The more I thought about what I saw that day, I felt like the position of his reclining body reminded me of a cupped hand. Like maybe he was actually seated in God's invisible, cupped hand.

I nervously waited for the next week and a half until we finally got the news. The biopsy came back benign. Tanya shared with us that the second ultrasound they performed after that Sunday looked so much different than the first. I'm confident that he was healed that Sunday.