

A Testimony of Healing by Louis Larose

On May 10, 1994, at 1:30 in the afternoon, I should have died!!

It was the day before our twentieth wedding anniversary. It also seemed like a typical day at work. It was a day of training for me on a big industrial forklift that was commonly referred to as the aluminum smelter as the 'Bullmoose'.

At the time, I was a very skilled operator of the standard size forklifts. The Bullmoose is a huge machine capable of lifting a dump truck with ease.

While going through my training on this machine, the call came through the radio that a flatbed semi-truck was ready to have its cargo of chlorine cylinders off-loaded. At the aluminum smelter, liquid chlorine is used to flux the molten aluminum of impurities. The chlorine is delivered by truck in cylinders, each containing one ton of the toxic liquid. Each cylinder is in a wooden cradle for ease of transport and forklift handling. At the time of the incident, there were four rows of cylinders in pairs on the truck deck.

I arrived at the site to unload. The first cylinder was no problem to take off and put in its place. The second one is when the drama started! I was not used to the much longer forks of the Bullmoose, so when I slid the forks under the next load to pick it up, I was unaware that the longer tips of the forks partially hooked onto the cradle of the cylinder behind it. When I backed away, I was also dragging this extra load.

As I cleared the truck deck, the extra cylinder rolled out of the cradle and hit the ground. I remember hearing a loud THUD and the sound of high-pressure hissing!! The air was suddenly filled with a green/sickly yellow gas cloud!! The extra cylinder that I could not see hit the ground so hard that it split a large gap in the end seam and deadly chlorine was hissing out!!

The machine I was driving had No Windows!! The old windows had been removed and new ones were not installed, yet. My first instinct was to reach up for the safety respirator above me on a shelf to my right. Not There!!

The acid gas was now burning my eyes and lungs. I tried backing out of there, but quickly realized that I was taking the gas cloud with me. I could hear the shouts of, "Get out of there!" coming over the two-way radio. So, I turned off the ignition and jumped out of the machine and ran in the direction that I hoped was upwind of the gas cloud.

A person under duress can only hold their breath for so long. I had inhaled a few really bad breaths of that gas. The driver of the truck and my fellow workmate said later that they were shocked to see me alive and running out of that deadly gas cloud!!

As it was, I had just cleared the gas when I collapsed. My lungs felt like they were full of boiling oil, and I was gasping for breath.

For those reading this, I urge you to research how deadly chlorine is! One drop of liquid chlorine, the size of a dime, if released in a classroom, has the potential to kill everyone in the room.

Also, chlorine on contact with moisture turns immediately into hydrochloric acid. The chlorine I was exposed to was now an acid eating away at my lungs.

The truck driver and my workmate dragged me into a pick-up truck and drove me to First Aid. By now, the alarm was raised and they evacuated half of the smelter site. The First Aid attendants

put me on moistened oxygen and transported me by ambulance to hospital. The hospital staff also had me hooked up to moistened oxygen.

Lying there, gasping for breath, I was in a bit of self pity. I was thinking, "I wish my wife was here!! I wish this brother or that brother was here to pray for me!"

THEN - I heard the voice of JESUS say, "WHAT ABOUT ME? I AM HERE!!!" I replied, "Lord, I am sure glad you are!!"

In a split second, the memory of EVERY Scripture verse on healing that I had ever confessed out loud burst like wind through my being!! My eyes started to water; my nose began to drain; I was spitting out what tasted like acid. It WAS acid!! I remember watching the facial tissues fill with holes as the acid ate them.

JESUS HEALED ME!!! They released me from hospital the next day!! I still had to stand on the Word for a couple of weeks, as chlorine-induced pneumonia was trying to set in. Every time a wave of pain attacked, I would declare, "No you don't. I am healed by the stripes of Jesus!!" and the pain would subside.

I found out later that the truck driver, who sat beside me on the way to First Aid, was also taken to the hospital - from the effects of chlorine coming off of my clothes.

The medical people kept tabs on me monthly. They could not understand why I was not dead or crippled for life, "like those poor saps that got gassed in World War One!" (Note: The first gas attacks of World War I were, in fact, chlorine gas; later in the war they used similar phosgene gas.)

A year later, the final medical check up showed that my lungs were at 110 percent capacity!! Yes, 10 percent more than my normal lung capacity, AND an x-ray showed that there were NO scars in my lungs!!

This is a double miracle because, a few years prior to this, I had pneumonia, and x-rays taken at that time showed much scar tissue.

I want to make a very important point here. If I had died then, people would have said, "It must have been his time to go". This is false!! I know that, if I had not put the healing scriptures into my spirit through confessing the Word, I possibly could have died. The Holy Spirit would have had nothing in me to work with toward healing. As it was, the healing Scriptures were in my heart and the Holy Spirit was able to work with them when I needed it most.

Let me close with this verse - Proverbs 18:21:

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof."