

BE MADE WHOLE

ONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY TOWARDS VICTORY IN CHRIST

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Forward

Long before he laid down earth's foundations, he had us in mind, had settled on us as the focus of his love, to be made whole and holy by his love.

Ephesians 1:4 – The Message

Recently, during a time of grieving over the loss of a loved one, I began to question my worth. “Do I even matter?” I wondered. The following words then came to my mind: “*You’ve always tried to serve me.*” I knew God was speaking to me. “I have Lord?” I thought.

It was then that I was reminded of a time when, as a little girl, looking up at the ceiling, I had said a prayer that at the time scared me:

***“Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take
God bless mommy, daddy...”***

“If I should die before I wake?” Whatever death was, or is, I didn’t want it to happen to me, I had thought. And “who was this God of my prayers? Did He even exist?” These and other questions swirled around in my inquisitive young mind.

I thought of other childhood experiences as well. Typical of military families, we moved from one post to another. But wherever we would find ourselves, even without being asked to, I would rise up on Sunday mornings and go to church.

In Bailey’s Crossroads, Virginia, a town not too far from where my dad was stationed, there was a church building on the corner near where we lived. Outside, it had beautiful stained glass windows. Inside, there was a man who stood at the front of the congregation during meetings. He spoke with such force and power that I can still remember the theme of his messages: He talked about Jesus. I liked what he was saying. The whole experience left an indelible image on my impressionable young mind and birthed in me a desire to know more about this man called Jesus.

Already at the young age of eleven I would walk up the hill every week to make it to the Sunday school class. I was teacher’s helper. It was also during this period that that I joined the Post Chapel Church’s choir. I loved getting in our uniforms which consisted of a white blouse and black skirt. I loved going to church.

As I recounted these episodes in my life, the thought “*You always tried to serve me*” came once again to my mind. Its source seemed to emanate from deep within me.

My thoughts now turned to when I heard about Jerry Lewis, a comedian and actor who

had started a telethon to help raise monies for kids who had a disease called Muscular Dystrophy. He was asking everyone to help. I really wanted to help “Jerry’s kids.” So that summer of 1967, I put together a “Muscular Dystrophy Carnival.” I enlisted the aid of half the neighborhood children and charged the other half admission. I sent the money to Jerry Lewis in the hopes that it could someday help these kids to walk.

The Bible tells us that “we *love Him* because He first *loved us*”¹ and that he shaped us and formed us in our mother’s womb². The Bible says that the Lord chose us before the foundation of the world.³

Welcome to my journey of discovery. My life, like many of ours, reflects a journey of unpredictability. We may start with a plan on how, when, and where we should go, but as we all know, the best laid plans seldom go exactly as planned. We get distracted, we lose our luggage, our flight is delayed, or we don’t always have our in flight meals as promised. You get the picture. On this journey, I recount many of the things that have happened in my life and how the Lord of the Universe has directed, and on other occasions diverted, my flight in a way that is pleasing to Him. Sometimes it was supernatural, other times it was very subtle, but in every situation, God was there, leading, guiding and directing.

When God steps in and rearranges things, you just stand in awe. It is with this understanding and revelation that I bring my story to you. My desire is that in seeing what God has done in my life you will be enriched, motivated and encouraged to trust God in yours. Remember how Jesus delivered the demoniac from the Awareness and then told him once he was delivered to “Go home to your family and tell them how much the Lord has done for you, and how he has had mercy on you”⁴? I believe that God spoke this Rhema word into my life as He gave me the instructions to write this book. My main focus is to show how God can and has shown himself miraculously in my life. My prayer is that His love revealed through the trials and tests of my life will allow you to trust and rely on Him (even though at times I didn’t). I hope that this journey will encourage you to open up your life more to God yielding everything to Him and letting Him do a work in you so that you might be complete in Him.

So sit back, enjoy a cup of tea and let me tell you about how our Heavenly Father, His son Jesus and the Holy Spirit stepped into the life of this little black girl from Georgia. He told her years ago “that you’ve always tried to serve me”, and now He speaks to her to “be made whole.”

¹ I Caleb 4:19

² Jeremiah 1:5

³ Ephesians 1:4

⁴ Mark 5:19

Remember

*“And now the LORD says—
he who formed me in the womb to be his servant”*
Isaiah 49:5

Like the flowers that grew in the front yard of our subdivision at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri, our neighbors were different colors, shapes, and sizes. Unlike the flowers, however, we were all shades of brown. Some of us were beige and some pinkish brown, others were medium or darker brown, but we were all some variation of brown. We didn't align ourselves with those of like skin tone or even recognize the difference in our skin colors. We were all God's creation. I grew up with this gift I was free. I saw no color and was not made aware that I was any different from my friends, schoolmates and neighbors. No color, just friends.

I enjoyed school immensely. I excelled in all my classes and was put in classes that would be a precursor to today's gifted classes. I was the oldest of four children and was a born leader. As a teenager my friends knew that I was smart and seemed to accept this. A lot happened during my junior year in high school. I became president of the Minority Student Council. I also discovered sex that year and soon became pregnant with my son, Daryl, which means “beloved”. I married a few months later during my senior year and my new husband enlisted in the Army and was transferred to somewhere in Kansas. I continued my studies and graduated from high school, all at the tender age of eighteen.

A few months after I graduated, my husband was released from service. When he came home he withdrew from me, his friends, and the world. The violence within him erupted and spilled over onto me. I didn't know what sparked the attacks, but I did find out the reason almost twenty years later. A classmate of mine whom I befriended had had some serious mental and emotional issues. I wasn't aware of the bizarre behavior because I tried to see the good in everyone. In this case it almost cost me my life. She deliberately lied to my husband upon his arrival after being away for over a year and unbeknownst to me, poisoned his mind against me by telling him that I had been unfaithful while he was away.

With this burden of a cheating wife on his heart, when he came home, he had changed. It wasn't long before the verbal and physical fights increased to the point that our marriage ended.

Returning home to live with my parents with an infant in tow, I had to get a job to support us. I worked very hard for the next few years. I put myself through college while working two jobs. It was during this period that I met my second husband, Bill. We lived together for about a year and then we decided it was time for us to marry.

It was a difficult relationship from the start. Although I loved him, his ex-wife, jealous over his remarriage, gave us both a present: his oldest son. This was after three days of marriage! I felt ambushed. It would be an understatement to say we started our relationship with a misunderstanding of what marriage should be. We both carried “issues” from our former

marriages. Bill began to withdraw from me and the children and the more he was distant the more I pressed him to open up. I didn't know at the time that he was suffering from depression. All I knew is that I was suffering!

I became very confused and didn't know what to do. I became more and more withdrawn from him and then the children. It got so bad that all I wanted to do was lie on the couch and watch television. I wish I could say that this was a onetime occurrence, but it became my daily ritual.

I felt so bad and felt so worthless that I didn't care what I looked like or smelled like. I pretty much stayed in the clothes that I slept in. I didn't comb my hair. I didn't want to do anything or say anything to anyone. I just wanted to sleep or lie on the couch. I also became frightened to go outside for any extended period of time.

One day while watching TV, this show came on and the host asked the viewers, "Do you have any of the following symptoms...fatigue, feeling of helplessness, crying at various times, lack of energy to do the mundane routine things?"

Yes I had them all!

"If you said yes to these symptoms then you may have a form of depression," the announcer said.

Depression so that's what it was called! I then thought about what had happened a few days earlier while I was getting groceries. I left a full basket full of food in the aisle of the grocery store. I had this overwhelming sense of doom as if I was having a heart attack. The "walls were coming in around me." I had to get out of there and get home where I would be safe.

Shortly thereafter, I was at home and felt as if I was having a heart attack. For a few moments I could hardly breathe and my chest was hurting. I did eventually see a doctor. He confirmed that I was suffering from depression.

He said that I was just having an anxiety attack and not a heart attack. He told me "since life has overwhelmed you of late, you need to go on a vacation."

"Sure" I said to myself "like I have the money...". But I determined in my heart not to let these situations get to me.

I told myself to "do something even if you don't want to."

"Take small steps" was my mantra.

Whether it was forcing me to get up and walk the kids to school or just get off the coach, each day I ventured further and further from what I deemed "safe."

Repair

“...give us this day our daily bread”
Matthew 6:11

It was at this time in Virginia that I experienced the first of what would be many “God moments.” It came through my Christian friend and neighbor Nancy. Both she and I attended a nearby university. On this particular day it was my turn to drive. I had just merged onto the interstate when my car stalled. I panicked and barely managed to pull out of traffic and onto the shoulder.

“What’s wrong *now*?” I said, exasperated. “This couldn’t be worse timing. I have classes I need to attend and I have to go to work later.”

I got out of the car, opened the hood and looked under it to see if there was something wrong with it. I couldn’t see anything outwardly wrong with the engine, so I slammed the hood back down, got back in, and tried starting it again and... nothing!

“It’s not out of gas,” I told Nancy. “It just won’t turn over,”

She looked at me and said, “Kathy, let’s pray and ask God to help us.”

I just looked at her incredulously. Surely she wasn’t serious?

“What, are you saying – that God is a mechanic? Unbelievable,” I thought.

She just smiled and said, “He can do anything! Just believe!”

Then she challenged me. She said, “Why don’t you pray and ask God for what you want him to do and I will agree with your prayer.”

I remember thinking “this girl must be off her rocker”. That was the stupidest thing I had ever heard of.

“What the heck,” I thought “what do I have to lose”.

My prayer went something like this: “Ok, God could you please fix my car? Please let me have it for today so I can get to class and work...amen”.

“Ok, now try it” Nancy instructed.

“Just to make her happy, I’ll do what she says and then she will see again that this is the stupidest thing...believing God can fix my car,” I thought to myself.

“Vroom.” To my amazement it turned over! “It’s running!” I blurted out.

I looked at Nancy and she gave me this “I told you so” look. Still stunned I drove off into

traffic. A few minutes later she asked me something that seemed strange to me at the time. She just bluntly said, “Kathy, are you saved?”

I asked her what she meant by “saved.” I told her that I went to church and I knew about Jesus. She answered, “Being saved means that I had accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior.”

“I think so,” I told her.

I then told her that I now go to church Easter, and Christmas and maybe one or two other times but that was about it. I told her how I had gone to church often as a child. She told me something I never heard before, and that is that you can have a personal relationship with Jesus not just know about him.

I have to be honest, I was just glad my car was fixed. I really didn’t want to understand nor was I interested in hearing much more about Jesus.

When we got to school I was apprehensive about turning the car off. She reminded me what I asked from God.

“He’s going to do it, so don’t worry,” she said.

I couldn’t help thinking about this “miracle” with my car. How did it happen? Did Jesus really step in and help me? I remember the calmness of Nancy’s voice as if she knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he would do what I asked for.

The next morning I went out to my car, tried starting it – and nothing! It wouldn’t start. Then I remembered I had only asked God for the use of the car for the previous day and that he had granted my prayer.

Rejected

“Hope deferred makes the heart sick...”

Proverbs 13: 12

As the years went on, my marriage continued to spiral downward. We even tried going to a marriage counselor. I wanted to continue the counseling sessions but my husband felt that it was a waste of time and money. I then buried myself into completing my degree from college.

It had begun to be very difficult to keep up with my college coursework because of the pressures at home. What with the constant harassment from my husband's ex-wife, and raising two children (one being my stepson who was becoming increasingly angry), it was about all that I could take. It was taking a toll on me and I couldn't concentrate on my studies.

One day while in art history class the instructor was teaching on the Impressionist and Cubism periods. While I dearly loved this class, my mind wandered to that morning's argument. Just thinking about the fight, I was overcome with grief and sadness. I started to cry. "I can't do this anymore," I thought. I took my books and literally ran out of class and to my car. I drove home in tears.

That was it. I knew that I had to correct what was wrong with my marriage but I didn't know how to do it. I resigned myself to trying to make everyone happy even if I wasn't. I thought that having a baby of our own would be the answer to our marital troubles. The following year Robert was born. I thought this would fix our marriage. But it didn't.

Now I had three kids to raise. But later that year my priorities changed. I decided to "get myself together." No one else seemed to care about me, so I became my number one focus.

"Why not be selfish," I thought. After all this was the 80's and it was time to take care of number one!

I decided first that I would take control of my life and lose this my excess weight. I determined that a weight loss program would be good for me so I went to Weight Watchers. I learned quickly how to eat properly. I started lifting weights and taking aerobic classes.

"No one is going to put me in a box or hurt me again," I thought to myself. "I don't need anyone, I have myself."

I found success quickly. My weight loss was incredible...I lost over 80 pounds. It was also during this time that I was nominated as the Weight Watchers representative for the tri state area (Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware). The world seemed much brighter now. With this title I was privileged to have an expensive account, fine clothing, and to have a limousine at

many of the places I was to appear; such as shopping malls, meeting places, and finally for the coastal contest. I was treated incredibly well everywhere I appeared. I had people greet me at the airport with placards welcoming me to their area. My hotel room would have a bouquet of flowers and some type of fruit tray. Wherever I went to speak I would encourage others that they too could lose weight just as I had. The year was 1986, I had “made myself over” and I was very confident in my ability to do whatever I set my mind to do.

It was then I started down a dark and dangerous path. I started getting addicted to the attention men now were giving me and started to like talking to them rather than my husband. I was in a parched land and the appreciation and compliments were like water. I was desperate for that type of attention. The only thing to do now was to get out of my marriage.

Because I wanted out (and I felt as if he did too) our arguments escalated and now each argument provoked violence. One day I had finally had enough. I left, taking the kids with me and determined not to go back. “Now I can have peace,” I thought. What I didn’t know was the effect that our break up would have on the children.

My youngest son Robert began to withdraw to himself and teachers worried because he became almost non talkative. I remember one time after visiting his Dad he just exploded with anger. He began to go around the room and lash out at various things, pushing them off the table hitting his hands on the bureau. This frightened me and I remember just holding him and telling him that it would be all right.

My son Daryl who was in his early teens didn’t seem at the time to be bothered by our breakup but later I learned that this breakup affected him more than I could have ever imagined. He began to get involved with the “wrong” crowd and started to skip school and he too became more aggressive in his outbursts towards me. Now with my children “acting out,” I found myself praying for answers, like I never had before. What else could I do? “God, do you hear me? I really need you!” I cried out.

My sister Tena and my parents had recently become “born again” Christians. They had invited me to come to various church activities. I reluctantly started going to Sunday services. I must admit I liked listening to the pastor, Richard Pennington. He was a man of God. I wanted to hear him again.

One night I woke up feeling like I couldn’t move. It lasted for about 40 seconds. “What is this or what is going on in me that I am paralyzed for a minute but feels like an eternity? “Was someone or something holding me down?” I thought laying there. I shook off this experience as if I hadn’t awakened properly.

Bill and I had been separated for almost a year when I met Ted. Ted worked on Capitol Hill for a congressman and on this particular day, Ted came to see me. I knew he was coming, but for some reason I couldn’t get out of the bed.

Daryl had told him I was still in bed. Ted walked into my bedroom where I was lying in bed thinking how I had messed up my marriage. With a divorce on the way I was now hurting my children as well. "You're not a good mother, or wife" I kept telling myself. "Now you have to work to feed, clothe, and provide for your children. How can you do it?" It was then that I thought of suicide. I truly believed it would be better for them without me. I wanted to die!

"What's wrong with you? You look awful" Ted said as he approached me.

He didn't know what I was thinking. I couldn't respond but I could find him with my eyes. I followed him as he went to the other side of the room. I watched and followed my children when they came in. I saw their mouths move but I could hear them. My eyes were the only body parts that moved. Depression had come back with a vengeance. Ted appeared frightened. He told me to get dressed. He was taking me to the hospital!

Upon arriving at the hospital, I was immediately taken to the emergency room. They hooked me up to all kinds of machines. Ted was over in the corner of the room talking with the doctor. I couldn't hear what he was saying to the doctor. My doctor came back and had given me a prescription for the antidepressant Valium.

"Valium!" my sister asked incredulously. "No, you're not going to take Valium and then become addicted to it," she continued.

Tena started to pray for me. I knew she was right! I needed God. That night I asked Him to deliver me from depression. The next day I felt strangely different. I knew that somehow God had heard my prayer and had healed me of depression. I proceeded to get better each day. I didn't have to take the Valium but little did I know something much more important was about to happen.

Reassurance

“Did I not tell you that if you believed, you would see the glory of God?”

Caleb 11:40

After our separation I had started working at a local health club. That is where I met Theresa. I wanted to own an aerobic studio and so did she. We decided that we would go into business together. We figured that between the two of us, we could qualify for some kind of program through the Small Business Administration (SBA). We wanted direct monies from the SBA. While many people kept telling us that it's next to impossible to get direct monies from the SBA, surely we thought, there must be some way of obtaining that type of loan. Well, we were tough ladies and we aren't giving up that easy.

Unannounced we went to Richmond, our state capitol and visited the regional office there. We wanted to obtain \$65,000 to open up a studio in a new shopping center that was developing in our area. Eventually, through persistence, we were able to talk to a loan officer. I think he gave us tons of forms, reports to be filed and other paperwork to get us out of his office. He probably thought this “mound” of paperwork would deter us. He didn't know who he was dealing with!

We worked unceasingly. We filled out profit and loss statements, budget reports and countless other paperwork. Finally, after we had completed every bit of paperwork we were required to submit, we met with the financial counselors. We then waited for their letter.

The letter came to us a few weeks later than expected. My partner Theresa read it over the phone to me. I was at work. “It says here that we now have to raise \$20,000 of our own money before they will go any further on our loan application,” Theresa said .

“What?” I said to my partner Theresa. “If we had that kind of money we wouldn't be asking for a loan. Where are we going to get \$20,000?”

Both Theresa and I racked our brains. “Who do we know that would give us \$20,000?” I didn't know anyone with that type of money and neither did she. At this time we were holding exercise classes at a local karate studio until we could get our own studio. We shared our dilemma with one of our instructors and one of our clients overheard us.

“Why don't you ask for it?” she said speaking to Theresa and me. “Just ask 20 people for 1,000 dollars” she said. “You can treat it as a loan. You repay them at a greater interest than any financial institution. Maybe you can include a lifetime membership.” This was our answer.

Now we had to find the 20 people. Theresa and I asked everyone. We asked family,

friends – as a matter of fact we asked anyone who would listen to us. Many said they would give us the money. We only had a few months to raise the monies and inform the SBA that we had secured the necessary funds.

We were encouraged that we would get the money. At this time, we prayed consistently that the money would be there at the time needed. We both felt that since this endeavor we were undertaking was what the Lord wanted us to do, He would show us what to do. We didn't know how the money would come but we knew it would. I guess you could say we had faith.

One day I saw Cheryl, a woman I trained at the spa. I knew she lived in an affluent area of town and figured she might have money to spend on our business venture. I asked her if she would be interested in our particular loan/business opportunity. She recounted on how she always believed in me and really wanted to help me in anyway she could to reach my dreams of owning a studio.

“Great!” I said.

She asked if I could come to her house and speak with her husband.

“I don't think it will be any problem. But you have to give him your business plan” she said. “I'll talk to him tonight to give you the money Kathy.”

The next day Theresa and I took our business plan and proposal over to their house. Cheryl met us at the door and escorted us into the family room. Peter her husband greeted us warmly and asked us to sit down. He took our package and looked over it briefly. He looked up from the documents and said that he would get back to us soon. We thanked both him and Cheryl and left feeling that we had secured another \$1,000!

Weeks later as time was running out, things took a downward turn. People were renegeing on their verbal assurance to us that we could depend on them for capital. We heard all kinds of excuses. “I wish I could help but (this and that) is going on...” Others would tell us “I'm sorry, I thought I would have my money now to help you but when I do get some, then I will help you ladies out.” There were numerous “no's” but a few people did say “yes” and stuck with their promise.

It was two weeks until our upcoming telephone meeting with the SBA. We were to tell them at that time whether we had secured the required funds. With only a few days left we were \$15,000 short of the required \$20,000.

Exhausted and frustrated with this whole ordeal, we continued to work feverishly to the very end trying to secure the monies. As it came down to the deadline, we had to call SBA the next day, Friday, and report to them that we had the \$20,000, or face the prospect of not getting a direct loan through them. Theresa and I had done all that we could do.

Theresa called me that night. “Kathy it's over!” she said.

I was feeling low too, but I sensed that somehow it wasn't the end. "I don't know Theresa" I said, "I don't think it's over. I can't explain it but I believe something will happen."

She began to tell me how it was ok to be positive but that we had to be realistic. Tomorrow we would have to call SBA and tell them that we hadn't been able to secure the money.

"Ring, Ring". The call waiting on my phone came through loud and clear. "There is someone on the other line Theresa, hold on," I said expectantly. Switching over, I heard Cheryl's husband's voice. "Hello Kathy?"

"Yes. Oh, hi Peter," I said.

I knew he was calling to tell me that he would give us the \$1,000 and now I had to tell him "thanks, but no thanks." We hadn't raised the necessary monies.

He continued "Kathy I know you and your partner wanted \$1,000 from me and I was all set to give it to you both. But I thought about your concept and well...I work for a major venture capital firm and I took your business plan in to the office and presented it to my business partners. I wanted them to just take a 'look see.' Now normally we don't get involved in businesses such as yours, but we have decided that we would like to obtain future rights to open other such studios if it becomes successful. If it isn't successful, then we will give it to you and Theresa as a loan. What do you think if we offered you \$15,000?"

My hands shook! Stifling my initial reaction to scream in utter amazement, awe and excitement I responded, "Yes Peter that will be fine!" I then talked about picking up the check tomorrow and signing the papers. After I ended our conversation, I switched back to Theresa.

"Theresa, Theresa ...say 'thank you JESUS!!' WE GOT THE MONEY!!!"

"What?! I don't believe it," she shouted.

We laughed at our incredible good fortune and then realized that God had intervened on our behalf and that thought of answered prayer overwhelmed us. We cried together softly.

"What kind of a place will this be?" we asked each other but specifically God. We both knew that this place would be used by Him. We prayed immediately and thanked Him for His wonderful provision.

Have you ever been in a situation where it didn't seem like anything would turn out right? Are you in that situation now? If so, continue to pray and seek the Lord's counsel and then reach out to Him in faith. Don't ever cave in when things look bad, because it's through those trials you receive your triumph. God assures us that He answers our prayers if we seek him. Be ready for His answer.

Research

“...I went in response to a revelation”

Galatians 2:2

After all we went through, surely they would *now* give us the loan. We waited for our letter and check from SBA. A month later we heard from them. Theresa called me and read the letter to me.

“Kathy, they denied our loan!” she said.

“What! What reason did they give? I asked not believing what I was hearing.

“...Not substantial collateral,” she responded.

“What? What does that mean ‘not substantial collateral?’ What about the \$20,000 they told us to raise.” I said. “What about the ton of paperwork we submitted, what about the counselors that they required us to see? We jumped over every hoop they threw at us and now they’re denying us the loan?”

We knew what we had to do. We had to pray and seek God’s will in this matter. Because of the teaching I was now receiving I “knew” that this must be what the pastor talked about as “an attack of the enemy.” I thought about how God had intervened on our behalf before so I knew that He wanted us to have this business.

I got mad at the circumstances we were now in...again! We were determined to fight to get what we knew was rightfully ours, because we both knew the Lord wanted us to have it. We both prayed for God’s wisdom.

The next morning I woke up startled! I thought that I had heard my youngest son Robert screaming. I jumped out of bed and ran to his room. “That’s strange” I said to myself. “Both of my boys are sound asleep! Where did that noise come from and how come it didn’t wake them? The thought came through my mind “maybe I’m to get up now, maybe God woke me up for some reason.

I went over to the end of my bed where the television was and turned it on. Kenneth Copeland, a television minister was on and exactly at that moment it appeared as if his finger were reaching through the screen and pointing directly at me!

“God talking to you...you’re to fight! You’re fighting a Goliath! Like David all you need are five little stones...” He continued on, but I didn’t hear what else he had to say. I knew that God was answering our prayer. We were to fight the SBA! I knew that’s

what God wanted us to do. “Whoa! Are you sure? After all, you’re talking about the SBA!” My mind wrestled with the idea, but I knew it wasn’t me and I knew that it wasn’t from the enemy so it had to be from God.

It was already 6:00 am. I had to get dressed for work, but first I had to call Theresa and tell her what God was saying. After I told her what happened, she asked me “what are we going to do?”

I told her “I don’t know but I do know that we are to fight. If God hadn’t woken me up when He did, I would have missed the commuter bus to go to work. All I know is that I’ve got to be at work and I will talk to you when I get there”.

I forgot to set my alarm clock the night before. God had awakened me so that I could hear the message. I had a feeling that whatever was going to happen was going to happen on my job. We needed direction on how to fight our “Goliath.”

I immediately got dressed for work, got the kids up, and hurried to work knowing that the answer to our dilemma was somewhere at work. I thanked God for the help and continued praying all that morning when I had a chance.

All day long I waited. Maybe someone would say something which would be the answer in figuring out how to fight our “Goliath.”

“Where were these “stones” the preacher on TV talked about,” I asked myself. As the day wore on, nothing happened. I kept on wondering why I felt I had to be at work.

“What or who is here with our answer”, I mused.

All I knew is that I had to be at work because if I had missed the commuter bus I normally take, I would have missed work. So there was something there that held the key to our fight with the SBA.

“Somewhere here, at the Pentagon, is the answer.” The thought went over and over in my mind.

After the spa that I worked in had closed I took an assignment at the Pentagon. I was an assistant working for the Defense Security Assistance Agency in the Pentagon. It was at my desk that a thought then crossed my mind.

“What do you normally do when your back is against the wall?” I thought. “Research!” was the answer.

Yes, find out information about my adversaries and then go against them with that information. “That is what I need to do!” I silently cried out.

Yes, the answer was to research the SBA. “But here at the Pentagon?” I asked myself. “Yes here in the Pentagon” was the answer that I knew had to be correct.

The Pentagon was a government agency. It was the headquarters for the Department of Defense and all government buildings have federal regulation documents in their libraries. The answer to our battle would be in the regulations of the Small Business Administration!

I asked my boss if I could take some extra time that day for my lunch. He approved it and off I went to the Pentagon library.

I told the librarian that I needed to see the federal regulations of the Small Business Administration. She pointed towards the stacks and stacks of bonded regulation books. I looked, and looked. I pulled down the book that contained the types of SBA loans given to individuals. I then took it over to an area to study it. It was then that I came to the place where information concerning the type of loan we were applying for was defined. What I found I could hardly believe with my eyes. According to the codes of the SBA, for the type of loan we were applying for there is a stipulation that says, “no certain amounts of monies are applicable for this loan!”

“Oh my God!” I thought. “They lied to us...we had secured \$20,000 as directed and according to their regulations that was more than enough to secure the loan. In fact it says that there really isn’t any amount that is required to secure the type of loan we were applying for!”

I immediately called Theresa and our attorney. Theresa was ecstatic! She told me that after my call to her earlier that morning she had called our congressional representative and told him of our plight.

Our lawyer told me to fax this important information to him immediately. Three days after receiving the potentially devastating news, we received another letter from the SBA, this time saying that our loan had been approved!

Relief

“...to release the oppressed”

Luke 4:18

It was less than two weeks later that we received the agreed loan amount \$65,000. We went to work getting someone to build, obtaining the necessary licenses, and ordered our equipment and inventory for the boutique which would be attached to the studio. We opened in the fall with lots of fanfare. I had organized the grand opening entertainment at the new shopping center. I had singers, bands, aerobic demonstrations, moon bounce, raffles, and more. It was wonderful!

Hundreds of people walked through our doors that week. We loved our beautiful new studio and so did our new clients. We began to help people in ways that surprised Theresa and I. The studio was a place of camaraderie and solace for many women. Sometimes ladies would come by just to talk to us about areas having nothing to do with fitness.

There were times when situations in their lives became overwhelming. We found that the Lord was bringing people to our studio for spiritual ministry and we were being used to help people find peace. We knew that this was what we were supposed to do. We felt that people were shown the love of God and getting some direction in their lives.

One day a man came by and looked around our studio. After talking to him a while we learned that he was the morning anchor for a metropolitan radio station. Something we said triggered a reaction in him.

“You’re Christians aren’t you?” he inquired after a half hour of sitting in our office.

“Yes,” we both said, replying almost in unison. When he realized we were Christians he turned the conversation to another dimension. We talked about the Lord and all that he had done in each of our lives.

“This place,” he stated to us referring to our business, “might be on the outside portrayed as an aerobic studio but really this is a ministry!” We nodded, understanding the depth of what had already been revealed to us. He told us that starting tomorrow he was going to promote our studio free of charge on his radio station. We were thrilled. Free advertising! We listened daily and true to his word, he mentioned our studio numerous times.

One day a couple, Tony and Carol, came in to our studio late in the evening. They had listened to his show and had heard his accolades about our studio. They seemed apprehensive in their speech. It seemed as if they wanted to talk to both Theresa and I in

private.

We brought them into the office we both shared. I had a desk and so did Theresa. We showed their two kids the nursery and they took off aiming their attention at the toys on the floor. Once seated, Tony and Carol told us their story. They had called the radio station to talk about their financial situation. When told that they lived in Woodbridge, he said to stop by and see us!

We both looked at each other. These people were sent here to be ministered to. Theresa and I prayed over them believing God would give them the finances they needed. We then gave them some money and told them to keep in contact with us.

