

Piercing the Veil of the Spirit



From Faithy
Canadian,
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I've had an experience that changed me into a new creature and propelled me into a new realm, a new phase of my walk with the Lord. I am still under the charm and filled with the ecstasy of this supernatural encounter with our marvelous, tender, loving Husband.

First let me go back in time a little...

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**Getting on Board with the
"Weakness Revolution"**

I had been following every step of the "Loving Jesus" revelation as closely as possible, trying my best to be His bride and find His favor, but many times I was discouraged to find myself so short of that goal. Around the time of the 1998 Feast, one of my earnest prayers was that the Lord would do whatever He wanted with my life—anything that could help me

draw closer to Him. As much as I tried to change, I felt that my relationship with Him was still too shallow and formal.

A few months later I got pregnant. I've always enjoyed each of my pregnancies and my babies, but this time it was different. It was my seventh baby, and being a single mom now, I started to go through trials I had never experienced before. Hearing from the Lord—through many sweet brothers or sisters, and through His already-sent Word—became my lifeline. *From Jesus—with Love* became one of my most precious personal companions. I read all the sections in the book on pregnancy, and they were such a relief and comfort. The Lord told me very clearly that this baby was conceived as a personal gift from Him, and was not a "mistake." (This baby was conceived as a fruit of my helping out a brother in need, for whom I had no personal feelings, and neither did he for me.)

Here is one passage that was very significant to me at this time:

"My dear, sweet precious one, oh, how I love you! You have been found worthy to be called a mother, therefore I have chosen you and I have ordained the child. I have ordained the conception and I have ordained the birth. This whole creation is My will. Therefore rejoice in that you have been found faithful to be called a mother."

And this part at the time seemed mysterious, but became clear through this experience:

"Therefore love as if everything depended on love, because it does. If you will do this, I will greatly reward you,

for I have a surprise in store for you. The time is not yet, but it won't be long! The day will come when you will look back on your tests and trials and tribulations and will know why I have allowed them. You will see My hand in it and will know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I have planned it for a purpose. Therefore have faith and believe, for all things are possible to him that believes. My love for you is great, and I will be by your side always, even unto the end of the world!" (FJWL 2:307)

My trials were many, but I could see His hand right from the beginning, and that He was going to perform something great in my life as a result. I had no doubts about it.

One of the first things I learned was compassion and understanding for our many single moms. Although I had been a single mom for a good six years already, and had even had another baby during that time, that pregnancy had been different. I had gone through trials and loneliness to a certain extent, but I had really desired my sixth child, as I had a certain attraction to his father. I have had the privilege of living for two years now in the same Home as my ex-husband, Joshua, so that our kids could enjoy both their parents. We remain good friends, and I also get along great with his new wife, so we are a united teamwork.

But despite all this, at the time of this seventh pregnancy I felt a little bit lost. To top it off, I had bad morning sickness for almost five months. But gradually, hanging onto the Lord's promises, I learned to accommodate and enjoy my pregnancy and the baby to come.

By the time I was six months pregnant I had nearly all the needs ready for the baby. Then I started to notice a lack of movement. As I came to my next monthly pregnancy checkup, I was in for a shock when the doctor couldn't find the baby's heartbeat! When I took an ultrasound that same afternoon, it was confirmed: The baby was dead.

I can't begin to express the overwhelming feelings and thoughts I had from then on. I felt condemned. I wondered, "Why, Lord? What is happening? I was getting used to the idea, and anticipating this baby so much." The "Law of Love" series had spoken to me so strongly, and I had been praying about so many things with the brother who had fathered the child, who was also so happy to have a baby.

This brother came with me when I got the ultrasound. He was also shocked by the news, but tried his best to comfort and distract me until we got back home, so we could decide which step to take next. Here I was, carrying a dead baby whom I had learned to love, but who for some reason the Lord had seen fit to take back Home.

I had to find out what the Lord had to say, so I took some time, along with Joshua, to hear from my loving Jesus, Whose deep love I didn't doubt. I knew He had a good reason for all this. He sweetly confirmed that the baby's mission on Earth had been fulfilled, and that he was happy in His arms, more lively than before. He said He would still give me the desire of my heart at a later time by giving me another baby.

Then our second daughter, Emmanuelle, who went to be with Jesus 15 years ago as a toddler, came to speak to us. Joshua described her afterward as a tall, beautiful teenager. (He was the channel.) She said that she had been there to receive her little brother, and that she was helping to take care of him and many other babies in the Heavenly

nursery. She said it was a lot of fun for her, and that she had been near me all these years; one of her missions was to encourage me. She said she had learned a lot from me as well, by watching me teaching and taking care of kids.

She said that she and her little brother were going to be with me at the hospital, and would both hold my hands through it all. This was overwhelming and encouraging for me. I couldn't stop crying through the whole message. I now felt peace in my heart, and was ready for the next step, which was to go to the hospital to have the baby delivered.

At the hospital the Lord encouraged me with the following passage, which I paraphrased for my personal situation:

"This precious one who is so close and so dear to your heart is now safe in My arms and in My care. Therefore fear not and weep not for him, as he has gone on to his reward. He has gone on to new horizons, to brighter days. ... He has passed through the door to the other side, but you have not lost him. He is not gone. You have not lost his love, for he is just as alive today as ever. ... This time of separation, this time of slight distance between you is only for a moment. It is only for a time. Therefore weep not, but take courage.

"Find hope and comfort in knowing that I do all things well; that whether I take away, I do all things in love; that all situations, all circumstances, every detail is from My hand. Know that I am your Father, I am your Husband, I am your

Lover, and I have not done this to hurt you and to crush you and to break you into powder and to destroy you, but I have done even this in love. Though you may not see it now, it is a privilege and an honor that I have taken your darling one into My arms. So come into My arms and rest your weary head upon My breast. Feel warmth and comfort and tenderness in My bosom. Let Me dry your tears and let Me kiss away your hurt" (*Paraphrased from FJWL 2:70*).

From this time on, each of His dear Words became my breath and support. I still did not understand, but I trusted Him. All I had to do was rest in His arms. I could do nothing else. I was admitted to a nice hospital, and put on intravenous drips with medications to induce labor. I spent the night having bearable contractions, hoping it would soon be over. He was faithful to encourage me and help me feel His presence.

The next day I was rolled to the pre-labor room and told that they were going to introduce a stronger medicine directly onto my cervix to cause stronger contractions, as the other medication was not opening my womb. I agreed, and soon afterwards things started to speed up. I kept praying, praising, quoting Scriptures, singing any song that would come to mind—even children's songs—to try to pass through this test that was now becoming harder.

Once in a while they'd come to check on me, only to find out my cervix was still not dilating. I became discouraged, and between my attempts to sing and praise, I'd sometimes cry when I didn't find it in me to keep going. The day passed, and my womb and everything

around it hurt so much. But most of all, discouragement was taking over.

Then the Lord gave me another personal word of encouragement that lifted me up for another long while.

"If you chose to trust Me, stand pat upon your decision to trust Me, and upon the Word which I give unto you. For as you trust Me, I will feed you with Words of faith which will give you hope, peace, faith, joy, and great love. All the fruits of the Spirit do I give unto you for your trusting and your loving Me, and for placing Me first in your life.

"Therefore do not worry or fear, for such trust shall bring nothing but peace, nothing but plenty, nothing but reward and joy and happiness! I love you! Trust in My love, for My love would do nothing that would hurt you or harm you or do you ill. For you know the thoughts that I think toward you, thoughts of peace and not of evil, thoughts of love and of favor.

"Do you believe this? Therefore to trust Me will not be such a difficult thing. Do you believe that I love you? Therefore to have faith that I do all things well shall not be a difficult task. For I would not that this be a task of great pain and toil and sweat and laboring of your flesh, but that this be a work of My grace, a gift which I have paid for and I do give to you freely" (*FJWL #2:72*).

That sustained and encouraged me. If I had known that the pain and suffering was not nearly over, at this point I would probably have fainted in my mind. It was wise of the Lord to give me these Words even if it wasn't yet over, as otherwise it would have been too hard to bear. I kept holding on to 1Cor.10:13.

Then the doctors came to announce that my womb would still not open and they were going to try something else. They were now going to insert into my womb a special rubbery tube called a catheter, which they would push through the cervix into the uterus. On the inside, a sort of balloon was going to be inflated, to then be tractioned by the outside rubber that would be attached to my leg to cause the womb to want to open. This was another big test to have to go through, with all the other medications still at work.

After that they left me pretty much on my own, just checking on me once in a while. They were quite busy delivering other babies and performing cesareans. Since my case was more of a "wait and see," I felt a little abandoned and alone. But again, this was the Lord's plan. Later that night, I asked the doctor what would happen if this didn't work, as I was coming to the end of my rope. She replied that they probably would have to perform a cesarean. That thought came to me as a relief.—As much as I wanted all these efforts to bring the desired results, I also anticipated the end from my suffering that anesthesia would bring.

By the next morning, another team of doctors—three men—came to greet me and check me. I was now expecting the end of it all. I was feeble, as since that first night I had been on a total fast from food and liquids, with only the intravenous drip. As they checked me, to my dismay the catheter gave way, and they said they had to do it all over again, as it hadn't been properly installed.

That was it. I cried, protested, begged, told them I couldn't handle any more pain and to please do a cesarean. But they remained firm in their decision, trying to reason with me and explaining that they only wanted what was best and safest for me. They knew how much I was already suffering, but this was still the best. After much arguing and begging, I finally surrendered, and went with them to what seemed like the slaughter room. I kept holding on to 1Cor.10:13, and told the Lord that I just didn't have it in me, and that surely this was my limit. I felt like I had been run over by a truck.

Afterward, as I wobbled painfully back to my bed, helped by the nurse, all of a sudden I felt what was left of my strength leaving me. My head started spinning, my eyes were blacking out, and my legs were giving way. I was fainting. I called for help, and before I fell they put me back in bed.

I can't remember feeling so low in my whole life. There was nothing left of me, physically or spiritually. I started to cry desperately to the Lord. I had never been so desperate. I cried out to Him, telling Him how much I needed Him. I told Him to keep me, to uphold me, as there was nothing left of me, and He had to do the rest.

Then it happened.—My first out-of-body experience with my wonderful Jesus! He was there (I can't help crying each time I remember this first encounter) right beside me, with the most compassionate gaze, tenderly looking at me with such warmth and love. I can't explain how I felt. All the pain was gone; a supernatural peace covered me. As He held my hand, picked me up, and embraced me, I didn't want to let go. Then He told me that He had been there all the time, holding my hand, and just waiting for me to surrender my all. He said that as long as there was still some strength left in me, I couldn't pierce through.

Oh, it felt so wonderful! I couldn't stop crying for joy. I could actually feel it all—His hand in mine, His embrace. Then I remembered Emmanuelle. As soon as that thought came, I felt her presence. She was also there, looking at me with concerned eyes, and said she also had been there, holding my hand. Then I felt her hold my other hand. I was overwhelmed!

She said, "Don't cry, Mommy! You're gonna make me cry too! It's all over now. You made it!"

Jesus explained that all was fulfilled. I had finally pierced the veil of the spirit, and from then on it would always remain this way. I had finally made the connection with Him I so desired. We talked. He comforted me, and even sang to me.

We kept on hugging for a while. I had regained the strength I needed—this time not mine, but His, that peace that passed all understanding. Then I kind of came back to myself, although I didn't want to "wake up" from it. But, thank You Jesus, the feeling continued, and followed me for the rest of my stay there. A little later one of the doctors came and told me very sweetly that he was also a Christian, and that he would do all in his power to help me. I felt the Lord's love again, in His sending someone to comfort me.

After more waiting, but this time trusting and resting in His arms, my womb was sufficiently open for me to push the baby out—after two and a half days! Then the water bag broke. I called frantically for the doctor.

He came right away, as he had promised, and was really happy to see that it was working as expected. After a few more contractions and two pushes, the baby was out. I felt mixed feelings overwhelming me. I cried for relief, and at the same time I cried for my baby that I was not going to be able to pick up, to nurse, and that I wouldn't feel the joy I

had always experienced after giving birth to each of my babies.

The doctor was sweet and told me to avoid looking, so as not to torture myself any more. It was a boy. As the placenta did not come out whole, they explained to me that they would have to scrape my womb, a little later, under anesthesia. He also explained why he had had to remain firm in his decision, in spite of my pleading, as it would not have been safe to do a cesarean. They didn't know what state I was in, or how long had it been since the baby passed away. It would have been dangerous for me, as it could have led to an infection.

