THE KEYS TO HEALING: A Handbook for Miracles is an instruction book for ministers and laypeople alike who desire to receive healings and miracles from God in their own bodies and in the bodies of the ones for whom they pray. Scriptural to the core, revolutionary in its approach, THE KEYS TO HEALING will teach people how to pray, and how to believe, according to scripture, so that God will meet their physical needs.

THE KEYS TO HEALING: A Handbook for Miracles

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IT'S TIME TO FOCUS YOUR FAITH IN A LOVING, ABLE, AND WILLING GOD

If you have ever needed a miracle and didn’t know how to get one from God, if you have suffered from sickness or disability and don’t know how to pray, this book is for you.

Scriptural to its core, revolutionary in its approach, The Keys to Healing has the answers for which you have been waiting.

Etty Blaney is the former host of I Believe, a weekly television show that aired for nine years. She is a respected Bible teacher and the author of many spiritual articles and poems. Etty prays for the sick and dying.

She lives in Salem, Oregon with her husband Ken and is the mom of five grown children. Jesus is her greatest love.

Watch for Etty Blaney’s next book. Coming soon!

Courting the King

Etty Blaney
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Chapter 1

The Name of Jesus

Healing has been a strong interest of mine since the first miracle I experienced at the age of three years. It was a miracle that was so profound that, even though I was of a tender age, I have distinct memories of it.

One nice spring day, I was thirsty so I asked my mother for a drink of water. This was nothing unusual. I was too big for a bottle and too little to reach the sink to get my own drink.

We lived in a nice, sturdy, brick house in a small town on the beautiful Oregon Coast. Our home was two blocks west of Main Street/Coastal Highway 101, which ran north and south. The road
we lived on went straight to the Pacific Ocean four blocks to the west.

That day, my mother had waxed the old linoleum floor in the kitchen to a spit-shine and it glistened. My siblings ran and slid across it in their stocking-feet like an ice rink. It was wonderful.

When I made the request for the drink of water, my mother was busy with other things; so she told my older sister, Marilyn, to pour me a glass, which she did; but just after she poured the water, she was distracted by joyful activity in the other room. Instead of handing the glass to me, she set it down on the back of the kitchen counter and hurried out of the room to join the fun.

I was a tiny child, small for my age; but I boldly got a chair, pushed it in front of the sink, climbed up, and reached for the glass of water.

I say "pushed it in front of the sink" because just to the right of the sink, below the counter, were drawers. The bottom drawer was deep and heavy, and it was almost always left partially open for small children to step on to reach the counter. I was too little to use it.

Because this drawer was open, though, the chair could not be placed in front of counter where the glass of water stood so invitingly.

When I stretched out my arm to reach for the glass of water, the chair slipped on my mother’s shiny, freshly waxed floor, and I fell and hit my chin on the corner of that heavy wooden drawer. SNAP! It broke the end of my chin off and pushed
it to the left side of my face. I can still remember the agonizing pain that I felt that day.

My mother immediately responded, cuddling me in her arms and praying fervently. I fell asleep as she held me, or passed out, I’m not sure which; then, she carried me to her bed, and called our pastor to come and pray for me. I awoke as the pastor, an elder, and my mother were gathered around the bed praying earnestly for me.

When the pastor and elder left, my chin was still on the side of my face and I remember crying out when my mother tried to touch it. I wouldn’t let her get her fingers near it.

She carried me into the living room to her old, green swing-rocker that sat beside the brick fireplace, and held me close, rocking me and saying, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.” Over and over.

There was no doctor in our town. No hospital ER to rush to, and no car to take me there if they had existed. We had to trust the Lord.

Shortly after I woke up, my sisters were going to walk to the grocery store near our home and Marilyn asked if there was anything that she could get for me from the store.

I murmured, “Lifesavers.”

When they returned with the Lifesaver candies, I could barely push one between my teeth. The pain was so intense.

I don’t know how much time passed, but I remember this part of the story very clearly.
THE NAME OF JESUS

My mother was rocking me gently, saying, “Jesus. Jesus. Jesus,” very softly, when suddenly, I started chewing that Lifesaver. Crunch! Crunch!

Mother told me that she looked down and my chin was back in place, moved there painlessly by a Loving, Unseen Hand! The pain was gone.

My chin was completely healed!

All I had to show for my fall was a deep, black bruise on the side of my chin that hit the drawer. In later years, I was able to examine an x-ray of my face and there I saw a hair-line scar all the way around my chin bone where God had knit it back together in such a miraculous way. Beautiful Healer! Wonderful Lord!

“The Name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous run into it and are safe.” Proverbs 18:10

THE NAME OF JESUS IS THE PRIMARY KEY TO HEALING.

Every prayer that you pray for healing or deliverance must be prayed in the name of Jesus. “I am the Way, the Truth and the Life,” Jesus said. “No man comes to the Father except through Me.” He went on to say, “Whatever you ask in My name, I will do it, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask
“Me anything in My name, I will do it.” Mark 14:13-14.

He qualifies this opportunity for you to ask for answers to the prayers you pray in Jesus’ name in the verses above these when He says, “The one who believes on, puts their trust in, Me will do the works that I do…”

You have to believe that Jesus is in the Father and the Father is in Him; that His love for you, His child, is undeniable. You have to believe that He is all that He said He is. You have to believe that He made provision for your physical healing. You have to believe that His provisions are for you today, that they are enough, and you have to trust in His willingness to give you everything that He has provided for you. If you don’t, all of the asking in the world in His name will do little or nothing.

Since I have started writing this little book on healing, I have met with a lot of resistance, strangely from Christians, who have little or no understanding of the Word or Will of God. They don’t understand God’s Provided Will for those who believe.

If God has made provision in His Word for something good, it is definitely His Divine Will for you to have it!

When you search the scriptures in the original Hebrew and Greek, you can see that the meanings of the word “healing” are clearly healing and deliverance of your physical body. Much of Jesus’ ministry on earth was healing the bodies of people...
He encountered. He still heals today. How anyone could believe differently is beyond my ability to understand. I have been an eyewitness to far too many healings and miracles to doubt it. How can someone else intelligently refute what another person has seen with his or her own eyes?

Personally, I don’t care whether you believe that it is God’s will to heal you or not. I won’t ask you to pray for me. You may not receive healings in your own body or answers to your prayers for other people’s healing because of your unbelief, and that is sad, but that doesn’t change God’s Provided Will. It is already an established fact and all of the unbelief in the world cannot change His mind. “For I am the Lord. I change not…” Malachi 3:6. I believe God’s clear Word on this issue and that is enough for me.
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