Later that month I was preparing to leave the studio on the way to speaking at a conference held at the community college. The workshop was called “Marketing Your Business.” I was on my way out the door of the studio when Tammy, the receptionist, said I had a phone call.

“Hello, this is Kathy” I said. It was Tony. His voice sounded different. He didn’t sound right.

“Tony, I’m getting ready to go to a speaking engagement can I call you back?” He needed to talk to me. I didn’t have time.

“Maybe I can come over afterwards or for sure tomorrow,” I said.

“Okay,” Tony resigned.

While driving I kept thinking about Tony. “Wonder what is his problem, and why is he calling me?” I couldn’t get away from the feeling that I needed to go by and see him. The thoughts kept coming.

I turned the car around. I decided I would just stop by their house briefly to let him know that I would definitely come by later when I had more time to talk to see him.

I rang the doorbell. One of their daughters answered the door. She had a head full of black curls.

“Is your father at home?” I asked.

“Yep, he’s on the coach, you can come in” she said. I walked in. When I saw Tony instinctively I sensed what was wrong with Tony.

“Hello Tony, where’s Carol?” I inquired.

“Upstairs resting,” he said.

“What’s wrong Tony?” I knew but I still had to ask. He released all that was bottled up inside him. It was as if he was waiting for me to tell me what was bothering him. He told me about how down he was and before he could say another word I knew that I knew that he was suffering from depression and suicidal thoughts.

I knew that I needed to share with him my story. I told him how God had put a burden on my heart to stop by before I went to speak and I couldn’t go until I stopped there.

God knew that you needed to hear how I too had suffered from depression and how He delivered me.

“He loves you Tony,” I said.

Tony looked at me with tears in his eyes.

“I want to pray with you...is that alright with you?” I asked.

He nodded his head in agreement. I prayed with him and had him promise me that he, Carol, and the kids would come to church with me the following day. He said he would and gave me his word. The next day I took him and his whole family to church. During the service that day they all came forward to the altar and gave their lives to Jesus!

Reconcile

“...be reconciled to her husband...And if a woman has a husband who is not a believer and he is willing to live with her, she must not divorce him...”

1 Corinthians 7:10,11,13

One day while working at the studio I got this strong impression “Go back to your husband!” I just shook it off but again the thought came “Go back to your husband!”

“No, I don’t *want* to go back to him!” I resisted.

It had been over a year and I had a boyfriend, Ted. I was in love with him. It had taken a long time to trust someone again. We had been together for about six months and although at times we went through difficulties, I was happy with him. I was attending church regularly. I realized from my pastor that what I was doing was called adultery. I thought that being separated excluded me from that. Even though I thought being separated was the same as being divorced, I came to understand that God didn’t view it that way.

All of my friends didn’t think that there was anything wrong with having sexual relations outside of marriage as long as you were no longer with your husband. Now I was learning that God didn’t view it that way.

“No,” I said to myself. I want to stay with my boyfriend; I had spent ten years in a marriage that I felt I’d given everything to and now I no longer wanted it. “Hadn’t I been through enough” I thought to myself. “Hadn’t I gone through enough suffering? Was I not entitled to being happy?” Yet, deep inside I knew what I had to do. It was hard. I knew what I had to do, even though I didn’t want to do it.

“Please God help me!” I cried – “If you don’t want me to be with Ted, then remove him.” To be honest, I was hoping that God would see that Ted was the man I was to be with after all. He had talked about us marrying. We really loved each other.

Our studio opened and Theresa and I hosted a celebratory dinner that night with her husband and Ted. Ted excused himself after dessert.

“I’ll see you later” he said to me kissing me on the cheek. I continued to enjoy celebrating our successful grand opening. Later I went home and went to bed. I was exhausted.

I woke up around three in the morning and realized that Ted hadn’t returned nor had he called. I began to worry. I waited until 7:00 and called his house. His brother’s

girlfriend answered. After about a few minutes of conversing she said “Kathy I feel there is something you should know. Ted is seeing his old girlfriend again.”

I was in shock. I didn’t see this coming. I confronted him and after several attempted tries for confession, he did say he was seeing his old girlfriend but that he still loved me!

I broke up with him immediately. It took its toll on me and it took me weeks to recover.

Why did this happen” I thought. Then the realization came. “This was God’s answer to my prayer. He didn’t want me with him.”

The impression came again: “Go back to your husband!” I knew these weren’t my thoughts. They were coming from God himself.

“Okay!” I said. I knew that I had to pick up the phone and call Bill and ask him whether he wanted to get back together. But deep inside I had hoped he would say no.

I couldn’t deny the fact that God took Ted out of my life and now I couldn’t deny that He was speaking to me.

I reached my husband at work. I stumbled around with other questions before I came to the question I was afraid to ask,

“Do you want to get back together?” I said. I was hoping he would say no.

“Why are you asking me this?” he asked “I got the impression that you didn’t want this marriage?” I explained what was going on with me and how I felt that God was telling me to go back to him.

“I feel like God wants us to be together, that’s all I can say” I said.

He asked me, “Do you want to?”

I told him how I wanted to do what was right by God. I told him that this would be difficult because I had fallen out of love and since it took me ten years to fall out of love, he would have to give me some time to fall back in love with him.

After a few minutes more of questioning he agreed.

I told him he could move in with me and the children. Putting the phone down, I placed my head in my hands “What have I done?”

Redemption

“who redeems my life from the pit”

Psalm 103:4

It felt strange getting back together with my husband. I felt the pressure lift and the pressure ceasing when Bill said that he would move back in and we would try to become husband and wife again. I was resigned to the fact that this was what God wanted and felt that in time I would want it. I didn't understand what God was doing but I had begun to trust him because of all that I had seen Him do in the last few years. I also knew that God hates divorce. So it was He that wanted us back together. Bill never did understand what I meant by saying “God's telling me to go back to you” but I think he was willing to try to salvage our marriage.

It had been about two weeks since our reconciliation. I put the kids to bed and then got in the bed to go to sleep. Bill had already fallen to sleep. It had been hard for me to get a full night's sleep because I was battling a breathing condition. Sometimes upon waking I would start choking and gasp for air. I remember Ted telling me that I would sometimes stop breathing. It became more frequent and I was hoping that I could get some uninterrupted sleep.

The experience which I am about to describe changed my life forever. I remember floating up in the air. I was traveling upwards through the clouds. There was someone next to me. It didn't occur to me to look at the person guess I wasn't concerned about that. I kept going up through the atmosphere and eventually stopped when I reached a long staircase in the middle of the air.

I was fascinated with this place. I sat down on one of the steps. I love to watch people. So here I sat, just watching the people. Some were going upwards and some were coming down the stairs. It was a steady flow of people.

“He had a dream in which he saw a stairway resting on the earth, with its top reaching to heaven, and the angels of God were ascending and descending (Genesis 28:12).

Then a tall shrouded figure came up to me. I couldn't see his face even though he was facing me, but I knew it was a man and I wasn't afraid. He placed two things in my right hand. I felt them press into my hand but I didn't look to see what they were. I was looking intently at this faceless person. He then said something to me that I didn't understand.

“What?” I said, not understanding.

He said it again.

”What did you say?” I repeated, trying hard to decipher his words.

“You will die a farmer.” He said this time very clearly and direct.

“What?” I said to him. This puzzled me. Before I could apprehend fully what was told to me, I was immediately taken at a very fast rate of speed through the atmosphere. It was if someone was pulling me, by my feet, through the air.

“Ugh” I groaned as I came through the earth’s atmosphere. The colors here on earth were nothing like the vibrant colors I saw during just a few seconds ago of heavenly travel. Continuing downward, I went through the Earth’s surface. Still moving very rapidly I continued going down, down, down until I came and went through this massive door like structure.

“Where Am I?” I asked myself as I looked around this dark tunnel. Walking through the tunnel I noticed spirally looking things on the wall.

“What are these things?” I thought to myself. “I remember seeing these things in my dreams.” I kept walking.

What was this place? I was not afraid but I was curious. It was then that I noticed in the distance a large blackish container. It looked like a prison cell but larger. It was like a large holding container. Everything I saw here was in various shades of black and gray.

As I came closer, I saw from about ten feet away wavy like forms through a type of window. I didn’t want to go further to see, because by now I knew what I was looking at.

I can’t tell you how I knew, but I knew what I was seeing souls! I shut my eyes and started to scream uncontrollably. I couldn’t stop. I felt pain like nothing I had ever experienced. This pain was not only physical, but emotional. I was being tormented and couldn’t stop it.

I stood there shaking uncontrollably and feeling incredibly helpless. It is very hard to articulate what I experienced, but I will press on to try to describe it.

“AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” I screamed. I then felt people (or were they things?) grabbing at me and pulling at me!

Off in the not so far distance I hear a loud booming voice speaking in an unexplainable language.

“I heard a voice from heaven like the voice of many waters and like the voice of loud thunder” Revelation 14:2

I then heard a small voice that was speaking from the inside of me talking to me.

“Stand on it,” the voice said.

Because I couldn't stop screaming, I asked this voice with my mind, “Stand on what?” Again the voice firmly said, “Stand on it.”

All I knew was that something inside of me had to come out and through my mouth but I couldn't do it the pain and torment was too intense to stop screaming.

The pressure it took all my strength to stop screaming long enough to let what wanted to come out, come out. The words just tumbled out as I forced my mouth to open.

“Psalm 91, Proverbs 3, Psalm 91, Proverbs 3!” I cried out.

The loud, booming voice I heard earlier continued. Then I heard in English another voice say, “It is finished!”

“Ugh...!” I gasped. I was wrenched out of this wretched place. I opened my eyes to see that I was coming through my bedroom and I look down and saw Bill and my body lying next to him.

I came back into my body.

“Arhhhhhhhhh!” I jumped up out of the bed screaming! Bill woke up.

“Kathy, what's wrong with you?”

I paced the floor like a mad woman. I looked at him and pointed my finger at him. I pointed my finger, looked at Bill, and said in an authoritative voice, “Bill, you must accept Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior!” Realizing what I just said and coming back to my thoughts, I cried out “Oh my God, Oh my God... there is a Hell! There is a Hell!”

I was hysterical. I was scared beyond words.

“What is happening to me” I cried out. I felt the urgency to tell others. I felt like running down the street to warn people. They needed to know that there is a real place called Hell.

Daryl and Robert both ran into the room.

“Mom, what's wrong...Mom!” they said looking at me while I paced the floor crying. Waving my hand as if to say ‘go back in your room,’ I said crying “Nothing go back to bed.”

Bill talked to them while I continued pacing the floor. He must have comforted them

because they went back to bed.

“Where is the Bible?” I said frantically. I *had* to find my Bible. “I have one somewhere.”

I glanced around the room until I spotted it. I opened it up and flipping the pages I tried to find the book of Psalms. I didn’t know the scriptures and didn’t know where they were in the Bible.

“I found it,” I cried out. I then read Psalm 91.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked. Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation. Psalms 91:1-16 (KJV)

Then I found Proverbs 3.

“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to your own understanding but in everything acknowledge him and He will direct your path” Proverbs 3:5

This encounter with the reality of eternal damnation changed me in a profound fashion. I developed a voracious appetite to know more about God. My narrow escape from the fires and torment of hell had changed me 180 degrees, and I couldn’t go back to the status quo! There is far more to our life than most of us realize!

A few days later I was still thinking about what had happened to me. I then began to doubt if what I had seen was real. I prayed and asked God to reveal the truth to me.

The next day I came across a book my sister had given me a few months earlier. It was on my bedroom closet shelf. I needed some type of spiritual insight. I remembered this book. I took it down to read it.

It was a book about a minister that I hadn’t heard of Kenneth Hagin. This book described his life as an early believer and about his life and how when he was very sick

and had been on the brink of death. When he was age of 17 he too went to Hell! I put the book down. “Oh my God” is all I could say. This is what he described:

“... away above the blackness and in the darkness a voice spoke. It sounded like a male voice, but I don’t know what he said. I don’t know whether it was God, Jesus, an angel or who. He did not speak in the English language: it was a foreign language. That place just shook at the few words he spoke! And the creature took his hand off my arm. There was a power like suction to my back parts that pulled me back. I floated away from the entrance to hell until I stood in the shadows. Then, like suction from above, I floated up, head first, through the darkness. I came up on the porch of my grandpa’s house. Then I went through the wall – not through the door, and not through the window – through the wall, and seemed to leap inside my body like a man would slip his foot inside his boot in the morning time.”

He saw what I saw! I put the book down, “stunned.” God was answering my prayer and was revealing to me that what I saw was real. It was also revealed to me that the scratches that I had received months earlier upon waking up one day were from demonic forces. ‘How had I so severely transgressed to deserve to go to hell?’ I asked myself this question over and over again. I had to know.

“How come I didn’t go to heaven?” I asked God. “Why did I have to go to hell?” Several days later the answer came.

I had picked up the Bible and opened it up to 1 Corinthians. As I started to read, the following words seemed to “leap” off the pages of the Bible.

“...Do not be deceived: Neither the sexually immoral nor idolaters nor adulterers nor male prostitutes nor homosexual offenders nor thieves nor the greedy nor drunkards nor slanderers nor swindlers will inherit the kingdom of God”(1 Corinthians 6:9,10).

There it is in black and white in God sight, I was an adulterer! God’s Word is irrefutable. Now I understood why God was impressing upon me to go back to my husband. I was an adulterer and God knew that the enemy had a hold on me. He also knew that that night I would die! He knew that the enemy would try to kill me in my sleep and that the rightful place for me to go without repenting of my adultery would be banishment to Hell. I now realize that when your spirit departs from your body it can only go one of two places-Heaven or Hell.

It is through God’s grace and my obedience to the promptings of the Holy Spirit to return to my husband that I was allowed to be pardoned. I see now that when I opened my mouth and declared, “Psalm 91 and Proverbs 3”, it gave God access to intervene and grant me a second chance of life here on this earth.

Now I will ask you. Do you know for certain where you will spend eternity?

At one point in my life, I believed that if you are basically a good person you would go to

Heaven upon your death. I realize now that your good works are not a ticket to heaven. What matters is that you enter God's kingdom His way. Even if you believe in God and believe in Jesus, that is no guarantee that you will spend eternity in heaven. I am here to tell you that there will be a lot of "good people" in hell.

You must do as God has said in His word. I encourage you to ask God right now to forgive you of your sins. Tell Him that you know that Jesus is the son of God who was crucified, buried, and rose from the grave to sit at the right hand of the Father to make intercession (that is, to plead your case before our heavenly Father). You need to also make a decision to yield control of your life to Him. Tell Him that you will seek to obey His Word. All of these things can be summed up in the following prayer, which you can say if you want to be in right relationship with God or return to a right relationship with Him. If this is the desire of your heart, from the bottom of your heart, repeat the following prayer out loud. Say:

Lord Jesus. I am a sinner in need of a Savior. Thank you for dying on the Cross for my sins. Thank you for the blood that you shed for me when you died on the cross. Forgive me of my sins, Lord. I ask that you cleanse me of my sins and wash me. Purify my heart, soul and mind. I give my life entirely to you. Come into my heart. Take control of my life. Be my Lord. Be my Savior. I will serve you all the days of my life. I am so grateful that you rose from the dead. Your resurrection gives me power over death and the grave. Thank you for the eternal life which I now receive by grace. Amen.

If you said this prayer and meant it with all of your heart, you have now entered into God's kingdom and are a child of God! God's Spirit resides in you and no demon on this earth can steal you away from your Father in heaven! Halleluiah!

Result

"...But if the unbeliever leaves, let him do so. A believing man or woman is not bound in such circumstances: God has called us to live in peace"

1 Corinthians 7:15

After my visitation to hell, my mind pondered on incidents I couldn't explain the scratches, feeling as if I couldn't move when I would awake in the morning. What were these strange occurrences? I have since learned that when you are about to come into God's kingdom Satan pulls out all stops to try to kill you!

My marriage wasn't going very well. My husband didn't understand the transformation that had occurred in my life. He didn't understand my love for Jesus. I tried to get him to realize that this was "new" to me too. I asked him to be patient with me since I didn't fully understand what had happened to me myself.

"It's going to take time Bill, so much has happened between us...it's just going to take time," I pleaded. I reasoned with him. So much had happened but I knew that God wanted to help us to make it work.

I worked very hard during the day at the studio and it had become harder to recuperate both physically and emotionally, with the day-to-day pressures of the business and now more "drama" with my marriage.

One day I got a call from my older son. "Daddy has left," he said.

"Just great God, what next?" I cried out in exasperation.

Again I was at a loss to explain why everything bad was happening to me. I couldn't explain it, but his leaving left me feeling as if I wasn't married anymore. It reminded me of when I miscarried. I will briefly digress as I explain how this happened.

It occurred six years after the birth of Daryl and two years before Robert's birth. I was in my third month of pregnancy when I felt sharp pain. I barely made it to the restroom; it felt like something wanted to come out. I "passed" a large clot. At first I didn't know what it was, but then the revelation came to me that this was my child. My body immediately felt different. I didn't feel pregnant then anymore. I was now having the same feeling I had then – I didn't feel married anymore.

"Why God did you want me to go back to my husband only for him to leave me?" I asked God. I found that the Bible helped me in easing my internal pain during this dark time, because I really didn't understand what was happening.

It was after much prayer that the realization came that if I had not returned back to my husband I would not have repented of my sin and therefore I would have rightly been banished to Hell. I would be alive – however in a state of eternal torment. People on earth would have looked at my life and would have believed I was in Heaven.

I truly believe that because I was obedient in doing God's will, even without understanding it fully, I was permitted another chance to live here on earth and receive Jesus as my Savior and now my Lord.

Following is the scripture that gave me peace:

“But if the unbeliever leaves, let him do so. A believing man or woman is not bound in such circumstances; God has called us to live in peace.” 1 Corinthians 7:15

Refuge

The Lord saves the godly! He is their salvation and their refuge when trouble comes. Because they trust in him, he helps them and delivers them from the plots of evil men.

Psalms 37:39-40 (The Living Bible)

October 17, 1991, the headlines of our local newspaper read, "Police charge three 17 year old males with carrying a concealed weapon..." On the front page was the picture of three teenagers all with their hands behind them in handcuffs sitting on the ground with a police officer towering over them. I remember looking at that picture and saying to myself "this could have been Daryl."

My oldest son had recently started to hang around a group of friends whom I felt were a bad influence on his life. Daryl had always wanted to do things his way and at age 17 he was even more rebellious and hard to control. I thought to myself "if he doesn't change his friends soon, then he could wind up in this very type of predicament."

Eric was Daryl's best friend in the neighborhood. I had gone to work when Susan, Eric's mom, called me.

"Did you see the picture of Daryl in the newspaper?" She asked.

"What picture?" I asked.

My mind went back to today's front page. I knew exactly what picture she meant. It was the one and the same. Daryl was one of the teenagers I saw on the front page!

Another "sucker-punch." I was angry, frightened and helpless. I had to find out why Daryl had been arrested and how it was that I didn't even know anything about it. I went home and confronted Daryl. After a few heated verbal exchanges I got him to tell me the truth.

Daryl told me that he had been riding in a car with these other boys when the police officers had pulled them over. They then made everyone get out of the car and sit on the curb. He told me that they then went back to the car and when they came back to the young men, they had said that they had found a gun under his feet.

"Oh no Daryl," I exclaimed.

"It's not true mommy. He didn't find it under my feet. I didn't have a gun...I'm telling you the truth," he yelled angrily and frightened at the same time. He broke down crying.

I know my son. He would never allow me to see him vulnerable like that except that he was telling the truth. Even when he was young and I spanked him, he would not cry. I

knew this was coming from a place he wasn't even familiar with and I *knew* he was not lying.

The court had appointed a lawyer, Mr. Banks to represent Daryl on his case. When we visited his office he related to me the officer's story and how it contradicted Daryl's story.

"I'm advising you that Daryl should plead guilty" he said.

"I have seen types of cases like this one and whatever the officer says normally always stands in court" he stated definitively.

"Daryl's not pleading guilty," I told him. He looked at me as if I grew three heads!

"Mrs. Armstrong, you must understand, here are some of the consequences of not taking the guilty plea" he tried to explain. "For example, if found guilty, Daryl will get a greater sentence in juvenile detention than by admitting he's guilty beforehand."

"I had a heart-to-heart talk with Daryl and asked him to be totally honest with me – and he said he didn't have a gun and the gun was definitely not under his feet," I declared. "We are not pleading guilty and that's it!"

In the car ride home I took the time to explain to Daryl why I said what I said in the lawyer's office. "Daryl God's Word says the truth will make you free and if you're telling me the truth then God will make you free."

Two months passed and it's time to go to court. Daryl and his friend, who was in the car too, had the same court date, so he rode with us to the court. As we walked into the courthouse, our attorney met us. He told us that he had a meeting with the prosecuting attorney and that they wanted to make a deal.

"If Daryl were to admit to being guilty then he would not have a long sentence in juvenile detention," he said. He asked me to change my mind because he felt we couldn't win after his talk with the prosecutor.

"I know, I know what you're saying" I said. "But I have to believe what God says in his word 'the truth will make you free' and I'm standing on what God says, not man!"

He shook his head in disbelief and said, "Let's go in then." I knew what he was thinking '...this crazy woman who actually believes in the Bible is sending her son to juvenile detention for sure.'

Daryl and his friend Greg Johnson took their seats in the defendant section. I sat right behind them. The judge, a woman known for her strict application of the law, came into the courtroom.

The prosecution began to reveal the details of the day. Eventually, he called one of the arresting officers to the stand. He asked the police officer to give the events leading to the arrest of Daryl and his friend.

The officer painstakingly gave the details of the make and model of the car, the people inside, what was going on and then the description of the gun, as well as other details. When it came time to pinpoint the recipient of the gun, the judge asked the police officer, "Where did you find the gun?"

Not flinching with his reply, the officer said, "Under Mr. Banks' feet!"

Daryl's last name is Banks. That is the name of my first husband. He doesn't remember him much because we separated and later divorced before he was three. This has pained him throughout his life not having his father in his life. So here I was, being reminded of my divorce once again, with my oldest son in deep trouble.

Daryl looked back at me frightened. He wanted to speak to me, but I just shook my head to indicate that he shouldn't say anything. I raised my right hand up as if to say "don't give up! God will come through!"

"Jesus, Jesus" I cried out in my mind and said under my breath. "I am shocked. What is this God? You said that the truth will make you free." Fear gripped my heart, yet deep down inside I knew that it was not over, not yet. God was going to turn this situation around. I didn't know how, but I believed His word. I clung to it that day.

I must admit that I had never been so fearful and yet so faith filled at the same time. It was as if I was clinging on for dear life, for indeed I was. I was holding on with all my strength.

The young men's fates were sealed. The quiet murmuring of the audience was heard in the courtroom. But then, unexpectedly, the judge inquired of the officer who had given testimony against Daryl and his friend, "Where is the other officer?"

"He's on duty your honor," the prosecuting attorney stepped in and replied to the question.

She turned her attention from the prosecuting attorney to the officer. "Go find him and have him appear before me, we will have a thirty minute recess." Banging the gavel she got up and walked out of the courtroom to her chambers.

When court convened again the other officer was given the witness chair to share his rendition of what had happened. He basically said everything the other officer said. Then he was asked "Was the gun found under Mr. Banks feet?"

"No!" he answered.

Gasps were heard throughout the courtroom! "Oh my God, thank you Jesus!" I said enough for others to hear but not as loud as I wanted to say it. I looked around the courtroom grinning. God was presiding over this courtroom.

The judge was silent. I could tell she was angry. It was clear the other officer had lied under oath. She first had to get us out of there before she dealt with them.

“Rise Mr. Banks and Mr. Johnson” the judge ordered. “Based on what just happened in my courtroom and the testimony of the second officer all charges are dropped!”

Daryl and Greg came over to me and I hugged them both. When we got out of the courtroom our attorney was so dumfounded with what he had just witnessed that he could hardly look at me. This faith filled mother had told him all along that God would rescue her son and now this rescue effort had manifested itself right before his eyes. I must admit Daryl and his friend were amazed also.

I pulled them aside and told them both that they were to thank God for “setting them free!” I also told my son that from now on he would have to go to his heavenly Father on his own—that he now had witnessed God’s miraculous power for himself and that He was telling him now that he needed to come to Him and give him control of his life.

Daryl had accepted the Lord when he was about twelve, but he had forgotten Jesus. Clearly, Jesus hadn’t forgotten him. Jesus died for all of our sins and he has risen from the grave. He sits on the right hand of our heavenly Father and “pleads” our case to Him. Jesus is our defense attorney and Satan is the accuser.

*“For the accuser of our brothers, who accuses them before our God day and night”
Revelation 12:10 (NIV).*

Rebirth

“Flesh gives birth to flesh, but the Spirit gives birth to spirit. You should not be surprised at my saying ‘you must be born again’”
Caleb 3:6-7

Robert and I went to church as usual. It was like any other morning except this was on New Year’s Eve day. The pastor was preaching about Jesus and asked for those who didn’t know Jesus but wanted to have Him as their Savior to stand up. Robert stood up and had his gaze fixed forward.

I tapped him on the shoulder and asked, “Why are you standing Robert? Jesus told me to” he said matter-of-factly. I knew then that he had made the most important decision of his young life. He was listening to the voice of the Lord! That evening seven year old Robert gave his heart to the Lord.

How easy is it for children to listen to the voice of the Lord! That afternoon Robert came bursting through the door after being on the playground all day. I was in the kitchen.

“Mom!” he said excitedly almost being out of breath from running up the steps to our apartment building. “Mom I got two today.”

“Two what Robert?” I inquired as I leaned against the sink.

“Two people! I got two people who are going to heaven!” he responded. He then opened the refrigerator got out a can of soda, and was heading toward the door to go back out to play.

“Wait a minute Robert, what are you talking about?”

He was taking a gulp of pop as he opened the door. “I was playing on the playground and I was telling kids about Jesus and I asked the kids there “Do you want to go to heaven or hell? So two of them said they wanted to go to heaven. See you later mom!”

I stood there amazed at his boldness to proclaim the truth of the Gospel. Robert didn’t know how to temper his words and make the gospel more palatable like most of us adults. He just gave the straight truth. Although just a boy, he spoke like a man of God, saying “Where do you want to go - heaven or hell?”

Repair

whatever grievances you may have against one another...
Colossians 3:13

I awoke suddenly at 4 am, wide-awake. I sat up in bed and looked at the phone. Strangely, I knew that it was going to ring.

“RRRRINNNGGG.” The piercing sound of the telephone ringing didn’t surprise me. “God, whoever this is, I know you want me to talk to them,” I thought.

“RRRRINNNGINNG” the phone sounded again.

I didn’t even have a chance to speak before the voice on the other end blurted out. “Hello Kathy, this is Gina.” I had known Gina for a long time. She worked at the spa for a couple of years before we had a bit of a falling out. She had been saying some negative things to fellow coworkers and to our customers about me and the last time I had seen her, we hadn’t said a word to each other.

I had by now divorced. The talk was about my separation from my husband. I remember being upset hearing she was talking about me.

“You have no idea what I have been through” I told her. “I hope you never have to go through what I went through!” I had finished our conversation on that point, which was the last time I had spoken to her. I had been hurt and felt justified telling her off. Now she was on the other end of the phone.

“Kathy can I talk to you?” Gina asked.

I didn’t hang up the phone although I really wanted to hang up the phone on her but my new nature didn’t allow me to. I was now a Christian and I knew when I looked at the phone that there was a reason for her calling and that God wanted me to listen to her.

She began telling me about her marriage. It seems her husband has left her and she now had to support herself and her daughter. I listened to her pouring her heart out. I could sense that she was absolutely devastated that her marriage had failed.

Then she paused for a moment and asked “Kathy...I didn’t wake you did I?”

“No, I told her. “I had just woke up and was looking at the phone when you called.”

She started crying.

“Gina, what is it?” I asked.

Sobbing now, she said “Kathy you don’t understand! I was about to take this bottle of

pills, when a voice told me to “Call Kathy!”

Wow! It was God who had awoken me. He knew that Gina was in a state of despair and He knew that even if I wanted to hang up on her, He knew that I wouldn't. He knew I would listen and that I would give her hope. He knew I would be there for her because He had been there for me. He knew she was about to take her life. He knew.

What an awesome God we serve. How glad I was that I had been chosen as an instrument in preventing someone from taking her life and leading her to forgive someone who had hurt me in the past.

A week later Gina came to church with me. On this particular day the pastor talked about forgiveness! He taught on how Jesus said we are to forgive those who have hurt us.

We both looked at each other and smiled because we knew intimately what is meant by that passage. Although an apology never came from Gina to me I knew that she was truly sorry. What God is saying to His children is true; we are living testaments to “forgive those who trespass against us”

For it, when we were God's enemies, we were reconciled to him through the death of his Son.” Romans 5:10

Rescued

“He rescues and saves; he performs signs and wonders in the heavens and on the earth.” Daniel 6:27

Gerri was an instructor at our studio. She’s very popular with our clients, however she had always been unapproachable. She was a very private individual. Lately Gerri had seemed preoccupied. I felt that there were some things that were going on in her life yet she seemed to not want to discuss it with me or Theresa.

One day after I got off work, I decided to visit my sister Tena, who lived just minutes from the studio. While we were talking in her living room, my sister received a phone call from her best friend, Linda.

Linda was traveling up from North Carolina with her son to see Tena because she needed to talk to her. She was having marital problems and needed her advice.

She and my sister spent a couple of hours talking while I just rested on my sister’s couch. Tena said “Hey Kathy we’re going to the Post Exchange on Quantico. Care to come with us?”

I thought a car ride would be good. Fresh air and nice scenery would do me and her friend good. I had been so busy with the studio that I very rarely got out anymore.

At first I thought it would be best for my sister and her to be alone but they seemed to really want me to go. Quantico is a marine base and it is where they had met each other. They were both marine wives and had known each other for ten years. It had been three years since I’d been in that area and I must admit I wanted to see if anything had changed.

We had just finished shopping. It seemed to lift Linda’s spirit. My sister turned onto the interstate. We were laughing and really having a good time. It was approximately 1 mile from the next exit when I noticed someone walking down an embankment from the woods. This person was walking straight toward the interstate and it didn’t seem like they were going to stop. It was as if I knew the person was going to walk onto the highway.

“Is that person crazy? I said not believing what I was looking at. “What is she...Oh no...stop the car...stop the car...that’s Gerri!” I shouted to my sister.

“What is she doing?” I said.

My sister pulled the car off the roadway. I got out of the car and ran back to where Gerri now was running toward the car.

“God. Oh my God! God sent you! God sent you!” Gerri exclaimed.

I grabbed her and put her arms around my shoulder and helped her walk to the car. Visibly shaken and distraught, she got into the backseat. I sat next to her.

“What were you doing on the highway Gerri?” I asked.

“I can’t believe God sent you...I can’t believe it...” she kept mumbling.

“What were you doing on the highway Gerri? I asked again this time more forcefully.

She told us that she had gone on a picnic with her husband and children at a nearby park, which happened to be near the highway. She said her and her husband had a terrible fight.

“I told myself I can’t take anymore of this, I don’t want to go on living like this.” “God help me” Gerri sobbed.

“I decided to end my life. I knew the highway was close by, so I took off running. I hoped a car would just hit me and end my suffering” she said. “When I came down the hill I saw a car pull over and looked over and you were calling my name” she continued to sob.

“I cried out to God for help; I cried out to God to hear me. When I was in distress, I sought the Lord” Psalm 77

Remove

“But those who suffer he delivers in their suffering...”

Job 36:15

The studio was thriving. So many people were coming through the doors of our business—we loved it! We enjoyed a year of prosperity. But soon things changed. Many of our customers were military wives and because of their concern over Desert Storm, and the possible deployment of their husbands, they stopped by less often. This was a luxury item for some of them, and they expressed to us that they would be returning when the war was over. This major event took a toll on my partner Theresa and I, both personally and professionally.

Our bills started to pile up, our disagreements escalated and soon we both wanted out of the very business we fought so hard to get into. I remember vividly the day it was decided that we could no longer continue holding on to this business we were in the middle of the studio and we both prayed. We had prayed to go into this business now we were looking to the Lord to take it away.

“Lord please get us out of this business, I know we asked for it. But Lord it is too much to handle.” We both hugged each other after that prayer and sat down in the middle of the studio and cried.

From then on Joanna did the buying and the paperwork more from her home than in the studio. I still had to come in everyday to run the studio. I had to cover her hours, which meant I sometimes spent 14 to 16 hours a day there. Having this business was taking a toll on both of us. Now we no longer had enough money to cover our expenses.

The leasing company sent us a letter a month later informing us that we were two months in arrears in back rent. They were now taking us to court. We called Tom, our attorney, for advice. He met with us at the studio. We told him our situation. We didn’t have any money in reserve and according to the document the landlord was going to enforce the full stipulation of the lease agreement which was a total of \$250,000 because we had signed a five-year lease. Tom called the lawyers of the landlord and tried to come to some sort of settlement or agreement but they were not receptive to the idea.

On the day of our trial, Tom walked over to the landlord attorney again to see if he could work out an agreement for us to pay back the debt or be relieved from part of it.

“They won’t give you ladies any concessions” he said. The judge had said the remaining cases would be heard after lunch. Our case would be one of those cases. We left for lunch in the cafeteria. Theresa, her husband Jeff, Tom and I went to lunch. It was a pleasant lunch considering the plight we were facing.

As we were about to walk inside the courtroom, the landlord's attorney pulled Tom aside

to talk with him. He walked back to us.

“Well” he said as he shook his head as if to say, “this is incredible.” “They are going to drop the amount you owe them and you won’t have to pay the rest of your five-year lease!”

We were ecstatic. Tom then said, “The only thing is that you have two weeks to vacate the premises.” Initially we were taken aback. But then we realized that this too was a direct answer to our prayer!

Theresa and I looked at each other. Even though the reality of losing our studio was now penetrating our hearts we knew that this was the complete answer to the prayer we had prayed in the middle of the studio. Today the Lord was releasing us from that burden.

Restoration

“For I know the plans I have for you, declare the Lord, “plan to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future...”
Jeremiah 29:11-14

With mixed feelings we went back to the studio. We called in all the instructors that were present that evening. They looked bewildered.

“We are closing our doors effective immediately,” we mustered the courage to say.

Through tears we told them our plight. Closing our business had been harder than either of us could have ever imagined! We had made good friends here; we had ministered to people here-our employees and clients, and others that God had sent to us. We had grown as Christians. Now it was over.

The last two weeks was a flurry of activity and I didn’t allow myself to grieve. There was too much work to do. It was when I was home alone, after closing the studio that I lay on the couch and cried. I lost my business! My dream had died. “Why was I *always* starting over?” I thought.

‘No time to grieve - I have to look for work I still have two boys to take care of. I have to find a job.’ My thoughts swirled around and around. The reality of what I was facing led me to apply for jobs everywhere.

I took the first job offer I could find because I needed to have an income. I was able to get a job at a government contracting firm. I became the executive assistant to the Vice President. I had loved being my own boss but now I had to work and make money. It was on one hand a relief to have a steady income, but on the other hand, I missed not having my own business.

For the next few months I buried myself in my work. I didn’t want to have anything to do with anything that reminded me of my past accomplishments, people I knew, and definitely not the studio. I just wanted to get on with my life. I wanted to escape and this was the perfect place to do so. I went to work, did my job and went home – that was it.

One day a man named Tory, one of the rising stars of the sales department came by my desk. “What are you doing here?” he asked. Noticing my perplexed look, he asked again “What are *you* doing here...why are you hiding?”

Tears began to well up in my eyes. I knew it was Tory talking to me but I also knew who was speaking to me through him it was the Lord. Tory was just the instrument. He recounted all the things he had heard about me how I had had a successful business and

how I had been a spokesperson for a large corporation and other accomplishments.

He couldn't believe that I was taking working at a position at which I was overqualified. "What are you doing here? Why are you hiding?" The words dogged and haunted me.

"Oh no! Please God!" I pleaded. "I couldn't break down in front of him!"

But I couldn't take it any longer-I broke down and cried. My mind took me back to my living room months before when I had curled up in a fetal position on my living room sofa and cried. I cried over the fact that I had failed at my first business venture.

"I'm a failure", I thought. Even one of my own family members mocked me for going into business for myself. I wanted the pain to stop.

"Who do you think you are?" I asked myself. I remember feeling like a failure. I was a failure as a wife, a mother, and now as a business owner – a failure. I had felt all alone and had felt like no one cared. I had lost hope in everything, especially myself.

But ironically, in this space, time and moment God was showing me that He hadn't forgotten me. He was telling me that there is always hope for the future and that I was not to give up on my dreams or myself. He spoke these words to me through His Word.

*“For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to **give you hope and a future**. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. **I will be found by you**, declares the Lord.” (Jeremiah 29:11-14)*

Rebuke

“for it will not be you speaking, but the Spirit of your Father speaking through you”
Matthew 10:20

Family members ran the company I worked for and the patriarch of the family was the CEO of the firm. It employed over 180 workers. Some of the family members were very abusive to their workers, including incidents of sexual harassment.

It isn't uncommon to come to work and see people in tears because they had just left a meeting with one of the “family.” Threats were made if devout loyalty wasn't displayed. Fear ran rampant amongst the people. If you didn't do what they wanted, how they wanted it done - and quickly, you were faced with possible dismissal.

At this time I was growing a lot spiritually. I had just received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and began speaking in a heavenly language. It seemed as if my understanding of spiritual truths was increasing daily. The depravity of mankind was unveiled before me. I began to see more people hurting all around me. I began to reach out and talk to them. I tried to see if somehow I could help them.

Over the years in various workplace environments, people have not liked me for one reason or another. Usually it's because of my strong work ethic and my consistent professional demeanor. I don't “play up” to superiors or “play office politics” very well. I'm pretty straightforward. For instance, I wasn't going to befriend someone just because they were the people that every one else felt was important. I was becoming too dangerous in some people's eyes because I was too independent. I wasn't “cow tying” to those who felt the need to control me.

One particular day a “meeting” was called that I was supposed to attend along with several other employees to discuss certain issues. I knew that the real reason was to make sure that I was under control. Certain individuals didn't like the fact that I wasn't doing some of the work that they felt I should do. But hey - I didn't work for them!

I worked for my boss and he said I was doing a great job and he told me not to worry about what others tried to get me to do. He would take care of it. I told my officemate, Sherri, that in our upcoming meeting certain things might be said about me and I didn't want her trying to defend me.

“Sherri just don't say anything,” I told her.

“Kathy you're just being paranoid, nobody is going to do that,” she said as she went off to the restroom. Sherri was fresh out of college and didn't understand the world of office politics.

We both walked into the meeting. As predicted the meeting progressed exactly as I thought it would. Accusations and lies were then vehemently launched at me. I didn't say a word. This one particular person who was the author of the lies had more hidden agendas. She wanted to control my time at work. Again, I said nothing.

It was then that Sherri spoke up, "That is not fair! That is not what Kathy does... she works extremely hard and I see her working overtime almost every night...."

I tried to interrupt her but she continued. I got out of my chair and told the people there that I was going to lunch and walked out. I had been gone for about an hour.

When I came back my office, I noticed that Sherri, was at her desk crying. Looking up at me I could tell she was visibly shaken.

"Don't talk to me Kathy" she pleaded. "Please don't talk to me!"

They had gotten to her. I knew it. I grabbed her arm and pulled her into the conference room down the hall. I turned her around.

"Now tell me Sherri...what did they do to you?" I asked her.

She then began to tell me how they (about seven people) got around her and told her that she should have not defended me and that she would lose her job if she ever did it again!

Now I was angry! "Bullies! (Close enough to what I really said). They couldn't get to me so they got to her!"

This is abuse. I hate when people take advantage or lord power over others unfairly. I had just recently read a book by Mike Murdock. In it he states "What angers you the most is an indicator of an area God wants to use you in to fix."

I told her "don't be afraid, you're not going to lose your job over me!"

I immediately stormed down the corridor to go see the President of the Corporation. I was going to tell him all the wrongdoing that was going on in his company. People, as I passed them, looked at me as if they knew what I was angry about.

Standing right outside his door about to knock, I was approached by my main nemesis. She stood between me and the door.

"What do you think you're doing? *You* can't go in there!" I said some choice words and told her to move out of the way. Knocking on the door I heard the President say "come in" and I did.

Ben Hammond was a nice man whom people really admired. But he made a mistake by putting his family in key positions. They didn't know how to treat their employees. I

believe they knew that they were not qualified for their positions and out of their inability, they felt threatened. If anyone questioned them, they threatened them with the possibility of losing their job. One of the family members was suspected of using his power in making sexual advances to young women in the organization.

I came in. I was nervous. Ben gestured for me to take a seat next to his desk. He could see that I was visibly shaken. You see, when I'm nervous I tend to ramble on and my voice gets shaky and crackling and my eyes well up with tears. I sat down in the chair in front of his desk.

I recounted to him what had happened at the meeting and the subsequent threats to Sherri. I told him about other threats that had been told to me by other coworkers and suspicions surrounding his son of sexual misconduct.

It was while I was talking that all of a sudden I stood up. With my right arm extended and pointing at Ben I said in an authoritative voice:

“If you don't stop what is going on in this place it will be brought down!”

Whoa! What just happened to me? That wasn't me speaking! I know I was saying it but it didn't come from me! What was happening to me?

Now I was really scared. These words came from such a depth. It seemed as if they were deep down inside of me and deep down inside I knew who was really using my mouth and these words –God! Nervously I sat down and looked at my hand and looked back at Ben.

“What did you say to me?” he asked angrily. I was scared.

“I don't know what happened...but all I know is that it wasn't me talking to you, Mr. Hammond.” I knew I must have seemed like a fool, but this was the truth.

I then said something that shocked even me. The situation became clear to me and I told him that it wasn't me speaking to him but God. I went on to say that if he wanted to fire me under the circumstances, I understood. I added that this had never happened to me before. I knew it wasn't just me talking to him when I was standing up, but it was God!

“For the words you will speak will not be yours; they will come from the Spirit of your Father speaking through you” Matthew 10:19,20 (TEV)

He looked a little shaken, bewildered and mumbled something to the effect “it's best you leave right now.”

I went back to my office to await my “walking papers.” Ironically he didn't fire me but I knew my days there were numbered.

Almost immediately, the company started to suffer losses and begin to go downhill. Tory, who knew nothing of my encounter with the president, left the company and took most of their clients with him. He told me to get out also. He then told me of an incident in Ben's office right before his departure. He told me that Ben had told him that because he had been gone so much from his family while serving in the military he felt guilty. He felt he owed them the right to have a part of his company. He let his wife and children run the business. He then said turning to Tory, "I know that they are going to ruin the business but I have to let them do what they want to do."

I knew when I heard this that even with the warning from God, Ben was going to listen to his family instead.

I was subsequently let go due to "downsizing." A year later I came across a former employee. She told me that the company was about to go out of business —when I was there there were 180 people, but now it was down to less than 10!

Renewal

“to make her holy, cleansing her by the washing with the water through the word... holy and blameless”
Ephesians 5:26

As I grew in the Lord, I began to help out at my local church. One of my duties was to be a Missionette leader. Missionettes are similar to Girl Scouts except with Biblical teaching. I taught the “Stars” group girls’ ages 9-12 years old.

I probably ended up learning as much from teaching them as they learned from me. We worked on projects; played games, learned scripture and at Christmas time I took them to see “Handel’s Messiah”, performed by an entirely Christian music and dance ensemble. At times the Holy Spirit would illuminate scriptures to us. It would be so exciting. It’s as if we saw the same thing at the same time. “Whoa did you see that?” I would ask the girls if they saw the same deeper revelation shown to me by the Holy Spirit, and they would shake their heads and some even said “yes Ms. Kathy...I see it too!”

On one particular Wednesday I really didn’t feel like driving through traffic to teach, so I called my sister and my assistant to see if they could take over. I got a call back later saying that they would be there but they felt I should be there too.

“Oh Lord I really don’t feel like going tonight!” I exclaimed. I went home, changed clothes and drove to the church. Tena and my assistant Ms. Shaw had already completed the praise and worship and they were taking up the offering. I got there just in time for the lesson and prayer. This evening I encouraged the girls to pray for each other. Each of the girls took a partner and prayed.

Suddenly, while praying, there was an invisible wind that came into the room. Why did I say invisible? It’s because most of girls fell on the floor as if a wave of wind came into the room. Some were staggering but all began to cry! Some were even wailing. I detected that some were crying tears of joy at God’s presence and I felt some were crying tears of repentance. The Holy Spirit had come through the place mightily! I asked the girls later to write down what had happened to them in a letter to the pastor. I wanted them to give their account of what happened. Here are a few of those letters:

Dear Pastors,

“Last Wednesday the stars were praying and someone said that they wanted to do what everyone did. She said that she wanted to have Jesus as a friend. We all started to pray. Then she fell to the floor. While everyone was praying I started to cry, it also made me think of how I wanted to fit in with everyone. I started to pray with Ms. Shaw. Then I was lying on the floor crying. I laid there for a few minutes, then I felt Serena touching my foot. I go up and sat next to Serena. One hand started to tingle. Then the other one started to tingle. My knees started to tingle. I went and told Ms. Shaw. Her and her daughter prayed for me. We went to the bathroom and I was still crying. Ruth told me that God said I didn’t have to be afraid anymore. Shelby told me that Jesus loves me and

Ruth told me that all I had to do was call on his name. Every now and then I feel a sudden burst of joy in my heart."

*Love,
Michele*

*"Last week the junior stars were touched by God by weeping, peace, lying on the floor, yelling, laughing. We had to get girls from the other stars to come in and pray for us."
Sabrina*

Dear Pastors,

"Last week in my missionettes class the Holy spirit cleansed the whole class. After that Wednesday my grades have been better, I have been remembering more stuff. I have also been helping out. I had this same thing happen to me over the summer."

*Sincerely,
Rachael*

"...Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of God belongs to such as these..." Luke 18:15

Realm

For he will command his angels covering you to guard you in all your ways”

Psalm 91:9-11

In 1993 my youngest son Robert, who was ten at the time, went to visit his dad. He was to stay with him for a couple of days. It was one of those rare mornings where I didn't have to get anyone ready but me. It was near lunchtime and I got a call from Bill. He seemed upset.

”Kathy, something is wrong with Robert, he's unconscious.” He told me.

I can't remember what he said next I was numb. I managed to ask him “what's wrong with him, where is he?”

“I don't know what's wrong with him but he's at Children's Hospital” he responded.

“Children's Hospital!” I exclaimed. This hospital was known for handling the most critical and life urgent needs of children. What was my son doing there?

I hung up the phone, frantically told my supervisor what was going on, and bolted out the front door to my car. I started to imagine my son dying.

“Oh please God don't let him die! Please Lord ...please!” I cried out to the Lord.

I was zooming down a Virginia highway. Children's Hospital is in Washington DC. I tried to think of the best way there. “I'll go up 14th Street and then once I get to Howard ...oh it's somewhere back there” I told myself. I didn't stop praying “Please God ...”

I don't know how fast I was going and didn't care. “I have to get to my child!” I cried out.

I had just crossed over into Washington, DC when I heard a police siren.

“Oh no!” I said out loud. I looked in the mirror and saw a police car right behind me! My mind was racing with thoughts and prayers “Please God, help me! I know... I'll just tell the officer to give me the ticket!” I thought to myself. “I'll tell him that my son is in the hospital and he can give me the ticket but to hurry because right now I don't care about getting a ticket...I've got to get to my son!”

I pulled over and stopped the car. A tall medium built black police officer approached my window. I was about to tell him about my situation, but before I could get the words out, he looked at me and said “Calm down and sit back. He'll be all right!”

I just stared at him.

“Calm down, sit back, he’ll be all right” he said again.

How did he know Robert was in the hospital? Who was he? I sat there looking at him. He by that time was turning around facing the road with his back towards me and his arms crossed.

My mind was reeling. “I didn’t tell him about Robert...how did he know? I was stunned. I just sat there in disbelief.

After what seemed like ten minutes yet only a few, he turned around, smiled and asked, “Are you ok?”

I shook my head up and down to indicate yes.

“Ok, take this street and make a right...” I started to cut him off because I wanted to tell him the way I was planning to go to the hospital.

He didn’t let me finish, he just repeated again “Take this street, make a right, go to North Capitol street...etc.” As he was giving me the way he wanted me to go to the hospital, I knew instinctively that I should obey. He didn’t want me to go the way I had planned.

“Ok” I said.

“He’ll be alright!” he said again with a smile.

He then walked out into the street and stopped traffic. He then motioned for me to pull out and continue. Still in a daze as I was driving up the street, I looked into the rear view mirror and he wasn’t there. He had disappeared! No car, no police officer, just traffic!

I knew then what I feared to say I had had an encounter with an angel! God’s messenger was sent to help me, to calm me down. I probably was hurling towards an accident and God also wanted me to know that Robert, no matter what I would see or encounter, would be alright because He said so!

When I arrived at the hospital Robert was lying unconscious in a CAT scan tube. If it hadn’t been for the Lord giving me such obvious assurance that Robert would be okay, I know I would have been hysterical seeing my son lying there. I thought about how God loved me so much that he had sent an angel to calm down this crazy, hysterical woman, who probably would have been in an accident herself otherwise. Knowing I had already received the assurance that “he will be alright,” I was in a proper state to drive a vehicle in busy city traffic and to get safely to the hospital just to see my son lying unconscious.

Reprobate

“Repent for the kingdom of God is at hand”

Matthew 3:2

After leaving my previous job I started back in business, this time as a freelance educator and tour manager/director. I did contract work, giving history lessons to middle school students and guiding them around Washington, D.C. During the “down” months when business was slow I sought other employment until the season started again.

During one such period in 1993, I got a job working part time at a gospel promotion company. The owner, David Hilton was a radio personality who also had a business of his own. It was a promotion company, where he hosted various events throughout the city. The company would secure singers, choirs, and traveling ministers. People would call the office and ask if we could get “such and such”, usually big names in the gospel circuit. The promotion company was located in his townhouse in the heart of the city.

David lived upstairs and the office for the promotion company was downstairs. I remember being so happy to be working in what I thought was the heartbeat of God. Gospel music – God’s music! I approached each day with eagerness. I just knew that this was an area where I could work with Christian artists and learn how to minister to the people through their example.

One night I attended a musical function with David and Keith, my supervisor. It was held in a very prominent church. A well known preacher who was also a singer was to be the featured guest.

We climbed the steps to the church and went to the back room where he was waiting. I still remember watching this man of the cloth sit back in a chair and ask, no demand, his fee from Maurice! This had to be provided before he would even consider ministering to the people.

Initially I was taken aback at his outright demand for a performance fee. After all wasn’t he a man of God? Maybe I was wrong, but I thought a man of God was supposed to be gracious and accept whatever the congregation or people would give that night.

David pulled him aside from our hearing and told him something to make him nod and say “sure, ok” and then we all left. David then went on stage and said words he rarely said in the office.

“Isn’t the Lord good?” “Praise God!” “Are you ready to meet...” What an act! Was I was being too judgmental? Was I simply too naïve to understand the Christian entertainment machine?

That night and subsequent encounters later, God wanted me to see what was “hidden” behind some of the gospel music industry. What shocked me was to find that there is an

acceptance and prevalence of practicing homosexuality!

Maybe it is like that in all genres of creativity but I didn't know it would be so pervasive in the Christian arena. I saw these same men whose wives would be in the audience come on stage and talk about their wives and then go off stage to meet their male lovers. They also frequented "gay" clubs.

I knew this because of my dealings over the years with homosexuals. I have had numerous friends who are gay and both of my bosses were gay. I loved the people but I knew their lifestyle wasn't pleasing to God. I didn't understand what God is doing with me and allowing me to see all this.

I prayed to God to show me why I was in this environment and confronted with this dichotomy of a music industry.

The answer came one day when my supervisor, Kevin, and I went to lunch. I don't know how we got on the subject but he told me everything about the gay lifestyle from his perspective. He told me he had seen the spirit of homosexuality as a young child.

"It's a spirit?" I inquired.

"Yes and it comes after us, Kathy I know it!" Kevin emphatically said.

He then recounted incidents in his life. He told me how he accepted the Lord and how a male choir director at the church molested him. I was outraged.

"How could someone do that to a kid?" I thought.

I was glad that he opened himself up to me so that I could understand his struggle with homosexuality. I had met many men in my life who were "gay" and I found them to be very caring individuals. But I didn't understand why they were homosexual and not heterosexual. I had many questions and thus felt the Lord was having me enter this season of my life to observe and learn.

Kevin told me that many young men that he knew had been sent away from their homes "when they come out." With nowhere to go they head to the gay clubs.

"Wait a minute. How do they get in if they are underage?" I enquired.

"The clubs are designated as 'restaurants' and therefore they are able to get in. While there, they will get 'picked up' by older men who recognize their dilemma. They can identify with being rejected and subsequently 'draw' them in further by taking them home, feeding them, clothing them and even connecting them with other gays for employment" he told me. "It's like being part of a family!"

One night Keith called me at two o'clock in the morning. He sounded upset, yes

frightened. “Kathy, you won’t believe what just happened to me!” he said gasping for air! He continued, “I was in the club with some friends. After about twenty minutes I heard a loud voice. It told me to ‘GET OUT NOW!’”

“At first I didn’t believe what I was hearing” he continued. “Thinking it was someone behind me, I continued to dance. Then the voice said again ‘GET OUT NOW!’” He knew that this was the voice of the Lord and if he didn’t obey this voice something terrible was going to happen to him.

He told his friends that he had to go. He left and called me.

“I called you because maybe you can tell me what’s going on with me!” he said frantically.

I knew what was happening to him. Keith had received Jesus in his life, and even though he had departed from the ways of the Lord, Jesus never left him. Because it had been revealed to him about the spirit of homosexuality, God was telling him not to fall into the trap Satan had for him. God was dealing with him.

We talked and I prayed with him. It wasn’t an hour later that he called me and told me that God had just spoken to him about the HIV/AIDS event we were planning.

“Kathy, I am not to charge for this event!” he exclaimed. This was an event where the promotion company had planned on making lots of money with the ticket sales.

“The Lord told me not to charge for this event!” he exclaimed.

“Wow!” I thought, “This is deep!”

God was revealing to Keith to keep his hands off something that would involve ministry and God didn’t want the event to be sold for any price. He was scared! I told him that he had to do what God commanded him to do.

“Try to get some sleep and I’ll see you in the morning” I said.

The next morning Keith met me at my desk. “What should I do, Kathy?” he asked me. I encouraged him to follow what the Lord told him to do and that I would be there to support him.

Later that afternoon we had a staff meeting. It was upstairs in the converted living room. David asked Keith about the ticket sales for the upcoming event. Keith looked at me and then looked at David. He stumbled with the reply.

“Ticket sales haven’t been great...but I have something to tell you David,” he replied. “I can’t charge for this event.”

“What are you saying? Why can’t you charge for this event?” David asked angrily.

Keith told David what happened to him at the club last night and how God spoke to him there and later commanded him not to charge for the HIV/AIDS event.

David got upset “God didn’t tell me such nonsense,” he said. He mocked the way God told Keith. He continued his rant.

“I’ve been a homosexual all my life, I’m the top DJ in the city, and I lead one of the largest choirs in DC and I own a gospel...”

I put my hand up “Please David don’t...” I tried to stop his tirade. I knew that what he was saying and was about to seal his own fate and would bring God’s judgment. *I just knew it.*

“Please David don’t say anymore, please!” I pleaded. He rejected my plea and continued his tirade.

“God didn’t tell *me* not to charge for the event and... if God had something to say he would have told me!” he wasn’t stopping “God or no God, I’m going to charge for this event!”

“It is done,” I said to myself. I sensed that out of his own mouth he had sealed his fate.

For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.”
Matt 12:37 (ASV)

David then looked at Keith and asked “Keith are you going to do the project the way I planned it?”

Keith looked at me then looked at David. “No, David I can’t do this anymore.”

“Then clean out your desk...you’re fired!” David said to Keith. Keith got up from the sofa and disappeared downstairs to gather his belongings. I was stunned. A sense of dread came over me.

David then looked at me and said “Kathy it’s your event now!”

“No, David, I wouldn’t touch this project with a ten foot pole”.

“Well you can leave too!” he declared.

I too got up off the couch and made my way downstairs to my desk. I gathered my few things and walked out with Keith.

As we were walking down the street, I stopped and looked at Keith and said “Don’t look

back...judgment is coming on this house.” When I said that I immediately thought of what happened at Sodom and Gomorrah.

I told Keith that he did the right thing and that sometimes God causes us to do things that may be difficult but it is for our good. We may not know the outcome but we are simply to be obedient and do what He says to do.

I called Chris a few months later to see how he was doing. He told me he had a new job. Then I asked about if he had heard anything from David. He said, “Kathy, David lost his job at the radio station, he lost his business, and he is now living in a nursing home with full blown AIDS – he’s not given long to live.”

Remove

“He delivers them from the wicked”

Psalm 37:40

Robert was twelve and had come back from the store.

“Mom, dad needs me!” He informed me.

“Really?” I said. I knew that what he wanted to live with his dad and he felt this was the only way to do it.

“Yep, he really needs my help” he stated again.

“Do you want to live with your dad, Robert?” I inquired.

“I guess so...but I want to see you too...is that ok, Mom?” he replied and asked.

“Sure, Robert its ok with me...I’ll make it easy...I’ll ask your Dad to move into our place and I’ll find a new place to live.”

I loved Robert and would do anything for him. I also felt that having his father in his life, even to the point of giving up my home, would be good for him. Now I had to find a new apartment.

I searched all over the northern Virginia area and eventually found a home in Arlington, VA. I couldn’t wait to show it to Robert. I had made my mind up and one afternoon later I had told the Landlord I would take it. I went back to take another look at it.

Walking toward the entrance of the building I got this strange feeling. *I sensed some type of evil or danger.* I immediately looked at the window which was below my apartment.

“Wonder who lives there?” I thought to myself. The blinds moved! “Was someone watching me from that apartment?”

“Maybe I’m just worrying about moving” I thought. I shook off the feeling and went inside the apartment to look around. “This will do” I said to myself and then went to the leasing office. I signed a one year lease, gave them my deposit and first month’s rent.

I had picked up Robert from school that afternoon and wanted to take him to my brand new apartment. As we walked into the living room, Robert had a strange look on his face.

“Mom, who lives downstairs?” The way he said it I knew instinctively the nature of his question. God had revealed something to him and he was now about to tell me what I felt

earlier that day. I tried to act unconcerned.

“I don’t know Robert” I replied.

“Mom, don’t move here!” he pleaded. “Please Mom don’t move here! Mom something bad will happen to you if you move here.”

I knew it! God was telling me through my son that I really wasn’t to take this apartment. I still wanted to make sure it wasn’t Robert feeling upset because I was moving out and away. So I questioned him: “Do you not want me to leave you because you will feel lonely if I move out so you can live with your Dad, Robert?”

“Mom I don’t care where you move...just don’t move here!” This was indeed a warning from the Lord. I told Robert I wasn’t going to take the apartment and I didn’t.

“...your young men will have visions.” (Joel 2:28).

God has used Robert several times to speak to me. We have to be humble enough to receive His Word wrapped in a child. Sometimes God will use our children to warn us of impending danger. It is up to us to hear the voice of the Lord through whatever vessel He uses.

Rejoice

*“...as a bridegroom rejoices over his bride so will
your God rejoice over you”*

Isaiah 62:5

Cristina, a friend and coworker, had taken two bridal dresses into the elegant fitting room. We were part of the sales staff at a local Christian newspaper. She had come to America, giving up stardom on television in Mexico to follow the promptings of the Lord. The Lord brought her out of the world she was familiar with and called her to a land she had never seen before – America.

She had been here for three years now and believed that she had met the man she was to marry. He was a minister who lived in Texas. She had decided that today we were going to look for her wedding dress. She thought it would be fun trying on wedding dresses in anticipation of a proposal from the minister.

The store she chose to look for and try on the wedding dresses was a very sophisticated store exclusively selling bridal and formal wear, called Lady Hamilton. Even though we were women, we were also girls and girls like to play “dress up.” We giggled, “oohed” and “ahhed” over the wedding dresses that Cristina tried on. I must say each dress that she put on looked gorgeous on her. I went back and forth from the dressing room to get dresses for her to try on.

One time when I was looking on the rack and pulling them back to see the front of the dress, I heard these words spoken to me: “This one is yours.”

I heard this audibly with my ears. Wow! God was speaking to me directly!

I ran back to the dressing room. Gasping in excitement I said, “Cristina, I just heard God speak. I was looking at some more dresses for you to try on when I heard the Lord speak to me while looking at this dress. He said ‘this one is yours!’”

“Oh, my God Kathy that’s awesome!” We hugged each other and giggled so hard in that dressing room. Here while helping my friend prepare for her wedding, he was showing me that I too would marry again.

Reflecting on this moment, I remembered that I had said a prayer one night outside on my balcony one late summer evening the previous year. This was after my divorce. I had heard Beverly Crawford pray a prayer similar to the one I offered up:

“I come to you God asking for a husband. I want you to hand pick him God because I don’t know how to pick them. I won’t accept anyone except the one you want me to have. Satan, if you bring any man into my life, I won’t accept him. But I will tell him

about Jesus. Now Jesus I won't accept any man unless he comes from you, Lord."

Relax

“...for the Holy Spirit will teach you at that time what you should say”
Luke 12:12

Not again! The newspaper was about to close and I would soon be out of a job. My contractor work wouldn't start for another four months. I was very close to being out of funds. I had heard about a seminar retreat through my sales efforts in the newspaper. It was the CLASS (Christian Leaders Authors and Speakers) conference held at the Christian retreat called Sandy Cove. I had been planning to attend months before and everything was paid for.

With unemployment facing me, the rational part of me said no, but nonetheless I felt that I was supposed to go. My sister, who has always been supportive, gave me money to ensure I had enough to go. I took the Amtrak to Aberdeen, Maryland, and then took a cab to Sandy Cove.

The taxi made its way down a secluded road. The trees had already changed in colors and it was absolutely beautiful. The waters of the Chesapeake Bay met us around the bend. It was breathtaking.

I checked in, got my keys and proceeded to my room. I pulled back the curtains. In addition to the bathroom, bed and desk, my room afforded a great view of the bay. The waters of the Chesapeake Bay were magnificent! The vibrant green grass met the rocky shoreline and blended into the blue green waters.

“Yep, this is where I am to be” I said to myself. I needed this. With the newspaper closing, this was a pleasant retreat from all the heartache.

It was a typical day at the office. Mark, my boss and I were driving to meet with a client. Mark was the sales manager and co owner of the newspaper. On the way to our meeting, he told me that he felt the Lord was speaking to him about how to turn around the downward spiral of the newspaper. This was the first time I am had heard that the paper was in trouble. I knew that business was dropping off, but I didn't know that it had come to the brink of its demise.

It had never occurred to me prior to this discussion that his partner, Clay Wilkins wasn't the one to whom God had given the vision —after all he was the general manager!

“Mark,” I asked him. “Who had the vision for the newspaper?”

“God gave the vision to me” he responded.

My heart sank because I *knew* that disobedience was at the root of the setbacks, and I knew all too well that the seed of disobedience would bring about destruction.

“Mark, what has God told you to do about the business?” I asked. I tried to stay calm.

He told me what God told him and then tried to rationalize why he couldn't do it. It would be contrary to what he felt his partner wanted to do.

“Therefore, to keep peace I have decided to let him run the business the way he wants” he said.

My mind jettisoned back to when I felt the Lord told me something to do and I too didn't want to come against the decision of my partner and didn't heed God's advice.

“Mark, if God gave you the vision then you *must* do whatever He is telling you to do!” I pleaded with him. “Mark, you don't understand I have been in a similar situation where I didn't obey God when He tried to tell me how to conduct the business He gave me. Please Mark, do what He says!”

“Calm down Kathy, it's not that urgent,” Mark reacted.

Today the paper is extinct.

Refreshed

“But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength”
Isaiah 40:31

Dinner wasn't until a couple of hours later and I decided to take a much needed nap. Lying on the bed I looked out towards the water.

“Thank you Lord for sending me here,” I said before drifting off to my first restful sleep in a long time.

I woke up in time for dinner. I got dressed and walked into the restaurant. I sat down next to people who all seemed to know one another. I didn't know anyone. Sitting next to me was a man who, I would find out later, was one of my instructors. He looked at me as I was sitting there and remarked: “You have the glory of the Lord all around you!”

“Really?” I said.

I was somewhat taken aback by that remark. I told him I was so grateful to be able to come to the conference because I wanted so much to know God's will for my life. I told him how I had spent many hours crying out to him in the last few days. What I didn't realize at the time was that the people surrounding me were the teachers for the conference, made up of the leaders within Florence Littauer's ministry. The lady on my right was none other than Florence herself.

The next day was the beginning of many things to come. It learned about “The Personalities.” The workshops were so much fun and very educational. I hadn't laughed that hard and so much in a long time! I was truly being renewed in my spirit and my soul. I was having so much fun!

The following day I learned how to prepare and present an assignment to an audience. The next homework was to read scripture and present and teach it to our small group the next day. The scripture given to me was from Matthew chapter 10 verses 19 and 20.

“Do not worry about what you are going to say or how you will say it;” when the time comes, you will be given what you will say. For the words you will speak will not be yours; they will come from the Spirit of your Father speaking through you”

My thoughts on how to present this scripture would be to include a visual. Since I am much more of a visual learner than an auditory or physical learner, I wrote on a letter size sheet of paper, in bold lettering, the word “**WORRY.**”

My plan was to hold up the paper and tell the audience “why worry, because when God is leading us, He will guide us and give us the words to say and how to say it.” I then would give the card to someone near and not ask for it back, emphasizing the fact that

when we give it to the Lord, he takes care of it we are not to take it back.

I was third in line to give my presentation the next day. I looked down at what I had written, and then suddenly the Holy Spirit spoke to my mind "Look at the card again" He said. Then He revealed to me the following: "**W**-when God is **o**-ordering your steps be **r**-ready to **r**-respond and **y**-you'll be doing His will."

The Lord had made it into an acrostic:

*"When God is
Ordering your steps be
Ready to
Respond then
You'll be doing his will!"*

Wow! I threw away what I had planned to do. In just an instant the Holy Spirit had taught me what the scripture meant and how to teach it to the audience. He brought to life the scripture and demonstrated a deeper revelation to everyone there. I learned an important lesson from this incident: God will give us exactly what we need, when we need it, and will show us how to apply it. We just do our job-listen and obey.

Recognition

“Everything is uncovered and laid bare...”

Hebrews 4:13

The CLASS (Christian Authors and Speakers) Conference addressed, among other things, the four major personality types and how understanding the personalities better equip the person in their ability to handling difficult situations, Following is a brief description of each personality type:

Popular Sanguine

Positive

- Popular
- Charming
- Fun
- Encourager
- Visionary
- Tends to enjoy working with people
- Must have people give them accolades

Negative

- Tends to spends money freely
- Not always on time
- Hates to be scheduled
- Easily distracted

Powerful Choleric

Positive

- Ability to take charge
- Works usually harder than others
- Give quick and decisive orders

Negative

- Can be intimidating to others
- Can be at times confrontational

Perfect Melancholy

Positive

- Very good in details
- Keeps accurate account of monies
- Likes to live by a schedule
- Naturally organized
- Perfectionist

Negative

- Can be critical and judgmental
- Easily discouraged and tend to be very hard on themselves for not being perfect
- Can be bogged down in details and tends to forget people involved

Peaceful Phlegmatic

Positive

- Tend to be very relaxed
- Are good mediators
- Can see both sides – diplomacy
- Tend not to overreact in situations

Negative

- Viewed at times of being lazy
- Tend to be at times unmotivated
- Can be indecisive

After taking the basic personality profile, I learned that many of the people in the class were similar to my personality, Popular Sanguine. It's no wonder I have been able to relate to them so well and don't feel the need to watch what I say, or be conscious of interrupting them in mid sentence because they do it too! It was freeing to know that I was whom God made me to be and it was ok!

The following day we are learning how to be able to perceive when someone is "masking" their personality. Author and speaker, Florence Littauer, told us that when you find people whose real personality type conflicts with what they are exhibiting outwardly, then it might be possible that they are "masking."

She gave an example. A person tests results types her as a "Sanguine/Melancholy" two diametrically opposite personality types. She might be putting on a "mask" exhibiting behavioral characteristics that are contrary to her natural inclination – usually in order to please and make it easier to cope with personalities different from hers. She gave an example of how not acknowledging differences in a household would be problematic.

"This is an example of what happens when we don't know how to handle each other's personalities when they are not like ours. Let's say for instance that you have this little girl who grew up in an environment with a strong Choleric father and a strong Melancholy mother. She always wondered why she didn't fit in. She would hear words such as 'Why can't you grow up?' and 'Why can't you ever settle on one thing?'"

As I sat there listening, my eyes began welling with tears. "She's talking about me," I thought. These exact words had been spoken to me all my life. God was using Florence to give me a deep revelation to my life and in doing so began to set me free. For as long I could remember I had always wondered why I wasn't "perfect" like my mom, or why I could never please my dad or get his approval.

It seemed as if I could never do the right thing. My mom and dad didn't know that I was

different from them (I'm primarily a sanguine with my secondary trait being Choleric). When the session was over I couldn't wait to get to my room.

Flinging the door open I fell on the bed and cried. God was breaking years of bondage that I had been under. Those chains of bondage had held me for so long that deep down I felt that something was significantly wrong with me. Cathartic tears flowed.

I had to tell someone about my freedom! I called my mom.

"Mom you won't believe what I just learned. It's about the personalities. God was showing me some incredible things about myself." I told her "Mom you know what? God made me the way I am and he made you the way you are and it's ok that we're different!"

"That's good Kathy" she remarked. I knew she probably thought this was a phase I was going through and that she really didn't understand me. But it didn't matter anymore what my mother thought that day because now I knew that I had the truth and I had been set free.

I felt that I had had such a significant breakthrough as a result of learning about the different personality types, that I took the time to write a letter to Florence Littauer describing to her how God had used her insights to revolutionize and break many layers of inadequacy and feelings of inferiority in me.

It was several months later that her publicist wrote me a letter asking for permission to include my letter of appreciation in her upcoming book "It Takes So Little to Be Above Average." I gave them permission to do so. Here is what is in the book:

Kathy Armstrong came to CLASS and appreciated what an eye-opening experience it was for her personally. Her thank you note is a classic. It touches on the personal, the purpose, and a plan for the future, while including some clever outlines:

Dear Florence,

The master carpenter used you as an "Instrument" wielding the God given "Tool" of the personalities which cataclysmically "unlocked, unveiled, and unbridled" the knowledge of God in relationships and He "Set Free" me the captive.

Thank God for your ministry where He "Resurrected" the person I was, "Resuscitated" the person I am, and "Reconstructed" the person I will be. Please convey my sincere appreciation to Marita for all her help and hope to see you both in future CLASS seminars and workshops.

Thank you,

Kathy Armstrong

Respond

“...I went in response to a revelation”

Galatians 2:2

It was a normal day except for one thing: I had a strange sense that I was to go to France. Since I was a little girl I have always loved anything and everything about France. I've always wanted to go to there.

But in this case it was different: I was getting the leading to go there as an assignment from God. I felt that I was to go and tell people about Jesus. “Surely God” I said to God “they have Bibles in France.” I thought about all the churches in France. Surely this wasn't a country that hadn't heard about Jesus like some foreign countries. This was France, the epitome of culture and class. But not wanting to be disobedient if this actually was God leading me to go to France, I asked Him: “God if this is you, show me that France needs the Gospel.”

About two weeks later I received a call from a company that hosts foreign students in the United States. Someone had given my name and number to them and told them that I would be perfect for the assignment. The group manager called me: “Can you take an assignment as a program manager for about two weeks? You will help them with their English and some days take them on excursions around DC” she said.

France!! This couldn't be a coincidence. I had prayed asking God to show me why I should go to France. I accepted the position.

It was a beautiful fall day in 1996. I took the subway to the Dupont Circle. I went to the hotel where they were to have their meetings. When I walked in, I introduced myself and they introduced themselves and we then immediately started working on the assignment that was given to me to teach from their program guides. The students ranged from 15 to 17 years in age. They were from various parts; Paris, Provence, Marseilles, Equally, Alsace, Monaco, and other cities and villages of France. They are part of an exchange program where they stayed with host families while here. They would meet three times a week in the downtown hotel.

Since it was such a beautiful day, I decided that we would go outside and enjoy the warm weather and continue their written assignment outside in the park. They were delighted. They told me that this was a treat. That in France they never went outside when they were in school. This was an adventure and a pleasant respite for them. They were excited.

Many people were already there in the park! Some were playing chess; others were

sitting on the park benches, while others walked in pairs or threesomes on their way to lunch. It was a beautiful day. I decided to sit on the top of the bench in front of the students while they sat in the grass in front of me.

Their assignment today was to write about what they saw going on around them. Dupont Circle is the park I chose for this exercise. With so many great buildings and people around I knew they would have an inspiring scene to write about.

“Look around you, write what you see. Describe in detail the people, places, buildings, or anything else that stands out to you.” I said.

My job with this company was that of a program manager and teacher. I love teaching and traveling. Doing both has allowed me to travel extensively. I was living my dream.

When I taught and toured with any youth I was very protective of them while they were in my charge. I was always surveying my surroundings and looking out for potential dangers and pitfalls. I guess you would say I was a shepherd – I was always looking out for any “wolves”. The wolves could arrive at a moment’s notice so I had to be alert. Things could happen quickly, so I was very vigilant.

Fifteen minutes has passed and they were working diligently. Later I would take them to a nearby fast food restaurant for lunch. It was then that all of a sudden, I noticed a man from about 50 feet away walking towards us. Looking at him from a distance, I noticed that his clothes were disheveled. I don’t know whether he was drunk or drugged, but something was not right about him. He was walking towards where the students were sprawled on the grass. He hadn’t diverted his stare in our direction. When he got closer, I noticed track marks indicating drug usage and blood coming out of his outstretched forearm.

“Get up everyone,” I told the teenagers. “Quickly we are about to go....” Before I could continue speaking the man yelled “Hey You...I want to talk to you!” he blurted out. Hurrying the kids across the park, he yelled again, “Hey you, you that has Jesus in you! I have to talk to you!”

Everyone turned around and looked at the tortured man. I too turned around and shouted to him, “Don’t move. I’ll be right back.” I then told the students to go inside the restaurant.

“I will join you soon” I told them.

I was about to leave when Helene, a sixteen year old from Provence asked me “Miss Katee, whaz did that man mean when he said ‘you have Jesus in you?’”

I told her that I was a Christian and that that person was calling out to me because he could see Jesus in me.

“Do you know what Miss Katzee?” Helene said. “So am I too am a Christian! Do you want to know how it happened?” She asked.

“Yes Helene.” I was caught of guard by her question.

She continued, “One day ago I had a dream where I saw this particular church and I told my host family that I had to go there. They drove to a church and I told them “no that is not the one” and they kept driving and driving and then I said “this one...this is the church.”

“Do you know what Miss Katzee, I went inside and after they were finished I went up to the front and now I too am a Christian!”

Oh my God! Here was this French girl who had to come all the way to America to hear the gospel!

“She’s a baby Christian!” I thought still reeling with the revelation of God answering my prayer “Why France God?” What I didn’t know is that there was more revelation to come.

I hugged her and told her that I would be talking to her later and asked her if she had told other students about her experience? “No, because they would laugh at me Miss Katzee,” she replied and added, “they don’t believe in religion.” She then told me how many of the students will go to fortunetellers and have their palms read.

“Now go get some lunch Helene, I’ll talk to you later.” I smiled at her and then I went back to the park to look for the man. When I returned back to Dupont Circle, unfortunately, the man was nowhere to be found.

After lunch, we went back into the classroom to continue our studies. The kids were singing a song that is very popular with American youth. I had heard it before and knew it was by the rap artist “Tupac”. I didn’t know the lyrics but felt that if this was something they were interested in then this could turn into an exercise.

“Why not write down the words so we can discuss what the lyrics mean” I said to the class.

I asked one of the students to go to the board and write down the lyrics. While she was writing on the board I went around and looked at the papers they had written that morning. These were the words on the board:

*Fear no man, but God
Though I walk through the valley of death
I shed so many tears
Please God walk with me...
back in Elementary, I thrived on misery*

*left me alone I grew up amongst a dying breed
as my mind couldn't find a place to rest
until I got that Thug Life Planted on my chest
tell me can ya feel me ?*

Tupac Shakur's "So Many tears"

When I turned around to look at the board after looking at a student's paper my eyes went straight to the phrase, "though I walk through the valley of death." Stunned to know this was in that rap song and a jumping off point to educate these students I asked, "Does anyone know where this particular line came from?"

"No," they all answered.

"This is from the 23rd Psalm." I told them. "Does anyone know where you can find the 23rd Psalm?"

Their looks indicated that no one knew the answer.

"The Bible" I responded.

One young man raised his hand "What is the Bible?" he asked.

"Wow, they don't even know what the Bible is!" I thought to myself. I looked into the faces of the students. They were waiting for me to explain what a Bible was. I told them that the Bible was the written word of God.

I couldn't help thinking about my prayer the other day. God was revealing the nature of the spiritual condition of many young people in France and he did it through these students. God providentially orchestrated these moments this day to show me "Why France!"

Representative

“Father has sent me, I am sending you”

John 20:21

It was the summer of 1995. One day I got a call from Maureen Powell. She was a dear friend whom I met while working at a Christian newspaper. We both worked in the sales and marketing department. We spent a lot of time with each other and our boss, Mark, on sales calls and in doing so we had become close. Now that the paper had folded we found that the bonds we had created continued.

At the time of her call I was looking through a travel magazine planning my trip to France. “I have put off long enough going there.” I told myself. “Why not plan and go there this year on a vacation” I thought to myself. Ever since I was a little girl my heart was tied to France particularly Paris. I had always wanted to go there.

“Hello Maureen, how are you doing?” I asked.

“I’m doing great” she said. She had a new job and had just gone over to the newspaper office to pick up some mail, which still came to her old business address.

“There is a letter for you from Caleb Little” she said.

Caleb was one of the writer’s at the newspaper. He grew up in a missionary family. His mother and father had been missionaries in Africa. This is also where Caleb was born. Although he is Caucasian, he was born in Africa. I joke at the irony. He is truly “African American!” I hadn’t heard from him we were colleagues and not really friends. I had heard he was in England.

“Caleb... Caleb that worked at the paper?” I asked. “Open it up and read it to me” I asked, with interest. She read me the letter. I was shocked when she said, “he’s in France!”

“No way!” I thought there I was reading a travel book and planning a trip to Paris! She read the letter. “He wants you to come to France!”

‘This isn’t a coincidence’ I thought.

This was definitely a sign from God showing me that I was on track in my thoughts to go to France. I had never even mentioned to him about going to France. How did he know? I asked her “when did he write this?”

She looked at the postmark “two months ago.”

“Maybe that window of opportunity has passed,” I thought to myself. I asked a mutual

acquaintance how I could get in touch with Caleb's mother. I knew that his parents still lived in the area. So I called his mother to see if she had a number for him.

"Hold on I'll get Caleb – he's here" she answered.

I couldn't wrap my mind around what was really going on here. I talked to him about his letter and he told me that he had plans on going back to France.

"Really, I plan on going there in the next few weeks" I told him. He asked whether it would be ok if he could to go to France with me.

"Sure" I said that would be great.

I hadn't bought the tickets but I planned on getting them that day! He told me he knew of a low cost airline ticket consolidator and it would be much cheaper going through them. This had to be God. I felt, but never voiced, that this must be something more than a vacation to France for me.

Caleb is quiet and highly educated but is a pretty intense minister of the Gospel. I felt he knew that there was something more to this trip but I didn't ask because in all honesty I really didn't want to think about it. I just wanted to go on my vacation.

Two weeks had passed and we met and went to the airport. Flying on a consolidator we landed in Luxembourg. Soon after landing Caleb and I walked to the local train station. We were taking the train to Paris.

Caleb saw a young couple sitting on the curb. He approached them and spoke to them in fluent French. I could tell that he was telling them about Jesus. I must admit that it was pretty overwhelming and inspiring to see someone actually preach on the street corners of a foreign country.

When we arrived in Paris it was late. We checked into a budget hotel. After we bid each other a goodnight we went to our separate rooms to get a good night's rest. The next day are going to ride the metro, the subway in Paris. While riding the subway Caleb began to talk to the people on the train. I could tell that he was proclaiming the gospel.

Oh, no! I thought, "This is so embarrassing" I said to myself. I never thought that I would be ashamed of the preaching of the gospel but it was so overwhelming that I didn't know if this was what I was supposed to be doing.

Something was happening to me and I felt ill.

"Caleb I need to go back to my room" I said. We parted ways and talked about getting together the next day.

When I got to my room I just threw myself on the bed and cried. The reality was that

God was dealing with me and convicting me about being ashamed of the Gospel and I am upset with myself that I found out what I really am-a hypocrite.

My thoughts took me to when I was in church raising my hands to the Lord and saying out of my mouth "I'll never be ashamed of the Gospel." Now here I was in a foreign land with total strangers surrounding me. When the man of God and proclaimed the Gospel to people who are perishing spiritually, I am ashamed!

I cried a good portion of the night and told God how sorry I was and to please forgive me. Eventually I fell to sleep. I woke up with a new resolve. "I will not be ashamed of the Gospel and if God will give me another chance he will see that this time I really mean it!" I said to myself in my room.

I told Caleb what happened to me and he just smiled, as if knowing that this type of purging of self would be a necessary part of the preparation I would need if I was to ever walk out any type of calling to the ministry.

We went throughout France and whenever he would minister I would uplift him in prayer and my countenance reflected that I agreed with what was being preached.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel because it is the power of God for salvation to everyone who believes" Romans 1:16 –

Requirement

“Preach the Word; be prepared in season and out of season; correct, rebuke and encourage ...” 2 Timothy 4:2

While in France, Caleb primarily stayed in a city called Lyon. It is the third largest city in France. It is a very beautiful city and I fell in love with it. It had been a little over a week since we arrived in France.

We were walking up a steep hillside street to reach the summit of the “Fourviere” hillside. The Basilica of Fourviere is the majestic cathedral that sits atop the cliff on a plateau which overlooks the city. As we walked up the steep embankment leading to the domed architectural wonder I began to envision my future. “It is so beautiful I could live here not permanently, but sometimes” I said to myself.

No sooner had these thoughts came to my mind than Cindy, my hostess while in Lyon spoke up “Kathy, you know what I was thinking? You are going to be living here, not permanently, but sometimes! What do you do for a living?” she asked.

I told her that I was an educator/tour director but I didn’t tell her that I was thinking the same thing that she just verbalized. “How did she know what I was thinking?” I thought. “Could this be more than just my own idea?”

Caleb wanted me to attend a Bible study with several of his friends and acquaintances that he had met while ministering here. I told him that it would be great to fellowship with other Christians while in France.

The Bible study was held not far from Interpol, the primary intelligence organization in Europe, in the home of an English woman who worked in Lyon. I arrived to find a cozy group which included several people from England, three or four French natives, and maybe two or three Americans. They all spoke English which was a big relief to me.

Caleb didn’t tell me anything about the people except that they got together to have a weekly Bible study. The discussion had already begun by the time I arrived. I was introduced and welcomed in the midst of the discussion which had already begun by the time we arrived.

“God is Love and with God being a God of love, then He couldn’t possibly be also a God who condemns or brings calamity” commented one lady. One by one everyone was giving his or her opinion about God.

Another chimed in “I agree that a loving God wouldn’t possibly condemn or punish!” I got uncomfortable with what I was hearing. I remember sitting there squirming in my seat. I didn’t want to offend anyone, but offending God was becoming even more painful.

Suddenly, I felt like someone was pouring hot oil on my head, my head felt like it was on fire! So now I was really uncomfortable and I was feeling like I should speak. "I've never experienced this before, what is this?" I thought to myself. I felt like I was to speak to them. "But if I do what will they think of me?" I thought.

I looked over at Caleb and I found he was looking straight at me. He seemed to realize what was happening to me. He mouthed the words "say it!"

"Say it" I thought, "Does he know what I feel I should say?"

"Say it" he mouthed again. With that I just opened my mouth and started talking. I don't remember exactly what I was saying but it I said something to the effect "God is the God of love but He's also the God of justice..." You could have heard a pin drop as everyone went silent.

I felt horrible, what did I say?

"Why did Caleb bring her", "why doesn't she just go back to America", "I wish she would just leave." My mind imagined what they were thinking.

After what seemed like an eternity, the Bible study ended and we were the first ones to leave. When we got a safe distance away from the house, Caleb jumped up and down and exclaimed "God just cleaned house!"

"What?" I asked.

"God just cleaned house! He sent you to tell these people the error in their thinking," he said excitedly. "You and I both know that God is a God of love. In fact, the Bible says that He *is* love. But we also know that He is a God of justice and judgment. God sent you to give a more thorough representation of His true nature!"

"I didn't want to say those things, I said to him "I never do!" Somehow I knew he knew what I meant. I was afraid of the way God was using me.

He reassured me that it would be ok that God was with me.

Repayment

"I will repay you for the years the locusts have eaten ..."

Joel 2:25

What can compare to December in New York City? It was truly a magical city at that time of year especially at the various tourist sites. The 1997 Christmas season was no exception. Manhattan was lit up. Midtown showed off the Empire State Building and Central Park. Uptown Harlem proudly displayed Sylvia's Restaurant and the Apollo Theatre. Macy's department store and the beautiful shops along Fifth Avenue all vied for the attention of passers by. Everywhere were angels, scenes of nostalgia, ornaments and people loaded with presents. And of course who could miss the very present Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.

"Ahh, the most wonderful time of the year" I said out loud. People everywhere, from everywhere converging on the Big Apple. Everyone including the native New Yorkers seemed to beam with holiday cheer.

It was four days before Christmas day and I was in the city with my good friend Eric. I wanted to go to a museum he wanted to go to shopping. We decided to go separate ways and meet back for dinner. I decide to go check out "MOMA" – the Museum of Modern Art.

After paying my fee I made my way to the top floor. I figured I'd start there and work my way down to the lobby. I went from gallery to gallery. The paintings were absolutely wonderful. Incredible works of art Degas, Monet... just to name a few. Masterpieces!

Thirty minutes had passed and I was walking into the next gallery when I was drawn to a painting hanging in the center of the gallery taking most of the wall space. It was gigantic. Recognizing the painting and the artist I stopped abruptly.

"This is a Picasso" I thought. "Where have I seen this before", I asked myself. "Oh yes in an art history book," I remember. "Les Demoiselles D'Avignon". WOW!

Then something very unusual happened without warning, I started to cry. It was just one steady stream, out of my right eye. And then both eyes began filling up with tears. I wiped the tears off.

"Why am I crying?" I asked myself. "It is not that great of a painting to make me cry. I don't understand." I was truly puzzled.

I wasn't sad coming into the museum and I certainly wasn't sad now—as a matter of fact I was feeling content as I was ambling through the galleries. "So why am I crying?" I asked myself again.

Perplexed I kept looking at the painting and then my answer came.

God brought to my memory what had happened to me over fifteen previously. Now I understood. I was in a lot of pain at that time. The only escape I had was my college classes. I was taking a class that I really enjoyed – art history. We were studying various genres of artistic expression, including Impressionism, Realism, and finally Cubism.

On one particular day I had had a fight with my husband and I had left the house crying. I didn't know what to do to make things right between us. When I got to my class I was there but I wasn't there. In the class we were discussing Picasso's "Les Demoiselles D'Avignon," but my mind was on the morning argument. Since I couldn't engage in the discussion, or concentrate at all on the subject being discussed, I gathered my books and ran out of class. I got to the hallway and literally ran to my car. Far away from everyone, alone in my car, I cried. Now, here I was, standing in the gallery of MOMA, looking at the original of that painting. Tears came to my eyes as I realized the extent to which God cared for me.

In my spirit I knew that this class, which I had loved and which had been so important to me, had been taken away from me. The Lover of my soul was giving me back what had been stolen from me. He didn't just give me a picture in the book, He gave me the original! The tears were an expression of what my mind hadn't fully grasped or understood. But even when my mind didn't understand, the part of me where God lived knew what a gift this was to me! "He restores my soul!"

Jesus had come to the city that I love, to this wonderful museum, to give me, his daughter, a most special and awesome Christmas gift!

Revelation

“I saw heaven standing open and there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice he judges and makes war...”
Revelation 19:11 (NIV)

I was in my bedroom reading my Bible when Robert came in. The nightly ritual was that he would stand for a minute or two and talk about whatever was on his mind. Any comments of mine would cause him to clam up, so I didn't say a thing. So I either nodded or audibly acknowledged that I was listening. Then when he felt comfortable, he would lie down next to me and continue talking.

He tried to hide the fact that he really wanted to be close to me but at the same time he didn't want to look “sissy” or like a “baby.” I knew better we had a mother/son bond where we could talk with each other and I had begun to realize that I needed to be quiet at times when he had something on his mind.

One evening he asked “What are you reading Mom?” as he was curling up next to me. I have learned to recognize “teachable moments” and this was one. I talked to him about how God speaks to us in various ways. I was hoping to lead him to pick up his Bible and read and show him how reading the Bible, *which he never did*, was an important way for him to hear God speak to him.

Now I must tell you that Robert loved the Lord. He loved our pastor and he realized that sometimes the Lord would use Pastor Pennington to speak to us. He even knew how recently God had used a radio program called Focus on the Family to deal with issues affecting us. There had been countless times when after going through a rough morning and arguing with each other while driving him to school, I would turn on and hear Dr. Dobson talking to a guest and the Lord would have a word for him, me or both of us.

During my talk to him on how God can speak to us, he piped up and announced, “Mom, I know that God speaks”. He then proceeded to tell me a vision the Lord had given him the previous week during the praise and worship session at church. I remember this moment because I had glanced at him during that time. I could tell by looking at him that he was in a trance. His eyes were opened but he was looking at something other than what was going on around him. I knew that the Lord was ministering to him. The song we were singing at the time was entitled “Come Live in me.”

“You're not going to believe this” he said. “The vision stopped and started again when we sang that song for the second time.”

Following is a description of the vision the Lord gave my son on June 19, 2000, to the best of my remembrance:

“Mom there was a zillion people outside of heaven. We were riding with Jesus. We all had horses and Jesus was in front of us. We were looking at the horizon in the distance

and saw a black line. The area became darker and darker. Jesus was standing and brought his hands up and said something and then he went ARRRGGH” (I later asked about this and he said “Mom, Jesus was MAD!!!”).

He mentioned that Jesus had a type of "blood" cape. “He then got on his white horse and rode to meet the darkness. He had on gold and we had on white robes with a breastplate. Next, this thing came at me with large red eyes and a weird mouth. I was fighting and so was everyone else. There were bodies everywhere and then someone said something to us and we kept fighting. Then I saw this humongous Minotaur” (a being which is half man half creature). “He had horns and you saw him but he was very elusive. Jesus had this big sword and was fighting all these creatures and then when the Minotaur came to me, Jesus stepped in and took my hand and smiled and then the sword came through Jesus and then the vision stopped.”

Robert then said, “Mom, Jesus died for me. He was in all of us but we could also see Him”.

I was speechless. I knew that this was directly from God. It sounded like something out of the Bible. But where was it? I then looked into the concordance in the back of my Bible for “white horse” because I had heard about a rider on a white horse mentioned before. It was then that I found the scripture that exactly described what Robert saw in his vision. Out of the pages of the Bible, in Revelation 19:11-21, I found exactly what Robert was telling to me. I read this to him:

“I saw heaven standing open and there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice he judges and, makes war. His eyes are like blazing fire, and on his head are many crowns. He has a name written on him that no one knows but himself. He is dressed in a robe dipped in blood, and his name is the Word of God. The armies of heaven were following him, riding on white horses and dressed in fine linen, white and clean. Coming out of his mouth is a sharp sword with which to strike down the nations. “He will rule them with an iron scepter” He treads the winepress of the fury of the wrath of God Almighty. ON his robe and on his thigh he has this name written:

KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.

Then I saw the beast and the kings of the earth and their armies gathered together to make war against the rider on the horse and his army. But the beast was captured, and with him the false prophet who had performed the miraculous signs on his behalf. With these signs he had deluded those who had received the mark of the beast and worshiped his image. The two of them were thrown alive into fiery lake of burning sulfur. The rest of them were killed with the sword that came out of the mouth of the rider on the horse, and all the birds gorged themselves on their flesh.”

Halfway through, Robert jumped up. Startled, he asked “Whoa, Mom, is that in the Bible?” I nodded and continue reading. It was hard for him to believe that the vision

God had given him was also the one God showed to the apostle John.

The next morning I kept thinking about what Robert had told me and what God was showing him. I realized that his life in football was training for the coming war with Jesus during the last great battle. I was walking to the metro and thinking about how God said in His word "that young men would have visions and old men will have dreams." (Joel 2:28).

Relationship

"He remembered his love..."

Psalm 98:3

*There's a summer place
Where it may rain or storm
Yet I'm safe and warm
For within that summer place
Your arms reach out to me
And my heart is free from all care*

"A Summer Place" Percy Faith

Ever since I was a little girl I have loved this song. It's from a movie. I remember seeing this very popular movie with my mother in the 1960's. Since coming to Lord He has used this song at special times in my life. When I hear the song, He lets me know how much he loves me and that He is always there. Following are a few instances when God has intervened to let me know he loves me:

April 18, 1996 this is the first occurrence when I knew that he was sending me this song on my birthday. I was divorced, feeling alone and unloved. I remember talking to God and telling him how I felt. "No one cares for me. I've given up many things to follow You in footsteps of righteousness and here I am all alone." No sooner did I get the words out "no one cares for me," then this song began to play on the radio! I knew instantly that this was no coincidence. God's message to me was that HE LOVED ME and not to give up hope!

1998 I was in Williamsburg, Virginia. I was walking down the sidewalk of a small shopping district there. As I crossed in front of a record shop, again feeling a bit sad and having what I now call my "pity parties", I heard it those familiar chords and hauntingly beautiful music of "A Summer Place!" It was coming out of the record store. I stopped and thought of the Lord.

2000 One night after finishing praying for a male friend of mine, I thought to myself "if God loved me he would play me my song." You know how you just sometimes need to know that He is there? Well it was one of those times and I needed the Lord to show me He cared. I felt I needed to know so I could continue walking out this life of sanctification and purification.

I was surfing the internet looking up websites for bands and came across a band that I saw perform in Williamsburg. The band was called "the Fat Ammon band." They bring such a tight sound to all the music they play – music from the 60's, 70's, 80's music from the past that I love to hear. As I listened intently to the music they had playing softly playing in the background on their website I realized that it was "The Theme to A Summer's Place!" I hadn't put two and two together at that precise moment but seconds

later the Holy Spirit reminded me of my prayer just an hour prior to that moment. “Wow you’re awesome Lord! I love you Lord!” I was filled with gratitude.

October 14, 2001 – I was watching a show on the making of "Gilligan's Island" and the song came on. I love you Lord!

January 25, 2004 – I was over at my parent’s home. We were listening to the television and the theme from "A Summer's Place" came on and my mother remarked how that was her favorite song. I told her it was mine also. I didn’t tell her how God uses that song to let me know He is with me always and that He still loves me.

February 26, 2005 While I was sleeping on the couch I suddenly woke up to realize that the music accompanying the movie I had been watching was at that moment playing “A Summer Place.”

July 30, 2005 – Again I was feeling lonely. I couldn’t go to sleep and I felt restless. I pulled up parts of my book and reread them. The Spirit of the Lord was upon me and I come across the theme to “A Summer’s Place” again not by accident. Thank you Lord for your love even when I feel like at times I can’t return it.

September 9, 2005 I was helping my mom and dad with their yard sale. An ad came on over the radio and the music in the background was the Theme to “A Summer’s Place.” This was special because my mom and dad were moving to Houston and I was feeling sad but the Lord stepped in and His ways he was letting me know I wasn’t alone and that He ordained them to move.

November 2, 2005 – It was a beautiful fall day and I ventured out to see the lovely rolling hills of Virginia. I was visiting the town of Culpepper, Virginia. I went into an antique shop that I had been in years before. I was going down the aisle when suddenly I heard the Theme song to “A Summer’s Place” gently playing in the on the radio!”

September 2006 I am sitting in a Chinese restaurant talking to my editor, John. The Lord had brought us together on a mission – to publish this book! We are talking about all the wonderful things God has done in both of our lives when “A Summer’s Place” comes over the sound system! I just welled up with tears and John knew why.

October 23, 2006 – I was doing the last revision before giving the book back to John to edit. I was listening to the radio when the song “At Last” by Etta James played. I knew that when I get married again I want this to be one of the wedding songs. It was then that I noticed that the chords behind the song eerily sounded like “A Summer Place.” The two shall become one.

There is “no greater love” than to be loved by the creator of the universe and he has come to reveal that to me in such a unique and personal way, over and over again. An overwhelming sense of joy mixed with awe has filled my soul.

Reluctant

*“Then the word of the Lord came to Jonah a second time; “Go to the great city of Nineveh...”
Jonah 3:12*

“Go to France” the Lord seemed to speak into my spirit. It was the summer of 1998. No other direction, no other command.

“But Lord I’ve already been to France, why do you want me to go back *there*?” I didn’t understand His command. Every time I would wrestle with this, the Lord would only impress upon me Proverbs 3:5 “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.”

Months passed by. Finally, after several circumstances had beset me, I realized that I had no choice but to return to France. I knew that if I didn’t do what God wanted me to do I would be in rebellion and nothing I planned to do would turn out right. I couldn’t help feeling that if I didn’t go something awful would happen to me. Not that God would necessarily punish me, but I wouldn’t be under his grace.

What I called procrastination God calls rebellion. I had things happen to me. Other people thought that the unfortunate circumstances were occurring because of bad luck. Yet I knew better. Just like Caleb ended up in the belly of the whale because he would not travel to Nineveh and do what God had instructed him to do, I was suffering the consequences of not obeying and doing what God had told me to do.

I couldn’t take it anymore. I dropped to my knees, in the middle of my living room, crying uncontrollably. There on the floor I repented, “God I’m so sorry, please forgive me, I’ll go to France. Lord, just show me that this is really you speaking to me. That you really want me to go back to France!”

Within an hour of that prayer the phone rang. “Hello” I said.

“Bonjour Kathy” it was Caleb, he was calling from France.

“When are you coming to France? he said. “The Lord told me to call you and ask you that” I shook my head in wonder. God was confirming His call to me.

I told him what had just transpired in my life and what the Lord put on my heart to do. I told him that I would be there in November.

“November” I said “I’ll be there in November.” I then spoke to Cindy. She told me that when I get to Lyon I could stay in her house as I did before. I gladly accepted her offer and told them both I would see them in November.

I knew this time that this was really a missionary endeavor so I knew I had to get pastoral

blessing and covering with prayer. I must admit secretly I was hoping my pastor would say no. I had never seen anyone being sent on the mission field that was a single divorced woman being sent out with the pastor's approval. I secretly thought if he told me no then I would legally have a way to tell God that his under shepherd not letting me go. He knew I knew about submitting to authority. I knew that God had put pastors as leaders over the flock.

I reasoned in my mind that if my pastor said "no" then maybe I really didn't hear from God. You would have thought with all the previous incidents and confirmations that I would know God's voice by now. I also knew that if God had spoken to my pastor's heart about me going then God really was behind me going.

I met with my pastor and explained how I felt God wanted me to go to France. I told him how I wrestled with it and even resisted the idea. It was then he said "I knew you would be going one day and while you're going, give this to Caleb." He handed me an envelope that contained a letter and some money.

Pastor had met Caleb once when he visited my church with me. He immediately sensed that he was a man of God like himself. He then told me how he actually had a desire to plant a church in France.

"Before you go we will pray over you," he said when are you leaving?" I told him I would be leaving when I returned home from my work assignments in November. He then gave me his blessing.

I had finished my work assignments and purchased my non refundable ticket. I then went to church and was brought to the front of the congregation for prayer. That evening I came home and called Cindy. I told her that I was leaving in two days to come to France. I asked to speak to Caleb.

"Kathy, Caleb isn't here and he is not in Lyon. He is traveling with another minister throughout France. I haven't heard from him and I have no idea where he is and how to get in contact with him."

I told her that I was still coming to France as stated months earlier and asked if it would still be alright for me to stay with her.

"Kathy this isn't a good time with Caleb not here, maybe you can come later" she said.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She was renegeing on the invitation to stay with her. What happened in the two months since speaking with her that would cause her to do this? Everything seemed fine at the time.

"Why wasn't Caleb there and why was Cindy now being so unfriendly?" I asked myself.

I was hurt and bewildered. I hurried to get off the phone.

“Okay God, what is this? Didn’t *you* say you wanted me to go to France? I don’t understand.” I kept asking questions “Do I stay home or do I go?”

Everything that I thought was in place to make it feasible for me to go was now gone! My only open door seemed to be closed. I had in my possession a nonrefundable \$500 ticket and very little spending money certainly not enough for a two week stay in France. I had only enough to stay about for four or five days. I was counting on staying at Cindy’s home most of the time but now that wasn’t even an option.

Thoughts of doubt assailed me. *“Did I miss God? Was I too late to do what He had asked me to do months before?”*

God had only told me to go. He hadn’t given me any specifics. All I knew was that I was to go there to pray and walk the land. I was to go to Lyon to the hillside where we had prayed before, claiming the land for a church to be built for the advancement of the kingdom of God.

I called up a minister friend who knew both Caleb and I and asked his advice on this situation.

“Do you think you may be ahead of God, Kathy?” he asked.

“No, I believe I’m really behind the will of God.” I told him. I told him how I felt like I had let God down and now He wasn’t letting me go and had given the assignment to someone else. I thanked him for his advice and hung up the phone. Sitting on the edge of my bed, profound regret filled my heart.

I prayed, I asked the Lord for guidance on whether or not I should go and eventually drifted off to sleep. Later that evening I woke up and knew what I had to do. I had peace about the decision I was to make.

Even though I didn’t have any specific plans, or even a place to stay I knew I was to go to France. God was waiting to see if I would have faith to go. He wanted me to trust Him. “Yes Lord I’ll go,” I told him.

There was a lot to do and to pack since I was to leave early the following day. Later that evening the phone rang. It was Caleb. He told me that had he had just called Cindy and she had told him that I was coming to France. He talked and talked but my mind was just going over the awesomeness of our God. God didn’t let Caleb call me until I decided to obey Him.

God was also not going to let me do whatever He had for me to do alone. I knew that He always sends his disciples by twos on the mission field. But He wanted to see if I would trust him to make provisions for me.

“I’ll be leaving for Paris tomorrow” I told Caleb.

He responded “I know it’s God’s will and timing because I’m already in Paris!”

Return

“...Jonah obeyed the word of the Lord and went to Nineveh.” Jonah 3: 13 (NIV)

When I arrived at Charles de Gaulle airport Caleb was there with another minister. After exchanging hellos and introductions we boarded a train that took us from the airport to downtown. Dr. Frank was a tall African from the Ivory Coast who now lives in the United States. He had several churches he ministered at in France and other parts of Europe, and Caleb was assisting him in this work.

Caleb told me that after getting off the phone with me the previous night that he had secured an inexpensive but clean room at a small hotel. I thanked him. That would help me in extending my limited funds.

Caleb and Dr. Frank, invited me to attend a church service later that night with them. It was going to be held in the suburbs of Paris. I told them “let me get settled first.” Dr. Frank said “we will pick you up around six o’clock.’

The first thing that greeted me as we arrived at church that evening was “Dieu Voit Tout.” This phrase was written on a plaque, over the doorway into the sanctuary of the church. There were well over two hundred people inside. The congregation, the majority of which was of African descent, was very warm and welcoming. I felt like a visiting dignitary. Four kisses on the cheek right, left, right, and left again. They explained that this is the Parisian way of greeting one another.

Everyone took their seats. I went to the third row to sit. I was just thinking about the Lord and His goodness – being amongst Christians in France when a young man approached me and asked me to follow him. I didn’t understand his French so I looked at him as if to say, “I don’t understand.” He motioned me with his left hand that he wanted me to sit on the left side of the pulpit. I said, “I’m ok, and I’ll sit here”, but he insisted. He pointed where I could tell the men of God were sitting; deacons, visiting pastors, evangelists and such.

I finally moved and sat down in the section I was commanded to sit in. I was the only woman on the podium.

“Who am I to be sitting in this area?” I thought to myself.

I was overwhelmed with the honor that God was bestowing on me at the time. It was conveyed to me that they wanted me to address the congregation. “What me?” I said. So many things rushed to my head. I was overcome with conflicting emotions. On the one hand I was humbled but simultaneously I felt a reverential fear. God was preparing me all along for such a time as this. When I walked up to the pulpit Caleb came with me. He translated for me.

I told the congregation, “Since I was a child I have always loved France. The French language, the people, the décor and the style. I had waited all my life to come to Paris and two years ago God granted me my desire.” I told them that “the things we desire are really already known to God and He actually placed them there. He decides, we discover.”

I told them “I believe God has sent me on this mission to help in some way to build His kingdom here in this lovely country. He called me to come back to France and like Jonah I ran away from the calling.”

I told them that because of my disobedience, like Jonah I was “swallowed up in my own circumstances” until I finally surrendered to the will of God. I described how circumstances befell me until I finally repented.

I told them that I believed that my mission was to pray for the churches God wanted to plant here in France, pray for the body of Christ here and while here walk the land of Paris and Lyon “to let God’s glory be manifested in France.”

I then told them about my first mission trip on how God previously sent me along with Caleb to do a prayer walk through Paris and Lyon. I told them how my pastor wanted to plant a church in France.

They seemed pleased with what I was saying. Who would have thought when I arrived here that the first night here I would be speaking to them – the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. God did. I told them that just like the plaque on their doorway says “Dieu Voit Tout” – God really does see all.

Redeemer

"...I am your servant Ruth..."

Ruth 3:9

After the service, Caleb and Dr. Frank took me back to my hotel. It was a very quaint hotel with a very small bathroom down the hall, a single bed, and long French windows that I love. The biggest plus was that I could afford it. As I lay down to sleep, I kept thinking of how miraculous God had been in my life. I then drifted off the sleep.

Upon awakening the next morning, French words were formed on my lips, I woke up speaking French! I realized I also had been dreaming in French. It didn't stop there. All day long I could speak and understand anyone speaking to me in French.

As I walked through the city and went in and out of stores, I was able to converse with people and they understood me and I understood them! This was a wonder sign to me that here was where I was supposed to be.

Caleb asked a twenty eight year old Parisian lady named Ruth if I could stay with her a few days. Ruth agreed that I could stay with her for a few days. Ruth was the praise and worship leader for several small French African churches in the suburbs of Paris. She is Caucasian. She spoke little English and my French had reverted back to my original level of comprehension, which was about the same as her English. However, through all of our "signs" and broken French and English we were able to communicate with each other because we wanted to so badly. In our first conversation, she told me that God had told her sometime ago that He would be sending missionaries to her house. "You are my first missionary" she said. I was honored and humbled to see the hand of God working. Caleb had told me Ruth's salvation story prior to my meeting her.

She was from a well-to-do Parisian family that was heavily involved in the occult. When she was nine years old they got involved in satanic worship. She told me that she never felt love from her parents nor from her only brother. The only one she felt love from was from her dog. Her parents later offered her as a sacrifice to Satan.

She had told him that for years there were unspeakable things that would happen to her and she never told me exactly but I could only imagine the horrible abuse she must have been subjected to. People around her thought she was crazy and at times she herself felt maybe she was. She also told me how she never wanted anyone to hug or touch her. She was desperate for help. When she met some believers who offered to pray for her deliverance she took them up on their offer. Caleb told me that it took ten men to restrain her as the demons struggled to keep her in bondage.

My mind went back to when I was introduced to her. I was sitting in Pastor Ywebo's home and was watching Dr. Yonggi Cho on video. They had put this on because it was in English and it was religious. Everyone in the house spoke French and no English.

When Caleb walked in with her and the pastor, the children in the household ran up to her. She squatted and held out her arms and they ran into them. She hugged and kissed them all. I'm looking at a young lady that had a lot of love inside her and it was miraculous how God had delivered her and healed her so that she now gave out so much love.

Later when she was driving me to her apartment, she gave me her testimony of how she got saved. I didn't tell her that Caleb had already told me and I let her tell me again.

She told me that when she was about nineteen someone befriended her and she had begun to trust him. That person invited her to their church. I could tell the way she was describing it that it wasn't one of the many stained glass churches that are now open only for tourists and chamber music concerts. It was a church that believed in the word of God and the power of God's word. Jesus was preached there.

Entering the church, she tried to explain how it was hard for her to stay still while the pastor was preaching. Apparently people around her knew that they were dealing with someone who was demonically possessed. When the demons started to manifest it took a group of men and women to hold her and pray over her. The demons did not want to release her but the power of God from these prayer warriors was no match for the devil. They spoke to those demons to come out of her and one night she received her freedom.

She told me it was this African pastor, Pastor Ywebo and his wife who took her in to live with them so that she could totally break free from the influences of her past. She didn't tell me the details of what she was doing when they accepted her into their home but she did say that they loved her like no one had before and she told me "These are my parents!"

Refiner

“And refine them like gold and silver” Malachi 3:3

Ruth took me around her very large apartment. She then showed me various beautiful things in her home. I love armoires and she showed me three that the Lord had blessed her with. They were all very large and had the ornate touches that I love! She had just recently moved away from Pastor Ywebo’s household. She was now on her own.

She told me the wonderful story of how even though she was single and lived on a small yet comfortable income she had been able to get a three bedroom apartment. In France this is considered a luxury to have so much room for one person. I stayed with her for three days and each morning she would wake up around 5:00 am, and sing unto the Lord.

It was a beautiful experience to witness. I would lie in my bed and just listen to her sing praises to the Lord. It truly blessed me to hear someone who had been through so much worship the Lord the way she did.

During her worship I could tell the enemy was attacking her. She would start to cough and her voice would start to crack. Immediately I would pray for her. One morning I asked her about one of the songs I heard her singing. She told me it was “Purify My Heart.” She went to get a notepad and pen and she wrote the song in French and subtitled in English. Here is that song:

Purifie mon Cœur

Purifie mon Cœur (*Purify My Heart*)

Rends moi aussi pur que l’or (*Let me be as gold*)

et l’argent (*And precious silver*)

Purifie mon Cœur (*Purify My Heart*)

Rends moi aussi pur que l’or et l’argent (*Let me be as gold*)

Feu du fondeur (*Refiner’s fire*)

Je n’ai qu’un desir (*My heart’s one desire*)

etre saint (*to be holy*)

entre saint (*to be holy*)

Mis a part pour toi (*Set apart for You,)*

Mom seul maitre (*my Master*)

Oui je choisis d’etre saint (*I choose to be holy*)

Et pret a t’obeir (*Ready to do Your will*)

Reliance

“I will put my trust in him...”
Hebrews 2:13

After three days with Ruth I left her home to head to Lyon. I feel strongly that Caleb was to accompany me but he was torn between going to Lyon with me and going with Dr. Frank in his ministry.

I knew God had connected Caleb and me for the work that he wanted done in France. I also knew that I was not to tell the man of God what to do but pray that he did what the Lord wanted him to do. I was being careful not to make him feel guilty—he had to make that decision with no help from me. Caleb decided to stay in Paris.

I feel confident that with or without Caleb traveling with me, I had a mission to accomplish and I was going to complete it. I knew that I was to walk the land of France and in particular go back to the area where Caleb, myself, and Cindy prayed for a church to be raised in Ecuilly, an area outside of Lyon.

Ruth and I exchanged addresses and parted each being the richer for knowing one another. Ruth is someone I will never forget. Her Godly manner and generosity, her love of the Lord as demonstrated through sacrificial worship, and the love and time she gave to the people of God was truly wonderful to see. Her exemplary lifestyle has truly inspired me to do more.

The name Ruth says it all. She was like Ruth in the Bible. Ruth left her people to live amongst people who were not her people. She found in these people her kinsman redeemer, the true and living God Jesus!

Return

“they and their children will survive, they will return”

Zechariah 10:9

I traveled by train for over three hours to Lyon. When I arrived, I walked to the oldest part of town “Vieux Lyon” (Old Lyon). I remember it from the last time I was there. It is one of the most preserved renaissance areas outside of Venice, Italy. I found a hotel in Vieux Lyon. My room was on the second floor and I had beautiful windows that were at least 6 feet tall. They also had intricate iron shutters. When I opened the shutters I was amazed at the view. I had an outstanding view of the shops and homes and the beautiful Fourviere Church sitting like the “grande dame” of Lyon on the top of Fourviere hill.

That afternoon I took off on my mission walking the land of Lyon, France. I was going back to the place where I knew God wanted a church built. The last time I was in Lyon I remember Caleb telling me that building a church in Lyon was part of a larger vision that the Lord had given him. He believed that a Christian school would also be built and that a radio station that would broadcast the Gospel would occur in Ecuilly.

Ecuilly is a town on the outskirts of Lyon, high upon a hill overlooking the town below. To get to this site where I had been only once a few years earlier, I was dependent on my memory but most of all upon the Holy Spirit to guide me. I naturally had a good sense of direction and usually I could go back to a place once I'd been there before, but this was different. I was in a country where I didn't have command of the language and I had only been there once before two years earlier. I had to retrace what steps I knew, and that was starting with the subway as I did before with Caleb and Cindy.

While on the subway I asked the Lord “Which stop do I get off on?” I prayed continuously. “Is this it?” I asked.

“Yes, this is it” I stated triumphantly. I got off one subway line and now I am transferring to another. I eventually went to the stop I felt was the one I should come out at. Then I remembered that Caleb, Cindy, and I took a bus.

I walked outside of the subway station and turned right. I went to the area where I saw people getting on and off buses and got the bus that I thought would get me to Ecuilly.

As I am riding, familiar scenes began to unfold and I felt like I was going the right way. It was now dusk and the streetlights were turning on. I had been traveling on the bus for over forty minutes. In total I'd been traveling for about an hour and a half after getting off the train. I saw the university. I remember Caleb pointing out the University to me on my trip before and I knew that I had to walk from there. I got off the bus and started walking. Past the university, past houses and neighborhoods I kept walking. It was dark but for some strange reason I was not afraid.

It was getting a little chilly but I feel I'm almost there. I kept walking and climbing this

never ending hill. Suddenly the area opened up and I realized that this construction site was the site where we had prayed for the church. I had made it!

Looking out at this land, and down below at the city lights of Lyon below and looking up at the November sky I marveled at the majesty of it all. I then found an area and prayed for God's will to be performed in Ecuilly. I prayed for the future pastor of this church and that he would have a shepherd's heart and want to pastor the people. I prayed for the congregation that would they be sent to this church. It was so awesome to be divinely directed to this place.

Later that evening when I got back to the hotel, I called Cindy. I felt that we had been put together as a team and it was not right for me not to forgive her because she didn't feel comfortable with me staying with her. I knew she was an integral part of what God was doing here and I wanted her to know that I still loved her as a sister in Christ.

"Cindy, this is Kathy" I said over the phone. She immediately apologized for the way she last spoke to me.

"Cindy it's alright, I'm here and I want to get together with you." She invited me over for tea the next day. I remember from the last time how to take the subway to her house.

I walked up the four flights of stairs to her apartment. When she opened the door she smiled as if she was truly glad to see me. "Oh Kathy, please come in," she said. Sitting at her dining table sipping tea, I told her what had happened since we were together and since being in France. I told her that Caleb and I had always had a supernatural relationship. I told her that I never talked to Caleb but when God was ready for us to do something, He put us together!

"I don't call him, he doesn't call me but the Lord puts us together. He only puts us together to do His will," I told her. Caleb walks in the calling of an apostle/prophet and as for me, well I don't know why I'm put with him, I just am," I said.

She just laughed out loud for the incredulous nature of our relationship and then suddenly the phone rang. Smiling she said "It's Caleb!"

She handed me the phone. "Hello Kathy", the voice on the other end said.

"Hi Caleb, so how are you doing?" I inquired.

He then told me that he was fine and that he was on his way to Lyon. I started to laugh silently.

"Kathy you had the guts to come to France on your own and this gave me strength to go to Marseille to preach the Gospel" he said. He told me that the enemy told him that if he went to Marseille he would kill him!

We talked for a few more minutes and then we hung up the phone. Cindy and I just marveled at how God had orchestrated us being together again and how putting our trust in Him was a necessary part His kingdom work.

Respond

“He will respond to prayers...”

Psalm 102:17

They say that on the mission field, prayer becomes your lifeline. That is true. I would stay up late and read my Bible. I would meditate on scriptures and ask the Lord to show me what he wanted me to pray about while I was here.

One day, Cindy and I were leaving church. We talked and laughed and as we were changing trains in the metro system. I was just instructing Cindy on how we have to be ready at any time for the Lord to use us, when we came upon a horrific scene.

We had just turned the corner to walk upstairs when suddenly we saw a woman lying lifeless at the bottom of the stairs!

Apparently she must have fell, or collapsed going down the stairs. I don't know how it happened but her head hit the landing and her body was sprawled upon the stairs. Around her head was a very large pool of blood! Cindy gasped and closed her eyes.

“Start praying!” I told her.

People seeing the lady would hurry past her or scream and or just stand there looking. People were hurrying everywhere to get out of the way. There was a lot of commotion. Clutching our Bibles and closing our eyes we prayed intensely. I prayed in tongues and Cindy in French. For what seemed like five minutes we stood there. The lady's body was still lifeless. We didn't move.

We were storming the heavens with urgent prayers to God to save this woman. Whistles were blown and we opened our eyes to see the gendarmes (the French police) moving everyone out of the area, but they didn't motion to us to move! We were allowed to stay!

They must have known that we were praying or they didn't see us. Whatever the case, they didn't bother us. We were still praying for the woman when suddenly she started to move her fingers! “She's moving...she's still alive!” I said out loud. We left as they were getting her ready to be transported to the hospital.

Receive

“Whoever welcomes one of these little children in my name welcomes me”

Mark 9:37

Everywhere I went in France the children and teens wanted to hear about life here in the United States. They asked lots of questions. Such as “What do the kids in America do for fun?” “What type of music do they listen to?” “What are the schools like,” etc, etc. They concluded that it must be wonderful to live in the USA.

These French children are so precious. Unfortunately, a lot of them get involved in the occult at an early age. They like to get their palms read and they think it’s all very innocent. The last time I was there I met Cindy’s daughter, Caroline. She was with her two friends, Sabrina and Guillaume. Cindy and Caroline are Indian, Sabrina is white, and Guillaume is from the Middle East.

On my last trip, God had opened up an opportunity to minister to them. I had bought them Bibles (theirs were in French). They had fun learning about Jesus. I was recently told that something wonderful happened to them while I was gone. They received the baptism of the Holy Spirit! Here is how it happened:

One day they got together to play in Cindy’s bedroom and they decided to ask God to give them the baptism of the Holy Spirit. They had heard about it from the adults and so they wanted it. They knew that they had to be baptized by the Holy Spirit in order to speak in tongues. They wanted to speak in tongues!

So God honored their request. Cindy, Caleb, and some of the other parents that were downstairs came up to Caroline’s room because they heard strange noises. When they opened the door they found that these three children were on their backs on the floor speaking in other tongues! Praise God!

Realization

“...and in favor with the Lord and men.”

1 Samuel 2:26

One day I was at a subway station in Lyon and I was searching in my knapsack looking for francs to put into the machine to get a billet (ticket). A French lady walked up and said “Ici pour vous” (Here this is for you!) as she handed me a metro ticket. I stood there in shock for a minute and then thanked her. “Praise the Lord” I said to myself.

The hotel owner where I was staying at was very friendly to me. Both Caleb and Cindy were impressed to see him and others relate to me with the ease. They commented that normally French and especially the Lyonnaise are renowned for their reserved demeanor to not only their countrymen but *especially* to foreigners.

While we were walking from my hotel to the metro, the grocer next door came outside next to his stand of fresh fruits and vegetables and shouted to me "Bonjour Mademoiselle, comment ca va?"

Both Caleb and Cindy just shook their head and said "God is definitely granting you favor."

Later that day we decide to go to a church where Caleb and Cindy attended sometimes. This church is in Lyon and had a French pastor and an American female copastor. Tonight was dedicated to evangelism.

The theme was the Orient. On the wall hung a Kimono, a fan, oriental symbols and letterings. People arriving were greeted with two kisses on the cheek. I saw the love of Christ in these people.

I walked into the main hall of the church and it was set with many tables. Each table had beautiful matching blue and yellow tablecloths. A large bottle of mineral water was set at each table. They brought out the first course that consisted of egg rolls and salad. The second course was thin noodles and curried beef and the last course of the dinner was a dessert consisting of scoops of lemon sorbet with almond crisps and tapioca. The dinner lasted two hours.

Several internationals sat at our dinner table. A British missionary, who spoke French and Arabic; an middle eastern man, and a latino man from Mexico. The pastor came over to our table and told us about his vision for His church as an outreach to the world. He himself spoke four languages!

After dinner the tables were pushed to the wall and a disco ball was dropped from the ceiling! Oh wow! This was something I had never seen in church strobe lights; smoke machine, red and yellow blinking lights! They even had a DJ pumping music throughout

the hall. This was neat! What a clever concept: “dancing in church!”

The song “I will survive” by Gloria Gaynor came on and everyone ran to the middle of the dance floor. “What is going on” I thought. It seems that that song was the unofficial national anthem of France.

Everyone got in a circle and moved around locking arms singing “LAAaaLAAALLaaaa” it was truly “joie de vivre!” Joy of Life!

Reunion

“A three braided cord is not easily broken”
Ecclesiastes 4:12

The next morning, the three of us decided to eat breakfast together. Cindy and Caleb met me at the hotel and we walked up on the same hill overlooking Lyon that we had walked up over two years ago. Two years ago Cindy had said that I would be returning to Lyon (matter of fact she said I would be living there part time), and here we were two years later on the same hill!

We walked to Bellecourt, a busy square in the center of town. We went to the mall nearby. It was there that Caleb made a phone call. “I’m going back to Paris” he informed us upon his return. It took Carol and me completely off guard with this new revelation. It seems that the phone call he made was crucial to his decision to now leave. He told us that he was going to secure his train ticket to go back to Paris. He went to get his train ticket.

Cindy was upset. “There he goes leaving once again, Kathy how can he do that knowing you’re here and all...” she said.

She felt that he should have realized that since God had sent me here and it seemed like God had a work for us to do, how could he just up and leave. She was about to say something to him when he had returned.

“Cindy” I whispered “let him go.” “He’s not going anywhere. You’ll see!”

She looked at me as if I was the stupidest woman on earth. Didn’t I just hear him say he was leaving. She shook her head and said “Ok Kathy I agree not say anything about him leaving.”

Caleb returned and told us that he was leaving to go back to Paris and minister with Dr. Frank. He then said his goodbyes and left. I told Cindy that I believed that to tell Caleb to stay would be a manipulation and that I learned through sound teaching that God considers that a form of “witchcraft” and we as Christians should be careful in that area.

I told her that since I know that Caleb is a man that hears from God and I know that God would impress upon him what to do and to remind him that I was sent here to co labor with him here in France, he’ll do the right thing. I went on to say “I know right now it doesn’t appear that he’s listening, but I am confident that Caleb will ultimately hear and obey God’s voice.”

“What are we do then” Cindy asked.

“Do whatever we were going to do” I responded. So with that declaration we went

shopping! We were laughing and talking just like we had two years ago. We were enjoying each other.

We walked to the metro. We hugged each other as we parted. She on her way home and I on my way back to my hotel. As she was about to step on the train she turned and looked down the platform.

“Look who’s here!” Cindy exclaimed. I turned my head to see what she was looking at. It was Caleb. I started laughing at timing of God and how faithful God is.

“My train stopped ...it wouldn’t run, my mind kept thinking about how our meeting again was no coincidence, so I knew I must be out of God’s will.”

“I knew you couldn’t go anywhere,” I stated.

He looked at me, “Why didn’t you tell me to stay here then?”

“I don’t want you to feel obligated because of me, I wanted you to realize for yourself that God sent me here. He wanted us to pray for this country and to do the things He has for us to do as a team for Him.” I then asked him “If you were praying for me to come here, why didn’t you stay here in Lyon or come to Lyon from Paris with me?”

At first he could not answer and then gave some excuse about not having enough finances. I said, “Neither did I, Caleb but I still came.”

He then finally gave me the truth “I lost hope in the vision.” He was referring to the vision he had told me about two years earlier.

“OK then, let’s be real with each other.” Three missionaries sent by God to a country not their own hugged each other in a subway station that afternoon in Lyon, France.

Result

*“...they should bring them into bondage, and treat them ill,
four hundred years. And the nation to which they
shall be in bondage will I judge, said God...”*
Acts 7:67 (ASV)

Vince Green president of the Christian Heritage Division asked me one day “Kathy how would you like to conduct tours concerning the Christian heritage of these United States.”

He had five men doing this type of tours and now he was asking me. Not only would I be the first female but the first black to take this type of assignment with this division.

This was new territory and it seemed exciting yet I was not totally comfortable with it. “Why was this proposition not easy for me to accept?” I thought to myself. I told myself “I am an amateur historian; I conduct historical tours throughout the east coast. I incorporate as much as I can about the various cultural influences in our nation’s history.” Now I’m asked to incorporate the founding fathers in a light that I wasn’t familiar with – them being Christians or if nothing else men of faith.

Being a devout follower of Christ, I had no problems in sharing my faith. I knew where I stood on spiritual things but could I really stand up and teach others that our American founding fathers were devout Christians? Were they really devout men of God? If they weren’t, then did they at least believe in a supreme being? I really didn’t know and I needed to know. The root of this doubt was a huge question that challenged me to the core of my being: “How could they own slaves and also be Christians?”

I knew the only one who could answer that question was the Lord. “How can I reconcile this, being a descendant of slaves and possibly slave masters. How can I justify their Christianity?” I pondered. Slave masters being Christians? That was too contradictory for me. “How could they hear and read about Jesus and yet keep people in bondage?”

I told Don that I would pray about it and let him know. I did tell him that I would still like to take the training he was conducting for new leaders and I would make my decision after training. I love to learn new things and if nothing else I could hear something that I could possibly use in the future.

“Now, if I could just understand why or where God was in this part of our history, then maybe I could teach with confidence and freedom knowing that God had a purpose for everyone here in America” I said.

I met the men who were also in training, Don, and our trainer, a man named Craig. Craig is an authority on the Christian heritage of our country. He has written books attesting to the evidence of Christian symbols, beliefs, scriptures and proof throughout Washington DC. They can be found throughout the city on buildings, architecture, sculptures, and

other landmarks. We met for breakfast at the Supreme Court cafeteria and then afterwards we went to the Capitol for part of our training. I learned that while incorporating this portion of our nation's history with the youth, we would also be conducting devotions at Arlington Cemetery, praying for the President on the lawn outside of the White House, and praying for Congress on the lawn of the Capitol. I really liked the fact that this was ministry. I learned that Washington was definitely a man of God and he loved the Lord. He knew that fighting for their rights to be independent from Great Britain was hypocritical. In fact that the majority of the framers of their society depended on slavery.

History, culture, and being able to talk about Jesus openly and minister to the youth was fantastic news to me. But again I kept thinking during the training "how do I address the dichotomy of freedom loving, professing Christians who also happened to be slave owners?" Before I could teach anyone about their faith, my faith had to be restored that God was truly in the midst of our forefathers.

Inside the Capitol dome which is called the Rotunda I took notes: the trainer discussed the painting of the first Native American to be baptized in the Christian faith Pocahontas; the statue of the late Reverend Dr. Martin Luther Kingman of God and civil rights leader, and the statue of Abraham Lincoln, the great emancipator of slaves in the south. As he spoke about Lincoln, my prayer was answered.

Craig discussed in detail about the life of Abraham Lincoln. He said that according to William Johnson, an author who wrote "Abraham Lincoln the Christian", he wrote "Shortly before his death an Illinois clergyman asked Lincoln, "Do you love Jesus?" Mr. Lincoln solemnly replied: "When I left Springfield I asked the people to pray for me. I was not a Christian. When I buried my son, the severest trial of my life, I was not a Christian. But when I went to Gettysburg and saw the graves of thousands of our soldiers, I then and there consecrated myself to Christ. Yes, I do love Jesus." (*William J. Johnson, Abraham Lincoln The Christian, Mott Media p.172*)

Craig stated "Abraham Lincoln, being President of a divided country and now a Christian, now realized why America was in this war. He had said before the war that he would have the country be all free, or all slaves but not divided. Now with the revelation that comes with knowing Jesus he is made aware of the real reason for the war. This revelation was documented view in his Second Inaugural address. Let's listen:"

*"Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The almighty has His own purposes. Woes unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh. **If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North***

and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern there any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether" (bold lettering mine)

Wow! This was an answer to my prayer! Maybe some of the founding fathers were Christians and truly knew Christ but they were men. God still worked through their imperfections and their wrongdoings just as he does today with us.

Stephen McDowell and Mark Beliles state in their book *America's Providential History*. *"Most of our founders were Christians, but this does not mean they were without fault. Providential history does not mean "sinless" or "sugarcoated" history. Like the Bible, it introduces people God has used for His purposes, even though they had shortcomings and sins not to be emulated"*

Slavery is not just an American thing. It has been around for thousands of years, and is still happening in parts of the world, it's just new to us. The slaves had it right when they called out to a righteous God. Was it coincidental that they considered their plight to those of the Hebrews in Egypt? "Canaan land", which was the Promise Land, was code for escaping American slaves' to their promised land, Canada.

The "Pharaoh" depicted in the verse of one of the songs that they would sing, "Tell Ole Pharaoh let my people go" was their code word for the slave owners those who had the power to set them free from their bondage. Both Washington, and Jefferson felt that slavery would eventually be done away with but they put it off for future generations. In Mark Beliles and Stephen McDowell's book, "America's Providential History" it says "At the founding our country, every one of our Founding Fathers believed that involuntary slavery was an evil institution that needed to be abolished...thus they believed such an entrenched social problem must be overcome gradual. Many of them had slaves and yet were leaders in antislavery organizations"

God heard the cries of His people! He allowed the Civil War to be the instrument for their release from bondage.

Abraham Lincoln stated in part on April 30th 1863: "And insomuch as we know that by His divine law nations, like individuals, are subject to punishments and chastisements in this world, may we not justly fear that the awful calamity of civil war which now desolates the land may be but a punishment inflicted upon us for our presumptuous sins, to the needful end of our national reformation as a whole people?..."

I have come to realize that God wanted all people groups to be here in this land called America. There have been a lot of things done wrongly in the name of religion. But

those who have an ear to hear let them realize that America was blessed by God to be a blessing to the world and he wants all people groups here, one way or another.

I heard an African minister speak about this. He said that he knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that God sent Africans to America to worship Him. He brought “the seed” of Africa to America because our ancestors were worshipping false gods and God in his infinite wisdom will get His seed! If God sent His chosen people the Hebrews into slavery in Egypt because of their disobedience, who are we to tell God how to mete out judgment.

But God did deal with America when it was time to release His people, similar to how Moses told Pharaoh to release the Hebrew nation. Pharaoh hardened his heart and wouldn't release them. The stubbornness of the leaders in America required God to bring his Judgment:

“With a mighty hand the Lord brought us out of Egypt, out of the land of slavery”
Exodus 13:14

This revelation of God's providence has ministered to hundreds of people over the years. I've told this to pastors, teachers, administrators, students, parents, and even those who have been in the hearing of my speech on the steps of Lincoln memorial. One time a man hearing me teach this shouted, “That's a lie...you're telling them lies!”

Unflinching, I calmly told him “Sir, look at the Second Inaugural Address on the right side of Abraham Lincoln and then tell me if I am telling a lie.” God in his infinite wisdom has etched into the very fiber of our history the evidence of his providential justice there on the wall of the Lincoln Memorial, in our nation's capitol, Washington, DC.

Recuperation

“To revive the spirit of the lowly and to revive the Heart of the contrite”

Isaiah 57

Daryl had now moved back home. He had promised me that he would abide by the rules of my home. I had gone through a lot with Daryl. While God had delivered him from substance abuse he still wanted to control my household and me. There were daily loud arguments. I wanted him out again.

“He’s hurt me long enough” I thought. I had had enough. I didn’t want to do anything, I was tired and I wanted the pain to go away. I could hardly pray anymore. I was frustrated.

I was living at this time in a one bedroom apartment. I had gotten this after Robert said that he wanted to live with his Dad. Now his Dad didn’t have a place to live and because things didn’t work out with his Dad he came back home to live with me. With Daryl returning from rehab, we had three people in a one bedroom apartment.

It was Friday morning. I didn’t want to fight with Daryl anymore. I had the sheets pulled over my head to shut out the world. Robert was sitting on the bed watching TV. The 700 club, a well know Christian television program, hosted by Pat Robertson came on. I heard them talking about news and such. Then the portion I usually pay attention to more intently came on. This is the segment when people give testimony of what Christ has done in their life and then Pat and the other hosts pray for others who are in troubling situations.

I admit that I always get encouraged when I watch this segment, but on this particular day I couldn’t even look at the screen. I just wanted the hurt and pain I was feeling to go away. I really wanted Daryl to get out of my house and be on his own. He was now twenty-four years old and I had now been dealing with his rebellion and substance abuse issues for over ten years. On top of all this, I was battling what I thought was an ulcer but I hadn’t seen a doctor. I felt just awful.

Pat Robertson and his co-host for the day, Terri Meuwsen, were now praying for the audience and viewers. Pat had a word from the Lord for someone and then Terri had a word too. “There is a lady out there that has unforgiveness in her heart towards a family member, God wants you to forgive and release that person. Your healing is dependent on you forgiving that person....”.

Within seconds of her stating that, Robert said “Mom that is for you!” I knew it was for me too started to cry. Tears of pain and hurt just came out of me. I sobbed. I didn’t want to hate my son anymore; I wanted to love him again. Through the tears I asked God to forgive me and to help me to love Daryl.

“Lord I forgive Daryl” I said through tears. I knew that He had sent help to me via the

gift of the word of knowledge on the 700 Club.

Reattached

“Lord,” he said, “my servant lies at home paralyzed and in terrible suffering.”

Jesus said to him “I will go and heal him”

Matthew 8:67

In September 2000 I accepted a position as manager of the Christian Heritage Division. We had just merged with another company and they needed a manager for the DC office. The best part of this offer was that I could work from home. I was thrilled with the prospect of this appointment. That evening I accepted an assignment to take a group of teenagers to the Christian youth rally on the Mall in Washington, DC the next day.

Young groups from around the country were traveling to Washington DC to attend the “The Call” in Washington, D.C. They were taking a stand for Jesus and calling people to return to biblical ethics and virtues in our society, government. It was great seeing so many young people hungry to be involved in building God’s Kingdom here on earth.

After the meeting I took my group to see some of the memorials and then we went to Arlington Cemetery. This is one of, if not the largest military cemetery in the country. There are two other Christian leaders beside myself leading this group. While the group was watching the changing of the guard at “the Tomb or the Unknown soldiers”, I decided to go to the restroom.

While walking down the marble stairs, I missed a step and then I heard a “pop!” My left knee couldn’t take the pressure and down I went, landing on the cold marble right before the entrance door to the ladies room. I tried to get up but I couldn’t.

My one leg was bent under the other and I couldn’t lift it up. I cried out in intense pain. Christie, one of the other leaders, and a friend of mine came to my rescue. She laid her hands on me and prayed intensely. She motioned to the other leader to get help.

Christie said “Don’t worry Kathy we will take care of your students...just take care of yourself.”

People from the cemetery came and took me down the hill to where I took a cab home. I didn’t have adequate insurance so I didn’t want to go to the emergency room of the hospital. I contacted the hospital and asked for a recommendation for an orthopedic specialist. I told him this was urgent and he told me to come in. I took a taxi to the doctor’s office and went inside a room awaiting the doctor.

Dr. Kavjain walked in and introduced himself. He examined my knee. He said that the quadriceps tendon had ripped away from the bone. He pointed to where it was and where it should be. It was three inches higher up my right thigh than it should have been. He told me that it would require surgery.

I didn’t want to let him see me panicking but I was thinking, “I don’t have enough

insurance and I know this is going to cost.” I was shaking from the enormity of what this surgery would cost me. I asked him what he thought it would cost. He said “between \$20 \$26,000.” He told me he would be back right back and then he left the room.

I panicked and thought “What am I to do? I don’t have any where near that kind of money to pay for this.” I felt so alone. I started to shake with fear. I cried out to the Lord, “Please Lord, I need you more than ever Lord, please ...please Lord take my hand, I need you right by me.... please Lord!”

All of a sudden the Lord made His presence very strong and known to me. I felt like He was sitting right next to me and I knew that everything would be ok.

I urgently said the following: “Please Jesus heal me, you’re the great physician and I believe you can heal me.” I felt an assurance and a “knowing” deep in my spirit that the Lord would heal me.

The doctor came back in and placed my knee in a brace to keep it stabilized. He said to find out how I could pay for the work that he would have to do and in the mean time to wear the brace and come back for examinations. I went home with a brace on my leg thanking God that he had given me the grace and peace to walk out this trial. He had already made provision in the fact that now that I couldn’t be on my feet and I still had work I could do from home.

During this time I still had an assignment where I would need to travel and I had to be on the road. I called the company and told them my situation. They couldn’t find a replacement for me, but they did make me an offer.

“If you can go on the trip we will give you someone to be your ‘legs’” The company representative said.

Candy was assigned to be my “feet” on this tour. The vendors, the hotel personnel and other tour professionals, were calling me crazy to be “out here” working in my condition. They pleaded with me to obtain surgery as soon as possible. I told them that I wasn’t having surgery.

“You’re going to see a miracle” I said. “God will heal me.”

“Oh really?” would sometimes be the response when I made these bold statements. Others would shrug their shoulders as if to say “I don’t believe she is saying this.... she’s hopeless.” Several pleaded with me not to take “my religion” too seriously. I told them that I believed in what I believed and reiterated “you’re going to see a miracle!”

I gave no room for the devil. I prayed, sang praise and worship songs around the house and even went made my way to church. My pastor saw me sitting with my leg propped up and he called me up one Sunday to pray over me. He read to me James 5:14, which

gives believers the following admonition:

“If any of you are sick, let them call for the elders of the church to pray over them and anoint them with oil in the name of the Lord”

When he finished praying over me he told me that I would have to fight for my healing to be complete but that I would be healed. I didn't really understand what that meant but all I knew is that I would be healed! Praise God! I believed God would answer my prayer.

Even though I believed that God would heal me I had already had an appointment with the doctor to discuss having the surgery. The day before that appointment I still wasn't healed. That night I took off my leg brace and went to sleep as usual...

It was around two o'clock in the morning the following week. I woke up to feel my leg moving all by itself! It was as if an unseen hand was moving my leg. *God was performing the surgery!* I knew it, I felt it! My tendon was being pulled back into position. All I could do was cry and say softly “Thank you Jesus, Thank you Lord!”

I just laid there and praised the Lord and drifted off back to sleep. I knew God had healed me. The next morning I remembered what God had done in the early morning hour. I got up and there was no pain, no instability, nothing! I didn't need the leg brace. I was healed!

The next morning my mother came to pick me up and to take me to the doctor. I wore the leg brace because I didn't want my mother to say anything to me about not wearing it, and I wanted the doctor to confirm what I already knew had transpired. When it came time to examine me in his office, I took off the leg brace.

“Can you put your leg up here?” He asked pointing to the examining table.

I then raised my leg without the need to hold it and placed it on the table. I could tell by the look on his face he was astonished.

He then instructed me to push against his hand with my leg. I did so with a lot of force.

“Wow, this is amazing!” he said. “All I can say is it's completely reattached!”

“Praise you Lord” my mother let out. “Thank you Jesus” I exclaimed. The doctor didn't know what to say so he said, “You can go because it certainly appears that you no longer need the surgery.”

When I got to the car, I started to cry. I kept thanking the Lord over and over. The following song kept resonating in my heart and spirit and I kept singing it over and over.

*“Let the weak say “I am strong”
Let the poor say “I am rich”*

*Let the blind say "I can see"
It's what the Lord has done in ME!*

*Hosanna Hosanna to the Lamb that was slain
Hosanna Hosanna Jesus died and Rose Again!*

Rejected

*“...Weeping may tarry for the night, But joy cometh in the morning.
Psalms 30:5 (ASV)*

I was glad my family was able to come to visit me. I was on an assignment and I had the day off in beautiful Williamsburg, Virginia. The company that I contracted with had their clients stay at the beautiful four star resort called the Williamsburg Inn. The Williamsburg Inn is where dignitaries, prime ministers, presidents, and celebrities have stayed while visiting there. It resembles an old English Manor. It has a world class golf course and they also have the very beautiful Regency Dining Room. I decided to take my parents to lunch there. Ah, the Regency Dining room when you walk in a very attentive staff warmly greets you. As you step down into the sumptuously decorated dining room, it's as if you have entered the era of the well heeled and old money. Chandeliers, floor to ceiling windows overlooking manicured grounds, dining room attendants with white jackets and linen napkins draped over their arms.

I had traveled extensively throughout the historic East Coast, Canada, Mexico and parts of Europe and I have had the opportunity and privilege to stay in some pretty magnificent exclusive hotels and resorts. This time I wanted my family to see the type of style I have grown accustomed to experiencing.

While we were all looking at our menus, Clay, a very distinguished waiter probably in his midforties, walked up. I had seen him many times while dining here but had never met him or had him wait on me.

When he approached our table I extended my hand towards him and said, "Hi, you might not remember me, I'm Kathy, I am here...." I said.

Before I could get my sentence out, he said, "I know who you are...you usually sit in the first row, third seat by the window overlooking the golf course."

Wow! I was impressed. This man was clearly very aware of my presence here. I was a little taken aback yet I didn't know why. He asked for our orders. Still trying to come to grips with that brief albeit heady experience, I begin telling my sister Tena all about the Kings Arm Theresa ale that I ordered. Kings Arm represents the coat of arms of the King of England during colonial times.

Clay, our waiter was now in the vicinity of our table again and hearing me explain the coat of arms he looked at me intently and explained some other aspect of the arms I didn't know. "Would you care to see it?" he asked me.

"Sure" is all I could think of saying. He led me into this other room, which contained a rendition of the King's Arm. My conversations from then on were on two levels. I was listening to his explanation but was also thinking to myself "was he flirting with me?"

He escorted me back to my table. He brought out the meal and as usual it was wonderful. My father picked up the tab as usual whenever the family is together he blesses us with picking up the bill.

I was about to leave when Clay came back to the table and asked me “when will you be back here?” as if he wanted to know personally not professionally.

I answered "in a month."

He then extended his hand and when I shook his hand a jolt of electricity hit us. Wow! Did he feel it too? He didn't take his eyes off me nor let go of my hand for what seemed to be a long time.

I have to admit in some strange way I didn't want him to let go of my hand. “This must be a sign!” I thought, “maybe he's the one...my husband!”

Oh, it didn't matter that he was a waiter and it didn't matter that I knew absolutely nothing about him. All I could think about is that this was a sign from above. This had never happened to me before. I thought surely this must be from God!

I pondered this encounter everyday. Surely I had "found the one." I told several of my friends back home that he was "the one" and I couldn't wait to come back to see him. I rehearsed what I would do and what I would say the next time I would see him. “Oh, can't this month hurry up and pass?” I thought.

I was back in Williamsburg at the end of the following month as I promised him. I was getting cold feet but I mustered up my courage to walk into the dining room. I was met by a young lady who escorted me to my seat.

“She's his girlfriend” the thought came to me. “What, that is silly” I thought. I don't know why I was thinking that. I asked for a table where I could see around me. It was a professional habit that I had developed. You always have to be aware of what's going on around you at any time so that you're never caught off guard.

My waiter came and took my order. “Hhmmm, I wonder if Clay is working tonight,” I thought to myself. I knew this was the time he was usually working and I did call to make sure he was working that day.

Suddenly, I looked up and in the reflection behind me I saw Clay. He was off on the side watching me. I acted like I didn't see him. “Why isn't he coming up to me?” I asked myself. I continued eating.

He moved away and throughout my time there he never came up to me. After about 10 minutes, I knew he was never going to come by and even speak to me. I tried to keep my composure by reading a book while I was dining, but my heart was breaking.

I finished my dinner and walked out with dignity. I wasn't going to let him know that he had hurt me.

"How could I have been so stupid?" I asked myself "to think he was the one!"

When I got back to my hotel room I threw myself on the bed and cried. I cried tears of rejection, tears of hurt. "How could I have been so wrong? I should have known better," I kept saying to myself.

It's not like I was a baby Christian. At this time I had been saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Spirit for over nine years.

"What a jerk" I said to myself. To think *he* was going to be my husband. "Help me God, take away this pain." I pleaded and cried, "Lord heal my heart so I won't hurt anymore." I then cried myself to sleep.

"But you will cry out from anguish of heart and wail in brokenness of spirit"
Isaiah 65:14

The next morning I woke up and went to the bathroom. I tried to think about him, but guess what...I couldn't! I didn't feel anything and I couldn't remember his name.

"What is his name?" I kept saying to myself. When I finally did think of his name I didn't feel anything.

Nothing! I felt nothing! Supernaturally God had "wiped" him from my heart. It was as if he never existed to me. The pain was gone but not in a way where it lessens from day to day...I mean it was totally gone...vanished! God had HEALED my heart! Praise the Lord!

"He heals the brokenhearted ..." Psalm 147

It was then that the Holy Spirit reminded me of a prophecy given to me many years prior to that time. In it He said that my next husband would be everything that I would ever want, but that Satan would send a counterfeit before I would meet the real one.