I also understood how the Lord allowed it to happen this way. Had I gone through the cesarean and been relieved prematurely, I would have missed my encounter with Jesus. A quote from FJWL 2:75 was given to me by my wonderful Jesus a little prior to its fulfillment, which was wonderfully fulfilled:

"You will find that through this deep, dark experience we will gain a love relationship that is of much, much more value. You will know that this time of suffering and pain has been a small sacrifice in comparison to the great joy that we will feel in our love relationship, as this will cause you to draw closer to Me, to know Me as you have never known Me before, to love Me as you have never loved Me before, to feel My mercy, My tenderness and My forgiveness as you have never felt it before.

"This seeming defeat in your eyes will one day be looked upon as a blessing. This breaking process will result in a new

creature, a new vessel, yielded and malleable in My hands, that will pour forth the waters of life in great abundance. Your heart will overflow with thanksgiving for My love, and it will drive you, it will compel you to share this love with others."

After this experience I felt like sharing this wonderful love with all those around me. I believe that I was able to influence many in that hospital. This experience also gave me more faith to receive and pour forth His water of life directly from His mouth as never before, as prior to this my gift of prophecy was quite wobbly. It's not that I now feel any more "spiritual," but I do feel much closer to Him, and more comfortable receiving His Words as a result. It comes more naturally, like when you've fallen in love with someone and only want to be with him.

But this was not the end of the experience. As I was waiting for the next operation, still under the charm of my encounter, I closed my eyes to talk to Jesus. I told Him that while I would be put to sleep, I would very much like to get together with Him again, and possibly dance with Him! I just couldn't get enough of it!

After I'd read Claire's testimony, "Dancing with Jesus" (FSM 305*), I'd always wanted to have such an opportunity one day. He sweetly told me that we would see each other again soon. I then anxiously waited for something special. They finally put me to sleep, and when I woke up on Saturday morning, all I could remember was laughter and feeling "high" in the spirit.

I asked Jesus why I couldn't remember what had happened. With a little smile, He transported me again, and said: "Watch what happened!" What unfolded was in a small type of ballroom.

I was there with Him; I hugged Him again. He held me so tenderly and we danced, so cozy. Then, to my amazement, I found out that this whole event was put on just for me. There were a lot of Heavenly people dancing as well. One by one they came in front of me and each performed some kind of dance step, some really hilarious. The whole atmosphere was of entertainment—for me, for my enjoyment—and everyone was enjoying themselves. As each one finished performing, we would all clap and laugh. Then I understood the laughter I could recall as I woke up.

Then came Emanuelle's turn. She first looked at me with a real teenish look; she was pretty, with a long gown, her hair wavy and long. She started with a real fast but Heavenly spin on the spot. She looked weightless—as we must be in Heaven without earthly gravity—almost floating. She came to a gradual halt, and with real suppleness lifted one of her legs real high. Then gently, as a ballerina, lowered it down, almost in a split to the dance floor. As she was done with her performance, she looked at me kind of sheepishly, as if to get my approval. At that we all exploded again in clapping and hearty laughter. Emanuelle broke into a beautiful smile. The whole thing was so special, just for me. I felt so privileged and loved. Then I came back, and felt all cozy all over, ready to rest some more in His arms.

A little later my sweet Christian doctor came in, the only one who had stood by me until the end and had shown real concern. He touched my arm with a smile and said, to my surprise, "You're a new creature, aren't you?" I looked at him in surprise. How could he know? I knew then that the Lord was speaking through him! I smiled at him and said, "Yes," and profusely thanked him for his care, concern and encouragement when I had needed it so much.

I was then taken to another room to

recuperate with a few roommates. There started the last phase: my fight with depression. As long as I interacted with my roommates and did what I could to comfort, befriend and witness to them, I felt okay. But as soon as I was left alone, I had a mighty fight in the wilderness of my mind. I felt like crying most of the time. Again the FJWL rescued me time and again. I was taken off the intravenous drip and given my first meal. I received my first visits, which were so comforting.

As the night approached, I felt the battle growing in intensity. I tried to send a message home to ask for prayer, but somehow it didn't get through. I started to feel real low again. It was then, as I lay in my bed alone crying, still awake while most everyone around was already sleeping, that I experienced my third encounter with Jesus.

I called to Him, and I felt Him coming so gently by my side. He told me not to worry, that He had also planned this low feeling, and my not being able to communicate with the Home, so that I would not forget that I had to learn from now on to always come to Him first, that He was the One that could help me the most. He said that everyone at Home was already praying for me, but that I had to unburden my heart to Him now.

He lay down right by me in my bed and cuddled me so warmly. I immediately started to feel better. He said that He was going to be there for me all night, and that we could talk. We then entered into a conversation, where I asked Him many questions, and He answered them very patiently. He smiled at me many times, amused by my questions. It reminded me of the experience Betty J. Eadie had in her book *Embraced by the Light*.

Jesus had such a cute sense of humor, and we both laughed many times. If it wasn't for the lights being out, most everyone being asleep, and my attempts

to keep my laughter down, I think people around me might have thought I was nuts! It was incredible! We spent time talking, and Jesus revealed deep secrets from Heaven that I wish I'd recorded, for almost two hours. The time flew by. I can still recall many of the things He told me.

He started by saying, as I was still wiping my tears, "Let's talk about puppies!"—To which I smiled. I thought it was funny that He wanted to talk about puppies at such a time! Then as I listened I could see His great wisdom. He developed the subject, explaining how just like puppies are so cute, cuddly and loving, He had made all His creatures—plants, animals and such—to be yielded to Him and thankful for the way they are, without complaining. They are yielded to their masters, to serve, and to love.

But human beings are different, as we had been created in His image—lower than Him, but with a choice to follow Him and His way, or to follow evil. He said that although some men and scientists think they can create "creatures" and "monsters" that will eventually overtake the world, that this was all spiteful in His eyes, so ridiculous, and never to happen. Who is man to think he can attain God's power? It only made Him laugh at man's puny attempts to "create" as God.

We humans are different in this aspect from all His other creatures. Each of us ever born face choices as we grow. Those with a Christian upbringing have a headstart in life. And whoever chooses wrong has to suffer the consequences when they face Him. They have to start what they missed in this life, all over again. Whereas those who progressed in the right direction only have to keep progressing from where they left off, therefore being way ahead of the others.

It went on and on. It would take

pages to write it all down. It was beautiful! Although some of the truths had already been revealed to us through Dad, coming directly from Him they felt new and refreshing, and were mixed with so many new truths that had never crossed my mind before. Sometimes my mind would go too fast with my questions, and sweet Jesus had to slow me down, always with that amused look, as He seemed to enjoy me so much.

He taught me most of all to gain control of my mind. Even through this wonderful time with Him, sometimes my mind would start to wander a bit, which is a problem I've had for years. Lord help me! I've never fought as much as I should have, in spite of so much good counsel in the Word about it. And now I had to be taught directly by Him. He'd gently chide me each time, saying, "Control your mind! Bring it back into captivity! Don't let your mind wander!" He taught me a great deal about it, and I was so thankful. I felt so good.

When our time was over, instead of feeling sleepy I was wide awake and excited. I had to get up. My depression was totally gone, and I felt like going around distributing His love to those around. So I did this for a while, to whoever was still awake. I was all smiles, and bubbly. I felt like that little song: "It's bubbling! It's bubbling! I cannot keep it quiet."

Around 12:30 AM I decided to try to get some sleep—as much as I could when I felt so electrified. I lay down again and asked Jesus to please help me to sleep. He was still there, and He started to caress me and rub my back. I had a little pain from being in bed all this time, and asked Him if He could soothe it. He stretched out His hand and told me that He had a special balm that we call the "elixir of love," as He had revealed to Dad years ago. It was His power that we could use for healing, at our request.

He then told me to breathe deeply

and slowly a few times, and I don't remember anything more. He put me to sleep! The next day I awoke so refreshed, having slept soundly for the first night since I arrived at the hospital.

The following day it was time to go back home, and Joshua picked me up. In the car I was able to recount part of what had happened to me. I was so happy to be going back home. I felt different, but still the same. Would I be able to share my experience with those around me? I was a bit apprehensive, as I didn't want to go back to my old habits. But the Lord sweetly reminded me, through several promises He'd already given me, that what I had gained—the gift He had given me—He wouldn't take away. It was with me forever. But I would still have to fight to keep Him in first place, and not to get entangled with the many affairs of this world, as was my habit.

During my encounters I'd asked the Lord about my memory. I'd been feeling it weakening in a frustrating way over the years, and had often asked the Lord to bring it back. He explained to me that He had done this on purpose, like a thorn in the flesh, to make sure I'd call to Him in desperation each time I'd lose it, or forget something, so that I could feel His power and not lean on my own strength.

He talked to me also about pride, and how it was a counterfeit of the Devil, as in the world pride can be considered an attribute. I asked Him what pride was a counterfeit of. He said, "Of wisdom." He then told me I could do a Word study on it, that I would find it interesting. He gave me many practical tips on how to take better care of the kids and how to enhance my school time with them—and many, many other things.

One of the most inspired changes I

have noticed since I came back is that I find myself more peaceful around the kids. He inspired me to ask our Heavenly fellows for nighttime stories for the kids every night after we pray. I had tried before and received one spirit story, with a bit of difficulty. The Lord told me not to worry, just to open up and let it come, even if only for practice's sake, and that the kids would benefit, as it would strengthen their spiritual connection.

I tried, and the results have been amazing. The kids don't want to do anything else at bedtime. My three youngest (4, 8, and 10) eagerly participate and take it real seriously. It has even strengthened their prayer life, as my two youngest were becoming quite familiar with prayer time, and would even goof off during this time. The first night they each received sweet prophecies from Jesus—even Jonny (4).

Then we proceeded with the story. "Ben" came, and became the kids' favorite storyteller. He started with a beautiful story of his life, long ago, which unfortunately I did not record. But after that I decided to record whatever came, in case something worth sending in would come up. It has been fun for the kids, and it proceeds in a conversational way. The kids keep asking questions as Ben tells the story.

The day after we received this first story, Jonny couldn't wait for the next one, and came later in the day to visit me in my room as I was resting. He lay beside me to ask for a story. I told him he would have to wait for the night, to which he replied, "No, please tell Ben to come give me a daytime story!" Ha! The next day Ben came again at Jonny's insistence, and gave a "plant" story. He

explained to us how God had made the plants, trees, and flowers, for our enjoyment, to beautify the world, and to cheer us up.

The next afternoon, Jonny came again for a visit, and was looking for my plant that I had put on the porch to get some sun, as I usually keep it in the room. It was the plant that they had sent to me while at the hospital. When he found it, he took it gently and brought it on my desk close to me, and said softly, "I'll put it there to cheer you up!"

So I am seeing good fruit in the kids' life, and we are becoming more united. Even my 10-year-old boy, who always spends part of his family time with his friend, has come up faithfully on time for the "bedtime stories," and wouldn't miss one for the world. We also received a story from a certain Paul Donnan, who speaks with a slight accent. He calls himself a "jolly fellow." They are all short and sweet stories, as I guess I'm still new at it. But it changed the whole atmosphere of our nighttime routine.

I don't feel any more spiritual than I was before, and I keep blowing it. The Lord told me I would, but that I should just keep on going forward, to learn from my mistakes and not feel condemned. He gave me a little talk about condemnation that really helped me. I did a Word study afterward on the subject.

I do feel different, as a new creature, because I did pierce the veil of the spirit. I wouldn't want to lose what I gained for the world. I know I still have a long way to go, and I'm a slow learner, but I cherish immensely this new love connection with Jesus.

Practical Prophecy

Becoming a Sharpshooter

(From *Lily, of John, China*;) If I can get prophecies, anyone can! I used to feel very left behind and discouraged about not being able to get anything in prophecy. "Not little old me," I'd think. The gift seemed so difficult to attain, but I found out it was so simple, so childlike. I used to have such a battle about it, thinking that it was just my mind. I couldn't bring myself to have the faith that Jesus could actually speak to me in flowing prophecy. I was especially paralyzed with fright at the thought of trying it in public.

When the "Mama's Surprise" Letters came out, I thought, "Now even Mama has the gift. I have no excuse!" By the time I got to the end of the second Letter, explaining step by step how-to, I was so inspired! All I had to do was follow in Mama's footsteps.—And it worked!

