



# Expect Miracles

By

Debra L. Jimenez

*“He staggered not at the promise of God through  
unbelief; but was strong in faith, giving glory to God;”*

Romans 4:20

## ***EXPECT MIRACLES***

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Author's Note: Some names have been omitted in order to allow the Lord to continue doing His Work in them.

## *Acknowledgements*

I give all the praise and glory to my Lord Jesus Christ for first loving me and being a true Father to me all of my life.

Next, I thank my husband, Roy. Shortly before we were married, he made a special vow, which has always been dear to my heart. No matter what was to come, he could only promise two things: first, he would always love me; second, he would always take care of me (which he surely has done). My husband has been faithful and has encouraged me during bad times as well as good times.

I give praise to the Lord for my mother who saw me through the Lord's eyes and never gave up on me as a child. My baby sister, Nancy, whom I dearly love and whether we agreed or disagreed, she has always been a friend. My three wonderful children, Becky, Brenda and Ronnie, who truly are gifts from the Lord God Almighty: thank you for your love.

I also give praise to the Lord for sending a dear sister-in-Christ across my path: Ann Koechig. She was a great blessing to my family and me. She was always there with a word of encouragement when we needed it. She was truly a woman of God. I know that even though she is no longer with us on this earth, she is still praying for us and rejoicing with us each time we have a victory.

I give praise to the Lord for all the friends that have passed through our lives, the ones that have encouraged me when I needed encouragement, and prayed for me when I needed prayer. So many times, we could not have made it if we did not have faithful people praying for us.

We also could not have made it through some of the trials that we went through if it were not for the numerous unnamed dear men and women of God that walked beside us on our journey: I love and thank you all.

## *Introduction*

I have written this book in hopes that it will help you to have “FAITH” in the Lord Jesus Christ and learn how to “TRUST” the Lord with everything in your life.

I have been married for over twenty years. The main thing that my husband and I have in common is our love for Jesus Christ. We pray to the Lord: “send us, use us, and trust us.” We want to do whatever the Lord wants us to do. I did not realize to what degree this prayer would become and what would take place in our lives to prepare us to do all that the Lord had for us to do.

I will share my life from birth until the present time; of course, I will not be able to write about every event. There are so many things I would like to share with you, but one book would not be large enough. I will only write about the main events that I believe will help you to understand the goodness of the Lord Jesus Christ. I will give you scriptures to back-up what I tell you. I *do* want you all to understand that I am not writing this book to preach to anyone; rather, I want this book to *encourage* your faith. Just as your pastor preaches to you weekly, I want to teach you how to use what he preaches so that you can live a life of victory in every way.

My prayer is that after you have completed reading this book, you will be stronger in the Lord. I hope that you will not have to go through as many trials. I would have you learn through *my* trials. I hope that this book will open your eyes to the fullness of God and teach you just how much the Lord really loves you.

## *TABLE OF CONTENTS*

Acknowledgements		i
Introduction		ii
<u>Chapter</u>	<u>Scripture</u>	<u>Page</u>
1 The Devil Tries To Kill	John 1:3	1
2 Teaching Your Children	Proverbs 22:6	5
3 God Cares Even When No One Else Does	2 Corinthians 5:17	10
4 Learning Together About God's Goodness	Ephesians 5:22	15
5 Time To Start Growing	Genesis 12:1	22
6 Learning To Trust God	2 Corinthians 5:7	27
7 Grandparents Repent	Proverbs 16:7	31
8 God Takes Care Of His Own	Matthew 6:33	34
9 Moving By Faith	Proverbs 3:6	42
10 Going The Extra Mile	Luke 12:43	51
11 Claiming The Land	Joshua 1:3	58
12 Keeping A Promise	Psalms 36:4	62
13 Too Many Hurts	Ephesians 6:12	67
14 The Fire And Victory	Philippians 4:13	73
15 Asking Is OK	John 14:13	80
16 Giving In	Proverbs 3:6	84
17 Turning Things Around	Romans 8:28	91
18 Love And Love Will Return	Matthew 7:12	98
19 Peace, Peace, Peace	2 Timothy 1:7	103
20 Great Step Of Faith	2 Corinthians 12:9	107
21 Had I Been Forgotten?	Psalms 18:2	113
22 Finally Released To Go	Psalms 23:3	121
23 God Leads Us to A Place	Matthew 6:25	128
24 Fighting The Battle	Psalms 121:3	132
25 Trust Is What I Needed	Proverbs 3:23	137
26 People Obeying The Lord	Galatians 6:10	142
27 The Lord Is So Good	Deuteronomy 6:5	148
28 Miraculous Wedding	Romans 4:20	157
29 Going Home With The Lord	Psalms 37:18	167
30 From Storm To Blessing	Isaiah 26:4	170
Conclusion		181

## CHAPTER ONE

# *The Devil Tries to Kill*

*“All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.”*

**John 1:3**

I was born a very healthy little girl in June of 1959. My father was in the United States Air Force and was transferred to Tokyo, forcing to leave us behind until my mother gave birth to me. After I was born, it took a couple of months until my mother, my older sister Sherry, my older brother Ricky and myself were aboard an airplane going to Japan to join my father when the plane lost one engine. After landing on a farming field and waiting until the government was able to send another plane to pick us up, we headed towards Japan.

While living in Japan, at the age of six months old, I became very ill. At this time, my mother was now expecting her fourth child, my brother Gary. She took me to the hospital; the doctor sent me home, giving my mother instructions to give me some baby aspirin to bring the fever down. The aspirin did not bring the fever down, so my mother took me back to the hospital again. This took place several more times with the same instructions from the doctor. Within a few days, I became so sick that she took me back to the hospital; she was so upset with the advice of the doctors each time. My mother decided that this time she would not let the doctor examine me. She went directly into the administrator's office and handed me to him. She told him “now if this baby dies, the blood would be on *your* hands.” At that moment, the doctors were instructed to run tests on me. Within a few hours, a doctor came to my mother to give her the news. The doctor told my mother that I had CEREBRAL PALSY, SPINAL MENINGITIS, and DOUBLE LUMBAR PNEUMONIA! The doctor said that I would probably not make it. I knew that although I was conceived of my parents, *God* made me. Without God I would not have been born. The devil knew that the Lord had plans for me, so he was going to try to kill me as soon as possible.

My parents called their parents back in the United States to give them the news. My mother's mother said that they would pray and God would heal that baby. When my grandmother hung up the phone from talking to my mother, she called her pastor. The pastor called the members of their church to have a twenty-four hour, around the clock, prayer meeting for me until they received news from my parents that I was better. It is just awesome to think about it: a little church in Lake Charles, Louisiana starting a prayer meeting just for me! Men would pray until it was time to go to work. Some men would pray after they got off work. There were men praying at all times throughout the day. The women would have food ready for the men so that they would not have to cut their prayer time short. Yes, there were women praying also. This was a dedicated church. The people knew that the Lord could heal me, so they were willing to press on until He did so.

Back in Japan, I only got worse. In a few hours, I went into a coma. I stayed in the coma for ten days. I was under a tent because I needed oxygen. During the time I was in the coma, my parents made all kinds of promises to the Lord. My dad promised that he would quit smoking and drinking: *anything* to save their little baby girl. The Air Force told my parents that it was time for them to start making arrangements to ship my body back to the United States. There I was, just six months old, fighting for my life. I praise the Lord for people I did not even know, fighting for me in the spirit. I surely would not have won if I were fighting this fight on my own. My grandmother said that they were not going to let Satan kill me. She knew that I had a calling on my life and that Satan would try *anything* to stop it.

As my parents were watching me and praying, the doctor came into the room. He told them that this was the tenth day and he told them that I would only have a few hours left to hang on to life. He ordered my parents to go home, to change clothes, and to freshen up a little. When my parents returned to the hospital, my mother started feeling strange. She hesitated about going into my room: when as she walked in, she saw that I was gone. My bed was empty! At that moment, my mother started crying. She said, "all the prayers we prayed and all the believing: why did He let my little girl die?"

Within a few minutes, the nurse saw my mother and started yelling at her: "Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Johnson, she is *not* dead, the doctor has her." The doctor was running up and down the halls while he was holding me. He was screaming, "my baby is alive, my baby is alive!" The doctor told my parents that I awoke, screaming. They said that I must have been hungry.

The doctors started running more tests. Then there was more bad news for my parents to deal with. The doctors said, “she will never talk, she will never walk.” They also said that I would be retarded and would be like a vegetable, alive but unable to respond to anything. I had to stay in the hospital for a very long time. Not only was I sick but I had so many allergies. I was allergic to my own sweat. I was allergic to cotton. Mind you, in 1960, almost everything was made from cotton. My mom said that she had a very long list of allergies that I had. I saw *so* many doctors.

Sometime during all of this, my mother had to take to give birth to her fourth child, my little brother Gary. Now there were four children, two boys and two girls. I took most of my mom’s time. Finally, my dad’s overseas tour ended and we were sent back to the United States. His next assignment was in San Angelo, Texas. By now, I was able to remember a few things. I remember going to a special school for therapy. I remember so clearly, how my mom would lay me on the table and exercise my leg. I wore braces on my legs. I could not walk without the braces. I had to wear the braces at all times, even while sleeping. The only exception to this was when I bathed.

My mom was now expecting Nancy, her fifth child, and it seemed that the baby was growing fast. I remember during that time, my mom would still lay me on the table and work with my legs. I saw the expressions on her face and knew it hurt her, but she was determined that I was going to walk one day just like all other children. My mother took my braces off for every picture that was taken. She would buy “normal” shoes for me in order to have my picture taken. When posing for my pictures, I had to be sitting because I was unable to stand without the braces. One time, when I was five years old, my mother changed my braces to shoes and then asked the photographer to pick me up and place me on the table to take my picture. The photographer asked my mother why she changed my shoes. He said she should just let me take the picture with the braces on. My mother’s reply was, “NO, I refuse to let anyone see her as a cripple; one day she will not wear these braces anymore.”

The next thing that I remember was my dad received orders to go to England. My parents were so excited because they desired to go to England. My mother had to get documents from the doctors stating that it was ok for me to travel. This was when the joy left my parents. My mother was told that I would not be able to go to England because my lungs could not survive the cold weather. My grandmother offered to keep me so that they could go to England, but my mother would not leave any of her children behind. My mother stayed behind with her now five children. So, off we went to my

grandparent's home in Louisiana, where they built us a house on their land behind their home, and my dad left for England.

My mother started making confessions over me even though she did not know that she was.

**“...According to your faith be it unto you.”**

**Matthew 9:29**

My mother had so much faith that I would be healed; that she would not except anything else no matter what she was told.

Can you imagine that my mother confessed healing over me without knowing what she was doing? What more could you do since you know the Word and that the Word works. All my mother could see was her baby girl living a blessed and normal life. She did not see me being normal for just a few days; she saw it for years, even though nobody else could see it. My mother told me years later that she refused to accept anything negative. She loved me so much that she could not see me crippled. My mother said every time she would try to accept the doctors' prognosis, she would then see my little face and say that she just would not accept what they were saying was really going to happen to me.

I praise the Lord for all the times that my mother saw me differently than all the doctors. Her faith made it possible for the Lord Jesus Christ to heal her little baby girl, *ME!*

## CHAPTER TWO

# *Teaching Your Children*

*“Train up a child in the way he should go:  
and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”*

**Proverbs 22:6**

I am now ten years old and living in San Antonio, Texas. My dad traveled to many different places, some that we were allowed to go with him and others when we had to stay behind. Many things had changed by this time. There no longer was prayer time in our home. My dad was not the kind dad I once knew. Nonetheless, we were excited about our new home. This was the first house we owned since we were moving almost every year.

I remember my first day of school so well. I did not have to wear my braces because we had to turn them in at my dad’s last assignment. The policy was that when we arrived at the new base, I would be fitted for a new pair. It took about two weeks for the new pair to come. When I was fitted for my next set of braces, the doctors said I did not need the full brace; I only needed one on my left leg and that one came below my knee. I was very excited because these children did not know that I wore braces; therefore, I made many friends at this new school. Unfortunately, the day I returned to school wearing the brace, the children that were nice to me earlier were no longer nice. Those children were the meanest children I had ever met.

Days passed and the mocking continued, so I decided to do something about it. I realized that the reason I did not have many friends before was because of the things on my legs. I waited until school was over and when I arrived home, I came up with what I thought was a “brilliant idea.” I sat on the sidewalk in front of my house and took off the brace and the other shoe. I waited for the garbage truck to come by, and, when the truck came, I handed the man my brace and shoe. What a splendid idea this ten-year-old came up with! I remember saying “God, I don’t care what *anybody* says; I will *never* wear

braces again.” I did not care how angry my dad got. I just did not care. As one might expect, I did get into a lot of trouble. When my parents came home from work, they wanted to know where my braces were because I was supposed to wear them at all times.

The next day, my parents took me to the hospital to see the doctor. I know that the Lord must have had that doctor there for me that day. This doctor ordered several tests on me. After a lot of x-rays were taken, we were called into his office. He told my parents that he did not believe it was necessary for me to be forced to wear a brace any longer. My legs looked great compared to the last test. He said that when I turned sixteen, I would need an operation, but until then, I could go without the brace. I was so happy, and of course, I never wore the brace again, nor did I have to have an operation when I turned sixteen.

We started going to church. At first, my mother would go with us, but then that changed and it was just us five children. My mother always had a “good reason” why she was not able to go to church. She would drop us off and then, after church was over, we would walk home. The walk was about three and a half miles. My parents would tell us that we had to go to church because they wanted us to “become good adults.”

My dad had been drinking a lot by this time and we never knew what to expect. My family now grew to six little ones instead of five. My dad would fuss about all those children and tell people he never wanted us; it was my mother “who had to have them.” We were a perfect number, three boys and three girls. I just wish my dad had seen it the way we did. Things were really getting out of hand in our home. When my dad drank, he became this terrible man that I did not know, yet when he was sober, he was a kind father. We did not see the kind father side very often.

I remember one particular Sunday after returning home from church, my dad noticed that my sister’s and my hair was wet. The first thing he asked was how we got wet. We were so excited to let our parents know that we had been baptized. Oh, how I regretted ever letting those words come out of my mouth. My dad accused my sister and I of doing nothing but trying to show off in front of the boys. He beat both of us so badly that Sunday afternoon. I told my dad and God that I would never quit going to church no matter what my dad did or said to me. My sister said that she would never step foot in another church again after that day. Of course, my mom still made us go to church.

As time went on, the beatings became worse. My dad would never hit the two youngest ones; only my mother and us four older ones. One night, my mom had to take my older brother to the hospital. The doctor told my mother that if there were any laws to

protect children, he would have taken us away from my parents. My mother used to cry so much. She did not know what to do. My mother started going to church with us every week. One night, I remember praying and asking the Lord to get rid of my dad or else to change him. From that night on, I continued praying that way.

One day when we came home from school, my mother was home cooking. We asked her why she was not at work and she replied that she “wanted us to have one last meal as a family.” When my dad arrived home, we all sat down to eat. Mom had cooked all of my dad’s favorite foods. During that fantastic meal the police knocked on the front door. My dad had to move out because my mother had filed for a divorce. I went to my room and cried almost all night. I could not understand why I was so hurt. After all, I had prayed for so long for my dad to be gone. I never forgot the hurt on my dad’s face that night.

My mother loved my dad very much, but did not have any other choice; she had to save herself and her children. Our pastor had given my mother scriptures letting her know that she was allowed to get a divorce. We finally felt that we were safe.

From that point, I did not see my dad often. One day I heard my dad had been in a terrible accident. He had to stay in the hospital for a very long time. During that time he could not smoke or drink. When my dad was finally released from the hospital, he felt that since he had been without both cigarettes and liquor for so long, he did not need them any longer. To this day, he does not drink or smoke.

Things started going good for us, we thought. My mother got three jobs, my brother and I delivered about two hundred newspapers every morning, and my sister and I had a few baby-sitting jobs. We put all our money together in order to pay bills and buy food. We all worked very hard to keep our lives normal and stable. I was the only one going to church now because my mother was never home to make sure that we went. A neighbor took me with their family almost every service. I was now fourteen and thought that I was so smart. I thought we could do anything and make it, but we then had to move as we just could not keep up with the payments on our home anymore, we sold it and moved to a different house.

Then, my mother got sick. There were only three of us living at home at this time. My older sister Sherry moved away, my older brother Ricky moved in with my grandparents, and my little brother Gary moved in with my dad because he did not want my dad to be by himself. My uncle offered to let my mother come and live with his family, but, the only condition was that she could only bring the two little ones (Nancy and Michael), with her.

I became my own guardian and thought it was so cool. While living with a group of people, I became very lonely. I could not get a job because I was too young. I was no longer going to school because I withdrew myself. I would visit my neighbor often. She would talk about the Lord a lot which helped me because I was no longer going to church.

One time, as I was walking at 2:00 a.m., a car of young men stopped beside me. They tried to pull me into the car. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, came two police cars. They saved me from what very well could have been my last night on this earth.

Although the next two years had good days and bad days, I still knew the Lord was with me. Not everything I did turned out ok, but it was obvious that the Lord was helping me.

A few weeks later, I had to go to the hospital. While lying on that hospital bed I felt so alone. Then I remembered a woman that I used to baby-sit for a few years back, Mrs. Dee. I called her and asked her if I could stay with her for just a short time because I had no place to go. She agreed to let me stay with her. I never thought this one decision could affect my life forever.

Mrs. Dee came home one night all excited about the church she was going to and said that she wished I would go with her sometime. Mrs. Dee was a heavy drinker, but after she started going to this church she quit drinking. My mother came back to San Antonio and was no longer sick. Mrs. Dee invited my mother and the children to stay with her until my mother could “get on her feet.” My mother got a job and soon we were in our own place again. Mrs. Dee invited me once again to go with her to that church and my mother agreed that we all would go. I went up to the altar; after that, my mother and I made a decision we would start going to that church.

The pastor told me that I never needed to talk about the past because it *was* the past so, if it would not help someone or give God glory, let it remain in the past. Many times, we as Christians want to give a testimony, but in actuality, we are giving the devil too much glory or credit. Later on in life, I saw exactly what that pastor meant. Many things will only cause people to judge you or look down at you. At church, they will rejoice with you, but outside of that building, they do not want you around them or their families. You need not give details of things that happened to you in your past unless it will help someone.

My mother made sure that we went to church to learn about Jesus Christ. My grandmother prayed for us and that paid off. God was there for me as a teenager and even when I was not in church, He had His Hand on me and protected me. I look back and see how blessed that I was. When you teach children, the things they learn will stay with them. I praise the Lord that I was brought up in church and started learning that I could call on Jesus at an early age. I learned that I could trust the Lord to protect me, no matter *where* I was.

Would I be where I am today if I did not know about the Lord Jesus Christ? I believe that I would not. Parents, teach your children about Jesus. Just think where they will be as adults if you live the life and teach them. They will serve the Lord! As we look all around us, we see where the devil has slipped in. Most of the time we opened a door for him, even if it was just a little crack; *we* did it. If only we could just see with the eyes of the Lord!

Not all of you wives have control over your husbands, but you can pray and pray. If your heart gets to the place where you can say, "*Lord, do whatever it takes to bring my spouse to the Lord,*" you will then see him (or her) change. Can you trust the Lord even if you do not agree with whatever He decided to do? If you can, I challenge you to turn your family over to the Lord.



CHAPTER THREE

## *God Cares Even When No One Else Does*

*“Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature:  
old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.”*

**2 Corinthians 5:17**

Now I am sixteen years old and beginning my walk with Jesus Christ. I guess this is when I started the race that God had for me. I was in a fabulous church. Our church was not a large one, but boy, was the power of God in that place! I wanted to know God in every way. I could not get enough of God. I wanted to go to church as often as possible. I would spend hours upon hours reading my Bible. I found a new Love and I desired to see my Love as often as possible.

Do you remember when you first made a commitment to the Lord? We all are so excited about God that our age does not matter. Well, one thing that *did* matter to me was that I believed with all my heart that Jesus really loved me. I believed everything I read in the Bible and nothing could change that. Over twenty years have passed and I still feel the same way. I never left my first Love.

I wanted to be baptized in water and to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. I watched other people praising the Lord in other languages and remember thinking that it was so awesome. We were going to have a special baptizing service one night, so I decided to be baptized. As I stepped down into the water, Brother Petty took me by the hand; it was shaking so much. Brother Petty went to lay me back into the water and down I went. I went down three times, straight back, without my body bending at all. He let me go when my body started to go back the second time. He had never seen anything like that before. The third time I came up out of the water, I came up speaking in tongues. After the service was over, people came up to me to tell me what they witnessed

and to say that they had never seen anything like that before. I was *so* happy! This is when I realized that God really *did* care about the desires of our hearts. I never asked Him for the Holy Ghost; I just desired it.

I started working with the children in our church. Soon, I started passing out tracts with a group at the church, taking food and toys to poor children and helping others in need. I was so excited about all that I was doing for the Lord. Not everything in my life was so great, but Jesus Christ was! I volunteered many hours at our church. One day as I was walking to the church, I began to cry. My mother was unable to take me to church that day; she would meet with me later for the service. I was feeling so alone. I knew God was with me, yet I needed more. I remember asking God “isn’t there anyone in the whole world that could just love me for *me*?” I did not know what I had done to be disliked by so many people. After all, I was *only* sixteen. When I finally arrived at the church, I just lay on the floor in front of the altar and began praying. As I prayed, I began to think, “Maybe I really did not need anyone to love me except Jesus.” I began to ask the Lord to either send someone to love me on this earth or to give me a peace to accept that only God loved me and to fill that empty part in my heart.

A few days later, I began to feel like I did not even have the love of the Lord. Of course, as we mature in the Lord, we know that we are not to go by feelings. The devil will play with your feelings if you let him, and he will convince you to get out of God’s will (if you let him). It seemed as though the Lord could not hear my prayers. I could see a brick wall and my prayers were just bouncing off this wall. As I was praying, I came up with this very brilliant idea. The Bible states to “*stand* on the Word.” I decided that was what was wrong: I was not standing on the Word. I picked up my Bible, laid it on the floor, opened it up, and stood on it. I told the Lord, “Okay, I *am* standing on the Word, so please hear me and answer my prayer. Lord, *please*, talk to me and don’t leave me.” As I look back at that event, I imagine how the Lord must have felt as He saw this little girl standing on the Bible. He loves us so much. Oh, the compassion and love He had for me. I really did believe I had to stand on the Bible. Now I know that that does not mean to stand on the book, rather to stand and do not give up, no matter what happens. No matter how long it takes, that if you believe and trust on Him, it will happen.

The next night, as I lay on the bed, I had a vision. In this vision, I saw Roy, a close friend from church standing beside me. I was wearing a wedding dress. Immediately, I started praying. I could not marry Roy because I did not love him. Roy was like a brother to me; we had worked together during church activities. Then I let the Lord know the real reason that I could not marry Roy: he was Hispanic and I was Caucasian. I was always told that these two cultures did not mix. Well, as I continued

praying, the Lord kept dealing with me. As you will see as you continue to read, I always do whatever the Lord wants me to do, as He is the main and most important thing in my life.

Two days later on a Friday, me, my mother, little brother, younger sister and a few people from the church were going to take a trip to Louisiana. We invited Roy to go, but he said that he could not make it. I prayed and asked the Lord that if it was really Him showing me that Roy was to be my husband, allow him to change his mind and come with us. This would be a sign to me. As my mother pulled up to the house to pick up someone, Roy came running out with a suitcase in his hand. He had changed his mind and had hoped we would still have enough room for him to go with us. There was only one place left where Roy had to sit and it was next to me because that was the only space left.

The trip was a six-hour trip, and finally we reached our destination. We were all going to stay at my dad's home because it was my brother's graduation and we wanted to be together. By the time we arrived at my dad's, I was in love with Roy. I cannot explain it, except that God put that love in my heart for him. We went to the graduation and at 8:30 p.m. on May 18, 1976, Roy kissed me for the first time. That night I could not sleep. I kept praying, remembering that God cares, even when no one else does. I felt very confused. I did not know exactly what was happening to me; I felt so much love for Roy. When we arrived back home in Texas, I went to Sister Petty's to talk to her about the feelings that I was having for Roy. Sister Petty reminded me about my prayer prior to this trip.

Two weeks passed. I saw Roy every day and he was asking me to marry him. I told him I would marry him. Although we felt that we were in love, we still wanted to make sure it was the Will of the Lord. We wanted the Lord to confirm to us that it was His Will for us to marry. Roy fasted often, but I never fasted before. I only weighed eighty-five pounds and could not let myself lose any weight. We decided to go on a fast. We did not know how long the fast would be. We decided that we would fast until we received confirmation that it *was* the Will of the Lord for us to marry.

As I anointed my head, I would begin to pray. The Lord spoke to me and instructed me to get out a cookbook with pictures. Then the Lord instructed me to pick out a picture of what I would like to eat for that meal. As I looked at the picture, I began to feel as though I had eaten that meal and started feeling full. I could actually taste the food in my mouth. I pulled the cookbook out three times a day while I was on the fast and never got hungry, nor did I loose one pound. We were on the fast for seven days. The Lord confirmed to us three times that it was His Will for us to marry. Now we were

going to plan our wedding, but I had a question for the Lord before I could marry that I felt I could not discuss with Roy.

When I was fourteen, I was told that I would never be able to have children: how could I tell Roy? I believed he would hate me for that. Then one night as we were getting out of Roy's car, he asked me to wait one moment. He said that the Lord had spoken to him to let me know that He had healed my female organs and made me whole. He said that I was a new person. I knew this was the Lord because I had not said anything to Roy about this. That night as we talked, Roy began to share many things about me that there would have been no way for him to know unless the Lord had shown him. He said that the past is the past and this topic would never again be discussed. We then laid all the cards on the table. I was not afraid to talk to him and he was not afraid to talk to me because we really loved each other and nothing else mattered. Roy told me that night that he could not promise to give me many material things, but he would promise to always love me and take care of me. He promised that he would never allow anyone to hurt me again.

The Lord cares for us so much. If we seek the Lord, He will guide each step we take. When I speak of fasting and this event, people all over the country say the same thing: "fasting is not for today." Parents tell me that they could not expect their children to fast concerning their spouse-to-be. Parents, let me tell you this: I hope that you pray that your little children will pray and fast concerning their mates. Getting married will be the most important decision in their lives. They will spend their lives with that person. People don't seek the Lord concerning marriage and now we have the highest divorce rate ever in America. "SEEK THE LORD."

No other person can love us as Jesus does. No other person cares for us as Jesus does. Only Jesus knows the future, so why not let the Lord guide us in all that we do. Jesus will never let us down nor will He ever leave us. If we make a total commitment to Jesus Christ, He will give us the desires of our hearts. Remember that the Lord cares so much about the sparrows to give them food to eat and shelter: what more would He do for His own children? Not always will the Lord do things the way *we* want Him to, but He will do the very best for us.

Often people come to me and say, "God never answers my prayers." I just wish that every Christian would realize that the Lord really *does* answer their prayers. Remember when I said that I was not in agreement with the Lord's plan for my life? I prayed for the Lord to change my heart, not His Will for my life. If you really desire the things of the Lord, no matter what the cost, He will guide you in the right direction. His direction is hardly the direction we plan for ourselves. Can you trust the Lord with your

life all the way? If your answer is “yes,” then let the Lord guide you and take you places where you have never gone with Him before.



CHAPTER FOUR

## *Learning Together About God's Goodness*

*“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands,  
as unto the Lord.”*

**Ephesians 5:22**

*“Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved  
the church, and gave himself for it;”*

**Ephesians 5:25**

Roy and I set our wedding date for July 31, 1976. I picked up my wedding dress and took care of almost everything. I ordered the material for the six girls in our wedding party. We ordered the invitations and were about to order the cake when the phone call came: my dad said there was no way he would ever come to my wedding to give me away. I was so hurt as I told Roy. Roy decided we would not have a wedding: we would just get married. There were too many things going wrong with this wedding and that phone call was just the final straw. There were so many people against our getting married: some of *my* family, *Roy's* family, and even the *church* family.

I saw over the years that if a person does not agree with something that you are going to do, they try to either stop it or talk badly about you. Those things were happening to us. People were even making bets that our marriage would not last one year and some others bet five years. Can you imagine: Christians betting money on someone's marriage? If you do not agree with someone in your church or family getting married, please do not talk about them, instead PRAY FOR THE COUPLE! You could be hurting the plan of God. Prayer *does* work! If the marriage is the Will of the Lord it will work, if it is *not* the Lord's Will, trust the Lord to stop it.

Roy and I talked to our pastors and we got married on July 1, 1976 at our pastor's home. The pastor's neighbor and my mother were witnesses. The church members

received the news the following Sunday at church when the pastor made the announcement.

We were married for a few weeks now and still praying and seeking the Lord. One night, I had a vision. In this vision, I saw heaven open up and the Lord spoke to me. The Lord said, “YOU HAVE CONCEIVED THIS NIGHT: YOU WILL GIVE BIRTH TO A GIRL.” Oh, boy was *I* upset. I had just turned seventeen a few weeks prior and I was not ready to have a child. I was taking birth control and had not missed one pill. Yet if the Lord said it is time for you to have a child, you can do all you want to stop it, but you *will* have a baby. I spent the rest of the night praying for my heart to line up with the will of the Lord as well as praying for Roy. I decided I would tell him first thing when he woke up. What a thoughtful thing for me to do! The next morning when Roy awoke, I told him exactly what the Lord said to me. Roy jumped out of bed and grabbed me by the hand. We were living with my mother and learning together about God’s goodness. We went into the kitchen and He asked my mother to please tell me exactly what he told her ten days earlier. She said that Roy told her that the Lord spoke to him telling him he was to have a daughter, and the Lord gave him many instructions concerning that daughter.

I made an appointment for the following week to see the doctor to be checked. The pregnancy test came back negative and the doctor wanted to know why I assumed that I was pregnant. Of course, I told him that I had not assumed anything because I knew I was, even if the pregnancy test came back negative. I also told the doctor about the vision I had the week before. The doctor must have thought I was crazy, yet he decided to give me an examination and ran a different test. Then the doctor told me that he had just seen the strangest thing, I was pregnant after all! He said that he would not have believed it if he had not examined me himself.

We finally moved into our own apartment. We were very happy about it. The apartment was large enough for the baby and us. I was the one who rented the apartment and our property owner had never met Roy. One day, she saw Roy and asked me who that man was and “why was he going into (my) apartment?” I introduced her to Roy and told her that he was my husband. The following day she told me that I had to move: she did not allow Spanish people to live in the apartments. We had to move back in with my mother.

Roy worked hard to save some money for us to move, but it just did not happen. I became sick. This pregnancy had not been good for my physical body at all. The baby was slipping out, so my uterus had to be sewn so that the baby would not come out too early. I had to stay off my feet, keeping my feet elevated at all times. I read a scripture:

***“Unto the woman he said,  
I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception.”***

**Genesis 3:16**

I knew this meant that the woman would have pain. I knew that I was *not* living under a curse so I was going to pray and refuse to have any labor at all.

While we were at a church revival one Sunday night in November, an evangelist called me to the front of the church. This man said that I was going to have a daughter; she would be a prophetess in the last days. He said that this little one would be the key to open my husband's heart. The evangelist continued saying that the Lord saw all the hurt, so much hurt, but God knew me even before I was in my mother's womb. He said that because all I had been through, I would never want for anything: spiritually, financially, mentally, or physically. I remember telling the Lord as I was walking back to my seat I “just give me a two story brick house with a fireplace, nice furniture, and nice cars; the rest you can have for whatever you want.”

Two months later, Roy and I were attending another revival. The minister called me to the front and spoke the exact words that had been spoken before. Now, I had taken that prophecy and was waiting for a third confirmation so I could hold on to it for dear life. At eight months pregnant, we were now at an Old Camp Meeting Revival. The minister called me to the front again and spoke the exact words the other two ministers had spoken. I now knew, with no doubt, that this was a message from the Lord.

I began to have more problems with my pregnancy and I had to start going to the doctor twice a week. I was hooked up to a machine to have the baby monitored for about four hours each time. The doctor said the baby needed to be born even though she was not ready. I checked into the hospital so that they were could induce labor. While still inside me, the baby had a reaction to the medication, so they had to give me something else. The procedure had to be stopped. I refused to allow them to induce labor. She would just have to come naturally. I then checked out of the hospital.

I had an appointment the following week. The doctor asked me a lot of questions about my living conditions. He told me he would guarantee that if I moved out of my mother's home, I would have the baby within the week. He thought that I was under too much stress.

Until this point in my life I thought that life, as a Christian, was pretty easy. My mother and I had been getting into many disagreements, and some were bad. One

particular day, my mother and I had a very bad disagreement. I left the house to use the pay phone because I did not want my mother to hear my conversation. As I was walking to the pay phone, I began to pray and ask the Lord to help us get our own place. My sister-in-law said she would help me find a place. I asked her to not let Roy know my mother and I had gotten into a fight. We found a place that we could afford. It was not at all what I was used to. It was a one-room efficiency apartment. And, it was on the “wrong” side of town, but we would have our own place. We knew that wherever we moved, the Lord would protect us. We cleaned the apartment and moved in.

My mother was so upset. She kept saying that it was not a safe place for me to live. She was right, it was not a safe place, but we had Jesus. The first night that we slept in our new home, I heard a noise on my front porch: it was two drunken men. I did not know these men at all. I awakened Roy and he told me to be quiet, to leave them alone, and they would not bother me unless I bothered them. Later, one of the men that had slept on our porch started watching out for us. Every car on the block had their battery stolen except for ours. We were told later that the neighborhood was told to never mess with us. We were being protected and did not even know it. We trusted the Lord to take care of us and he did. It did not matter how He did it, all that mattered was that the Lord made sure that we were protected.

On a Thursday morning, I woke up to a strange feeling. I realized that I was spotting blood. I knew that was not normal and that I needed to go the hospital. I prayed that if it was time for me to have the baby, for it to wait long enough for me to put the clean clothes away. I had gone to the laundry mat the night before, but did not feel like putting the clothes away. After I made the bed and finished putting the clothes away, Roy took me to the hospital. Remember: I prayed for NO labor. Roy had left the hospital to get something to eat, and when he came back, he had a daughter. After being at the hospital for twenty minutes, I gave birth to Becky, a beautiful baby girl, with no pain. He said that he thought it was supposed to take a long time. He felt badly and never left me at the hospital again when we had our other children. He now knew that I had my babies fast.

Before the baby was born, I had been paying the hospital in advance every month in order to get the upcoming bill paid. We had insurance, but we did not know the insurance would cover the birth of a baby, so we did not know we could claim it.

When I was getting ready to leave the hospital, I was asked to go to the office and pay the balance of my bill. I still owed over \$800.00. We had been told by the hospital that if the bill was not paid in full prior to leaving, we were not allowed to take our baby. Yes, this is true. The girl in the next room was told that, too, and they really would not let

her have her baby. She had to call her parents. Her parents paid the bill and *then* she could leave with her baby.

Before I left to go to the office, Roy began to pray. We had told the devil “WE WILL LEAVE WITH OUR BABY AND NO DEVIL IN HELL WILL STOP US.” We had taken authority over the situation and now trusted the Lord. Roy then took me by the hand and we went to the accounting office. We believed the Lord for divine favor with the office workers, but the Lord did better than that; they could not find my records. They asked me when I made my last payment. I told them, and then they asked could I give them the exact amount that I owed. I did not know the exact amount; I knew approximately, but they asked exact. After about thirty minutes of searching for my records, the office manager came to talk to us. She decided that since the mistake was theirs, they would mark the bill PAID IN FULL. We rejoiced all the way home!

After I had the baby, I found myself praying even more. Roy did not make a large amount of money and we could not seem to make ends meet. How was I going to feed and clothe this baby? I needed a miracle! The baby needed a bumper pad for the bed and I knew we could not afford one. One day when Roy came home from work, I asked him that if the Lord blessed me with the money, could I buy the bumper pad. He agreed.

On Saturday morning, we arrived at the laundry mat to find a \$10 bill in the dryer. I asked if anyone had used that dryer and the few people that were there said “no.” After we finished the laundry, we went directly to the store and bought the bumper pad. It cost exactly \$10; no change left.

I was using cloth diapers because it was less expensive than Pampers®. Becky kept getting a rash. The doctor said to use different types of soap, but the rash stayed. Then the doctor said what we were concerned that he might say. We could no longer use cloth diapers on Becky. How could we pay for that since we did not have any money for them? All we knew to do was to pray and trust God that He would work it out.

Mrs. Lois, a friend of our family, came to see Becky the next day. She told us that she came by to tell us that she wanted to buy Becky Pampers® instead of us using cloth. She said she would buy the diapers for the first year. PRAISE THE LORD! We had not told anyone what the doctor told us. We wanted the Lord to work it out. We knew he would supply all our needs because the word said he would.

***“But my God shall supply all your need  
according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”  
Philippians 4:19***

We never spent one more dime on Pampers® after that day. Our diapers came from heaven above!

One night about 10:30, I gave Becky her last bottle. We had no money for more formula so we prayed. Shortly afterward, we heard a knock on the door. There was a woman standing on our porch. She said that the Lord spoke to her about our baby needing milk. She asked if I would go with her to the store to pick out the milk. Of course I went. That really did surprise us. How did she know? We thought that was great; we were being taught faith and that we did not need to ask family or friends. All we needed to do was pray and have faith and God would do the rest.

That was when we began to pray to the Lord to send us, use us, talk to us. We wanted to hear the Lord as easy as that woman did. We had family we could have asked, but we chose to ask the Lord and we saw Him come through, as we had never seen before. The Lord was the one who supplied all our needs and He was the one to whom we gave all the glory. No man will share glory with the Lord; the Lord will not allow it.

The teachings we were under were very different from any I had ever heard. We were repeatedly told to ask the Lord. Ask him, see if he will not do it, and we did just that. I was beginning to see the promise God made to me come to pass. Maybe not the way most people thought it would, but over the years, it has. Every time I would pray and trust the Lord, He would do it. I do not take all prophecy as a word from the Lord, most are not, some pastors will tell you to disregard some prophecies, yet most will know but not say anything to the congregation for fear of conflict or confusion. If I have confirmation, then I know it is from the Lord and I will stand on it no matter how long it takes. We are not on the same timetable as the Lord is.

I had decided that no matter what anyone would ever say to me in the future, I would trust I heard from the Lord. No matter what it looked like I would trust that I had heard from the Lord. Situations would never cause me to believe those words were not from the Lord. Some of the things I was told by the Lord, I would see sooner than others. If they had told me it would be twenty or thirty years later, I probably would have been discouraged. God knows the beginning, middle, and end. Sometimes, He will show us the end. I do not know that if I had seen the middle of that plan if I would have agreed to go down that path.

Now we all know we do not like trials, especially many trials. If I had been shown that plan before I walked the walk, I think I would have lost my mind. Many times over the next twenty years I kept on reminding the Lord that I was not Job, Moses, Noah, or

Abraham. I kept on telling the Lord that I was not a strong person. Then one day I read the scripture, which I read many times before:

***“That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ:”***

**1 Peter 1:7**

Now I knew that I must go through the trials that the Lord had before me.

As a wife, I was learning that Roy loved me very much and that I needed to learn how to trust him. The Lord blessed me with a good husband. We were growing together with the Lord. I had to trust Roy to make the correct decisions on major things. If I did not agree with him, I took it to the Lord in prayer. We were learning together about each other and about God.



CHAPTER FIVE

## *Time To Start Growing*

*“Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee:”*

**Genesis 12:1**

Becky was going to be one year old and I wanted to go back to school. Roy agreed that I could get my GED, but we did not have the money to pay for it, so I would need to find a way to get in without having a bill.

I knew that there were government programs to help people. I was praying for the Lord to guide me in the correct direction and to let me have favor with people. I discovered a program called CETA, which would pay for my schooling and give me minimum wage at the same time. CETA would also help me continue my education after I had received my GED if I wanted them to.

I called the program and was told that there were no openings at that time and that they only accepted a certain amount of new cases each year. I would have to wait until either someone dropped out of the program or until the time when they started taking new applications.

Everyday I would pray, “Satan, get ye behind me, and loosen of the school.” I trusted God; I knew somehow I would be accepted after Becky had her first birthday. I was taught from the very beginning that we did not have to accept any answer if we did not want. We are the ones that have dominion over the earth, the Lord gave it to us.

Everyday for two weeks I would call CETA at the same time. We did not have a phone, so I would go to a neighbor’s house to use their phone. The same woman would

answer, and she would say the same thing: they had no openings but that she would call me when they did.

The next time I called, that woman told me that I had become such a pest. She said that she could not have me continually calling everyday, so she said to come into her office and she would find a position for me. She asked that, if she somehow got me into the program, would I “please quit calling her?”

Becky turned one year old on a Friday and on Monday morning I was in school; I was so excited. When I finished and got my GED, I still wanted to continue my education, so Roy agreed that it would be ok with him. Roy was now an assistant merchandise manager and we could afford the schooling.

I called the CETA office and talked again with the same woman. She asked me not to call her at the office and gave me her home phone. She said there were other programs I could still qualify for and she would find one so that I would not have to pay for my schooling. The following week I was in school and, of course, I was not only getting my schooling paid for, I was being paid to go to school. PRAISE THE LORD! Persistence does pay off.

About a year after completing the classes, I received a job as a centrifuge technician in a blood bank. I liked my job, but after a few months of working there, I realized the managers were stealing from all of the employees.

I had to really seek the Lord on this one; I needed His direction on how I should handle this information. I wanted out of that job because I did not want to cause trouble. I also refused to work under that management.

Roy agreed that I should quit. He did not care if I worked or stayed home and he said that the decision was mine. I wrote a letter of resignation to the head office and turned-in my two-week notice. The manager read the letter and asked me to come into his office. He asked me to take the letter back.

I told him that I would have to talk to my husband and then pray about it first. He was angry and said that if I could not make the decision on my own immediately, he would just leave it the way it was (regarding the letter and resignation).

By this time, I had already accepted another job elsewhere so I did not care about his threats. When upper management received my letter, they came down from Dallas to do a full investigation. They fired the managers. Every girl that lost her job illegally was

rehired. Even though I was no longer going to work there, *I* was blessed that the girls were going to be blessed.

At 5:00 a.m., on what was supposed to be my first day on the new job, I received a phone call. My mother's employer called to tell me that my mother had been shot and was in the hospital. She was shot three times and left for dead. We went to the hospital immediately.

At 8:00 a.m., I went to my new job to tell them what had happened and that I would not be able to work that day. I prayed for favor because I did not want to lose that job. The boss told me to take as long as I needed, and to just update him daily.

Roy and I returned to the hospital and stayed with my mother, praying for her the entire time. Hours passed and she started to show signs of improvement. We left the hospital to shop for items that she would need during her stay there.

The following day, my oldest sister asked if we would contribute towards purchasing flowers for our mom. I explained to her that we had just spent a lot of money on the personal things that mom needed; we just did not have any extra money at this time. I visited my mother everyday. When I arrived to visit her on the third day, I saw a beautiful bouquet of flowers in her room. As I read the card, it said, "From all your children that love you." Every one of my siblings names were on the card except mine.

I did not expect to see my name on the card, but to declare "From the ones that love you." I told the Lord, "here we go again; please protect my heart." My mother finally went home, and we kept her in our prayers. She also saw how the Lord was helping her.

The doctors were able to remove two of the bullets, but one bullet was so close to her lung that they decided not to remove it. About six months later, my mother felt something on her back; she said her back kept itching. The doctor examined her, took a little knife, put a slit in her back, and the bullet fell out! The bullet had moved and worked its way out. GOD IS SO GOOD!

Time passed and I was working with Central for about six months now. I had another vision one night. Heaven opened up and the Lord spoke to me: "YOU HAVE CONCEIVED THIS NIGHT." I thought that this was great news. I went to the doctor and the test came back positive.

This time Roy was upset because he did not want any more children. We were in a larger apartment and doing better financially than ever before. He said that he did not want to bring any more children into this world because “it was a terrible place.” As the baby grew, he wanted me to exercise because he still had not accepted the fact that I was pregnant. He had decided that I was just getting fat.

One night, Roy told me why he felt the way he did. Roy said he loved children, but he did not like the world we lived in, so how could he bring more children into it. Then the Lord spoke to Roy and told him that He would take care of our children; He just wanted Roy to trust Him.

During the pregnancy, the Lord started dealing with Roy and me; He was going to move us. He wanted us to leave Texas and move to Louisiana. We did not want to move, so we kept praying. We did not pray for the Lord to change His mind. We wanted to make sure that it was really His Will before we made that move. It never mattered what we wanted; we just needed to be sure it was His Will.

One night while Roy was praying, the Lord spoke to him, saying, “GO FOR A SHORT SEASON, ONLY.” Just to make sure it was really the Lord, we asked the Lord to confirm this to us. While we were at church praying on our knees, Miss Polly came up to Roy and said, “Brother, I don’t know what it means, but the Lord told me to tell you to “GO FOR A SHORT SEASON, ONLY.”

That was it: we were going to go to Louisiana. We did not want to go, but we did want whatever the Lord wanted for us. We wanted to stay in His Perfect Will no matter the cost. Roy went to Louisiana and stayed with my dad for two weeks to look for a job. My dad and I were getting along at this time and he was glad we were moving over there.

Before Roy left to go to Louisiana, we received the news that we were going to have twins. After Roy left, I was in a car accident and lost one of the babies. I knew that the surviving baby was special and that Satan was going to try to destroy it.

Roy came home without finding a job; we thought that maybe we had missed it. Then the following day, we received a call from my uncle in Louisiana saying that he wanted Roy to go into partnership with him. My aunt’s home was empty and he wanted us to live in it.

We started to pack and get ready for the move. We were willing to go to Louisiana for a short season, but, how long *was* a short season? We thought that a “short” season

might be a couple of years, but for us, it was *thirteen years*. Remember that God is on a different time schedule than we are.

We thought that we were just moving to another state, but we were not aware that the Lord was moving us to a new life. He was going to teach us about Him in His Fullness. I thought this move would also help my relationship with my mother. She still acted as though I was a child and she would not respect me as an adult.

Roy's mother was great to us. She tried to help us at times, but we told her that we could do it on our own. When we gave Roy's parents the news of our move, they were very upset. Roy's dad then went into the house and came back outside. He laid money out like a fan: all large bills. He told us to take what we needed and that if we needed more, he could get it for us. He was trying to explain to us that we did not have to move and that they could help us.

We knew we had to leave. Money was not the reason for our departure, so we explained this to his parents. We could see the hurt in their eyes, but they respected us enough that they never said anything negative about the move again. Some of Roy's siblings did not like me and tried to cause trouble with us often. I believed that maybe the move would help them to accept our marriage.

That never happened.

We finished packing, rented a truck, and were now on our way to a new life. We knew that this was the plan of God. I thought that this must have been how Abraham felt when he left his home and the family he loved.

We saw the Lord do great things for us during the first four years of our marriage, and now, God was about to teach us much more than we had ever thought was possible.



CHAPTER SIX

## *Learning To Trust God*

*“For we walk by faith, not by sight:”*

**2 Corinthians 5:7**

The truck was loaded and we were on our way to Louisiana. With a little excitement, we started driving to Louisiana. Then the Lord gave us the news. The Lord said to Roy, “THERE IS NO JOB.”

Roy told me what the Lord spoke. I wanted to know exactly what He meant. Roy began to tell me that even though my uncle had offered him a job, there would not really be one. Here I was, seven months pregnant with our second child, and there would not be any income coming in.

Why didn't the Lord tell us this before we both resigned from our jobs and move to Louisiana? The answer was very clear: we would not have gone. We were not yet at the place in our walk where we could completely trust the Lord with our lives.

We arrived in Lake Charles, we had a house, and all the utilities were already turned on. Our house was directly behind my grandmother's house and I would be able to see her often. I was trying to be positive and see the good in this move.

After we finished unpacking and returned the truck, Roy looked in his pocket to see if he had any money. All that he had was two little dimes. As for me, I had nothing at all. We had no idea what God had planned; we only knew that we had better have some type of faith or else we were going to be in a lot of trouble.

My uncle came over and visited us. He began to talk to us about the business he wanted us to help him with. The business opportunity was selling something door to door. We went to a couple of meetings and that was as far as it went. He told us that we

could live in the house free and that he would pay all of the utilities for a year. If the Lord had not been in the move, Roy would have been upset, but we were in the Lord's Will.

I loved staying home again and spent many hours in prayer. I cleaned the house early in the morning and then prayed and studied the Word. Roy also spent many hours in prayer; we sought direction from the Lord.

One day while we were sitting outside with Becky, our neighbor came over. He asked Roy if he would help him on a job for one day. He didn't know if we could use the money or not, but his boss asked him to try to find a guy to help them. He said that he would pick Roy up at 5:00 a.m.

We went into the house and started praising the Lord. We were so happy; we needed money since I was now eight and a half months pregnant with no income. We did not know if this was going to become a permanent job, but at least one day of income was better than nothing.

That night when Roy came home, he told me he would be working on an oilrig. He would be working sixteen-hour shifts. We did not give anyone a sad story; we just prayed and waited for direction. The Lord brought the job *to* us. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

Every day as Roy left for work, I prayed for the protection of the Lord to cover him. I knew that this was a dangerous job and I did not want to give the devil any room. The one day that I forgot to pray over him, he was hurt on the job: a pipe hit his eye. Roy went to the hospital but he would be fine.

Roy received his first paycheck for one week's work; the paycheck was \$1000.00. We were so excited; it took him a month to make that much money in Texas at his old job! We were able to buy all the things we needed. We bought all the items needed for the new baby and all Becky's winter clothes. This was such a great relief for us to be able to take care of the things we needed.

I went to the doctor because I knew I had to be registered at the hospital in order to have our baby delivered there. That was when I received the news that my insurance would not cover the birth of this baby in Louisiana. A little clause stated it would only cover us in Texas. Why did we keep the insurance if it would not cover us? We dropped it.

I needed direction again from the Lord. In such a short time, we could not come up with that kind of money to pay for the hospital bills regarding the baby. The supervisor at the hospital came to me and started talking. She said that there was a program I might qualify for so that I would not have to pay anything. After finishing the paper work, they determined that Roy made too much money unless I was to have the baby on or before October 12<sup>th</sup>; the baby was due on October 15<sup>th</sup>.

On Thursday I had an appointment to see the doctor. When the doctor examined me, he told me to go home, pack my things and come straight back to the hospital. He said the baby was ready to be born. The baby might have been ready, but I knew that *I* was not. I had planned a dinner party for that Saturday evening. If I went back to the hospital now, I would still be in the hospital and then, what about the dinner.

I went home, packed, and proceeded to get everything ready for the party. I started to pray for the Lord to not allow that baby to be born until after the dinner. This dinner party was very important to me. Remember this: if it is important to you then it is important to the Lord. **THE LORD REALLY DOES CARE.**

On Saturday night, we had our dinner party. During the evening, one of the girls asked me when I was going to have the baby; I told her the baby would be born after they all left. She asked if you really could tell your babies when to come out and I told her “yes;” I believed we had that much authority. The Lord gave it to us two thousand years ago; we as Christians just do not know when to use it.

After the last guest left our home, I did all the dishes and then laid down. As I laid there, I prayed and told the Lord that I was now ready to have the baby. I knew that I only had one more day to have her or else we would have to pay the hospital bill in full.

Then, my water broke and the baby was now ready to be born. I called my grandmother and she came over and picked up Becky. Roy and I went to the hospital. Roy had been praying that he would be home when I went to the hospital; his hours were so long that only the Lord could work that out.

Three minutes after we arrived at the hospital, I gave birth to our baby girl, Brenda. Roy did not leave me there this time; he knew better. The baby was not breathing when she was born. As the nurses and doctors worked on her, I bound the devil; he would not kill this baby.

Brenda started breathing with help and the doctor said she would be fine. She was born on October 12th, so I didn't need to pay the hospital anything! I received a copy of my bill and it was marked with a zero balance. GOD IS SO GOOD.

Three days later, I needed to take Brenda to the doctor for a checkup. The doctor told me that the baby had a hole in her heart and that they would have to perform surgery. NO! NO! NO! The devil would not cut on our baby! We took her for all her appointments and believed that if the Lord could perform a miracle, He would, but if not, He would use the doctors. God gave them the wisdom they have. We trusted the Lord to do a miracle.

Time passed and it was time for her to have the operation. Roy told me to go to the hospital and he would meet me there in time. Roy stayed behind to pray; he was still holding on that the Lord would do a miracle.

The doctors were getting ready for the surgery and we were still standing on God's Word. We refused to believe the report of the doctor. They were required to take one more x-ray before they could begin. The next thing I remember was that they were all telling me that they could not understand it; her heart looked normal! I got to take my baby back home and no knife was used to cut into her. We rejoiced: again, the Lord had answered our prayers.

If we place our trust in the Lord we will see him do many things for us. Just remember that if you have ever seen the Lord help you, He will do it again and again. He wants to bless us; it is up to us. Remember this scripture:

***“If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you,  
ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.”***

**John 15:7**

We hold the key of how much the Lord will do for us. Do you believe, I mean *really* believe in your heart, that the Lord can and will do it for you? Just remember: *nothing* is too hard for God.



CHAPTER SEVEN

## *Grandparents Repent*

*“When a man’s ways please the Lord,  
He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.”*  
**Proverbs 16:7**

We were all doing fine and getting used to living in Lake Charles. Roy worked long hours, but we thought that the pay was worth it. I did not have any friends there, only my grandmother and our new pastor and his wife.

One day when it was raining, I heard a knock on the door. As I looked out, I saw my Aunt Dot outside the door. My dad’s family lived in DeRidder, which was about forty-five miles away; this aunt was from there. I opened the door to see what she wanted and she told me that my grandfather was in the van. He requested that I come out to the van because he wanted to talk to me.

All of a sudden, I had some flashbacks of that side of the family from many years ago. I remembered the day in 1972 that I walked up on the porch and started to knock on the door of my grandparent’s house. My grandmother would not let me in the house; she started yelling at me, saying that I was not her grandchild. She told me that I was never allowed to come to their home again. It really hurt as a little girl to hear those words. Right then I decided in my heart, that I would never go back to their house again.

Then in 1977, an event was going to take place: my older brother was going to get married. Becky was just a few months old and I wanted my family to see my baby. I went to DeRidder to my brother’s wedding and after the wedding was over my dad asked me if I would please go with him to his mother’s house. He wanted his family to see his granddaughter.

My grandmother lived across the street from the church, so we decided to walk to her house. As we began to walk to her house, I began to pray. I knew how my grandmother was and I did not know if she had changed. Of course, my dad had guaranteed me that she had. I reminded myself that the only one I knew that would never lie to me was my Father God.

My dad opened the door and we stepped into the house. I saw my grandmother sitting across the room in her chair, the exact place she always sat for many years. My dad walked over to her and handed her Becky. He began to tell her “Mother, I wanted to show you your fourth great-grandchild.” My grandmother raised her arms to give Becky back to him, and said, “I only have *three* great grandchildren.”

I took my little baby and left that place vowing to never return. She could hurt me all she wanted, but I would never allow *anyone* to hurt my children. I remember that as I was walking back to the church, I was praying for the Lord to forgive her and bless her, and to protect my heart so that I could still have love in my heart for her.

I asked God to let her know that I still did care for her. I did not see her or my grandfather after that day until I saw my grandfather in the van. I never spoke of the incident after that day either. I just pushed the hurt aside, and put that day behind me.

As I got my thoughts clear, I asked my aunt what it was that my grandfather wanted. My Aunt Dot told me that my grandfather wanted me to come out to the van so that he could talk to me. I did not know if I should go or not, so I told Becky to stay in the house and watch the baby while I went outside for a minute. Becky was now three years old and I knew that she would be able to understand anything that was spoken to me.

I went out to the van only to find a very thin, old, sickly man. As my grandfather sat there, I asked him what could I do for him. I found myself having feelings for him that I thought I no longer had.

My grandfather asked me to please forgive him for the way he treated me. He never said anything ugly to me, but he allowed his wife to say unkind things. As the head of the house, he never should have allowed it to go so far. He never spoke up if his wife was wrong because he wanted to keep peace. He allowed many things to go on just in order to try to keep division from being in his home.

He told me that he loved me very much and that he needed to make sure that I knew that. He then told me that he was going to die. He wanted me to promise him

when that day would come, that I would go to the funeral. I told him I did not know because Roy used the car for work. He told me that it was very important that I go to his funeral.

My grandfather said that I really needed to be there, so he made my Aunt Velma promise him that she would pick me up and take me home after the funeral was over. Later I heard that he made my grandmother promise him that she would be nice to me.

Well, just a few weeks after his visit, in December I received a call. I was told that my grandfather died. I was given the schedule for the wake and the funeral. Sure enough: my Aunt Velma came, picked me up and took me to the funeral.

After the funeral was over, everyone went to my grandmother's house to eat and visit. My grandmother talked really nice to me and everybody played, kissed, and hugged my girls. They were acting as though they really did care for us. A few years later my grandmother died. I visited my grandmother a few times prior to her death and she always treated me with respect and kindness. She never treated my girls ugly nor did any other family member.

I saw for the first time how God would make your enemies to be at peace with you. I did not believe my grandparents ever really hated me. I *do* believe that the devil talked to them and they listened.

How can people hate their own grandchildren? I do not believe it is possible unless Satan makes it happen. I do believe my grandparents are both in heaven, and I praise God that He gave them the chance to make it right. You cannot have hate in your heart against anyone and it be pleasing to the Lord. Hate will make you bitter and harden your heart.

I just wished that my grandparents could have been able to take care of their hearts years earlier so that they could have had a joyful life, but, I praise the Lord often that they both did take care of these things and much more before they died.



CHAPTER EIGHT

## *God Takes Care Of His Own*

*“But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness;  
and all these things shall be added unto you.”*

**Matthew 6:33**

I now lived in Lake Charles for six months. A new year came and I knew that I needed to concentrate on my Walk with the Lord. Roy worked sixteen hours a day. The only day he had off was Sunday unless he requested an extra day off. I decided that instead of watching the television, I would spend time reading the Word and praying while Roy was at work. We bought some Christian tapes and records so that I could play the music during the day.

After I finished my duties as a mother, including making sure our home was in order; I would sit in the rocking chair and start singing praises to the Lord. I would be in the room where I could see and hear the girls. I would never neglect the girls while I was spending time in prayer.

First, I began to sing praises, and then I would start praying. I would meditate on the Lord's goodness. I began to see myself growing in the Lord. I could honestly say that I was spending about ten hours a day with Him, either in prayer, reading His Word, or in meditation of His goodness.

As I read the Bible, I began to understand scriptures that made no sense to me before. I was beginning to know God in a different way. I did not feel that I was under obligation to spend time with the Lord; I wanted to do so and I loved it.

Now I was beginning to understand why the Lord sent us to Louisiana: it was to grow. He did not want us to stay little spiritual babies forever. Do you remember when

you first were saved, how it was so easy, and, as fast as you prayed, the Lord would answer your prayers? Now, it seemed like it was taking the Lord forever to answer us.

Please remember one important thing: “God is never late.” That was what I was about to learn. I found out that if you do not know something, you would go through different trials until you gain a deep understanding of it in your heart.

One day while I was in prayer, the Lord spoke to me as clear as anything. He told me that I had no one but Him. I really heard those words. I was scared at first. I began to wonder what kind of trials were going to come our way. Up to this point, we saw blessings and some miracles, but nothing like the things that would cause us to have a greater amount of faith in the Lord.

The Lord started dealing with my spirit concerning this matter. When Roy came home from work that evening, I began to tell him what the Lord had spoken to me. Roy asked me if this had happened around 3:00 in the afternoon. I told him yes, but why do you ask? He told me that at 3:00 the Lord spoke the same words to him.

Over the next few months, we began to see just what the Lord meant. We did not have any friends. We both had parents, but whether they were able to help us or not we had to learn how to trust the Lord. Roy was making great money, but we had not save a dime. We gave offerings and paid our tithes. These were the only investments we made. We knew the scriptures:

*“Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse,  
that there may be meat in mine house,  
and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts,  
if I will not open you the windows of heaven,  
and pour you out a blessing,  
that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”*

**Malachi 3:10**

*“Give, and it shall be given unto you;  
good measure, pressed down, and shaken together,  
and running over, shall men give into your bosom.  
For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be  
measured to you again.”*

**Luke 6:38**

Because of the scriptures, we knew that if we needed anything, the Lord would take care of it since we had sown seed. We knew that we could draw out of our heavenly savings if needed. All we would have to do is pray and have the faith and our needs would be met.

We knew that the Lord had performed miracles for us in times past and we believed that He would do the same, as needed, in the future. We were going on a LONG journey to see what the Lord really meant.

We needed another car. We had a nice car, but Roy used it to go to work and I would walk or take a cab wherever I needed to go. We were making good money, but the money seemed to be disappearing through our fingers. We had no money by the end of the week with nothing to show for it.

One day our pastor, Brother Welch, called and wanted to know if we wanted to buy his car from him. He began to tell us that he had the car for six months and that he had bought it new from the dealer. He just wanted us to take over the payments and once it was paid off, he would transfer the title to our names.

Brother Welch said that he was going to buy a new car and he was offered the same deal from another brother. He said that the Lord had instructed him to offer us the exact same deal as he was offered.

When Roy came in from work, he returned Brother Welch's call and we accepted the offer. Brother Welch had a nice new Cadillac and we had a nice new car. Finally, we had two cars "wrong." The Lord started dealing with us to give our other car away. All that we were waiting for was the direction of which we were supposed to give it. We would keep the car until the Lord told us to whom we were to give it.

The week after we bought the car, Roy's hours at work started getting shorter and shorter. He was now only making about \$200 per week instead of the \$1000 per week that he made before. How were we going to make it? We just did not know. Why did we buy a car and now be obligated to a car note that we had not had the month before? We needed the car so now we would have to trust the Lord to help make the payments.

One night, we started praying for a miracle. We needed rent money, utility money, and car note money all in the same week. We started praying at 10:30 p.m. and kept on until 2:30 a.m. the following morning. Four hours passed and we did not even notice it.

The telephone rang; it was my mother. She said that the Lord had woke her up and told her to *give* us \$500. She wanted to know if she could come over first thing in the morning to give it to us. Of course, we agreed.

My parents remarried at the beginning of the year, so my mother now lived closer to us, only about an hour away. At 9:00 a.m., my mother was there knocking on our door. Boy, was I glad to see her! We had felt so relieved to know that someone was obeying the Lord. I could not believe that the Lord had taken care of the situation so fast; most of the time we were waiting until the last minute.

Well, nothing had changed. We were going to have to wait until the last minute again. We thought that my mother had come to give us the money, but this was not so. She decided that she could not give up that much money to us at this time. Instead, my mother took the girls and me shopping. She bought the girls some new clothes at the mall. She took us to lunch at a nice restaurant and then went to a little gift shop where she bought me an expensive gift: a candle that I would not have bought because of the cost.

I really enjoyed myself and so did the girls. I started praying within myself, “Lord, what about the money?” All this was nice, but I had bills to pay. I knew that the Lord had spoken to her because that was the exact amount that we were asking for. We did not ask “man;” we were asking the Lord, and then my mother called us.

Then the words that I was dreading came out of her mouth. My mother told me that my younger brother was going to be moving into the dorm at school and *he* needed the money, so she had to give it to him. She asked me if I would understand and I told her “yes, it was ok.”

I was hurt. I went into prayer after my mother left. I wanted to know why, and what happened. Then the Lord reminded me of the words that He told us a few months earlier when we had no one but Him. I said, “Lord, I know that, but You were the one that woke her up, not us. I never asked my mother for anything.”

That was when the Lord began showing us how He moves on people to do things. Sometimes people would be obedient and sometimes not. As my mother was driving home, the rear end of the car fell off. The car was new, but that was the only thing that was not under warranty. How much did it cost? It cost \$500 to fix the car. I was shown for the first time that if you do not do what the Lord tells you to do, you will lose it anyway because the devil will steal it from you. The only difference is now you cannot receive a blessing from God for it; you just lost it.

It does not matter how honest people are; they will let you down sometime in your life. The Lord was trying to teach Roy and I that no matter if a commitment was made to us or not, do not rely on “man.” We stopped praying after my mother called. Later in life, we learned that when someone would make a promise to us, we would go into prayer and continue praising the Lord knowing that He would provide for us no matter if people would decide to obey or disobey the Voice of the Lord. I decided to hold onto the following scripture:

***“In God have I put my trust:  
I will not be afraid what man can do unto me.”***

**Psalm 56:11**

If the money was not going to come in, what would be the worst thing that could happen to us? We could lose the car, be forced to move, and/or have all the utilities cut off. Would that mean that the Lord did not care for us? NO! We would still praised the Lord because the Word says:

***“Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father  
in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ;”***

**Ephesians 5:20**

***“I will bless the Lord at all times:  
his praise shall continually be in my mouth.”***

**Psalm 34:1**

We were learning to trust the Lord with all things and no matter what happened, He was *still* the Almighty God. His ways were the *correct* ways. Even if we did not understand them, we were determined that we would not allow the devil to steal our peace or our love and respect for the Lord.

The Lord did provide the money for the bills that we needed; he just did it another way, and of course, at the last minute.

My younger brother moved into the dorm, took the car with him, so now my mother was without a car, and had no way to go back and forth to work. This was whom the Lord spoken to us that we were to give the car to. It did not matter if she offended us; she still belonged to the Lord and He wanted to bless her. She did not disobey the Lord to hurt us. She just felt that it was more important to help my brother.

At this time, financially bad or not, the Lord began to deal with us about having another child. We already had two girls, and we felt that we had done our share to populate this earth. We flat out told the Lord “NO, NO, NO!” As Roy kept on praying, he agreed to have a third child.

“Not me,” I remember praying: “Lord, that is between *You* and Roy; I am not in agreement. I cannot have a third child at this time. I love children and I would want a dozen of them, except, we cannot afford them.”

The Lord never asked *me* to “please” have a third child; he *commanded* it and I told him “no.” Now, we all know that the Lord sees all from the beginning to the end, and including everything in-between. I started having a lot of trouble with my birth control pills. The doctor took me off the pill and said we could use different types of birth control. That does not work if the Lord wants you to have a child.

I started having all kinds of reactions to the different types of things we used. Then the doctor gave me the terrible news: I could not use *any* of them. He suggested that I get my tubes tied. Of course, I would not do that because I would not allow a knife to cut me.

My baby girl, Brenda, was eleven months old when these problems started. Then the night came when I had that same vision. The Lord spoke to me and said, “YOU HAVE CONCEIVED THIS NIGHT.” Heaven opened up, just like the other times, so I knew that we were going to have another baby. The strange thing about *that* time was that the Lord told me that our pastor’s wife had also conceived that same night!

I was so shocked about the news of our pastor’s wife. The following day we went to the pastor’s home for a barbecue. While we women were in the kitchen, I told the pastor’s wife about the dream. She said it was not possible because she was going to have her tubes tied the following week.

The pastor came into the kitchen and she told him what I had said. His mouth fell open from shock. Soon afterwards, they went to the doctor and were told that the pastor’s wife could not have her tubes tied at that time because she was pregnant.

I really had to seek God. We were going to have our third child and our income was limited. Roy said that there had to be a better way to live. God must know how to make our money stretch.

Christmas was coming soon and I did not have one present for the girls. Roy came home from work at 5:00 p.m. with his paycheck. He received a \$200 bonus. I put my coat on and grabbed the Christmas list I had made for the girls. Roy watched the girls and I left to go to the store to buy their gifts. I found everything on the list. It was so strange; the exact Barbie doll that Becky wanted was the last one on the shelf. With each item on the list, it was the same way. The Lord kept the gifts for the girls at the store and we were able to get everything on the list.

I realized on that Christmas Eve that I would never again wait until the last minute again to buy their gifts. The Lord did come through for us, but I knew that there had to be a better way. After that year if we were able, whenever we would see something on sale for at least 75% off or more, we would buy it and put it in our closet for the following Christmas. I never had to rush at the last minute and spend a lot of money again, except for a few times when the Lord directed us to do something different

My younger brother had to move into our house with us because he could no longer afford to stay in the dorm. Roy and I were learning more and more about how to stretch our money. We had all the faith that the Lord would always take care of us as long as we stayed in His Will.

One Sunday, there was a family visiting our church. As we were getting into our car, the Lord started dealing with us to invite that family over for lunch. As we started to approach their travel trailer, we heard the conversation between the couple that they only had one pack of meat left.

We did not know anything about them, except that they had five children and were Christians. We knew that the Lord wanted us to invite them for lunch. When we invited them to our home for lunch, they accepted not ever knowing that we overheard their conversation. They happily followed us to our house. When we got home, we told my brother about them. My brother was so upset with us. He wanted to know how is it that we could invite them over when we only had enough food for us for that day. We told him that he would see how the Lord would take care of us.

I cooked and we all ate. This family asked us if they could park their travel trailer in our driveway for a couple of days. We agreed; however, those few days ended up becoming three weeks. They were waiting on some money so that they could go to Africa to be missionaries.

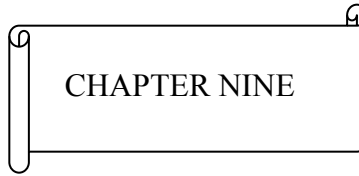
That night, a friend from out of town came over with a few boxes of fried chicken. They wanted to visit with us and felt to bring chicken with them. The following morning,

the mail carrier came to our house to bring the mail. It was 8:15 a.m. He was there so early.

They had changed his route and we were now his first customers. As I was looking over the mail, I noticed a letter from the IRS. This letter stated that they had under paid us on a return. They had a check enclosed for almost \$200! THE LORD IS SO GOOD! NEVER LATE! ALWAYS ON TIME!

We went to the store, bought groceries and paid a bill with the money. The family stayed and we had enough food to provide for them and our own family. We never told them that we were out of food; we only told the Lord. When they left, they were blessed: we blessed them with boxes of clothes and food to sustain them. It was our privilege to do that.

We were learning how to seek God. God was beginning to teach us that if we would seek and trust Him, He would provide our every need. The Lord *does* take care of His children. He is never late.



## *Moving By Faith*

*“In all thy ways acknowledge him,  
and he shall direct thy paths.”*

**Proverbs 3:6**

We were learning how to discuss everything we did with the Lord. It was becoming a part of our everyday life.

My Uncle Gordon came to our home, told us that he had sold the house, and, that we needed to find us another place to live. Roy went into prayer and the Lord spoke to him letting him know that my uncle did *not* sell the house at that time. He wanted to sell it, but it had not yet sold.

The Lord directed Roy to tell my uncle that we would be moved out on or by April 1, 1982. Of course, we had no money to move, nor did we know where we were going to move. At least the last time we had to move, we had the money to do so.

I was six months pregnant and had to start packing. Roy still had a job, but just not as many hours as before. I started packing a few boxes everyday and began stacking the boxes in the kitchen.

One day we needed gas money and I did not know what to do. I talked Roy into driving around, hoping to find some money on the street somewhere. We found money plenty of times before when we needed it, so I thought I would “help” God this time. We used almost all of our gas and never found a dime.

When we got home, my stomach was in knots. I hit the bathroom door and told the Lord that I just could not take it any more. You know, the Lord is so sweet; He loves us so much. He answered me. He told me to look at my children.

As I watched my children, I saw Becky turn on the light, use the toilet, flush it, turn on the faucet and wash her hands. Then it hit me; she never thought about it. Becky just trusted that we would take care of her.

She just turned the light on. He said that that was how *I* was supposed to be, to trust on Him. All of a sudden, I got a very clear picture of what faith is. Now, I had faith *most* of the time, but now I saw how I should have it *all* the time.

Faith was learning how to trust God with everything in our lives all of the time. No wonder that the Lord tells us to pray “without ceasing.” We need Him day and night. Do you remember the scripture?

***“Therefore I say unto you,  
Take no thought for your life,  
what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink;  
nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.  
Is not the life more than meat, and the body than  
raiment?”***

**Matthew 6:25**

I now understood this scripture much clearer than ever before.

It was now the last week in March and our pastor Brother Welch came over to our home to ask if we had found a place to move yet. We told him, “no,” and then he offered to let us move into the church. Our church had a section that was for evangelists to stay when they were visiting.

He said we could put our things in the storage area at the church and stay there until we were able to find a place; he said that it did not matter how long it would take. We thanked him, but we told him that we felt that it was not what the Lord wanted us to do. We told him that we trusted the Lord to direct us and to make a way. We knew that the Lord had a plan; we just did not know what His plan was at that moment.

We were beginning to understand the Lord clearer as the years went by. One thing that we had already learned was that He never gets in a hurry. The Lord only lets us

know what we need to know at that moment and expects us to ride the ride in faith and obedience. Have you ever heard that phrase, “on a need-to-know basis?” *That* is how God works.

If the Lord were to tell us everything that we were going to go through, I could almost guarantee that you would take off, running in the other direction. That is why He only lets us know what we need to know. The Lord wants us to learn to trust on Him and Him alone. Every time we have a trial to go through, we become a little stronger in the Lord.

The day finally came for us to rent the truck, but there was no money to do that. We got up early that Friday morning and took our baths. We then awakened the girls and dressed them. We were getting ready and waiting to hear from the Lord. We needed direction.

The mail carrier came; my mother-in-law sent us a money order. It was large enough to pay for the truck and to buy gas and food for wherever the Lord wanted us to go. We did not ask Roy’s mom or dad for the money. We did not tell them about the problem. They knew that we were moving and knew that we did not know where the Lord wanted us to move; we were just waiting on Him. They felt that they were to send the money. They said that maybe it could help our trip a little.

We rented the truck and backed it up into our yard by the front door. Then Roy told me that he told the Lord that he would wait on the Lord to direct him where we were to move before he would put one box in that truck. We knew that Roy could get his old job back in Texas if he wanted it because we called and confirmed it. We also knew that we did not know if that was the plan of God.

The following morning when we awoke, we decided to take the girls to McDonald’s for breakfast. We felt to go to the McDonald’s located on the other side of town. There was one just a few blocks away from our house, but we felt we were to go to the farther one.

We were in the middle of eating and the Lord spoke to Roy: “GO HOME, THE ANSWER IS ON THE WAY.” We put the rest of the food in the trash; we each only had a few bites left, and then left immediately.

As Roy put the key in the front door, the telephone began to ring; it was my mother. My mother said she found us a nice house in DeRidder (Louisiana). She wanted to know if we would please move to DeRidder and stay there just until I had the baby.

We knew this was the Lord's plan, so we agreed. I was now seven months pregnant, so I could not help lift anything. My younger sister came down to help Roy load the truck. My dad paid all the deposits for the utilities and my mom paid the rent and the deposit.

We never asked any of these people to help us, nor did we give them a sad story. We just said that we were moving because my uncle was selling the house and we would seek the Lord on where to move. The Lord did the rest. He moved on their hearts to bless us. Again, God had everything under control.

After we settled into our new home, it was time to find a church. We decided that we would drive back and forth on Sunday mornings to Lake Charles because we were both Sunday school teachers and there were no volunteers to take our places yet.

We wanted a Word church for Sunday night and Wednesday night. After Roy prayed, he opened the phone book and the church that the Lord wanted us to attend stood out. The letters just rose on the paper and Roy knew that was where the Lord wanted us.

Roy was still working in Lake Charles. We thought he would just drive back and forth, but that, to, changed. One night after we had unpacked and were going to bed, I had a vision. In that vision, I saw Roy standing straight with a sunrays over his head. I saw an arm with a hand going through the sunrays. The hand was on top of Roy's head. In the vision the, Lord spoke and said, "I HAVE MY HAND ON ROY. HE WILL GO TO WORK TOMORROW, BUT THAT WILL BE HIS LAST DAY WITH THE COMPANY." DON'T WORRY; I WILL PROVIDE FOR HIM."

I told Roy, my mother, and my sister about the vision. Early the following morning, Roy awoke and left for work. At about 10:00 a.m., he returned home. The oil company that he had been working for had filed bankruptcy. The company gave Roy a pink slip (layoff notice) and sent him home. In a way, I was excited because he could get his unemployment, stay home, and help me until I had the baby.

One morning when Roy and I were in our bedroom reading, we heard a knock on the front door. It was two women from our church. I went to the door, and, as they were introducing themselves, I was asking the Lord about them. These women said that the Lord had told them to bring us food.

We did not need any food at that time, but one thing I had already learned from the Lord: unless He told us to, we were never to turn down a blessing. We accepted the food. There was so much food that it totally filled our cabinets and refrigerator. I knew that the

Lord watched over us and for some reason, we would need all of that food. I wondered what was going on...

That week, the employment office told Roy he that he could not receive unemployment because he had quit a job before he got the job he presently had. Now I understood why we were blessed with the food. We would end up needing all of it.

Roy could not find work in that small town and we had no more money. A few months passed and, as I was praying, the Lord directed me to call the governors office. I did as directed. When the secretary answered, I asked to speak to the governor. The secretary asked what the problem was. I explained the problem that we were having with the unemployment office. Later that day, the secretary called me back and apologized. She said that the man that took my husband's application would no longer be working for that department. She also said that we would be receiving all of the back checks right away!

The strangest thing had happened to us; we never received any of the utility bills in the mail during the time that we had no income. Four days after speaking with the secretary, we received the checks. The very same day, we also received our electric bill, gas bill, water bill, and phone bill. There were letters included with each bill stating that they could not explain it, but somehow they overlooked our account and no bills were sent to our address. We had double bills and the money had come in to pay them all. Was it a mistake or was it the Lord holding those bills until we received the funds to pay them? Of course, it was the Lord. **THE LORD IS SO GOOD.**

It was now time for me to have the baby. The hospital was sixty miles away. I had been in prayer a lot concerning this because I do not go through labor and I did not want to have my baby on the road.

Roy came home from church on Wednesday night and I told him it was time for him to take me to the hospital. We arrived at the hospital without any problems. After checking into the hospital, and as I was being pushed to the labor room in the wheelchair, I began to pray.

I wanted to have thirty minutes of labor. I never experienced labor because I prayed against it, but now I wanted to know what it felt like. At that exact moment the pain started. Oh, it was so bad! I was so glad that I had stood on the Word and had not had labor pains in the past!

The pains became stronger. I started saying, “JESUS, JESUS, JESUS.” As long as I kept saying His Name, the pain would stop, but in between taking breaths, the pain would start again and harder each time. Exactly thirty minutes later, it was time to have the baby.

I gave birth to Ronnie, a beautiful little baby boy. Roy was so excited that he asked the nurse to make sure that it really was a boy, and the nurse told him that she knows what a boy looks like. At that moment, the baby pushed himself up just enough so that Roy saw for himself that it was a boy. God answers all kinds of prayers and gives us answers to all kinds of desires that we have, even the silly ones.

As the doctor was delivering the baby, he asked me who taught me how to pray and breathe. I did not understand what he was asking, so he explained it to me. Then I told him “no one.” The doctor told me that he had never seen that before and he wished all his patients were like me.

Three days later, I was ready to go home. The doctor informed us that the baby could not go with us. Something was wrong with him; there was something wrong with his urine, so until they could determine exactly what it was, he would have to stay in the hospital.

Roy had always desired a baby boy, but never asked the Lord for one. Now the devil was going to try to cause the baby to have problems. No, we would not allow it. The devil is a liar.

We left the hospital without our baby. As Roy was driving home, we had a flat tire. “No problem,” we thought; but we were wrong. Roy went to put the spare tire on but it had no air in it. We also were about forty miles from our home. We went to the gas station and *they* had no air. We decided to drive on the flat tire anyway. He had to go very slow, about five miles an hour. The bumps hurt me so bad every time the car moved. I had to have surgery after Ronnie’s birth due to some problems, so I could feel the tires every move.

We passed about seven more gas stations on the way home and when we stopped at each one, none had air. What kind of gas station would not have air? We knew it was nothing but the devil, so we just kept praying and rebuking the devil.

Finally, we arrived home with much joy. I knew that I would never ride a ride like *that* again. Late that evening, we found out that different people we knew saw us driving so slowly and just passed us up. They wondered why we were driving so slowly. I

wonder why they did not ask the Lord. He would have told them to give us a ride if they would have acknowledged Him on the matter. Then I would not have had to be in so much pain.

The following day we called the hospital and they told us the same thing: they did not know what was wrong with the baby. After about six hours and much prayer, we decided to take the baby out of the hospital. I called and told them that we were on our way to pick him up and we would sign any papers that we needed to, but he would not stay there any longer.

When we arrived at the hospital, the nurse told us that we did not need to sign anything because all of the tests came out normal and they let us to take the baby home without a fight. The devil was trying to put his nose where it did not belong and we refused to take any of the garbage he was trying to throw at us. TAKE AUTHORITY OVER THE DEVIL. He will have no choice except to back off.

In August, Ronnie got very sick. He was now two months old and I was very concerned. He was doing fine until now. I called the doctor and took him in immediately. The doctor wanted us to take him back to the hospital, so we did. He had been screaming for two days now, and would not stop.

When we arrived at the hospital, the medical staff took him and asked us to wait. While we waited, we saw a woman that we knew. Roy talked with her and then we prayed with her. When we finished praying with her the nurse called us to the back.

Ronnie seemed to be doing fine and we could take him home. The fever left, the pains seemed to stop, and the particles in his urine disappeared. That never happened again. We thought it was so strange, but we had been busy doing the Father's work, so He took care of our baby.

Ronnie was now one year old and we were now in the month of August - again. Ronnie was swinging on the swing and as he raised his arm to wave, his arm caught in the swing. His arm literally tore off all, except about two inches around. We rushed him to the hospital, the surgeon stitched it back on and today, after much prayer, he is fine.

Then the *third* August came around. As he was playing under the patio, he got sawdust in his eye. Back to the hospital we went. I could not understand it: I was very protective of my children and I watched them continually. Where did he get that sawdust? Apparently, there was just a little dust remaining under the patio from the week before, when Roy was working and it must not have been swept up.

Now here we were in the *fourth* August since his birth. Ronnie was now three years old and, during the month of August, I did not want to let him out of my sight. I had concluded that August was a bad month for Ronnie and us.

The night before school was to start for the girls, I left the children with Roy while I went to the store to get the girls clothes out of layaway. I returned only to get the news that Roy had to take Ronnie to the hospital. The children were playing chase and as the girls ran from the back yard into the kitchen, Becky shut the door so Ronnie could not catch her. Ronnie's finger got caught in the door and when he pulled it out, his finger pulled off. The surgeon sewed the finger back on and, the following week, all the scars were gone. The doctor could not believe it. Again, we told him we had prayed and saw the miracle.

We were now approaching another August and I was so nervous about that. Ronnie was four and I was tired of things happening to my little boy. I kept praying for the Lord to protect him, but that was not enough: it happened again.

Ronnie was playing on the trampoline. He hit his neck and could not move. The ambulance came and off we went to the hospital again. He *did* hurt himself, but later came home doing fine. I was so upset. I did not know what to do. Although I prayed over my family every day, I could not understand why these things kept happening to Ronnie.

One night as I cried out to the Lord, I needed an answer. I did not know if I was doing something wrong or not, but I still needed to know. The Lord spoke to me. He told me that this was a curse and that I needed to take authority over it. We rebuked the devil and commanded him to loosen our son. Ever since that day, all the Augusts came and went without any problems.

We knew that there were different ways to pray for different situations. We thought that we were praying the correct way for this problem and praised the Lord when we learned how to pray concerning Ronnie. I am not saying that Ronnie never got sick or had to go to the hospital after that. I am saying the trips to the hospital every August stopped from that day forward.

We started changing the way we prayed from that day onward. There is a time to pray protection, a time for praise, and a time to take authority over the devil; God must lead you as to how to pray for each situation that you are in. Our weapons are not carnal, so you have to fight the fight in the spirit:

***“For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal,  
but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds.”***

**2 Corinthians 10:4**

We moved by faith and we were going to do everything we did by faith. I am not saying that we did nothing *except* to wait on God. You have heard that old saying that “God helps those who help themselves.” I do not believe that to be scriptural; however, I have no disrespect to the ones who quote it often. I believe the scripture:

***“...and having done all, to stand.”***

**Ephesians 6:13**

Roy and I do what we can and go as far as we can; the rest is up to the Lord. Once He makes a way for us to go, we go as far as we can with His direction. Then, we stand again and just wait on Him.

Do what you can, be led by God, make sure it is His Will for your life, then stand and let Him do what you cannot do. Have faith. Trust on Him. Roy has a saying that we have learned to live by “if the Lord did not say it, then it is not so.” Try it and see if it will help you to have an easier walk with the Lord.



CHAPTER TEN

## *Going the Extra Mile*

*“Blessed is that servant, whom his lord  
when he cometh shall find so doing.”*

**Luke 12:43**

After our son was born, Roy and I spent much time together in the Word and in prayer. He was not working so that made it very easy. One day while we were studying someone knocked on the door. It was one of the women who had brought us food a few weeks earlier.

She said that the Lord had been dealing with her to come and talk to us. She wanted to let us know that until the baby turned a year old she felt that she was to supply all the diapers that he would need.

I was shocked. We did not even pray about the diapers for Ronnie. The Lord took care of the problem before it became a problem for us. If you remember, the Lord supplied the diapers for Becky for a year, too. Then Brenda was born. Why did He not supply *her* diapers? It was because Roy made very good money during that time and we did not need a miracle for that.

Now here we were with Ronnie and, again, the Lord was supplying the diapers for him because there was a need. We all know that the Lord does not want us to lack. It did happen; Mrs. Georgene came by every week with plenty of diapers for Ronnie. She told me that if he got sick and he needed more diapers, just to let her know.

On November 2, 1982, our property owner knocked on the door and wanted to know if Roy would be able to help him for about two weeks. That job lasted about twelve years for Roy.

Roy went to the employment office and told them that he had a job so that they could stop sending the checks; however, they told him that he was not making enough money compared to what he was making before. They said that he would continue receiving his checks; he would just need to continue advising them as to how much money he would make each week.

We continued receiving unemployment checks for two more years. Every time we thought we were finished, we would receive a letter that they had given us an extension. We also went to the food stamp office to stop the food stamps. We had been receiving them for a couple of months. The caseworker told us that we still qualified for the stamps. We explained that we felt we did not need them and we could get by without them. The caseworker said that he had never had anyone come in and request to be taken *off* food stamps before.

We were now at the place where we knew that we could rely on the Lord to stretch our money at the grocery store. We never went on food stamps again, no matter how hard it was; we did not need them.

We met many people in this town and some people from our church wanted to know if they could come over for a prayer meeting at our house. Roy agreed that just a few could come, about fifteen people showed up that night

A man, by the name of Brother Lyles, also came over. We never met this man before, but we had seen him around town. Someone invited him to come over for the prayer meeting at our house. Brother Lyles was an elderly man. He seemed strange to me. That night, I found out just *how* strange.

Brother Lyles was totally on fire for God. He wanted to lead the prayer meeting, so we allowed him to do so. The spirit came down in that room that night. Everyone in the room started having visions. If *I* saw something, so did everyone else in the room. It was so clear. I had never been in a prayer meeting like this before.

Brother Lyles told me that he could see my husband and I covered with money. He said that we were running and that there was money everywhere. He said that we were going to be *so* blessed that we would not be able to begin to comprehend how much money there was.

Then all of a sudden, I saw big baskets (like the ones you would see in the movies in Bible days). In the vision, the baskets were lowered down by chains onto my front

porch. I saw the baskets and they were brimming over with money in them. Everyone in the room could see them.

Many strange things happened that night. I held on to what I was told and what I saw because, to Roy and me, that was just another confirmation to the Promise that the Lord had made to me years earlier.

Roy and I tried to pray about everything in our lives and I saw just how great my Heavenly Father was to me. The Lord cared about everything that concerned me.

Roy began to work for a paper company in DeRidder. He was still working for Mr. Pope part-time. We were having a good amount of money coming in again so we decided it was time to buy a home. Did you catch what I said, “we decided?”

We found a house that we liked and began to pray about it. We had enough money to pay for all of the costs needed. We made an appointment to sign the necessary papers and then the house would be ours and we would be able to move in. We were excited; finally, we would own our own home.

The night before we were to sign the papers, the Lord spoke to Roy: “DO NOT SIGN THE PAPERS; THE DEVIL WILL STEAL YOUR MONEY.” We did not sign the papers. I called the realtor and told her that we had decided to not buy the house.

The following night when Roy went to work, his employer gave him and the rest of the crew pink slips (layoff notices). Boy, were *we* praising the Lord! I know that we should have asked the Lord before we even went looking for a house. We repented and thanked the Lord that He was watching out for us.

If we had signed the papers, it was in the agreement that we would not have gotten any of the money back that we were going to put down. We would not have been able to buy the house because we could not afford it on the salary of one job.

The following day, February 27, the Lord spoke to us about Roy’s brother-in-law. The Lord said that he would die in ten days. We called Roy’s sister to talk to her because we did not even know that he was sick. They told us that he was in the hospital. As we were praying for direction, the Lord placed in our spirits that we were to go to San Antonio where they lived. We went and prayed with my brother-in-law, and then, he went home to be with the Lord. After that, we went home to Louisiana. After returning, the Lord spoke to us that we were to go *back* to San Antonio to help Roy’s sister until income started coming in for her and the children.

We did not move to San Antonio. We left all our belongings in our home back in DeRidder. We had the money to pay all the bills in advance. Then, we packed some things that we knew we would need, and off we went. We did not know how long we would be gone. We just knew that the Lord wanted us to help my sister-in-law. We were going to stay with Roy's sister in her home. There were seven of us, including my sister and a nanny, and they had five, which made twelve people in a two-bedroom house.

Roy, my sister and I went to work. We had taken a nanny with us to help with our children because we knew I would have to work while we were there and I would not just leave the children with just anyone. We decided to all work different shifts so that most of the time, one of us would be with the children. Becky was in first grade, so she needed to go to school. We did not want to put her in the school that was in the district that my sister-in-law lived in, so during the week, Becky stayed with another sister of Roy's. We only saw her on weekends.

The government stopped my sister-in-law's checks after her husband died, so we took care of everything that the family needed until the checks could start coming in again. We were not accustomed to this new lifestyle, but knew that God had sent us. Remember, I told you in the beginning that we asked the Lord to use us, send us. The Lord was sending us to take care of one of His own children.

The Lord does not do things the way we think He should. He has plans to help all involved to grow. During this time, my sister-in-law realized just how much God loved her. She told us one night that no one ever sacrificed so much for her as *we* did. We found it a privilege that the Lord could trust us enough to do part of His work.

At that point, I realized just how much the Lord was using us. It did not matter if it was family, friend, or stranger. The Lord was using us to help take care of one of His children. I thanked God for trusting me enough to send me.

It was very hard on us. The children were not used to living like that. There was no privacy or private time because there were twelve people in the house. The seven of us shared one room and two beds (one bed was a twin bed). Would you be willing to take that step if the Lord put it on your heart? Could you do it without looking down on that family? We did and we found it to be a privilege.

After we had been in San Antonio for three months, the Lord told us that it was time to go home. The battles were so hard on us over there. It was not just the fact that I had to work; the enemy was continually coming against us. My sister-in-law was a little

concerned about money, but Roy reassured her that if we were leaving, the Lord surely had a plan for her and not to worry.

The car was completely packed and we were in a circle, holding hands and praying for that family and for our trip. We always prayed before we traveled anywhere. While we were praying, the mail carrier delivered some mail to my sister-in-law's mailbox. After we finished praying, one of the children ran to get the mail.

There was a letter from the U.S. Government. In that letter, they were apologizing for taking so long to mail her checks. There was a check for the past three months and a date as to when her other checks could be expected. She could not believe that God kept us there just for the time we were needed.

As we were approaching the Louisiana state line, the Lord started dealing with Roy. Oh, the sad things that were waiting for us in Louisiana. Roy prayed in the spirit most of the way home.

We now arrived at our home. The children were so excited about seeing their rooms and toys. When we unlocked the door, the inside of the house was so different. Nothing of ours was in the living room. All of the furniture had been moved.

The children started crying and running through the house, asking where were their things. We then saw all of our things packed in one part of the house. The children were crying, saying that that was not their house anymore.

We had been through a lot the past three months and we did not need this. We had allowed someone to stay in our home while we were away because they lost their place. I was in shock to see the things that they did.

Roy and I sat down to talk with them and gave them an option. We told them that they either needed to find another place to live or else they could rent this place and we would find another place to rent.

They could not decide, so Roy went to our property owner to see if he had any other houses empty for rent. He had one, much larger than our home. I liked it and so did the children. However, our "houseguest" reminded us of what we had said, (that they could live in our home or move into another one). They wanted the house that *we* found to rent. Roy cleaned that other house and we moved all their belongings into that house. Later, someone told us that the "house guests" told many people that we had just thrown them out.

When we settled into our home, we went to church only to find out that our “house guests” had also told many lies about us. We were so hurt. We were doing what the Lord wanted us to do in Texas and the devil was trying to hurt us in every way. Of course, he would; he is the devil and that is his job.

After getting all this news and having experienced all the things we did in Texas, we were now faced with a new dilemma. The utility companies contacted us to let us know the bills were never paid even though we sent the money. They ran the utilities up and allowed them to be turned off, then put them in *their* name and only paid the bills in *their* name. We now had to come up with a little over \$800.

At that time, I realized something about myself: I saw just how much I had grown with the Lord. I was not mad at anyone, just disappointed, and the Lord would and did take care of my household and me. We prayed over our hearts so bitterness would not enter. We needed to minister love and be sincere about it.

When the Lord promises you something, He will require something of you. These were our learning days. We will always continue to learn and will need to be taught until the day we pass over to the other side (heaven). However, some of the lessons we have to learn are harder than others.

***“...For unto whomsoever much is given,  
of him shall be much required:...”***

**Luke 12:48**

This scripture is true in our lives today. Much has been required of us, but we have and still do receive much. I saw for the first time how Jesus Christ must have felt when people he cared for abused Him and betrayed Him. We are not talking about the sinners, you expect them to do you wrong. I am talking about the saints. I did not know this was the beginning of many betrayals from saints.

All I knew was that the Lord was requiring us to do things and we wanted to please Him no matter the cost. You can overcome hurt; you just rebuke it and put it in its place.

The Will of God in our lives is all that counts. He will never let us down. We believed that if we were to be like Jesus, we were to be servants. Jesus was a servant to many. He loved and cared for the people. When you can do that, the Lord will take care of the rest. I do want to make one thing clear. When you are in the Lord’s Will, your

family will not be neglected. Remember: the Lord is first, then your family, and then the ministry. Whatever you are doing for the Lord, He would not want you to neglect your own family.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

## *Claiming The Land*

*“Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you...”*

**Joshua 1:3**

The children were now getting older and we really needed a larger house. Roy was working full time for Mr. Pope again and a larger house was not on his list of priorities (although it was on *my* list).

I had three young children in one bedroom. We had turned one of our rooms into a playroom so that all toys were in the same room. I still wanted to be able to have a playroom, but Ronnie needed to be in one bedroom and the girls in another room so that was why I wanted a larger home.

I did not argue with Roy; I just began to pray. I understood why he did not want to move. I did not want to pressure him because I did not believe I should do that. I would just pray and trust that the Lord would either help me to be content where we were or else to change Roy's heart. After a few weeks had passed, I noticed a house down the street for rent. I knew I wanted that house.

I asked my neighbor to go with me to that house. She had no idea what we were about to do. Once we got there, I pulled out the oil. She asked, “What is that for?” and I told her that we were going to anoint our feet and walk the land.

As we walked all around the back and the front yard, I kept saying, “Every place my feet tread I can have that land.” I said, “My feet are walking on this land and I claim this house to be mine in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ.”

Remember when I told you that I believed whatever I read in the Bible? When I read that scripture, I believed it was for then *and* now. The only exception is that you

need to make sure that what you are believing for is the Lord's Will for you. Blessings and prosperity are His plan for you; but I am talking about *exact* things that you are believing for.

We walked that property everyday for seven days. I would pray the entire time I walked. I needed that house. I was doing all that I knew to do to get it. I could not do anything else. It was now time to call the number on the sign. A woman answered the phone; she was the one who owned the house. Her name was Mrs. Marshall and she set up an appointment for us to meet her.

I met with Mrs. Marshall and told her that I wanted to rent that house. She asked if I had already seen the inside of the house and I told her that I had not. I told her that I knew that I wanted that house because I prayed about it before I called her and that house was designed with everything that I needed.

Mrs. Marshall said that the rent would be \$350 per month. I told her that I could not afford to pay that amount; I could only pay \$250. She showed me the inside of the house and sure enough; it was exactly what I had been praying for. With the exception of the walls being a mustard yellow color that was the only thing I did not like about the house.

Mrs. Marshall told me that she had someone else who was also interested in the house. She said she would show it to them and then call me to let me know her final decision. She did not call me back, so everyday I would call her to see if she had decided which one of us she was going to rent the house. While I was waiting for her to make a decision, I continued walking the property and praying daily.

Two weeks passed and finally Mrs. Marshall called me. She wanted to let me know that she and her husband had decided to rent the house to the other family. I knew the other family would pay the amount she was asking, but that did not matter to me; I needed the house.

I will tell you that I was upset about her decision. I never felt that "woe" that might have been felt in your spirit when I was praying for that house. I felt good about it. I had prayed so hard. Suddenly, I found myself asking Mrs. Marshall to please keep my phone number and to not throw it away. She asked me why I would want her to keep my number when she was *not* going to rent the house to me. My reply was that I was going to continue praying and that family would end up moving out; then she would *have* to rent the house to me. She said she would keep my number.

A week passed and Mrs. Marshall called us. She said that she and her husband and her had talked it over and that they decided to go ahead and rent the house to me for the \$250. I was so excited! I started praising the Lord right there.

We met at the house. Now I had the task of telling Mrs. Marshall that I no longer had the money for the rent because I had just taken all the money I had and paid my rent for the current month. I told her I would not have the money for the rent until the following month.

I also told her I did not have the money for the deposit. She asked how much of the deposit that I could come up with. I told her “nothing now.” The deposit was \$300, but she decided to only charge us \$60. Of course, I *still* did not have \$60, so she said I could pay that in two weeks.

Mrs. Marshall agreed to allow us to start moving in whenever we wanted. Remember when I told you that I did not like the color of the walls? I asked if she would mind if we painted the inside of the house because I thought the wall paint was ugly. She not only agreed to allowing us to paint the house, she also let us pick out the color and she bought all the paint.

God has always been so good to us. I felt so blessed, but Roy felt so much pressure. We were already living on a tight budget and now we were going to pay \$80 more each month for rent. Roy went into prayer concerning the rent and the Lord spoke to him; of course, it was not what he was expecting to hear. The Lord told him that this move was important to me and that he would be getting a second job to pay for the rent.

The Lord told Roy that Pizza Hut would hire him and that was where he was to work. He did not even put an application in. They wrote his name on the back of a register receipt and then hired him. Roy started working at Pizza Hut and we were still seeing God as a part of our lives. I wished Roy had let me go to work to help instead of him having to work two jobs.

Roy told me the most important thing I could ever do for him was stay home, raise his babies, and pray for him. Roy said that while he was out working, those prayers were the most important thing we had. I did stay home and prayed; I spent many hours in prayer. I was determined to do all that I could for my family, so I fought in the spirit for my family.

Years later, Mrs. Marshall got cancer. We drove sixty-two miles to visit her in the hospital, two or three times a week. We wanted to encourage her and to share the Word

of God with her. One day, she told us that we had taught her so much about the Lord, more than she had ever known. She said she had gone to church every week, but did not realize how much more there was about God. She never realized just how much He really cared for her. She said that if she ever got out of the hospital, she would do many things differently.

After visiting her for months in the hospital and encouraging her, we could see that she was getting tired. One night, the Lord spoke to me to pray for Mrs. Marshall's family because the Lord was going to take her home in the morning. Early the next morning, as I was getting ready for church, I began to pray for her. When I arrived at church, I asked all the Sunday school teachers to pray with me concerning her family.

After church, we had a few families at our home for lunch. At that time, I received a phone call from Mrs. Marshall's husband; she had past away about 9:00 that Sunday morning. At the funeral, Mr. Marshall told us that on Saturday night, his wife had told him that she did not want to fight this any longer and that she just wanted to go be with the Lord.

Mr. Marshall told us that we had meant a lot to her and thanked us for coming into their lives. God had a plan for Mrs. Marshall and we were a part of it, I thanked God that we were used by Him to minister to her.

Wherever we go, we tell of the Good News of Jesus Christ and how good our Jesus is to us. We let people know how much the Lord loves them. There are times we do not feel the liberty to share salvation with people, yet the Lord will lead us to share the stories of the miracles he has done for us. These stories cause people to want what we have. Of course, in order to have that type of relationship with the Lord, they must be willing to call on the name of Jesus. People begin to realize just how much the Lord loves them and they begin to repent and call out to the Lord.

Jesus cares for His people and all we need to do is to let the people know that Jesus still loves them and wants to help them as much as He wants to help us. Stand on the Word and be led by the Holy Spirit. You might be surprised how much the Lord will use you and bless you. There is a whole world of hurting people out there that the Lord loves. You might be the only person that can reach a certain person. You might lead them to the Lord and let them know just how much the Lord loves them because He loves us all so much. Remember: the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross for each one of us.



CHAPTER TWELVE

## *Keeping A Promise*

*“Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.”*

**Psalm 37:4**

My parents divorced, again, and now my dad remarried. I was glad that he was trying to have a relationship with his three grandchildren and me. However, one day that stopped because now my dad had a new wife and two new teenagers

One day, my dad came to my house and started yelling at me, saying how he really felt about me. This hurt so much that I had to pray often concerning my heart, so I would still be able to pray for him. After that day, whenever I went to the store if he were there and the children were with me they would run and hug him as if nothing had happened. He would respond by telling them, “ok, now go back to your Mom.”

When they would ask why Grandpa did not like them, I would try to explain to them that their Grandpa *did* love them very much; it was just the devil causing him to act like that. I knew that I did not have a dad I could go and talk to concerning my problems, but that is where the Lord is so faithful; He is a Father to the fatherless. I would thank the Lord often for being my father.

When Roy and I got married, we canceled the plans for the wedding because of my Dad and other events that took place. At that time, Roy told me that on our tenth anniversary, he would give me a big wedding. We were now married for nine years and I had forgotten all about that promise that he made to me. It was not that important to me and I knew that it was not even on the paper with the budget.

As Roy was praying one day, the Lord reminded him of what he had promised me so he began to plan. Roy told the children and they were so excited about having a wedding for Mommy and Daddy. Then it was time for him to approach me concerning

the idea of having a wedding. I told him that I did not have to have a wedding anymore. It was a nice idea, but again, I was without anyone to walk me down the aisle. Roy asked Mr. Pope, our friend, if he would give me away and he told Roy it would be his honor.

We started planning the wedding. We ordered the invitations. My friend, Sheila, came over and we began to tell her about our plans. She was so excited; she wanted to be a part of this. She gave me her credit card and told me to pick out any dress that I wanted and she would pay for it.

I did not want to spend her money. I had to spend time in prayer concerning that offer; I felt that I was supposed to go ahead and get the dress. I began to pray for the Lord to give me a fabulous deal on a dress so that it would not cost Sheila so much money. Through her, the Lord blessed me with a beautiful white, long new wedding dress for less than \$100.

We went to rent the room at the civic center. Mrs. Cooley, who worked there, showed us the largest room that they had. It was nice, but we were sure it would cost more than what we were willing to spend. When we sat down to discuss the prices of the rooms, she told us that she would not give us the prices each of the different rooms. She said that all we needed to know was that we were to have the wedding in the largest room and it would not cost us anything because it was her gift to us.

Becky was in the Girl Scouts and she began to tell her troop leader about the wedding. Now, I had only met this woman twice before. She had gotten into trouble once and did not have anyone to help her so she called us. Roy and I took the money she needed and helped her. That was the last time we had talked.

After she heard about the wedding from Becky, she came over to our home and asked if we would please allow her to buy the cake. There she was a single mother with five little children, the oldest being eight years old and she wanted to bless *us*. I could not take her money. Then the Lord spoke to us: she needed a blessing from the Lord, so she needed to give. Norma did not know the scriptures, but that did not matter; the Lord knows them and He always keeps His Word:

***“Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.”***

**Luke 6:38**

We went and picked out the cake and she paid for it. The bakery we went to allowed her to pay for the cake in three monthly payments prior to the wedding.

Norma wanted to know if we had hired a photographer yet. We laughed; we had never thought about that. We were going to have a friend take the pictures with our little camera. She said, “You can’t have a wedding without a photographer.” She said that we needed to do this wedding right.

Norma had a friend that was a photographer, so we met with her. The photographer said that as a wedding gift, she would only charge us one third of the regular price. When I told her that she did not even know us, said she knew that, but there was something different about us and that she could not charge us the regular price.

Norma told us to pick out whatever package we wanted and not worry to about the cost. I had to put a stop to this. I told her that we could not allow her to pay for the pictures also. She agreed; she said she had already talked to her boyfriend and *he* was going to pay for the pictures. We had never met him before.

Then I remembered the Word...

***“But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.”***

***2 Corinthians 9: 6 - 7***

Roy and I gave often to any need we heard about or felt just to bless someone. Now we were seeing some blessings come our way where we had never sown. Just because you sow in one area does not mean that that will be the same area the Lord will choose to bless you in. The Lord will bless you in ways you never would have imagined. Not only will you be blessed, but also the people that bless you are opening a door for the Lord to bless them.

Everything was falling in place and the Lord was doing it all for us. We never asked anyone to do anything; the Lord placed it on their hearts and they were obedient. The Lord said that He would cause men to bless us and we were seeing that happen before our eyes.

Some of our friends came over and we all did the cooking. There was so much food and a good variety of it. The night before the wedding, Roy's family called to inform us that there would be three cars of people coming to the wedding from San Antonio. We prayed as we always did for the Lord to only allow the people *He* wanted to come and for Him to block all the others from coming, if there were any. We never wanted anyone at our home if it did not line up with the perfect will of God.

That evening, we received a call from Houston: it was his sister. The cars had broken down. Two cars were not working and they needed the third one to help them, so nobody had a way to come to the wedding. Roy left to go to Houston to bring as many people back as he could. The rest of the family stayed in Houston to get the cars fixed. We knew this was strange, but for sure, the Lord had whom *He* wanted at that wedding.

The special day came and it was time to get ready for the wedding. It was very nice. I felt as though we were getting married for the first time. Our children were so excited. The girls were beautiful and Ronnie, well, a four year old in a tuxedo; that is all I can say about *that!*

As I started my walk down the aisle, I got so nervous. Roy and I took communion, our hands shaking, and we felt such an anointing. Our guest had tears in their eyes. Surely, this was part of the Lord's Plan for our lives.

That day and many times since, I have prayed to the Lord to touch Roy and cause him to always love me as Jesus loved the church. I often pray for our love for each other to come alive and stay alive like a burning fire. I also pray for myself to always love Roy as Jesus had designed a woman to love her husband.

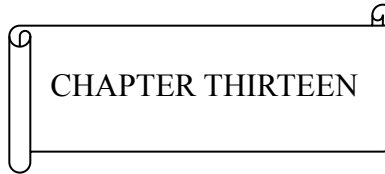
I want us to always appreciate each other and love each other. If the Lord is with us, that will happen. The devil comes to steal and he does steal the love that married couples have for each other. That is the reason I pray that way. I want Roy and I to love each other as if we were just newly married. Wherever we go, people say that they can see in our eyes how much we love each other. That would not be possible if the Lord had not kept the love alive because we are all made of flesh.

Remember, God is concerned about anything and everything that we are concerned about, also. God loves us and wants us to have a full and blessed life with plenty of joy in our hearts.

A man cannot love a woman as Jesus loved the church unless the Lord helps him: the devil will let him know how often he is used. The husband is to sacrifice all for his family, and, that is a hard thing to do. To give up so much; boy, does love cost a lot. With the Lord, it will not be a burden: it will become his pleasure.

Oh, and for the wife: if we love our husbands the way the Lord designed us to, we will find it our pleasure to take care of him. We will also find it a joy to take care of our children. Without that Godly Love, we will feel like we are nobodies and used by our man. Just ask the Lord to protect your hearts. If you pray the same way that *I* did (and still do), you will see a difference in your marriage.

When we make God the center of our lives, He will bless us and grant us the desires that are in our hearts, *even when we forget about them!* I just cannot tell you how much the Lord cares. We as humans just cannot seem to get a grip on that concept to the fullest. God cares about *everything* that is important to us.



CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## *Too Many Hurts*

*“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood,  
but against principalities, against powers,  
against the rulers of the darkness of this world,  
against spiritual wickedness in high places.”*

**Ephesians 6:12**

It was time for us to be tested and tried in the fire again. I felt like I was walking all alone. Roy and I were going through something that we could not share with just anyone. We knew that we had each other, but we really needed some “real” Christians to help us through this trial with prayer.