When you come upon a counterfeit you may not be able to tell it's not real with your own eyes. You will need someone trained to detect the impermeable flaws, the small details that you might miss. So be encouraged that the one God wants you to have will be sent when God deems the right time. Remember that lusting after someone is a temptation sent by the enemy. Discern who is doing the sending and why. God has sent men in my life that I know I am not to marry but he has sent them for various reasons. I have learned how not to manipulate them, how to pray for them, and how to respect them as men, wired and gifted just the way God made them. I believe that this is part of my preparation for my future marriage.

Resource

“who receives God’s abundant provision”

Roman 5:17

I was with my group of mature travelers and we had just been on a week of discovery. We started in Washington DC and had traveled through the beautiful states of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

This was our last night together and we had a farewell banquet. It was held in the beautiful ballroom of a prestigious hotel in Philadelphia. My clients had bonded and had had a very good time learning and experiencing this part of the United States.

We had finished toasting and everyone was eating. I was at a table of nine and the people around the table were at the stage in their lives where they acquired significant amounts of money through wise investment and other strategies of sound financial management. This was a wealthy crowd.

“Kathy we hear that you went on a mission trip to France.... please tell us about it!” One of the grand dames spoke as everyone turned toward me gesturing to do as she suggested.

“Oh I don’t know if this is the place to discuss...” I begin to make my apologies. I loved the Lord but this didn’t seem like the setting and was ever vigilant not to overstep my bounds of decorum in regard to company policies. But they did ask.

“Please we insist,” said Mr. Stafford. He was a retired surgeon.

After a little more pleading I relented. I told them how I was called by God to go to France. I told them how I bought the plane ticket, about meeting Caleb in Paris and staying at Ruth’s home. I told them about the French churches I attended and the people I met.

“That’s fascinating,” someone quipped.

We continued with dinner and I was pleased that I was able to talk about my mission trip and felt maybe a “seed” of the Gospel had been planted in the process. It was a minute later when Sandy, a lady from California said “Kathy I need to talk to you.”

“Sure Sandy. Is there something you would like to talk about now?” I asked in front of the dinner table guests.

“No. I’ll meet you in about ten minutes in the lobby. Is that agreeable to you?” she asked.

“That’s fine Sandy. I’ll meet you in the alcove area off from the lobby,” I answered. She nodded in agreement.

We finished dinner and before leaving to go back to their rooms or going out for the night, I thanked everyone for making this trip special and then gave them instructions for tomorrow's departure, which included a carriage ride around the city before departing to the airport.

Later in the lobby I met with Sandy. I thought she wanted to meet with me to discuss her flight arrangements or something to that effect. She sat down and told me what she had on her mind.

“Kathy, I have to tell you that my husband and I have a philanthropic organization where we give money to worthwhile causes. When you were telling us about your mission trip to France the Holy Spirit spoke to me and told me to get behind whatever you will be doing in the future...I think in missions but I'm not sure” she said.

I was overwhelmed! Wow, God was telling this precious soul that she is to support me in building the Kingdom. I thanked her and told her I would not call her until it was time to do so. I thanked her for being obedient and told her how shocked I was that God was putting her into my path but was honored that He chose her to bless me.

Refuge

“Those who live in the shelter of the most high will find rest in the shadow of the Almighty” Psalm 91:1

September 8, 2001. As part of one of my tour assignments, I went along with two other managers, to pick up 150 people from Great Britain. They were on a cruise that left Southampton England visiting cities in the United States including, Miami, Charleston, and now New York City.

We were standing outside Customs on Chelsea docks in New York City, awaiting the arrival of our British guests. It's my responsibility as the lead manager to make sure that everyone will take superb care of our guests.

This type of work is always interesting meeting new people, handling new situations, and new adventures. I never get bored dealing with people.

We were to spend the night in New York City and then we were to take them to Washington DC for two days and then back to New York where they were to spend a few days before continuing their journey to Boston.

After greeting the passengers, we loaded them on the assigned buses and took them on a tour of the city. They got to see various landmarks of NYC: Rockefeller Center, Times Square, the Empire State Building, the World Trade Center, Little Italy and Wall Street. After the tour, we took them to their hotel to relax and spend the night on the town if they so choose.

The next day we left for Washington. My colleagues and I decided to go out for dinner. We chose to go to Greenwich Village a part of New York City known for nice restaurants. Since it was a gorgeous evening we picked a restaurant with outside dining. I thought of contacting some people I knew in the city to go swing dancing at the restaurant on top of the World Trade Center but decided there was not enough time to eat dinner, go dancing, come back to the hotel, get to sleep and get up at 5:00 am to be ready to pull out at 8:00 am with our guests.

It was always fun getting together with other tour directors. We all loved history, traveling and teaching, and we talked nonstop on those subjects. We decided it was better to get back and check on “our kids” a euphemism for our clients. “Tomorrow Washington” we declared as we made our way back to the hotel.

September 10th, 2001 – As always we were down at the hotel lobby early. We took care of obtaining their luggage, settling the bill with the front desk staff and tipping the restaurant wait staff and bellmen. Now it was time to get our guests on the bus and to leave New York City.

While traveling down the highway I pointed out the New York skyline. “That is the Chrysler building, there is the Empire State Building, and over there are the twin towers of the World Trade Center,” I told them and then they settled back and rested until we arrived in Washington.

Upon arrival in Washington we checked the group into the Renaissance hotel. I was glad the tour operator picked this hotel because not only was it a fine property but it was convenient to downtown shops, the metropolitan subway system, and most importantly, to the White House. They had the afternoon and evening to go out and dine on their own. Tomorrow they would go on their selective tours.

September 11, 2001 three buses were out at the back of the hotel ready to board our passengers. Each had a different destination for the day. One bus is to go to Arlington Cemetery, one bus is to take a group to the outlet mall for those who want to shop, and the other bus was going to Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington.

The first bus was now loaded and had pulled off to go to Arlington Cemetery. As the people were boarding the other busses, I hurried back to my room to retrieve an item I needed that day. While waiting for an elevator I was met in the lobby by a hotel staff member. She told me about a plane that flew into the World Trade Center. We both commented on how strange and tragic it was. My first thought is that it must have been an error of judgment by the pilot.

I rode the elevator up to my floor, went to my room, opened the door and walked in. I turned on the television to get an update on the weather. A news flash was on. “This is just in. Another plane has hit the World Trade Center” said the broadcaster.

“Unreal, New York City is under attack! This can’t be a coincidence,” I said to myself. I had then gone to the bed to pick up my things. I started to walk out the room, when I heard from the newscaster “A plane has now been reported to have struck the Pentagon!”

“Oh my God” I shouted “we are under attack!” I immediately started praying. The hotel I was staying in was only a few miles from the Pentagon and only blocks from the White House. We are under attack! The United States, and now specifically Washington DC, was under attack. I was terrified and still shaken but I had a job to do – get the people off the buses NOW! I ran to the elevator and then ran outside to the buses. I jumped on the first bus.

Out of breath I said “Everyone listen. We are under attack! Two planes hit the World Trade Center and now one has gone into the Pentagon. I must get you off the bus, we are not going anywhere!”

Everyone was shocked but to my amazement very calm. One lady piped up and said “We’ve been in the same situation dear.... we understand!” These seniors had been in the Great War – World War II, so they knew about being attacked and at this hour they were encouraging. They had been under attack and in their way, they gave their

condolences to us, the Americans. They understood. They had survived the bombing of London and various parts of England during World War II. They knew what it was like to be scared of the unknown.

Now I had to get in touch with the bus that went to Arlington. Arlington Cemetery is right next to the Pentagon and it was imperative that I get to them—I was hoping and praying that nothing had happened to them. After several tries by cell phone I was able to contact Bob, the tour director of that particular bus. He told me that they were OK and that they did see the plane when it went into the Pentagon. These people witnessed first hand, a major event in U.S. history. He said that they were on their way back to the hotel.

“Good, everyone is accounted for,” I thought to myself and let out a sigh of relief. Now I had to see if my kids were okay. Robert’s high school was only about four miles from the Pentagon and my other son Daryl lived about the same distance in the opposite direction. I was able to reach them and I found out that they were OK.

Everywhere in the hotel people were glued to the TV. The staff brought the TV out so that stranded guests could watch the news report. People in the city were now evacuating. The streets were flooded with people trying to get to their loved ones. I wanted to go home. By now, the reports had come in that both towers totally collapsed due to the airplane hits. I couldn’t stop thinking about how many people must have died in the fall of the towers of the World Trade Center. I knew about the potential devastation, because I’ve taken groups there and have pointed out that as many as 50,000 people could be in those two buildings at one time.

It was late afternoon, and the city of Washington DC was deserted. The only ones left were those stranded or those forced to work because of the many people stuck in the hotels. There was no one on the streets. Periodic sounds of ambulances and sirens from official cars sounded all through the night. It was not a peaceful night.

The decision had been made late in the evening that tomorrow the guests would stay in DC but would not traveling anywhere. The company I was working for was only responsible for the DC portion and they had to work out with the cruise line what to do next. A decision had to be made about where to take the clients the following day – to Boston or New York.

Since I was the leader of the three bus movement, the company asked me to talk to the people the next morning and get them prepared for their return to NYC. Emotionally, they may not have wanted to return, they may have been apprehensive, or they may have just wanted to stay in Washington DC. The problem was that they still had the rest of their tour to complete.

I was afraid. I didn’t know if I would be safe and I wanted to go home. I asked my mom and dad to pray for me. After their prayers my mom said to me “Kathy you are right were God wants you to be!”

Those words settled me. I then felt God's peace. Perfect peace! I knew then that everything would be all right and that NOTHING was going to happen to them because I knew NOTHING was going to happen to me!

September 12, 2001 - That morning myself, the other tour directors, and the representatives from the tour operation company met with our guests for breakfast in the hotel ballroom. I thanked them for their cooperation during these trying times. I then told them the story of the Great Seal of the United States and how a rendition of that seal was located in the ceiling of the House of Representatives gallery. Here's a paraphrased version of what I told them:

“Sometimes people don't understand us Americans. They can't grasp what we are all about and how during this great struggle we are facing how Americans will pull together. We are not perfect. We have issues that we have to deal with and there is a lot of division between us but one thing I know is that when we are attacked – we pull together.

The Great Seal shows the eagle, which symbolizes strength. And in the eagles' talons are two things; an olive branch and arrows. The olive branch symbolizes peace meaning 'we come in peace.' But don't take our kindness for weakness because arrows are in the other talons. That means when necessary we will fight! We don't know what our President will do but we will be behind him...we haven't had something like this happen to us before during our lifetime.”

Ending the story I told them that the decision had been made for them to go back to New York City! The reactions were mixed but at least they knew what was planned.

Sept 13, 2001 After checking the baggage and the front desk, and making sure everyone was accounted for, I boarded the bus with my Bible in my hand. I told them that I was a Christian and that I had a lot to do and I knew I was not going anywhere soon. So that meant neither were they. I told them that I would take good care of them and that nothing would happen to them “on my watch.” I told them that the scripture that would give us strength is the 91st Psalm.

*He that dwelleth in the secret place
of the most High shall abide under the shadow
of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge
and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. ³ Surely he shall
deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome
pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under
his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.
⁵ Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow
that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh
in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes*

shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Psalms 91:18 (King James Version)

I know now it is the Lord that gave me the wisdom to speak to the group about the Great Seal and the eagle and to read Psalm 91. This was an opportunity to show God's grace, protection, and America's spiritual foundation. God put me at the right place, at the right time with the right people. I briefly told them my testimony and assured them that since my mission on this earth was not over, they had nothing to worry about, because I wasn't going anywhere.

Footnote: This dark day in American history has been etched in the minds of all. 911(nine, one, one) – September 11th, the day the terrorists frightened our citizens and paralyzed our nation is met with Gods's 911! Psalm 91:1 counteracts all the forces of darkness and sends a message of comfort, safety, and protection for those who call on Him.

Reality

"I tell you the truth anyone who will not receive the kingdom of God like a little child will never enter it"
Luke 18:16

After September 11, 2001 the economy, and particularly the tour and travel industry took a beating. Everyone in the business was looking for other employment. I was blessed with the ability to teach. I applied at a private Christian school and was accepted as one of two second grade teachers.

I went through in-service (training) and now was preparing the teaching lessons for when the students would arrive the following week. My assistant was Ms. Finch and we would come into the classroom everyday and pray.

During one particular prayer time we knew that God was going to do something awesome with the kids that year. We knew that the children in this class were people that God would use mightily in the future.

First thing in the morning were devotions. We sang songs to the Lord and then I would teach them about the Lord. One day I brought a CD that a friend had given me. The song is by Ray Boltz's song called "Thank You." They love the song so much that they requested hearing it everyday!

One day while talking to the assembly director my class asked him if they could sing it in front of the whole school in sign language at the next assembly. He said it would be alright for them to perform. The kids became so excited in anticipation of their performance. They really are sweet at this age. I loved those kids.

On day while conducting the morning devotions, things began to happen. On this one particular day I witnessed several children having open visions. It was when I was reading about Jesus that Marquita shouted, "Ms. Armstrong, Jesus is talking to you!" Everyone stopped. Ms. Finch looked at me I looked at her.

"I see him too!" Joshua cried as well as several other students.

"What's going on here?" I mused. "What are these kids seeing?" Then I got it...they could literally see Jesus! It was then that I felt the presence of the Lord. He was truly in our midst!

Wow! I tried to keep my composure and I watched the students who could "see" as their eyes shifted in unison as if watching someone move towards the window. The other kids were asking, "Who do you see?" "I don't see him." "Where?" A symphony of voices excitedly cried out.

"He's talking to an angel!" shouted Danielle.

Occurrences of the supernatural became almost the norm during this particular school year and with this group of children. One time three girls came back from the bathroom all excited. Out of breathe, they said, “Ms Armstrong, we just saw an angel in the bathroom!” Then they took their seats as if what they witnessed was a common occurrence to them and they couldn’t understand why others didn’t see them.

One thing I did regularly during devotions was to encourage them to listen to Holy Spirit. I told them that He was their Teacher and Comforter, that the Holy Spirit was sent to those who believe in Jesus. I told them to listen for the voice of the Lord.

Our morning devotions and Bible time became more and more meaningful because God showed up. What the Lord spoke to their hearts was incredible!

One little boy said to me, “Ms Armstrong the Lord told me to pay more attention and listen to you!”

Tabitha told me that the Lord told her, “to go into your parents’ room and pray over them.” Another student said that the Lord instructed her to “turn off the TV today”.

The Lord was truly moving in the midst of these children! One day, as usual, I asked students to listen for their instructions from the Lord. Danielle, a normally shy girl, got up from her seat and walked around the room laying her hands on specific children.

I asked her “What are you doing Danielle?” She just looked up at me matter-of-factly and said “Jesus told me to do it!”

The students began to expect to hear from their heavenly Father and they weren’t afraid of the unseen world. To them it was becoming natural. They felt freedom and liberty to express what they saw to me.

The scripture that says “suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of God” would always come to mind.¹ Others in the classroom were either provoked to learn more about Jesus or they totally dismissed these occurrences.

¹ Matthew 19:14

Replacement

“ I am with you for a short time...”

John 7:33

While my time teaching the Bible and devotion were special time for me and my kids, the situation grew tense with the additional pressures. I was usually the first one in the building and the last out. And this was every day! Often I didn't leave until 9:00 pm. My weekends were filled with grading papers and planning assignments. I was overwhelmed with added responsibilities that I found out later would never have been given to an experienced teacher. I didn't know that I didn't have to do extra things that were asked of me. Feeling like I couldn't do this anymore, I cried out to the Lord for help.

One day I needed a substitute. I had to visit my son, Robert who was now at Fork Union Military Academy and Mrs. Booth, my assigned substitute came in one day to get instructions. Immediately when I saw her I said, “You're my replacement.” I just blurted it out.

She was an answer to my prayer and I knew it when I saw her. I thought it would be next year. Mrs. Booth had moved from out west with her family. Her husband was in the military and stationed at Fort Belvoir. She taught second grade at her last position and also taught the Abeka curriculum.

It became increasingly evident to me that my time at the school was over. I felt that God was moving me. I knew the enormity of the pressure that I had withstood. I had done my best but it wasn't good enough. Or perhaps I didn't know what to ask for, but whatever the case was, I told the administration that I would be leaving and that I knew someone whom I felt would be perfect for the position.

“Contact Ms. Booth I think she is available” I said. They did contact her and she was thrilled to be able to teach there.

She came in for two weeks prior to my departure. It was necessary to make a smooth transition. They asked me not to say anything to anyone about my leaving. I gradually decreased and she increased.

The time came when I told them that I was leaving. The principal and the vice principal were in attendance. I placed all of them in a semicircle around me. When it was relatively quiet, I spoke to them.

“I have something to tell everyone.” My eyes welled up with tears as my voice started to crack. “I am leaving and Ms. Booth here will be your teacher.” They became visibly upset. They started to cry. I wasn't prepared for that. I hadn't realized that they liked me so much. I started to cry myself.

“Why are you leaving us?” Danielle cried.

I sat there hugging them and trying to comfort them –“Listen to me, please listen...” It was hard to get their attention, they were heartbroken and so was I. “Hey, I told you that I was sent here by the Lord and I now know why. Mrs. Booth is your real teacher. She couldn’t be here so the Lord sent me to get you prepared for her.”

The Lord reminded me that during my time there, which was half the school year, that many of these kids had accepted the Lord as their Savior, and many were increasing in their knowledge and had increased in the wisdom of the Lord, and, most importantly, they had learned how to hear His voice.

I was teaching my last Bible lesson when I felt led to lay hands and impart an anointing to each and every student. I put down the curriculum text, and went around praying. I went around to each one, putting my hand on their head and spoke blessings and whatever was on my heart or whatever I felt compelled by the Lord to speak over them.

When this was completed, one of the young boys named Markus, stood up and said “Ms. Armstrong, the Lord just told me to tell you that we may not remember what you look like when we get older but we will remember what you did for us here.”

I couldn’t hold back the tears. I knew deep inside that I had completed my mission here and in some way God allowed me the privilege of touching their lives and now God was using them to tell me that I made a difference.

“And he said friend you may not know me now
And then he said, but wait
You use to teach my Sunday school
When I was only eight,
And every week you would say a prayer
Before the class would start
And one day when you said that prayer
I asked Jesus in my heart
Thank you for giving to the Lord
I was a life that was saved
Thank you for giving to the Lord
I am so glad you gave”

Excerpt from the song “Thank you”
By Ray Boltz

Relinquish

“...any of you who does not give up everything he has cannot be my disciple.”

Luke 14:33

It was now the fall of 2003. Daryl was married and Robert a student athlete on a football scholarship at the University of Maryland. It had been several months since I taught my second graders. I am now back teaching and traveling with several companies. I was getting the sense that I would be moving soon. I didn't know where, when, or how but I knew that I would not be living in my condo much longer.

One afternoon during this time in my life while walking to my car, I heard the Lord ask me a question “Are you willing to give it up?” The depth of the question entailed far more than those words. I knew what He was asking about. It amazes me that Jesus can say in only a few words something which has great significance.

This is what I understood of the question: Jesus was asking me if I was willing to relinquish my condo. Jesus is ever the gentleman. He's not going to take something away that he gave but if He has given something to us He may ask us to give it up.

Now He was asking me whether I was willing to give up my condo.

“Yes Lord” I answered without hesitation. I knew that whatever I would do and wherever I would go was contingent on me not being attached to staying here in the condo. It was the Lord who had given me it anyway.

In 1999 I had been working with a real estate agent for a house. I didn't have good credit but I did have a lot of money to place a down payment. I was looking for a “contract for deed” type of property.

The real estate agent took me to several homes. Each one I went to was appealing but none felt just right for me. On this particular day I remembered going with him to this garden type community of condominiums. When I walked up the pathway through the courtyard I commented, “I love this courtyard.” It was meticulously and beautifully maintained. There was an area where the elevator was part of the courtyard and there was an exposed walkway. I told my agent that this would be the last property I could look at today since I had to get back to work.

He knocked on the door. A lady with a child in tow opened the door and told us to come in. When I crossed the threshold I knew instantly that this was it! Looking around I saw that it had a sunken living room with beautiful glass doors, a large patio, a fireplace and a large open floor plan with an adjacent dining area and kitchen.

“This is it, I'll take it.”

The agent was perplexed “don’t you want to walk around and see the rest of it?”

“No,” I responded, “This is it.”

This is what the Lord wanted of me. One day while in my living room came the impression ‘*I want you to open up your home*’. I had opened my home. I held care group meeting with the single ladies from church who came to my home. We would eat, laugh and talk about our walk with the Lord. This is where I entertained two college football coaches who were recruiting my son for their universities. During this time I was blessed with all new furniture and this was also the place where I nurtured Robert during his last years of high school.

So why now was the Lord asking me “can I give it up and go somewhere else?” I knew that I must do this in order to receive the next step or the next instruction for my “journey.” He wanted me to trust Him with it.

I also knew that it was time for me to leave my church. The Lord had brought me back several times when I took it upon myself to leave. But this time I felt it was time to leave “but where should I go God?” I asked.

That evening my friend Connie called. A thought crossed my mind as I heard her voice. I hesitated to ask what I was feeling that I should ask, but somehow I felt I was supposed to. “Connie, I want to sell my condo.” I then began to tell her how I didn’t own it but felt that she was to help me by buying it and then selling it back to her.

“Are you interested?” I asked her.

“Then how are you going to sell it, Kathy?” I told her that I felt she was to be part of this because I had asked the Lord to give me time to write the book that you are reading. He wanted me to start writing it right away and somehow I knew it was related to the sale of this condo.

“If you are willing and have the money to go in with me to own it. Then I could sell it to you and then the equity in it we will split. Then I can do what I feel I must do. Are you interested?” I had talked to Connie countless times and had never thought of this before and was not thinking about it until I was talking to her. This had to be the Lord’s leading.

Connie had always been good with money. She works for a government contracting firm and she bought and sold homes in her spare time. I told her what had happened to me earlier that day and told her that I knew that since she was going to do this for me she was going to be blessed.

“Kathy I will do it for you because you’ve always been there for me!” She said. “Get in touch with the owner and see how much she would sell the condo for and if it’s under market value then this is a worthwhile proposition.”

I told her that all I needed was about \$20,000. I had no credit card debt at the time and I knew I could move to a smaller place in a less expensive area, and this would free up time for me to write unencumbered. I told her the equity in the condo was at least \$40,000, which meant she receive \$20,000 for her efforts.

I contacted the owner, a woman named Rita. My contract for deed meant that I received the tax benefits of the condominium but not the deed until I obtained my own financing. Rita had said that when I had the financing I could buy the condo close to the amount I contracted for, which \$119,000 was. I had signed that contract over three years earlier. I received a call from her saying she was willing to sell me the condo for \$140,000!

I immediately called Connie and told her what her asking price was for the condo.

“Well this is a no go Kathy,” she said. This meant there would be no monies for either of us if we bought it at that price.

“Well Connie, it’s not over. I’ve been here before ...something is going to happen and it will be alright”. I knew that this was a set up for God to step in. My thoughts went back to when my partner Theresa and I didn’t think we would have the financing either but we saw how God stepped in at the last minute.

“I’ve been this way before Connie,” I said “You’ll see.”

But this time I knew it was going to be a walk of faith. Not for me but for Connie. Connie believed in Jesus and had made Him her Savior but I don’t think she had made him her Lord. This was a God ordained partnership.

I told her “I know that this journey you are taking with me is a ‘tool’ that the Lord will use to show you his power.” I continued by telling her “Connie don’t give up, you’re going to go through some rough times and when that happens I want you to call me immediately, because you are doing something special (giving me an opportunity to advance God’s kingdom) and since I don’t have any money the enemy isn’t going to attack my faith but yours.”

I knew that if I encouraged her and built up her faith, God would accomplish what he wanted to do through her.

“Ok Kathy, I believe you, I just don’t see how this will happen, but ok” she said.

It was only a few days later that I received a registered letter from Rita. The letter stated that since our original contract was never renegotiated or dissolved she was bound to sell me the condo for \$119,000!

I immediately called Connie. She couldn’t believe it. It was a miracle. I was so excited for her to see how God operates when we believe. I then told her to get ready to be abundantly blessed. She said this had made her a believer. She was fortified to continue

this journey.

As expected, things started to go wrong. Appraisers couldn't get their assessments done in time. She was working with a group of people and she told me all the obstacles she was battling. I could tell she didn't think this deal would go through.

"Connie, remember what I told you. These things would happen. Just don't give up...Connie *it's going to happen*"

One day she called me. I could tell over the phone that she was in very low in spirits.

"Connie we need to meet," I said.

We met in the parking lot of her office. She got inside my car. I could tell she was defeated and needed strength to continue.

"What's wrong" I asked.

She began to tell me that she was having a lot of trouble getting this through, that she was exhausted and her faith was low. I prayed. I then asked God to bless her abundantly.

"Lord let Connie make an additional \$65,000!" I felt that. I then told her "You just watch Connie and see what the Lord will do, Connie, remember you're the one the enemy is going to fight but you will see what God will do on your behalf as you walk this out...you'll be blessed...trust me!"

Finally everything did go through. We were sitting in the broker's office. Connie was sitting on one side of the conference table and me on the other side. We looked at each other and smiled. It was finally accomplished. The broker went to get my check for \$20,000. I was sitting there talking to Connie and thanking the Lord for this accomplishment when I felt an overwhelming presence of the Lord.

Then I felt the Spirit of the Lord descend upon me. His presence was overwhelming. I dropped my head in awe. He spoke this to my spirit:

"What God has joined together let no man put asunder".

Oh my God! I am getting a clear revelation of that scripture. "What God has put together let no man put asunder" is in the book of Matthew.¹ I have always thought that this had to do with a man and a woman in marriage. But what God was showing me is that whatever *HE PUTS TOGETHER*, let no man put asunder.

Whatever He ordains, whether it's a marriage covenant or a partnership as in this case, if He puts them together the *ONLY TWO* that can break it is the two individuals that are in covenant together. I explained this revelation to Connie. I think all this was

¹ Matthew 19:6

overwhelming to her.

Connie drove me back to my condo, correction, *her* condo. I knew she still had reservations that the condo would sell eventually at a higher price than \$140,000 and give her a greater increase than the market value. I knew what would happen if she saw God work miraculously in the buying and selling of my condo. But I felt she thought that she might not make a substantial enough profit even though this did come about supernaturally. I felt she still had unbelief.

It was then that I spotted a real estate agent looking at various units. I stopped and asked him if he could he come and look at the condo and tell me what he would be able to sell it for. I didn't tell him that I just sold it to my friend standing here.

What I really wanted was to show Connie that this condo was greater than what the appraiser said it was worth. I gave him the address and he said he would be right up. A half an hour later he arrived and looked around the unit. He said he would be back to me with a price. I told him that it was really my friend's condo and that I just sold it to her but that she was interested in reselling it. I asked if he could contract her with that information.

He took down her number. Later in the week I had just arrived home and answered the phone and on the other end was Connie. She could hardly breathe she was so excited. She kept saying, "I don't believe it, I don't believe it..."

I smiled. I knew that God had answered my prayer concerning Connie and I started to laugh "what did God do, Connie?" She finally was able to stop for air long enough to tell me the story.

The real estate agent had called her back and He told her not only the selling price for the condo but that he had a buyer. The buyer came by that afternoon, saw it and wanted to buy it and she said, "You won't guess for how much?" Well I laughed (because I knew that God had come through).

"No, how much Connie?" I asked.

"\$205,000! I made \$65,000 just like you said I would! Praise God! Connie had told everyone who would listen to her our story of how God connected us, orchestrated the deal, and now blessed her! All because she chose to believe, despite her unbelief. I wrote her this card:

"Well girl what a ride! Thank you for being faithful and being an instrument in God's hand. I hope this will encourage you in your walk with the Lord"

Relocation

“The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous run to it and are safe”

Proverbs 18:10

Over the course of the year I knew that I was about to move, but I didn't know where. But I knew that wherever God is sending me is where I am supposed to be. In the midst of selling my condo, I went shopping with my mother for furniture. My parents had bought a new home in Fredericksburg, VA. This was the farthest south that anyone in the family was living except for my sister and brother who live in Texas. I remember commenting on the drive to their home about how I could never live that far from Washington DC.

My mother and I were in a furniture store looking when a lady who formerly attended our church approached my mom. She was catching up with her on the various mutual people they knew. She told us how she was enjoying her new church.

“I'm looking for a new church” I said. Forgetting I haven't told my mother. My mother looked at me, surprised. This is the first time she is hearing that I maybe leaving the church we all attended.

My mother and father are deacons at the church we all attend. Even though they have moved to Fredericksburg, which is forty minutes further south, they are still making that trip up the highway each Wednesday and Sunday. I have been there since I had been saved years before and had been taught the word of the Lord there.

They weren't even aware that I had tried to leave several times earlier but each time the Lord sent me back. It wasn't His timing that I should leave and He was disciplining me in my unwillingness to submit to authority. He was also teaching me patience for His servants – the pastors. I knew that one of my assignments was to pray for them.

Now the Lord was preparing me to leave. I know it was Him because I have not had the desire to leave. I knew that I was being sent to another church, somewhere, someplace...