I tried to faithfully get something every day at quiet time, like Mama said, but it usually worked out that I only got down to business with the Lord two or three times a week. I armed myself with a pen and paper or a dictaphone and a few quotes, mostly taken from "Mama's Surprise #2," which carried me through—His promises to us that He would meet us and not let us down. And when my ardor was cooling off and I thought I would never progress beyond the baby stages, the Lord always encouraged me on, either directly with a message or in some other way.

One message that encouraged me to keep going and not give up was from "Endtime Prophecy Power": "Those who are sensitive and wise discern the prepara-

tion [*of using the gift of prophecy*] and give themselves wholly to it. Those who are wise realize that their lives, and the lives of their loved ones, will someday be at stake. So they put their focus and concentration on the preparation and conditioning and exercise that will prepare them to be well-fitted for the battle.

"This gift is available for each and every one of you, according to your faith.... I have it in My hand even now, and I am eager to give it to you. All you have to do is ask, and you will receive. Step out by faith, take the tiniest first step, and I will meet you, I will honor you, and you will have that which you ask for. It is My pleasure to give it to you, for I know your need" (ML #3140:17b, 26b, 27a; Vol.25).

Once I got tripped off and got a prophecy that was more myself than the Lord. But the Lord even taught me from it. My spirit had been selfish and annoyed over something at the time, so I learnt the importance of having a loving heart as well as a yielded and desperate one. After that I didn't want to practice this new gift any more, but the Lord told me I had to get back up and keep right on. It's like getting thrown from your horse: You have to get back on and try again right away, or the longer you leave it the harder it gets.

But that wasn't the end of my battles. Even when I got things that sounded right, I again had the same battles before getting started: "That's just my mind," or "I'm just pretending," or "I'm a false prophet," or "I can't do this." When I got the victory over one thing,

the Devil was sure to give me another line, or have me feel so "comfortable" that I didn't feel the need to practice any more. Then every time I left it awhile (more than a week or ten days), I would feel so rusty. It was a real battle!

I learnt that with such an important gift, of course I could expect a battle! The Enemy is fighting it tooth and toenail because it *is* such a powerful weapon. In fact, when some people first prayed for me to get the gift I got that the reason I was having such a hard time with it was because Oplexicon was opposing me, as he does with so many, and that it was a tough battle in the spirit.

Keeping a record of what I got was another key. As I read back over the things I'd gotten, my faith really grew. I could see the truth in the things I had received. Sometimes the things I got didn't seem to be very appropriate at the time, but it was exactly what I needed to face some battle later on that day, and Jesus had foreseen the future and had given me advance help. If I hadn't kept a record I probably would have forgotten all about it.

Six months later, I still have to keep this weapon from getting rusty by using it regularly, and am only now getting more confident in it. I feel the need for a lot more practice in order to get really proficient. Sometimes it's still a battle, but not as big as it was before. And I can testify that it has changed my life! Jesus has proved Himself so loving, so true, so far-out, so free, so surprising, so fun, so real, so caring, so comforting, so personal, and always ready to give me the answers to my battles. He really is right here beside me. I don't know how I ever got along before!

I hope this is a blessing to anyone who's holding back like I was, anyone who wants to be a sharpshooter but just can't get started, or anyone who's wistfully lingering on the shore but afraid to dip their toe in. In my experience, it's

been a case of just having to keep at it.

So don't be shy,
Won't you give it a try?
Rebuke the Enemy today,
And hear what Jesus has to say.
You'll be a powerful voice for Him
one day!

Househunting with Jesus

(From Daniel Victory, Romania:) I was househunting with Andrei (of Rachel), and our prayer was to find an apartment quickly (because the weather was very cold) that had a telephone, furniture, storage space and good heating, for as cheap as possible. We took time to listen to the Lord, and this was what He said:

(Jesus speaking:) The easiest way to find the place that you are looking for, and that I have prepared for you, is to follow Me step by step, as I have said from the very beginning through your Father David in "For God's Sake Follow God."

How do you do this in a practical way? Before you start the day, take a few minutes to listen to My voice in prophecy and to check with Me about your plans. During the day take time to stop and praise Me and thank Me! (Don't forget your praise time!) When you get the newspaper, before you start calling, stop for one minute to acknowledge Me and ask Me to show you who to call and the priorities in calling.

Imagine that I'm there close by your side all the time, because I am there. Talk to Me

and include Me in everything that you are doing—and even more, ask Me about everything that you want to do. This will save you time, energy and money, and will bring the results that you search for. (End of message from Jesus.)

In a couple of days we found the apartment we wanted, and rented it! It pays to stop, look, and listen every step of the way. He never fails!

A Vision and a Soul

(From *Andrew and Charity, Turkey*;) Before coming here, I had a vision of a big house close to a river with a large property around it. As I explained this to Gideon, he said he had seen a house like that last year. So we proceeded to find it, went there, and rang the bell.

To our surprise, a young man from Riga, Latvia, opened the gate. We told him we had lived in Riga, and could later give him a poster in his own language. This was just the beginning! The owner of the house was a 78-year-old Turkish/Jewish doctor. Lying on the couch, he explained in perfect German that he had recently suffered a stroke.

Finally he asked why we had come, and as I had prayed for an opportunity to witness to him, we took it as the Lord's signal to go ahead. I explained the vision I had had of his house. He took it well, and I felt the Lord wanted us to get him saved. So, kneeling next to him on the couch, I offered to pray for him. After repeating the salvation prayer, he was visibly touched and remarked that this was the first prayer he had been able to understand, as all Muslim prayers are said in Arabic. (Note: As this is a sensitive field, this is not something we normally do on a first visit. But since his first wife had been German, we felt he would be able to receive it.) It was a real spe-

cial event, and showed us the importance of following the Lord's leadings and setups!

Planning a CTP Introduction

(From *Christina, Simon, and Kristia, Thailand*;) One day we needed direction for an interview with the new director of a drug rehabilitation center where we hold regular CTPs. Although we have always been welcomed by the rehabilitants and nurses, the former director had never shown much interest in our project there and had never wanted to meet personally with us. Due to this we had sometimes felt discouraged, and had considered dropping this CTP several times. But the Lord always told us to keep going there, and not worry about the administration. And each time there were souls saved, and these people are really needy. Several years have gone by and we have been encouraged by the fruit from our time there.

This year the old director left, and one of the assistant directors suggested we make an appointment with the new director to explain our work. They said he was a military man and quite austere, so we weren't sure what to expect! So we asked the Lord how we should approach this man, and the Lord gave very clear and practical instructions.

Thai Bright followed the prophecy instructions and prepared an introduction letter and an outline of our CTP program plan for the first six months of the year. We also employed a lot of prayer power the day of the appointment.

This austere man couldn't have been more respectful and open to our work! He wants us to come as much as we can, and thanked us so much for our work there. The assistant who had come to the meeting with us had seen the programs which we had done there over the last few years, but had never showed much enthusiasm to us. The director

asked what she thought of our work, and she also gave a very positive report. At the end the director disappeared for a moment, returning with an envelope. Handing it to us, he said, "This is a personal donation from me. I hope to help you more in the future." What a miracle!—Following prophecy really works!

Miracle Border-Crossing

(From Phinneas, Joy, Manantial, Elizabeth, Matthew, and Ama, Mexico:) We used the weapon of prophecy each morning to find the Lord's direction for us on our recent border trip. The crossing at one particular place has been notorious for giving only the minimum amount of time for us to return into Mexico. When the Lord spoke one morning telling us to go to that very place, it was a blessing to have a confirming prophecy through my son. When he spoke up, the Lord gave us the faith that He was going to do something special. And the Lord gave us all 180-day visas, with no trouble or questions whatsoever! TTL that He is teaching us to follow Him, for He knows where the green pastures are.

Creating a Constant Vacuum

(From Sharon, April and Mike, USA:) Taking my micro recorder with me every time I go out for a walk has helped me to grow in faith to receive help from Heaven. When I am burdened or praying about something, I am convicted if I don't have the micro with me.—And when I do, He is faithful to give me the simplest answers to the problems. Now I am beginning to be able to recognize the nudge in the spirit when the Lord wants to give me something. Sometimes I don't even know what it is about, but when I take the micro by faith, it's as if He bursts through with little or no effort on my part.

Finding the Lord's Conditions

(From Daniel and Sarah, India:) Pioneering is precious, exciting stuff! It has sharpened our faith muscles, and given us more vision and commitment! Sure, there are ups and downs, but as we cling to Jesus, He works things out—and teaches us precious lessons as well.

Our housing needs, for example. In October 1998, our landlord told us that he wanted to sell the flat we were living in, and gave us a couple of months to find another. We had a choice to stay in the city and househunt, or hit the road with the tools. When we asked the Lord, we got, "Seek ye first..." So we put our househunting on the backburner and went on the road. The Lord told us that He had a good house for us and that He would lead us to it.

Yet when our Christmas push was over and we put time into our househunting, and still nothing worked out, I started blaming the Lord, feeling He had let us down. My prayers and attempts to hear from the Lord were all "give me" prayers. And since the Lord had other things to teach me, He wasn't answering my questions. I began to doubt my ability to hear from the Lord. I was on a bummer indeed!

Then one day while taking personal Word time, the Lord punched through and told me to ask Him the following question to answer in prophecy: "Are there any conditions we need to meet before You give us the house?" The answer from the Lord was just what I needed!

(Jesus speaking:) Yes, the biggest growth area for you is to believe, and be at peace—without seeing, without knowing details, without knowing when. This is hard. This takes yieldedness of a higher degree—greater faith, trust and

patience than you had before. You see the areas I'm shining My torch on?—To believe My promises without having to see proof, to believe because I say so! Just a little while and all will be yours—house, personnel and a fruitful ministry. This is your time with Me, to get close and linked up. Just love Me. Do not bring petitions. Just hold Me and let Me hold you. That is the whole training, rewiring, healing process—love Me and be loved by Me. (*End of message from Jesus.*)

So we've stayed on in the flat we have, and the landlord has given us more time. PTL! And I'm learning to go by Jesus' counsel and not be intimidated by the landlord, ha! It's a relief to be called by the Lord to spend more time with Him, though it's a battle to take that extra time when we are a small team and can't delegate anything. Nevertheless, with the help of Jesus, I'm going to obey!

Conversion to an Early Riser

(*From Claire, Greece:*) A great change for me this month has been getting up very early to hear from the Lord. I began doing this in desperation when some problems in the Home had reached a crisis point, but now it is my greatest pleasure. He has begun to pour out so much Word and prophecy, it's so wonderful! I can't wait to get up each morning to see what He has in store. It's like sneaking out of my bed to meet a secret lover—only this time it's Jesus. Now some of the kids even come sheepishly asking, "If I get up early, could you get something for me, too?" So I explain that He wants to talk to them every day too. It's like living in another world! TYJ! How could we resist yielding our old, worth-

less selves to such a wonderful and ardent Lover Who wants to remake us and re-clothe us from our beggar clothes to wonderful garments of light!

A Heaven-orchestrated Christmas Push

(*From Andy, Maria and Ariana, Colombia:*) We're continuing to experience the blessings of hearing from the Lord on every matter. Every year our Home gets very involved in Christmas shows and activities. This year we wanted to do something different.—And what better way to know what to do, than to hear from Him?

We asked Jesus about every single matter—costumes, choreography, script, etc. It's been super fun hearing the different ideas and plans for our show directly from Heaven! For example, we received a prophecy from Ana Pavlova (famous Russian ballerina [1882-1931]) about how she, along with three more guys, was helping us with our dances and choreography. Two of us were praying about certain dances and both received in a vision the exact same steps for one of the songs! We also received some inspiring and strengthening words from Grandpa, and other spirit helpers giving us tips and how-to's for these very active and sometimes pressured times of Christmas push.

We typed out all the prophecies and put them on the bulletin board, so when we felt burdened or discouraged by the amount of things to do, we could go and read the given promises and renew our vision as well as find strength to carry on.

Breaking Down Familiarity

(*From Santiago, Libertad and Daniel, USA:*) All of us have wanted to use the gift of prophecy more, but because we are a small team and there is a bit of familiarity among us, in past prayer sessions we got very little. It was

discouraging.

Then the Lord gave us the idea of writing out the questions that we wanted to pray about, and giving each person a copy. We each went off to a quiet place, to pray and hear from the Lord individually. We were amazed at the results, and how beautifully and specifically the Lord spoke to each one.—Plus we had it all written down. Wow! So it was a bit of a baby step on our part that turned into a great leap forward.