Our marriage was great, but the devil was really trying to destroy our lives this time. As I lay in bed one night crying out to the Lord, I asked the Lord “was there anybody praying for us?” I was just hoping that at least one person had been praying for us from our church.

I knew that there were many times in my walk that the Lord would put a particular person on my heart. I would pray for them until I felt whatever it was that they were going through was over and I knew that they had the victory. We, as Christians, do not always need to know what a person is going through in order to pray for them. If we have a person on our heart, most likely the Lord wants us to keep that person lifted up in prayer. Many of the personal trials that a person goes through are really none of our business.

I knew the scriptures and I knew I did not have to ask anyone to pray for me. I prayed to the Lord and He would take care of it. Yet, I also knew what the power of agreement could do for us. Surely, the Lord had put us on *someone’s* heart to pray for us.

While I was praying, I had a vision of our church, and in that vision, I saw the church and all the chairs in it. The chairs were empty. I knew at that moment that no one in our church was praying for us. I started crying with such hurt. How could that be? Surely, that could not have been the Lord.

The Lord showed me one woman in our church and told me that I was to ask her to pray for us for thirty days. Mrs. Diane was one of the women that brought me food when we had first moved to DeRidder years earlier. We saw each other in church and would greet each other, but I did not know much about her and she knew nothing about me.

I was to ask Mrs. Diane to pray for Roy and I. When I approached her to request prayer for thirty days, she never asked why or what for; she respected the Lord and us about this matter.

As Christians, we tend to want to share everything. We do not call it gossip we call it “sharing.” We say that we just “wanted to share this with you so that you can pray.” That is still gossip! If you pray and the Lord directs you to “share,” that is different. As Christians, we tend to open our mouths too much. We do not understand why the Lord will not trust us enough to tell us more. Well, would you trust a friend if every time you told them a secret, they opened their mouth to tell someone? Of course, we would not. The things that the Lord wants to show us are much more important than the little carnal things we share with our friends. Remember the scripture:

***“And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity;  
so is the tongue among our members, that it  
defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the  
course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell.”***

**James 3:6**

***“But the tongue can no man tame;  
it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.”***

**James 3:8**

Mrs. Diane came to me after the thirty days were up and thanked me for asking her to pray for us. She told me that everyday the Lord would remind her to pray for us. She said that during those thirty days, she felt closer to the Lord than ever before.

Some people tried to hurt us, and, we again were able to see that the Lord came through for us. This one cost us lots of money, pain, and tears, but God took care of it all.

A few weeks passed and I had another vision. I saw my spirit leave my body. Then the Lord spoke to me and told me to follow Him; He had some things to show me. I saw my spirit standing in the air and thousands of people were around me. The people had their hands in the air and they were saying, “what about *me*; don’t forget *me*; I want some.”

The Lord then spoke to me in that vision and said, “those are *not* the people that you are help.” The Lord told me to follow Him. I then saw my spirit fly further away. I saw five houses. The Lord said, “*Those* are the people you are to help.” I asked, “Who are they?” He spoke and said, “Those are the people in need; you will know who they are as you come in contact with them.”

The Lord told me that He was going to bless me and that we were not to give the money to just anyone: “...just because you know them, does not mean that *they* would be who *I* would want you to bless.” He then said that He would let me know whom we were to bless.

When the vision ended, I went to tell Roy about it. We were a little concerned now because this lined up with what the Lord had spoken eleven years before. We wrote it down and left it alone to wait on the Lord.

A year passed. We watched and saw the Lord do great things for us and others. We were blessing more and more people as the Lord directed. I learned that I could not trust very many people, *especially* the people in the church. We had to put total trust in the Lord and look to Him to take care of us. We were learning to take our problems to the Lord and not every one else.

I would pray with almost anyone who asked me, but every time I would start to get to know people, they would start to cut me off. I thought that they were as excited about the things of God as *I* was; I guess I was wrong.

I did not believe in preaching to people; it was just that the Lord Jesus was everything to me. If we had a prayer meeting, I believed that it was to be a “real” prayer meeting, not a socializing time. Visit at another time. If the Bible said it, then I believed it; and it did not matter to me who you were; you could not convince me differently. The Lord was my life and still is.

All I know is that I am in love with Jesus Christ, more than life it self. When a person is in love, they tend to talk a lot about their love and want to please the one that they are in love with. I found myself to be that way but many people in the church were not that way at all. They went to church, and after the church service was over, that was it until next week.

I dressed nicely and so did my children and husband. We drove a nice car and lived in a nice home, so why did many people look down on us? This is something I could not understand.

One Sunday morning, we had a guest speaker (Brother Hedrick), at our church. Brother Hedrick had such an anointing; he called people to the front and prayed for them. My son was having problems with his vision so we told him to go up there for prayer.

When Brother Hedrick finished praying for Ronnie, he pointed to us and said, "Parents, come up here." I was very hesitant to go to the front of the church. I had things happen to me that I did not want to ever have revealed to the congregation. The things that were in my heart were of no business to anyone in that church.

Brother Hedrick first prayed for Roy and then he started praying for me. He said that I had a lot of hurt in me. He looked up at the congregation and started to speak to them. He told them that they had hurt me so much; he said the hurts were so deep and that God was going to take all the hurt out right now.

I wept for about thirty minutes in front of the whole church. I could not stop. I did not realize that those hurts were in me. I had buried each one and had forgotten about them. That day, I felt all the pain caused by so-called "Christians."

I knew that those people were saved, but sometimes people forget whom they are and where they came from. Many seem to think that they are great because of being "Christian." We, as Christians, need to be aware that the devil will use us to offend God's people before he will use a sinner because as Christians, we *expect* the sinner to do wrong to us. We do not expect the church to treat us wrongly.

After I finally quit crying, Brother Hedrick spoke to me, saying, "The Lord is going to bless you; you will have more money than you could ever comprehend. You will have more then anybody you know. You will be blessed so much."

This again was confirmation to Roy and I of the promise that we were given twelve years ago. Every time we were given confirmation it helped us to continue

holding on to the promise. Brother Hedrick spoke many other things to me that morning, but these were the most important ones.

After the service was over as we were leaving, many people met me at the back of the church. All of them said the same thing: “Debbie don’t forget me when God blesses you with all that money!” I asked Roy: “did we miss something? It seemed the only thing anyone in the church heard was how much money we were going to get. What about all the other things the minister spoke to the people? Did they not hear any of those things?”

The Lord started showing us more about Christians. I was able to see how someone could be saved but not totally be in love with the Lord Jesus Christ. I was now able to see and understand them with love and compassion.

What *is* a Christian? Someone that is Christ-like. Roy and I make it a daily habit to try to do everything the way Jesus would do it. We ask ourselves, “would Jesus do it that way?” and, if the answer is “no,” then we try to do it the way Jesus would.

***“Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ; Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”***

**Titus 2:12-14**

We all know that we cannot be perfect, but we can be as close to perfection as this flesh is able. At night, I reflect over the day and as I lay there praying, I ask the Lord to show me if I have said or done anything that I should not have done. If I offended anyone, I take care of it as soon as possible. Sometimes the Lord will not allow me to go to the person. If that happens, I only ask the Lord to forgive me. Most of the time, I will have to ask the Lord and that person to forgive me.

Yes, I do mess up, and mess up plenty. I do learn from my mistakes and try not to offend anyone, if possible. I do believe that if we would try to be like Jesus Christ, we would have less problems and division in our churches.

I know that people can be mean. I found out just *how* mean. I forgave people for what they did; but I realized that the hurt was still in me. It built up even though I was not aware of it.

Now when somebody does something against our children or us we lay hands on our hearts and command the hurt to leave. I decided I would never allow Satan to hurt me that way again.

I look at Christians differently today than before. We're not fighting the people, we are fighting Satan. Satan goes around seeking whom he can hurt and whom he can use to hurt people. If a Christian is not prayed up and led by the Lord, the devil will be able to use that Christian.

***“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”***

**Ephesians 6:12**

We must try to be like Jesus and remember that as we go through trials, the trials will make us stronger and bring us closer to Jesus. If we do not learn from a trial, we will continue having the same type of trials until we finally learn what it is that we need to learn in order to go to the next step. So, learn as fast as you can and use what you have learned. This will make you stronger and bring you closer to the Lord.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## *The Fire And Victory*

*“I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”*

**Philippians 4:13**

Roy was working two jobs: one in DeRidder with Mr. Pope, and the other was at the restaurant in Lake Charles. He traveled an hour each way every day to go to Lake Charles to work. He was not making very much money, but it was a promotion and they promised him that the raises would come.

One night Roy came home about three hours after he had left for work. I asked why he was home so early and he told me that he had lost his job. He had to choose to do things we did not believe in, or quit, so he quit.

Roy had one week of vacation coming to him, so he asked me to not talk about what we were going to do until the week was up. He was praying for direction and we believed that the Lord would take care of it.

Six days passed. We were sitting on our front porch when the phone rang. A friend of Roy's called to say that there was a man that wanted to speak to Roy. He gave us the phone number and Roy called the man.

Mr. Rodriguez had been to the restaurant where Roy had worked the week before and now *he* needed to hire a manager for *his* restaurant. He had plenty of applications in his office with people he could hire, but, he said that all he could think about was Roy. Mr. Rodriguez decided to call and see if Roy would want the job. He did not know Roy *needed* a job.

We went on Sunday afternoon to meet with Mr. Rodriguez and he asked Roy to name his own salary. Mr. Rodriguez agreed to pay Roy what he asked. We were so excited! The Lord came through for us in such a miraculous way.

Roy worked long hours. I prayed for him and the restaurant daily. He did not have time to work for Mr. Pope very much anymore, only every now and then. We only had one car, so now it was time to start praying for another one.

We wanted a new car, just not the payments that went with it. We had already finished paying the other car note off and never wanted that yoke again. The children in my Sunday school class would hold hands and pray in agreement with me for a new car while we were also praying for their prayer requests.

My pastor heard about my praying for a car without payments, so he felt that I needed to come and talk to him about that. He was sincerely concerned for us. He did not want us to get discouraged. He tried to explain to me that the Lord would not actually *give* us a new car. He continued to explain to me that maybe the Lord would either give Roy a better job to pay for a new car or give Roy a raise. He said that more than likely, the Lord would not just *give* us the money to buy a new car.

After church, I went home and prayed. I knew that he was our pastor and I never would do anything to be disrespectful, but I was not praying to *him*; I was praying to the Lord and believed that the Lord would *give* us a new car.

About fifteen months later the Lord spoke to Roy and I that the restaurant where Roy was working was going to close down. The Lord instructed me to quit praying for the restaurant. Everyday I would pray that the Lord would bring the people in and bless the restaurant. The Lord showed us that for too long, other people had carried the owner. He was blessed because of the prayers of others. Now it was time for him to answer to God for himself.

The Lord showed me that in *exactly three months*, the restaurant would close and I was to get ready for Roy to be laid off. I went to the prayer meeting at the church and shared that news with the church. I was told that I must not have heard the Lord because “that *surely* could not have been God.”

I knew what the Lord showed me so we both trusted God to take care of us. We marked the calendar. I started stocking up on groceries. We had our dental work done. I paid off bills, and we put money away.

In December of 1988, Roy went to the owner and asked him if the restaurant was going to close. Mr. Rodriguez denied it and said that if it were ever going to close, he would let the employees know in advance.

We knew in our spirits that this was really going to happen, so as Roy would pray and get direction, he advised an employee to look for another job. On December 7, Mr. Rodriguez told Roy that he was closing the restaurant and moving to another state.

Roy helped get everything packed and cleaned out. Now it was two weeks before Christmas. The afternoon of his first day off, we decided to take the children to pick out a real Christmas tree instead of using our artificial tree. When we got home, we started decorating the tree and then realized that something was wrong with the tree stand.

Roy went to take the tree stand back to the store, but the car would not start. Since he could not get the car started, he decided to fix the stand himself. He was able to fix it; now, we were ready to decorate the tree. Roy went out and started working on the car while we decorated the tree.

We now had the tree completely decorated; it looked nice. I was sitting on the sofa, looking at the tree and praying about the car. As I sat there, the tree fell, and as it fell, I jumped up to catch it. Instantly, I saw a vision of the tree on fire.

I set the tree upright, but I was so upset by the time I had finished taking care of the tree, I started saying, "I don't care: burn tree, burn." I did not stop there; I continued speaking, "Burn tree burn, burn carpet burn, burn house burn." How could I have been so stupid?

I got over that and did not think about it anymore. The following day, Roy bought the parts and fixed the car. All seemed ok now. It was now the third day that Roy was unemployed and I had to leave to take Brenda to the dentist.

As we returned home, I saw a fire truck driving away from my house. Roy was sitting in the front yard with our desk on the lawn. I asked him why the desk was outside. He said that our house had caught on fire. I was tired and especially not in the mood for jokes so I told him that, that was not funny.

Of course, he did not think so, either. I continued walking toward the house; *that* is when I began to feel differently in my spirit. As I opened the front door, I realized that Roy was not joking with me: our house *had* been on fire.

Our house caught fire and now everything inside was black. We were renting the house, therefore the house itself was insured, but nothing else was. We tried to clean some of the things. I took what ornaments I could save off the tree. Three children from our neighborhood came and tried to help us wash walls. I began to sing praises to the Lord and tears began to flow.

One little girl asked me how I could praise God when my house just burned. I looked up at her and asked her how many people did she know who had a black angel. She thought about it and said “God is so different in your life.”

She asked, “Mrs. Debbie, you really *do* love Jesus, don’t you?” That statement blessed me so much that night. She was only thirteen, but she knew that we were different. I believe that what she saw in us would help her have a relationship with the Lord as she grew up.

I was upset that I had cursed my own house. Keep in mind that we can speak things to come to pass (into existence) without being aware of them. I knew that if I had faith, I could pray and believe, but this was the first time I had ever cursed myself.

Do you remember when Jesus cursed the fig tree? He just spoke the curse and the fig tree withered away.

***“...Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done, And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”***

**Matthew 21:21-22**

I realized I would have to be careful of the words that came out of my mouth from that day forward.

Since we lived in a small town, the word spread fast about the fire. A family we knew came over and brought beans and cornbread; they started helping us try to clean up. The next day, people we knew from different churches around town came over and helped. Pastors came by and gave us checks. None of the checks was over \$100, but all were a great blessing at that time.

Our pastor came by and prayed for us, and then, members of our church began coming by to pray for us. Some said that if we needed them just call them. We learned many years earlier that we were not to ask man for anything. We would ask the Lord and He would either move on man to bless us or He would make another way.

I remembered the scriptures that told us that we need to do more for people than pray. Prayer is good. Prayer is the best thing, but sometimes you need to have works to go with it. The Lord did not just pray and send the multitude off; He did works. He fed them and then sent them away.

***“What doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, And one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone.”***

***James 2:14-17***

When Roy and I hear of a need and if it is possible in any way that we are able to help, we do. The Lord wants us to show love for one another. Showing man how much the Lord loves them is how He shows His love through us.

We were able to live in two rooms of our house, but the rest was unlivable. The contractors came in and said that they would not be able to have our house ready by Christmas. After the contractors left, Roy told the devil that he was a liar and that we would have Christmas at our home as planned.

We worked day and night. Roy pulled up all the carpeting and outside it all went. He worked with the painters and carpenters to help things go faster. My friend, Mrs. Patrice, came over, gathered up all the curtains and clothes in the closets, and off to the laundry mat we went. We used every washer in that place.

I knew the clothes looked as if they were ruined, but all the black soot came off in the wash. We took all the collectibles that were porcelain and soaked them in Clorox® bleach. All the black soot came off everything except for one piece. We thought, “What did we have to lose? All was ruined if we did nothing.” As we washed and cleaned, we

continued praying, asking the Lord to make the items come clean and continued rebuking the devil all the way.

I was having a hard time understanding why this happened. I knew that I had confessed it, but why was everything happening to us? While sitting at the kitchen table stuffing stockings for the children at the church, I was praying. I felt all alone; I wanted to know where the church family was at this moment. When I said I would do something, I did it. If anybody needed anything, we were there; so, where were *they*?

The next night we were at church. I was having a party for the children in one building while the adults were having their Christmas party in another. Someone asked our church members how they could have such a great time when our house burned and they had done nothing for us. They continued to say that other churches were helping us, so why would the people in our church, where we attended faithfully, not do a thing for us? The following morning, our pastor came to our house with a check for \$180. He asked us to forgive him and the church for not taking care of us, as they should.

At 6:00 p.m., on Christmas Eve, we were entertaining at our home. We went to the furniture store and charged a new living room set. Our tree was now a small North Fork Island Pine. We had plenty of people visit on Christmas day but we were not ashamed.

Remember when I said that we had been praying for a new car with NO payments? Someone came to our home and told us to go to the Oldsmobile dealer and order a car. They said that we could have any car we desired and not to worry about the cost.

That person told us that they would pay for the car, but we would have to “pay for the insurance and taxes, if that would be ok with us.” What was I supposed to say; of course, we agreed! After they left, we went into prayer and asked the Lord, that if that car was a true blessing from *Him*, to deal with that person to pay the taxes and insurance on the car as well.

The following week we received a call from Mr. Johnson saying that the Lord had been dealing with him and he was to pay the taxes on the car. He then asked if we would still be able to pay the insurance; of course, I replied that we could.

Once again, we went into prayer concerning the car. If it was a true blessing from the Lord, I did not want to pay the insurance, either. I asked the Lord to speak to Mr. Johnson to pay it. A few days later, Mr. Johnson drove to our home. He lived in Texas

and when he came inside, he told us that the Lord had been dealing with him. He said that he would pay the insurance also.

Then he asked if there anything else we wanted from him. I replied I never wanted anything from him; we wanted the Lord to bless us. Mr. Johnson was the vessel that the Lord had chosen to use on our behalf concerning that car.

The car came in toward the end of January, paid in full, including all taxes and a year's worth of insurance. Mr. Johnson had paid six months worth of insurance and the Lord brought the other six months in another way. We received enough money by someone in January to pay off the furniture that we had charged before Christmas.

We prayed to the Lord, trusted in Him, and saw Him do it. Yes, God used man, but *we* never had to ask man for anything. God did it all by Himself. Surely, He just needs us to believe in Him.

When you go through bad times, tell the Lord how you feel and then start praising Him. Praise Him because He trusts you enough to allow you to go through a trial. Recall the story about Job. The Lord trusted Job to continue serving Him, no matter what he went through. Trials make us stronger. The Lord will help us get through the trial, *if* we ask. Pray over your heart that it will line up with the Lord and look at life in a different way, a positive way.