I told the woman that I knew that the church I was looking for must be multicultural and with a strong anointing similar to our church. She tells me about a pastor that just recently visited her church and preached. She couldn't recall the name of the church he pastured.

“He's very dynamic and anointed!” she said.

“What's his name?” I asked.

“Oh what is his name....” She said trying to think of his name. “Pastor...yes! Pastor Millfield!”

“Pastor Millfield” I said to myself making a mental note.

It was days later while I was working on my computer the thought came “Pastor Millfield.”

“Uhhh” I thought. “I’ll just type in his name into my search engine.” I typed his name. “Nothing” I said. “I know! I’ll look under ‘types of churches in Virginia’.”

So I typed in “Pentecostal,” “non denominational,” “four square,” “Assembly of God” – nothing came up in the search engine. I went back to what I was doing, then again “Pastor Millfield” the impression came to me again. I then realized it was the Holy Spirit nudging me to keep looking.

“Okay Lord where is he?...I can’t find him!” I inquired and pleaded for guidance. I looked in the yellow pages, and then I went back to my computer to search. “Stafford, Dale City, Fredericksburg”...nothing! I can’t find him!

The next day I went down to my parents’ home for the weekend. I liked the drive down to their place. It was very relaxing coming into the countryside. I stayed overnight at their home.

That morning we drove to our church. I hadn’t told my parents prior to the incidence last week in the furniture store that I had begun looking for other churches...I didn’t feel I was to involve them. This was going to be my journey and I felt if I told them they would either try to persuade me not to go or feel that they should leave too. I didn’t want either to happen. I had gotten the release from the Lord to look for other churches but none that I attended seemed to be the right one for me.

After service, as we were driving down the interstate, I knew that it that this last service was to by my last even though I still didn’t have the connection to my next place of fellowship. My father pulled off the exit near Fredericksburg and my mother asked me “do you want to see the church we are thinking of attending if the drive gets to be too much for us to handle?”

“Sure” I responded.

I knew that as they are getting older it might be wise for them to go to a church closer to their home. So I thought it is a good idea that they are contemplating attending a church closer to them. I must admit that this was the first time I’d heard them talking about leaving our church.

God was working on their hearts at the same time as He was working on mine and we didn’t tell each other what the Lord was leading us through.

As we pulled into the driveway of the church, I went inside to get some information for

my parents. The church service had just ended and I walked up to the first person I saw, which I found out later was the church secretary and the pastor's sister.

"Do you have any information about your church?" I asked.

"Sure, I'll get you a brochure" she smiled. She left and when she returned I thanked her and turned to leave. I turned around.

"Oh by the way what is the name of your pastor?" I asked.

"Pastor Mihlfeld, Kevin Mihlfeld" she said.

I just looked at her. "What? " Oh my God!" I said to myself. "Thank you" was all I could get out to say. I was in a daze.

"Come back tonight we have Martha Munizzi singing" she added. I asked her the time, and thanked her again. When I went back to the car I told my parents what had just happened and why it was important to me. I told them about how the Spirit kept bringing this minister's name to my mind but I had spelled it wrong. "I'm coming back tonight, want to come with me?" I asked my mom.

"Ok..." my mother responded. I was so excited to know that this is the church I am to attend. Then it hit me -Fredericksburg Lord?" This is such along way from where I live. The drive from where I currently live to Fredericksburg is over an hour long!

"God surely I'm not going to commute there?" then came the realization.

No, you're going to live there and serve there

Was the impression. My mother and I went back to that church later that evening for the concert. We arrived early because I wanted to meet this pastor the Lord is sending me to. When I stepped into the sanctuary my hand went up and I pointed and prophesied, "This is the beginnings of a Lakewood...this church will be on television!"

Whoa! What kind of place is this? I hadn't even met the pastor and yet I knew this was the church God was sending me to.

Reprimand

“He chastens those He loves”
Hebrews

After my condo was sold I asked the Lord to give me a beautiful place to write the book he always wanted me to write. By now, I had moved to Fredericksburg and was living in a beautiful little cottage and loving the church He had sent me too.

I was busy doing everything except writing the book. I was procrastinating. Writing – it’s something that I had done very little of before and for which I felt ill equipped. So I put it off and put it off hoping that this inward witness would go away. I figured other things were more important. If I could get things in order then I maybe I could sit down and write this book that God was asking me to write.

“Do you want me to write the book too?” is what my father said the Holy Spirit spoke to him concerning me.

At first I didn’t know what the Lord meant by that question. Was He asking me “do you want me to write it for you?” or was He speaking to me about something more than the question implied?

It was during church service later that evening that God sent the meaning to me. As I was worshiping the Lord, I thought about what He had done for me.

God has sent me to be ‘under shepherded’ by Pastor Mihlfeld and I was to attend this church. He had bought and sold my condo, He had honored my wishes to have the money and the time to write this book, and He had given me the place where He wanted me to work on this book.

God had done all that I asked. He had given me my heart’s desire. Now he was asking me if *I* wanted *Him* to write the book also?! The Lord was asking me a rhetorical question. He does have a sense of humor!

He was indirectly asking me to assess our situation. He was doing everything, and what was I bringing to the table? What was I doing?

You and I know that God doesn’t need our help but He does require us to work with Him. He knows us better than we know ourselves. I have to admit I was thinking that He would just do everything: How to say it, what to say, etc. But that’s not how He works. He tells me, then He waits. It is up to us to respond and act. The Lord had done His part and now He was challenging me to do the work He had called me to do – write this book.

Realization

The real reason I hadn't started writing was fear. I didn't think I was capable of doing what God had called me to do. It was more natural for me to talk than to write. I talk for a living. It is easier and more natural for me.

I had been procrastinating long enough and God was showing me, no demanding me, to do what He had called me to do. I had been clearly called by the Holy Spirit to "birth" this book.

One Sunday Pastor Kevin was preaching on reaching your goals. Pastor Kevin said, "If you want something you've never had, you've got to do something you've never done." He talked to the congregation on how several people in the church were doing something they had never done before and then he said, "... and Kathy is writing a book!"

The Lord was indicating how important it was that I write the book. I couldn't deny it no matter how much I wished it wasn't so.

Two days later Paula White, a minister used mightily by God in His Kingdom, was on the television. Watching the show she turned toward the camera as if looking out at me, "God wants you to write that book...stop procrastinating!"

Wow! Another reprimand from the Lord. This is total confirmation and yet also a chastisement from the Lord. I had to do it. If I didn't complete my assignment with all the warnings that had been sent to me, I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that I would be in rebellion if I wasn't already.

God wanted me to write this book. God used Marlene Bagnall, a well-known writer, to give me the title "Be Made Whole." She wrote:

"Jesus said he came to 'heal the brokenhearted.' If we are struggling with deep, unresolved hurts or if an unforgiving spirit has caused resentment and bitterness to get a foothold in our lives then we need to allow God to heal our hearts. He never intended for us to go through life sapped of our energy and joy by experiences perhaps some as far back as our childhood that we could not control and certainly cannot change. He wants to make us whole!"

He used her words to convict and comfort me that this is what He needs for others to "be made whole" as He had made me whole.

Sitting in my chair tears welled in my eyes and I started to shake. "God I don't know how to do this! Lord I know how to direct events, even plays. I know how to teach— but writing Lord? – don't you remember what the professors said?"

My thought went back to college. My English professor had given me an “F” on a paper that I thought was pretty good. He made the comment “I don’t understand Kathy, you speak so well but your writing is terrible!”

I didn’t know what I was doing wrong or how to fix it. I did take a remedial class in English to try to fix my problems with my writing but I couldn’t grasp all the nuances. I got by somehow in college but I remember feeling totally inadequate. His words wounded my already low self-image deeply. I vowed then and there that I would never write again.

There I said it! The battle was raging within me.

“Who told you could write?” these thoughts came to me.

I cried out, “God you not only want me to write this book but you want me to tell things that I don’t want others to know about me!”

Pride – that’s it. It’s all being revealed God was dealing with me on the issue of pride. Why couldn’t I just do what I want? Why are you telling me to do this? I said through my tears.

My mind then wandered to what a mature Christian told me recently when I expressed to him my apprehension on writing this book. He told me point blank “get over yourself, it’s not about you! You’ve got to do what the Lord asks you...it’s to help others”.

When you know that you would rather do your income tax returns rather than what God has calls you to do – then make no mistake about it – God has spoken to you!

Recompense

“A gift given in secret soothes anger...” Proverbs 21:14

I decided some time ago to visit with my good friend Tracy that December. She and I met years ago when we were neighbors. We were both divorced single parents –she raising a girl and me raising two boys. When we first met we were neighbors. We then became good friends and helped each other out when we could. If one of us didn't have a phone we would “share” our phone. We would just knock on each other's door and walk the phone between the two apartments.

Since that time I had grown in the Lord. Tracy has been watching me as I started to live for the Lord. Eventually I moved and so did she but we always kept in touch. At one time she was a vital part of the care group ministry that I led in my home.

God had sent so many single women to that group that we became like an extended family of sorts. One day she received a call that her grandmother was in a desperate state of health and needed someone to take care of her.

Tracy has a big heart and a gift of caretaking. Since no one in her family would do the job of taking care of their grandmother, Tracy quit her job and moved back to the Eastern Shore of Maryland to care for her. It had been hard for her but she is unselfish like that – thinking of others before herself.

Being there for each other through our trials and triumphs has bonded us over the years. I decided to visit her a week before Christmas and I was preparing to travel to visit her and stay a couple of days. I arrived that morning and she was overjoyed to see me. She hurriedly escorted me to the guest bedroom upstairs.

Tracy has a way of making you feel like an honored guest. The bed was comfortably set with pillows. A nightstand and cozy lamp were next to it. Next to the lamp was a display of a notebook, a pen and several “gift” items. The bureau across from the bed had on top of it several women's magazines, a plate of grapes, cheese, and tea. All set out for me... .

“This is beautiful Tracy...you did all this for me?” I asked. I felt special, humbled and awed at the same time. Her hospitality and generosity blew me away. She of course blew off the comment as if it wasn't anything special. This reception spoke a lot of what she thought of our friendship.

She then left to check on her grandmother and then later returned and asked, “Do you want to go shopping?”

“Sure” I said. I loved going to new towns and cities and checking out the various shopping venues. We were in her hometown of Berlin, Maryland and she wanted to

show me her favorite women's specialty store.

We walked in the store. This store oozed with style! Tracy has such an eye for detail and clothing accessories related to decorating either oneself or one's home. She walked over to the clothing area. She stopped at a majestically displayed coat and asked me "Isn't this beautiful?" I looked up from the jewelry case to look at the coat.

"Yes it is" I said.

"I really love this coat," she said. Talking to the sales girl she said. "I'm coming back later to get it so please don't sell it to anyone I'll be back to get it."

The girl promised that she would hold onto it until the end of the day. We then left the store and went to lunch. We had a nice lunch and then Tracy remembered she had to go to Delaware to pick up her check. She asked if I would like to accompany her.

"No, I'm really tired from driving, can I just rest awhile while you go take care of what you have to take care of?" I asked.

"Sure" Tracy said. She drove me back to her house, and then I went upstairs to read. Lying onto of the covers I read one of the magazines. A little while later while reading, I drifted off to sleep.

I awoke to feel the presence of the Lord. I felt the Lord say to me '*go buy that coat for Tracy.*'"

What? "Buy her that coat?" I responded.

"I *need* a coat," I said to myself. No response. I've been this way before. I knew that was a command from the Lord. When God speaks it may not make sense at the time but I have learned that it's better to obey than not.

So I got up and put on my clothes. I called out to her daughter, Rhonda. She was downstairs watching television. I told her what I was going do and that if her mother came home before I returned to not tell her where I was going.

"It's a surprise, Rhonda," I told her. I asked her for directions on how to get to the store. She gave them to me. I drove to the store.

When I walked through the door, the shop attendant should that she remembered me. I told her that I wanted to purchase the coat for my friend.

"It's a surprise for my friend" I told her. "When I come back with her, please don't say anything to her about me buying the coat...ok."

"Oh" I mentioned one more thing. "If she gets mad at you don't be offended that's just

how she is.” Tracy is a dear friend and she truly loves those she cares about deeply, but I have to admit that she does have a temper. I had the box gift wrapped. She handed me the box, “Remember” I said “don’t say a word.”

When I got back to the house I went upstairs and put the box in my closet and awaited her to come back. When Tracy returned she asked if I wanted to go back to the store with her. I told her yes and we left.

When we entered the store, and she immediately walked straight back to the area where the coat once hung. She stopped, looked, and then looked around as if the coat had been put elsewhere. I tried to look like I was looking at something else and I moved over to the salesgirl to wait her questioning. She came over to where I was and said, “Let’s go!”

“Let’s go?” This wasn’t the response I expected. She was very quiet and I knew she was mad. Minutes later I asked her “why didn’t you buy the coat?”

“It’s gone” she said very quietly “I guess someone bought it.” I was shocked! No outburst, no ranting and raving.... just resignation to the fact that the coat was gone. I mentioned something that she didn’t like and she said something that offended me.

“I should take that coat back” I thought. Yet I knew that God wanted me to get it for her and that was that.

We went back to the house and she said she was going to lie down for a while and then we would go out again later that evening. She closed her door and when I felt she had fallen asleep I put the box with the coat outside her door. It was about 45 minutes later that I heard a scream! “You didn’t!... Oh my God! how could you do this?” I heard her.

She burst through the door of my room. “When did you do this?...Oh my God!”

I sat up in the bed laughed and laughed. I told her that the Lord had told me to buy the coat for her. She was overwhelmed and started crying.

“When I went into the store and didn’t see the coat I was furious, because I told the girl not to sell it to anyone” she panted. “I was about to tell that clerk off when an inner voice told me ‘Kathy bought it for you.’ I knew this wasn’t possible because I was with you since you’ve been here.”

I then told her how I’d had gone back to the store earlier that afternoon. I told her “God told me to buy it for you.” In surprising her, He surprised me.

Revolution

“For from many of those that had unclean spirits, they came out...”

Acts 8:7 (American Standard Version)

That Sunday, Tracy and I went to her church. It was a church that had been around for about three years. The meetings were held in a long and narrow converted warehouse space. The pulpit was in the front and the musicians and psalmist were around the back.

The pastor appeared to be in his late forties. The message he preached was timely and he was very passionate about the Lord. The message was about waiting for God’s best in marriage. He asked for all the single women to come up front to get “marked” by having oil placed on our foreheads symbolizing that we were “set apart for our future husbands.”

After the service seemed to be over I went up to talk to the pastor’s wife and tell her how much I enjoyed the service. After conversing with her, I went back to my seat, waiting for Tracy while she was talking to church members. I looked up and saw Tracy from across the room motioning for me to come there. When I got near Tracy she said, “The pastor wants to speak to you”.

I walked up towards the pulpit. The pastor immediately spoke something to me and placed his hands on my forehead. The power of God struck me so hard that I fell on the floor. I remember that I could vaguely hear people around me but I outside of that I was somewhere else. I felt cold and each time I tried to get up, I couldn’t. Kenneth Hagin says, “That’s all the work of the Holy Spirit: the anointing and the glory cloud...”

All I could see was white. I could hear the music playing. After what seemed like a few minutes on the floor, I came to, got up and went back to my seat. I didn’t say a word.

Then suddenly, the pastor started speaking to the girls that had come to the front of the altar and were standing where I had just lain. The next thing I knew they were grabbing their stomachs. Some were writhing like snakes on the floor, many were projectile vomiting, some began to wail, and others just stood and watched in shock.

I got up out from the chair I was sitting in and started to speak in tongues violently. The pastor motioned for me to come alongside with him as he went through the church in the power of the Holy Spirit! It was chaotic because the Spirit of the Lord was coming through this church with power!

People were being delivered from all types of sickness and disease, demonic strongholds were broken, and many other spirits were broken off of the lives of many of the young women of that church. I found out later that many were practicing homosexuality and the pastor was ministering to them as they were renouncing that sin!

*“”With shrieks, evil spirits came out of many....” Acts *: 7 (TNIV)*

God certainly showed up mightily in church that day. Tracy told me later that I was on

the floor for forty five minutes and when I was down there the pastor told her to lay hands on me. When she did, she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues. God also gave her a vision! She saw four large angels on each corner of the pulpit area. She also said that the pastor was standing at my head and that when people tried to come up in the area where I was laying he would direct them back. People called Tracy all day when we got back to her house to inquire about me, the lady with the "floor ministry!" I enjoyed talking about the Lord and we had three, sometimes, six way conversations with the ladies of that church. I shared with them the various things God had done in my life and how He wanted me to share his good news with others.

Rectify

“...for what son is not disciplined by his father?”
Hebrews 12:7

At Strong Tower Ministries the pastor had invited Tim Storey to speak to our congregation. Tim Storey is an evangelist/pastor to Hollywood stars and many pro athletes. While I appreciated his humor, what impressed me most about his ministry was his very strong gifting in the word of knowledge. I wanted Robert to see him.

My son Robert was now 22 years old and was down for the weekend along with his fiancée. We were over at my parents' home and my brother and his family were there also.

My brother was talking and laughing. He knows the power of God because God at one time was very real to him but now he likes to poke fun at all of us in “organized religious circles” as he would say.

That afternoon he was making fun of television evangelists that God used in the operation of signs and wonders. I walked into the living room to hear Robert laughing and joining in the mocking.

“They just push those people down!” my brother was laughing very hard now. I looked at Robert as he was laughing and agreeing with him.

“Robert!” I said incredulously. “I know you're not laughing at the power of God you know better!” I displayed righteous indignation.

“Show me where it says that that stuff is real” my brother challenged me. I walk over to the Bible lying on my mother's table. Praying before I separated the pages, it opened to Romans 14. I looked at verse sixteen and said to him, “Do not allow what you consider good to be spoken as evil.”

I then told him what that meant and how what they were doing was wrong. I then left the living room and went in the back bedroom. “Lord, get him! Get him...show him that what he is doing is wrong”: I was asking the Lord as Robert's Heavenly Father to correct him. “Chastise him, with a rod of correction,” I prayed.

Needless to say Robert really didn't want to go to church that evening but he had promised me and he wasn't going back on his promise. The rest of the afternoon over at my parents' home I didn't say anything else and I think Robert felt he was in trouble.

This was similar in the natural to when a father is about to return from work and the child knows he was misbehaving and realizes that when daddy gets home, he will be in trouble. I felt Robert knew that what he was doing was wrong and therefore really didn't want to go to church and get in God's presence, knowing a reprimand would come.

We arrived at the church that evening and we were sitting in the fourth row from the front. Tim Storey was on fire! I could tell by the laughing and the smiles of Robert that he liked him. Tim Storey is cool, hip, and uses the present day vernacular.

Pastor Storey was operating in the gifts of the Spirit. He was walking around and telling different people what the Lord was showing him. Many people were being blessed. He then walked over to our area. I was praying, "Get him Lord, and get him". He then motioned for Robert to come over to him. "Yes!!!" I said to myself knowing God was going to correct him for what he had been saying that afternoon.

"You play football right? I work with a lot of professional football players and you definitely look like them. The Lord is showing me you have an injury here and here." He places his hands on Robert's neck, arm, and chest. Then he places his hand on his head every so lightly and Robert fell down under the power of God!! Halleluiah! God was showing him that his power was real, that no one was pushing him down, and he fell under the power with just one touch from God's earthly vessel.

When Robert got up off the floor fifteen minutes later, he called my brother and told him what had happened and told me he would never be critical about God's power or His servants again.

Release

“He rescued me from my powerful enemy” Psalm 38:17

One evening I received a call from a colleague. Two hours had past, and Al was still in a depressed state. After he talked and talked I told him I wanted to pray with him. I started praying with Him. I knew that the prayers I prayed were coming against forces of darkness and the spirit of depression. It was a stronghold and I felt his release from them. We thanked God for his deliverance and then said our goodbyes.

After our conversation, I stayed up a little longer, read some and then went to bed. I was awakened later with an unseen force trying to choke me. I felt also that I was having a heart attack.

I jumped up praying loudly, cried out to the Lord and put on a CD with praise songs. The television was already on. I was still battling for my life.

“Yeah, if you slay me I will still praise the Lord! Lord, help me! I come against you Satan. I bind your works. Greater is He that is in me than he that is against me. No weapon formed against me will prosper.” I was praying everything that I could think of.

When I looked at the screen Paula White was ministering. She looked straight at the camera and me as I sat there watching the TV set. Then she said, “Death spirit go! Take your hands off her.” Immediately that spirit left me. I didn’t know that I was fighting a death spirit!

I praised the Lord! “Thank you Jesus, Lord thank you!” I asked the Lord to show me what had happened to me. He showed me Psalm 18. This is what the Lord showed me.

*“I call to the Lord, who is worthy of praise,
and I am saved from my enemies.
The cords of death entangled me;
the torrents of destruction overwhelmed me; the snares of death confronted me.
In my distress I called to the Lord;
I cried to my God for help
From his temple he heard my voice;
My cry came before him, into his ears
The earth trembled and quaked,
And the foundations of the mountains shook;
They trembled because he was angry;
He reached down from on high and took hold of me
He drew me out of deep waters
He rescued me from my powerful enemy
From my foes who were too strong for me” Psalm 18:1-17*

Rest

“But those who wait on the Lord will find new strength. They will fly high on wings like eagles.”
Isaiah 40:29-31

Whenever I need time to think, I head to the water or the mountains, God’s creation. I am blessed to live in Virginia where we have both. This time I headed to the Blue Ridge Mountains.

As I was driving up the winding road called Skyline Drive, I decided to stop at one of the many pullovers. It is here where I liked to watch the eagles. I felt as if I was in some type of training from the Lord.

I felt I was to observe the eagles and watch them and learn from them. They were gliding in the currents of air above the other birds. They soared above the green slopes of the mountainsides, above what must have seemed to them to be matchbox like houses below. Gliding one way and then another, turning, all so effortlessly.

I looked to my left as I sat on a rock and saw butterflies. They were busy fluttering between the wildflowers. I noticed how the butterflies had to work hard to get from place to place. I looked around at the view from the summit. It’s when you reach this atmosphere that you can clearly see the valley below. The houses, the farms, and the people everything looked small from this vantage point.

I remember one day talking to a man whom I found to be a type of mentor. He was very successful in business and he told me something that I have never forgotten. He said, “Kathy, you’re an eagle. The only ones who will understand you are people like us eagles. Eagles know one another and the reason you haven’t been comfortable around just anyone is because eagles are alone most of the time.” He told me I was meant to soar!

Jesus said, “Let Me teach you, because I am humble and gentle, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke fits perfectly and the burden I give you is light”

“Don’t you know that that the Lord is the everlasting God, the Creator of all the earth? He never grows faint or weary. No one can measure the depths of his understanding. He gives power to those who are tired and worn out; he offers strength to the weak. Even youths will become exhausted, and young men will give up. But those who wait on the Lord will find new strength. They will fly high on wings like eagles.” Isaiah 40:29-31

Remorse

“will give relief to you who are troubled...”
2 Thessalonians 1:7

“Please go view the wall, remember to be respectful,” I said to my tour group. I had just finished telling the group about the war in Vietnam. I told them how it affected the men and women that served there. It was nighttime and the lights gently illuminated the rough walkway in front of the Vietnam Wall. It was there I heard the Lord speak to me. “It’s because of what happened in Vietnam.”

I knew what He meant. It was much more than words. I knew exactly what He was telling me. I didn’t dare voice the unthinkable. The Lord was answering my silent prayer concerning my Father. I had asked God why my father was so distant to us kids. Now he was telling me. I felt sorry for my Dad. I cried. The Lord chose this time, this place, to reveal the answer. It was then that I knew in my “knower” that he could never voice what had happened or what he had to do in Vietnam. It had changed him forever and this was the reason for his lack of intimacy with us, his children.

Later that same year I went to a writer’s conference to learn about the craft of writing. Since God had commanded me to write this book, I figured I had better learn how. I had just finished meeting with an author, when I walked into a session that was already in progress. I took my seat and heard the teacher say, “Write down how someone has hurt you or caused you pain.”

Immediately I thought of my father. So I wrote briefly these words, “I don’t think my father loves me” and no sooner did I get the last word down on paper than the Holy Spirit spoke to me, *“Yes He does!”*

Then again “Vietnam” was impressed on me. Yes I remember it had to do with Vietnam. My teacher asked the class “Did anything unusual happen?” Many people raised their hands. The teacher then talked about how he was a Vietnam Vet. Oh my God [using this phrase here could be considered using the Lord’s name in vain] here he was talking about Vietnam and I’m writing about my Dad who went to Vietnam! The teacher looked at me as I was looking at him with tearful eyes. “Are you a Vietnam vet’s kid?” he asked.

“Yes,” I told him.

“Would you share with the class what you wrote on your paper and what happened?”

I nodded my head and I shared what I put on the paper. I told them what happened.

“Has your father gone to the Wall?” I knew he meant “the wall” in Washington, DC.

“No, he hasn’t”, I replied.

The teacher then went to his desk and took hold of a book. He told the class how he wrote this book about himself and the effect the war had on him and others. He walked over to me and gave me the book.

“Here, give this to your Dad and give him my card because I want to take him to the wall...just him and me.” Then he asked, “Please read the first chapter later by yourself but could you read the first line to the class now?”

“Sure,” I said as I opened the book and wanted to cry when I saw the words **“Children bother me a lot.”**

The teacher said, “Children and wives needed to have medals for what they went through dealing with those of us who returned.”

I couldn't wait to read the first chapter. I did wait until class let out and then I found a quiet place to read. When I had finished it I wept. It talked about how children would come into their camps and befriend them and then later would come and kill them. Those who weren't killed had to do the unthinkable.

What God had shown me at the wall and now what was revealed was overwhelming. I hurt for my father. I no longer blamed him. I forgave him and hoped that one day he would forgive himself.

I knew that his pain was more unbearable to live with than my hurt. I have since discussed this chapter with my father and have asked his permission to include the details mentioned. He and I want you to know that if you know a Vietnam Vet who has hurt you in anyway, please forgive that individual. It is like Jesus said while he was hanging from the cross. Looking down into eyes of hate, He raised His eyes filled with love and said to His Father, “Father forgive them for they know not what they do.”

Refiner

*‘... he will sit as a refiner and purifier of silver...
and refine them as gold and silver...’*

Malachi 3:3 (ASV)

As I write today it is Valentine’s Day. My friend Maureen has just spent the weekend with me. She observed that I seem to ask God for little things. She referred to the time we were at the store and I said, “Lord, help us find the right shirt for these pants”.

Maureen remarked that although I am black and have lived amongst whites, I can go easily between the two cultures and that I am unique. She then said something that stuck with me. She said, “Kathy, your identity is in Christ.”

Yes it is. Romans 8:29 states, “For those God foreknew he also predestined to be conformed the likeness of his Son.” That reminds me of a song I sometimes sing:

*“He gave his life
What more could he do
Oh how he loves me
Oh how he loves you
Of how he loves you and me”*

As I sing this song I feel the Lord singing this same song back to me His Valentine... Do you know him? Really know Him? He’s waiting. He’s a gentleman. He won’t come in if He is not invited. He stands just outside the door of your heart knocking. Won’t you let Him in?

“You are Mine,” God says. “Even though you are an enemy, even though you are against Me, hostile to Me, and fighting Me, you are MINE!”

Then, in the present tense, God looks at us in our brokenness, our hurting condition, our fragmented, flawed, imperfect state, and He puts His hand upon us and says, “You are Mine, right now, just the way you are. You belong to Me!”

This story I am about to tell you is from Ray Stedman, a well known pastor. His papers are highly regarded today because of his insight into the scripture and his application of them. He has since gone to be with the Lord, but his ministry continues to bless millions. He tells a true story, which illustrates the type of love Jesus has for us:

At a rescue mission in a mid western city a few years ago a service was held for children, in which the children were putting on the program. One little boy, about five or six, was to give a recitation in front of the people assembled there. He had a physical deformity a misshapen back a humpback is what we call it.

As he walked across the stage to give his recitation, it was evident that he was very nervous, very shy and very afraid. He also knew people were staring at his condition. In fact, it was the first time that he had ever tried anything like this and it was a great struggle for him.

Two older men had come into the back of the room. Intending to ridicule the service, one of them called out to the boy as he walked across the stage, "Hey, son, where are you going with that pack on your back?"

The little boy was completely demoralized and he began to cry. He just stood up there and sobbed. A man got up out of the audience and came up to the platform. He knelt down by the little boy and put his arm around him. He said to the audience, "It must take a very callous and cruel person to say something like that to a little boy like this. He is suffering from something that is not his fault at all. He does have this deformity but despite it he was trying for the first time to venture out and say something in public."

"And now this remark has cut him deeply. But I want you to know that this little boy is mine! I love him just the way he is. He belongs to me, and I'm proud of him." And then he walked off the platform with his son.

That is what God is saying to us now. No matter what or who has hurt you, or what you're going through, the Lord sees you and your hurt and brokenness and says, "You're MINE!" With that type of love He begins to take you on a journey of His love and power. God says with that wonderful hopefulness of a loving father, "You shall be mine, healed and made whole! All your blemishes and deformities will be corrected, all your faults straightened out, all you iniquities set aside, and all your tangled relationships unsnarled. You shall be whole, for I am whole."

That is what this book is about, that is what the Bible is about, and that is what Jesus Christ is about.

The End