We do need to work on letting it flow and not worrying about what everyone else thinks in order to pray together. But in the meantime, it is extremely encouraging that if we go into our closet, we will not come out empty-handed.

Finding the Right Team

(From Sunny, Simon and Andrew, India:) Many months ago, when seeking the Lord for more personnel, He told us He would bring the right people to us, and He fulfilled this exactly. I had felt very burdened about our personnel situation for some time, and even more so since the start of 1999. One night I went into my room, knelt down and cried out to the Lord for a long time to send the right team to us.

After I finished praying, I felt a real peace that the Lord had heard and answered. A few days later, Tim and Joy came to meet us, saying that the Lord had showed them to work with us! We were thrilled at the Lord's kindness and goodness to us, and His merciful answer to prayer. TYJ!



Learning from the Lord

Darts to Hearts

(From Abigail G., Italy:) A few weeks ago, we were talking about the disunity in some Homes, especially here in Italy. While praying about it, the Lord gave me a vision where our critical or negative comments about our Family—not only here in Italy, but also around the world—were like arrows which could reach and hurt them. The Lord was asking us, instead, to throw these arrows to Him as prayers, and He would send them to the Homes as hearts, meaning help or blessings!

It was like a revelation to see that even if we thought we weren't involved with some problems that other Homes were having because we are far away from everybody, that our negative comments or critical thoughts created disunity in

the spirit.—And if we wanted to do something for them, we needed to pray more for them!

Thank God for the Weakness Revolution

(From Dawn, of David, Thailand:) After David and I gave our 30-day notice and started our preparations to move to a Home in another city, it was decided that David would take one of our children and move right away. This was so he could work on finding a job, which would give him a visa, which is essential for families living in this country. We had only weeks left on our current visa, and if he waited for 30 days, it would be too late to start the time-consuming process. It also seemed it would be easier for him to raise funds for our whole fam-

ily from our new Home than from the Home we were presently in.

David arrived at the new Home safe and sound, after a day's train ride. His first day was spent resting up and preparing for the upcoming weeks of job-hunting, fundraising and being the Home's driver.

You can imagine what we all felt when on that first day, as David was having get-out with the kids—he fell and broke his foot! He got a cast put on it, which the doctor said would be needed for about a month, and he needed crutches to get around. Now it would be impossible for him to drive, fundraise or job hunt. Our salvation from falling deep into despair was the "Weakness" series, which had just come out.—We immediately applied it and claimed miracles!

Thank the Lord for our wonderful Family, who got on the phone for us and talked to a few people, and we were able to get the necessary visa papers this way, without David even having to leave the Home! The Lord also helped me to raise the needed funds for our move in time. He never fails!

One of the lessons we learned is that when it's time for changes and moves, the Devil is really on the attack, and we have to be very desperate and prayerful, as he tries to hinder and discourage us!

Breaking a 40-Year Habit

(From Hannah, Russia:) The FSM "New Days, New Ways" (FSM 334), and especially Marianne's testimony, was a real turning point for me. My New Year's prayer was to have a better connection with Jesus, and this FSM had so many beautiful tips and testimonies.

Well, the Lord made it easy for me to be good, and helped me break a 40-year-old habit! I needed to get up one morning this month to finish a project for a deadline. The night before I was exhausted—totally out of character for

me; I usually get my "second wind" about 10 or 11 PM, and often work into the wee hours of the morning. Then it's very hard for me to get up in the morning. So I decided to go to bed at 9 PM and get up at 5:30 AM. (I've probably never done this before. If I have to get up early I just go to bed normally—that is, late—and then sleep less.)

Well, I got up bright and early and finished my writing project, and I felt so happy I could hardly contain it. I felt so fresh and I said to myself, "I'm going to do this forever!" Just like that, I kicked the habit! At first I couldn't believe it would be so easy, but as the month wore on the Lord has really helped me to go to bed early. This was always the hard part for me; I just couldn't sleep, and I'm a workaholic. Though it's been a temptation at times to roll over and go back to sleep in the mornings, He's really helped me kick the habit. And best of all, I've been able to get in the Word more and have better quality time hearing from the Lord!

Fighting for the New Weapons

(From Steven, Maria, Robin and Nick, Ghana:) Our Home made a two-week push on praising the Lord more, as we were failing miserably in this area. By His grace we are making progress and praising the Lord every day!

We started just being faithful one time a day, in the afternoon. Then we went on to once in the morning and once in the afternoon. Now we are also praising the Lord in the evening at mealtimes and before bed. Maybe it seems like this should have been something normal in our Home, but sad to say it wasn't.

Since we've been praising more, we feel the Lord starting to bless us more. We have more sheep coming around our Home, and we found that now that we praise the Lord regularly, hearing from the Lord in prophecy is coming automatically. So the second step we are

attacking in now is in regularly hearing from the Lord in prophecy, unitedly. PTL!

Word Kit

(*From Dawn, of David, Thailand:*) The article by Marianne about how she manages to get quality Word time (FSM 334) was very helpful to me and I have been able to apply several of her suggestions. One thing that also helps me is to have a little "Word kit" available to grab when I have a few minutes to use in the Word.

Included in this little kit is a small assortment of my latest Word projects—for example, one GN, one GV and maybe one FSM, as well as a highlighter pen, a notebook for writing down key quotes, etc. I find that if I am a step ahead and know what my plan is, I can make the best of my time. Otherwise, I often wind up using a good amount of my Word time just trying to find something to read, or wishing I had a pen and notebook, etc. (*Editor's note: You may also want to include your micro and a blank tape, and spare batteries, so that you're ready in case the Lord wants to speak to you about something.*)

The Word to the Rescue

(*From Peter, Mary and Sam, Indonesia:*) I believe the following is a miracle, showing the power of the Word and prayer. I had been very desperate, at the end of my rope. It seemed that the children were all in bad shape, I was in bad shape and life looked hopeless. I felt I could not go on much longer. I was battle-weary and on the verge of giving up. Alone and desperate, I asked the Lord for help. I lay on my bed and opened my bedside table drawer, and pulled out GN 796: "Shepherding Our Children and Young People." I had put that GN in my drawer but it had been hidden under a pile of papers.

As I started to read, things seemed to come clear. I had been overwhelmed with recent problems that we had with

some of our young people, and feeling discouraged about myself and what I was doing. I saw that I lagged behind in areas of Loving Jesus, praise time and using prophecy daily to find solutions. It seemed that the details and problems of day-to-day living so enveloped my time that by the time I had a breather at 10:30 PM, I was a noodle and could hardly lift my eyes unto the hills.

I hung on, and read through most of the Letter. It dawned on me that what I needed to do was get on board with the Lord and the new moves in a much more definite way. It's not that I didn't believe in the new moves, but I was so overwhelmed with everything going on that I could hardly move myself. The GN starts out: "Because you've experienced the difficulties and the heavy spiritual battles we are faced with, you're more desperate for the victory and are willing to do what He's asking of us all in order to make the progress He knows we need to make.—Progress which He knows is imperative, not only to improve the present situation in our Homes, but even more so to prepare for the days ahead!" (GN 796; ML #3191:2b)

This was the answer, and gave me the boost that I needed. I got desperate with the Lord for our children and He showed me to read with them "The Benefits of the Family." When I first started to read this Letter, I asked my older kids what they thought of the Family. I was not too surprised with what I heard: restrictive, walls, control, etc. As we read this together, the walls went down and the Lord answered many of our questions.

It's not that we weren't reading the Word with them, but this GN was the key to their questions and answered a lot of their doubts. We probably would have not thought of reading with them if I had not been forced into seeking from the Lord a solution for this onslaught of the Enemy. This kindled my

faith for seeking the Lord daily on what we all need, and especially to strengthen our faith and conviction. PTL for His answers! I am committed to just stop and have the faith to take time to hear from the Lord about all that I do.

A fresh example is that one day I wanted to go postering with two of my children. I felt that was the right thing to do. I had a plan, but I didn't stop to ask the Lord if it was all right. First, we got caught in the middle—and I mean the very middle—of an anti-government demonstration. Then it started to rain and

we got soaked. I was really going through it, as we were stuck and could not do any witnessing, and there were police and army everywhere. I managed to give out one poster to a sweet shop owner who let us take shelter from the rain. We then got in a taxi to get out of there, but ended up in a super traffic jam and spent a lot of money to eventually get home soaked, cold and really going through it. However, it did get me desperate enough to cry out to Jesus for an answer as to why.—Again He pointed me to seeking Him for everything!



Getting on Board with the "Weakness Revolution"

Learning to be myself

(From Lily, Lebanon:) "The Weakness Revolution" GNs were so beautiful and feeding! Recently I had a big attack of loneliness; nothing was different from days or weeks before, but all of a sudden I lost the grace for my situation, and I was ready to throw in the towel. A sweet SGA came to talk to me, as she could see that something was wrong and I asked her to pray for me. We talked, and within a half-hour, the victory I had been trying for hours to get on my own was handed to me by the Lord, through my opening up like this! It was an eye-opening experience. Since this mailing, I have been making much more of an effort just to be myself, to share how I feel inside, what causes me battles. This has had the effect of unifying me more with those around me, for which I am very thankful.

Working in teamwork

(From Joshua, India:) I feel I just need to read and re-read these GNs till the whole spirit of them sinks in. In the past I've often felt good about the talents I thought I had, but I am seeing now that if these gifts are not filtered through the Lord, they can only end up being weaknesses.

To get into the nitty-gritty of things, we were in the process of making arrangements for a seminar for 150 deaf delegates and catacombers. My wife, who was my partner for the day, seemed to have contradictory ideas on how to go about doing things. I reasoned it was just her "familiar spirit of arguing," because I was her husband. Finally at the height of frustration I snapped, "You stay out of this and let me handle it myself!" She did, and I booked the buses to pick up the 150 attendees—on the

wrong day! They arrived at the train station with no one to greet them and had to spend a fortune on taxis.

I did it "myself" and ended up in one big mess. How much better it would have been if I had worked in teamwork and let the Lord do it!

Happy to be a little person

(From Joanna Crystal [Trust], Thailand:) I love this series. I've read it three times already. There is so much that I want the Lord to get through to me about! I have been learning to become a little person, and I have felt so happy and content lately! It's only Jesus. I had become very lifted up in my former Home, as the Lord had used me a lot for various fundraising projects and other Home ministries. I had heard various brethren say how strong I was, how good I was at my job. I may have been good at my job but my heart was in the wrong place, in that I had taken some of this credit to myself—not even realizing it, though. I thought I was giving the credit to Jesus. Now I see that I had also shared in the glory. Yuck!

Thank the Lord, He is now re-molding me into what He has wanted me to be all my life in the Family. I have fought it because I wanted to be somebody! What a farce! Nothing could be further from the truth. I am nothing. He has become my heartbeat. And I pray I can just wake up every morning and keep saying yes, yes, yes! The Lord just wants me to be more motherly hearted, to pour into others the love that He has given to me. To be simple. Praise the Lord! So all that to say the "Weakness" Letters are so wonderful, and have just made me relax and let it go; give it all to Him!

Going on the attack

(From Andrew, Zimbabwe:) These GNs gave me a renewed desire to go on the attack in using the new weapons. Al-

though we have made various attempts at times to utilize the new weapons of loving Jesus, daily prophecy and praise times, we often quickly slip back into not using them. One quote stuck out to me and has helped me keep the vision, where it reckons that a new habit takes about two months to set. I think that is often what is missing, that goal of keeping it up for a specific period and reviewing it regularly.

I have felt and seen a big difference in my walk with the Lord since I have begun doing this. I think one of the most effective things has been that I have started keeping a daily diary and having prophecy time. Even though I haven't managed to "attain" in keeping it up every day, the days when I do so are still helping me have a better overall progress check on my spiritual life.

Another aspect of the "resolutions package" was to keep fitter than I have been. Although I have been keeping the minimum get-out requirements, a walk in the evening isn't quite the same as having a little run in the morning for getting my energy levels up. So having a run around the block after devotions four or five times a week has also been a part of my resolutions that has had a noticeable effect in my life. I generally have more energy, better posture and more clarity of thought.

Thank the Lord that He is there to help us! Having goals helps me stay desperate and in tune with the Lord. I tend to look at the times that I fail to keep my "get organized" schedule like the Sultan and his prayers. Perhaps if I were able to be more self-disciplined and keep all the things in the schedule faithfully every day then it would feed my pride and weaken my dependence on the Lord—something which I acutely feel right now in my messy state!