I always ask my children and friends, "What would be the worst thing that could happen to us? Go over the steps: if we lost a job, then we could end up on the streets; if we ended up on the streets, we could end up dead; and, if we ended up dead, we would be with the Lord." This probably is not going to happen to you, but the devil tries to put so much fear in us. So, I started looking at it differently to where he could not put such fear in me. I pray, letting the Lord know how I feel, I rebuke the devil, and praise the Lord for what He is going to do to take care of the problem.

God loves us and He will take care of us, maybe not the exact way you would like Him to, but, He *will* take care of us. If you do not like your life, then change it, first with prayer and then take the steps that the Lord will direct you to take. This new way of depending on God, being in the perfect Will of the Lord, will be much easier than the life you have now. Do not let the devil steal your joy or peace. Trust the Lord for all of your needs and watch Him take care of you with the love that He has for you.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

## *Asking Is OK*

*“And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do,  
that the father may be glorified in the Son.”*

**John 14:13**

Roy and I were given an extra \$1000 to buy whatever furniture we wanted. We went to a furniture gallery that we had been to before. There it was; a curio cabinet that we had been praying for. Every six months we would go to that gallery, lay hands on that curio, and ask the Lord to bring the price down and to give us the money to buy it.

One day when we walked into the gallery, the owner told us that she could not understand it; that curio was the very first one that they brought to the store. She said that they had sold other curios that looked just like that one, but for some reason, they were unable to sell *that* one.

Roy asked her how much would she take for the curio and she said that she had dropped the price from \$1200 to \$500. We walked around and saw an Oak drop leaf desk with three shelves on top. I loved it. However, the price on the desk was over \$1000.

I told the owner that I had \$1000 and asked what kind of a “deal” she could give us. She said that she would sell us *both* the desk and curio for \$1000 if we would pay cash instead of by check. We went to the bank, and returned with the cash. We now had two pieces of furniture that we were believing the Lord to make a way for us to get.

Roy was still not able to find work. Then, one Sunday, we had a guest speaker at our church. He called me out of the crowd and told me that my husband was to continue looking for work, but that all the doors would be closed because the Lord was going to train us to trust Him like never before.

That really happened. Roy tried to find work everywhere, even out of town, but could not find work. Roy would work for Mr. Pope only when we really needed money. We had to learn how to trust God more and more.

One day we were almost out of food. We only had some bread, syrup, and peanut butter. I lined all the children up in a row and asked them to close their eyes. I wanted each of them to “taste something and not to say anything until they all tried it.” They all opened their mouths and I put a piece of toast with peanut butter and syrup into their mouths. They all liked it, and so, that was their lunch. I then went into my room and started praying. I did not understand why God had not made a way for us to have food. I had the faith that He could do it; what happened?

**“...yet ye have not, because ye ask not.”**

**James 4:2**

As tears rolled down my face, the Lord spoke to me: “YOU NEVER ASKED.” I said, “But, Lord, I *trusted* you.” The Lord spoke to me to pray again and said: “ASK FOR GROCERIES,” so, I did.

That afternoon, my friend Mrs. Rayetta, had gone to Beaumont, Texas to visit a group of women. I had met them at a church retreat. They said that the Lord had spoken to them and told them to send me groceries. They sent a large black trash bag full of meat, a box of snacks, and a jar full of money! We were so excited! God brought the food in that we needed.

About three hours later, Mrs. Donna, another friend from church, came to our house. After getting off from work, she went to the store to get a few things. She said that the Lord started guiding her to buy groceries for us. She would go down an aisle and the Lord would show her what she was to buy for us.

When Mrs. Donna arrived at our house, we helped her unload the groceries. The car was full, even the trunk was full of groceries. As we unpacked the food, we realized that she had not bought one thing that we did *not* need. After that day, I never went without. We would ask the Lord for every need we had, whether large or small.

Roy started to travel some and whenever he would come home, he would have just the amount of money we needed to pay the bills that were due at that time. He would get just the amount we needed every time He ministered. Roy went to Colorado for six weeks. He stayed at my mother’s house and when he came home, he brought so many gifts that were given to him for us. Sometimes it is nice not just to get money. The extras

meant a lot to us. We were beginning to see how, if we cared and desired even the extras, so does the Lord. The Lord wants us to have blessings and riches, but first, He wants us to seek *Him*.

***“But my God shall supply all your need  
according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”***

**Philippians 4:19**

***“Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest  
prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.”***

**3 John 1:2**

We were going to have a barbecue at our home for Easter. I started praying as to whom we should invite and the Lord gave us the list. There was one couple at our church, Mr.& Mrs. Lloyd; I knew that they did not celebrate Easter, but the Lord wanted them to be at our house that day, so we invited them.

As I asked them to come to our home, I told them that I knew that they did not celebrate Easter with eggs and bunnies, but *we* did. All I requested from them was that they would respect us by not looking down on us or giving us a lecture about it. We, on the other hand, would also respect them and would not try to force our beliefs on them or expect them to participate in our egg hunts.

They accepted and came over. We had about thirty people at our home. At about 7:00 p.m., most of our guests had already left, but the Lloyd's and another couple were still at our home.

The Lord began to use us. Roy and I began to tell them things about their lives that they said nobody in Louisiana knew about. Then we began to teach about our Jesus. I call the Lord “my Jesus” sometimes because He is special although He loves all of us the same. It does not matter what church you belong to, Jesus still loves you. The main reason that Roy and I are here is to let people know just how much Jesus loves all of us. **JESUS REALLY LOVES YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER IMAGINE.**

Mr. Lloyd became the first real friend Roy had. Roy and I were so grateful that the Lord had led him and his family to cross our paths.

The Lord was so good and things seemed to be going ok for us for a while. I guess that this was to be a year for learning and rest. The trials were there, but not big ones. I was so happy. I felt as if I had more happen to me than any human should have happen to them and now we were finished with the trials. We must have passed the test. Later, I realized that this was not the case. We still went through more trials, but we had learned how to continue trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ, no matter what we were to go through, and He would bring us out victoriously.



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## *Giving In*

*“In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.”*

**Proverbs 3:6**

This scripture is my favorite scripture. I know that there are many scriptures that are more important than this one, but it is still my favorite scripture. If we acknowledge the Lord in everything that we do, either great or small, we will not fail. We might go through a trial, but it will be part of the Lord’s plan for our lives and not the devil interfering because we opened a door for him to enter.

November 1, 1990: the rest was over! It was now time to go through the fire again and boy was it hot!

I went to the school to pick up Becky. She was on the flag team and had to stay late after school for practice and pictures. After practice was over, she came to the car and asked if she could go with her friend. She wanted to ride home with her friend’s mother, Mrs. Patrice, since she and her family were coming over to our house at about 7:00 that evening. Mrs. Patrice and her husband were going hunting for the weekend and I told them their five children could spend the weekend with us.

I did not want Becky to go home with them. I did not have a reason; I just did not want her to go. Becky spent a lot of time over there and their children were at our house often. Becky started to argue with me, so I decided I would allow her to go with Mrs. Patrice. Becky then asked if she could take her books and instrument with her. I told her “no” and again she began to argue with me.

My thirteen-year-old daughter knew how to get what she wanted. At home, she would not have tried that because she knew that I would have spanked her bottom. She told me to just give her one good reason why she could not take her things with her; I told

her because I did not want to see her instrument splattered all over the street. She said, “Mom, listen to yourself: what do you mean?”

I knew that sounded dumb, so I told her to forget it and just get whatever she wanted and go; I did not care. I told her that I loved her and would see her later and all her homework had better be completed.

I went home and cooked dinner for all the children. At about 7:00 p.m., the phone rang. There was a strange voice on the phone: this woman asked if my daughter had a polka dotted outfit on. I told her “no” and she began to tell me that Mrs. Patrice had been in an accident. She said my daughter was ok, but everybody else was badly hurt.

I did not know this woman and never found out who she was, but at that moment, my heart sank. I called a friend and asked if she could take me to the accident scene. I wrote Roy a note and the two children and my niece went with us to the accident. As we arrived at the scene, the traffic was so backed up that we could not get to the children.

I got out of the car and ran the whole way. Just as I got near the ambulance, it drove away. The officer told me that my daughter was hurt very badly. She was on her way to the hospital. I ran back to the car and we headed towards the hospital. When I arrived at the hospital, Roy had already gotten there. He said that I looked like I was in a daze. He said that as soon as he saw the note, he took authority over the devil and went straight to the hospital. The first thing he wanted me to do before I saw Becky was to go to the chapel and pray. Of course, I told him I did not have time for that at that moment; I would go later. Roy insisted and together we went to the chapel.

Once we were in the chapel, we began to pray. The first thing we prayed was for the Lord to help us get through this. We told the Lord that we trusted Him and we asked Him to help Becky and Mrs. Patrice’s entire family. We even prayed for the man that hit them. We told the Lord that we forgave the man and asked to Lord to save him.

Mrs. Patrice was on her way to our house when a truck went straight for them. The truck hit her car, spun it around and then the truck hit her car on the side. The car spun again and the truck hit her car again on the *other* side. The police said that the only thing that saved anyone was that her car was a Chevy Suburban. The man was *very* drunk.

We now were back downstairs in the emergency room. The first thing I saw was the man that hit the car. He was so drunk, and he was laughing about the wreck. It took everything in me not to knock him; I was so angry with him. I remember at that moment

that I told the Lord to help me not to take back the prayers I had just prayed concerning him.

Then I found Becky, in this very little room. Her whole body was covered with blood. The nurses were trying to clean her so that they could find out where the blood was coming from. As the nurse was cleaning her, she was praying over her. I was so blessed to see a praying nurse in there with my daughter.

Then the doctor asked me to go out into the waiting room. He would send for me in a few minutes so that I could then come back in to be with her. As I began to walk out, I saw all five of the other children. Becky's best friend told me, "Mrs. Debbie, I am so sorry about Becky." She told me that as the truck was hitting them, Becky kept screaming, "JESUS, JESUS, PLEASE HELP US!" She said that they were all yelling for their mother, but Becky kept on yelling for JESUS TO HELP.

I went back into the waiting room only to see my dad there. "Who told him," I thought. I did not know. He asked me when we would hear anything. He said he did not have all night to wait to find out how she was going to be since he had to be at work in the morning.

I could not believe he said that. He had not spoken to us in years and now I could not believe what he just said. I looked at him and replied for him to go ahead and leave; I was sure Becky would be just fine. He left and never called to check on her the entire time she was in the hospital.

Later that night, they told us that Becky had to have ninety-six stitches in her head. One of us would have to stay with her at all times to make sure she was ok. She was in a room next to the nurse's station, but they required us to stay there.

Mrs. Patrice had to go to another hospital. Only two of her children stayed in the hospital, but they were doing fine. Later that night they told us that Becky had gone through the windshield and the other children had followed through directly behind her. Becky had gotten up and started to walk across the highway when a car spotted her. She told the driver of the other car that they had been in an accident and then passed out. The driver of the car was one of her teachers from years past.

About 4:00 a.m., they moved Becky into a private room. I went home to take care of the children and Roy stayed with her.

The police asked if I would get the items from the Suburban because it was totaled. When I went to where the car was, a man gave me Becky's flute and told me that the pieces of the instrument were all over the highway. I had gotten the instruments and was trying to get as much of the blood off as I could. I did get most of it off, but a part of her flute was missing. I got the children ready for school and prayed over them because they were very upset about their sister. I took Becky's flute to the shop to get it cleaned and order the missing part. I did not want the children or Becky to see the blood on the pads.

I then went home to try to get a couple of hours sleep before I went back to the hospital. As I lay in the bed, I remembered the argument that I had with Becky the night before. Oh my God, if I had not allowed her to go, she would not have been hurt. Why did I not listen to what the Lord was trying to warn us about? It was a very costly lesson.

God was so good to us. After all of the children that I had watched to help friends, it was now *my* turn. I needed help with my children. My sister-in-law came in from Texas to help, also. She stayed for three weeks. Friends helped and many people prayed for Becky.

The drunken driver's mom came to the hospital. She was a woman of God and asked us to forgive her son. We had already done that, but we had to pray over our hearts often concerning him. We refused to allow our hearts to become bitter because of him.

Mrs. Patrice was hurt very badly and we were praying for her a lot, but, bitterness overtook her. She was my very best friend for eight years. I loved her like a sister and now we were like total strangers.

When I would go to see her, she was very cold and I could not understand it. Her husband, Mr. Marshall, came to our home while Becky was still in the hospital and told us that he had plenty of insurance. He told us to file against his insurance and that Becky's medical bills would be covered. He guaranteed us that this accident would not come between our friendships.

We had insurance so we were not concerned about that until I came home from the hospital and found a warrant for my arrest on the front door. It said that I did *not* have insurance on my car, so to please come and turn myself in.

I found all of my canceled checks and receipts and took them to the police station. Remember that we lived in a small town, so everybody trusted everybody. I then found out that we really had no insurance. The office where we were paying our insurance

payments had not been sending the money to the main company. The money was going into somebody's pocket!

The State of Louisiana began doing an investigation, and, for some strange reason, the building that had my files in it burned down. I did not have to go to jail. The State covered our car until we got another insurance company to cover us.

We found that we needed help. We were told that unless we had a lawyer, we could not file on either insurance company; so we got one. We made it clear that we only wanted the bills paid, but in the end, we still only got about a fifth of what was needed.

We did not need to be concerned about that at that time; I just wanted my baby home. Becky eventually did come home. It was another week before she could go back to school or church.

The night before we went to church, I had a vision. I saw the youth director from the church say how concerned she was for Becky and how much she cared for her. Boy, was I mad. I said to God, "God, if she *dares* come up to us and say that then I will let her know how much of a liar she is."

The youth director never came or called Becky the entire time she was in the hospital. The pastor came often and many friends and even people we did not know came to visit, but not even once did the youth director come.

On Sunday morning, we kept Becky with us in our class. After the service was over, here came the youth director. She was even wearing the exact outfit I saw her in the night before. Sure enough, she started saying the exact words I had heard the night before. As I opened my mouth to tell her off, I froze. I could not speak. I remember saying in my mind, "Lord, let me tell her." As she walked away, I could talk again.

The Lord showed me later that it would have hurt her too much, so I let it go and prayed over my heart. I know that the flesh gets upset and God understands, but he wants us to control it as much as we can. You might ask, "what about my feelings?" Yes, it *did* hurt Becky that the youth director never came by or called, but God will take care of us.

We are not of our own; we have been bought with a price. The Lord will take care of us. How must Jesus have felt every time the Christians did Him wrong? He would pray to the Father and still do that which the Father had sent Him to do. Remember: we are to try to be as much like Christ as we can.

Becky was doing great and I saw how the Lord helped all of us through that trial.

***“Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.”***

**James 1:12**

I told the Lord that I believed that we had gone through enough trials, although the Word says differently. I knew that was not the first or the last trial we would ever go through. I just prayed and asked the Lord to help us to be able to go through what He wanted us to go through, looking to Him for our strength.

I would tell the Lord often that I was not Moses, Noah, Abraham, or Job. I could not go through as much as those great men did. However, you know, the Lord knows just how much we can handle and when we feel like we can't walk any longer, He will carry us. God is our life and no matter what happens, we want to please Him and even when it hurts us, we would still trust in Him and tried to do His Will in our life.

The Lord will bring you through every time. Maybe not exactly the way you would want Him to, but the way that is best for you. As we read the Word, we understand why we need trials. We will come through if we have real love for our Jesus Christ. We glory in tribulations also:

***“..knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.”***

**Romans 5:3-5**

As I was in my room praying, I started to remember telling Becky “NO.” The Lord showed me that even if I did not understand it, He was trying to lead me.

I had become even more determined to pray and to get a release before I did anything. If I felt not to go somewhere or not to do something, I would not do it. It did not matter what people would think of me; I was determined to be led by God. He is the only one that knows the end to everything. We had better know in the future how to be

led by the Lord because times will be getting worse than they are now and the Lord is the only One that can protect our families and us.



CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

## *Turning Things Around*

*“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”*

**Romans 8:28**

Time had passed since Becky’s accident. She was now going back to school and doing fine. She could not stay at school for long periods. Usually after the first class, I would have to pick her up.

We decided that it was time for my sister-in-law to go back home. She had been a true blessing, but we could take care of everything now. She had her own family and they needed her. Roy left to take her back to San Antonio. Before he arrived in Texas, I had to call and leave a message for him to call me as soon as he arrived as I needed to talk to him.

Becky went to school that morning just like normal. The school called because she was in a lot of pain. She kept crying and saying her hair was hurting her. We all knew that hair does not have nerves so it could not feel pain. I took Becky directly to the hospital. Her doctor told me that she needed to be taken to the children’s hospital in New Orleans. That hospital was about three hours away from the town where we lived.

Our hospital caseworker got everything in order and we had to go as soon as possible. I started really seeking the Lord, as I needed His direction on this one. We had three other children: Brenda, Ronnie and my niece, Michelle. I did not want to take them with us, but what was I to do with them? Many people had offered to take one of them, but I did not want to split them up.

The phone rang; it was my dad's wife. She had heard we were going to take Becky to New Orleans and wanted to know if we would please allow her and my dad to take care of the children.

Roy arrived in Texas and was going to come straight back. That would take him about six hours. I would be ready. He said that if the three children wanted to stay with my dad, they could. We knew we would be away for at least three or four days.

I took the children to my dad's and off to New Orleans we went. We knew that even though my dad had not had anything to do with the children for years, they still loved him. The minute the children found out that they would be able to be with him, they got so excited and wanted to go. Remember: we are to be like little children. They forgave their grandpa immediately, and they loved him. They held nothing against him. We are supposed to be the same way with people.

The Lord took care of everything. We were without medical insurance and yet all I had to do was to sign the papers that we promised to pay the bill. Roy stayed in the Ronald McDonald house and I stayed at the hospital with Becky.

The Ronald McDonald house is like a hotel, but with more of a home environment. Everybody shared a kitchen and bathroom. They had breakfast foods if we wanted them and it would not cost us anything extra. We only had to pay \$5.00 a night as long as Becky was in the hospital. That place was a real blessing for us and is a blessing to many parents everyday. Roy and I stayed in prayer most of the time; we needed miracles and favor with people everywhere. We saw the Lord open doors for us that we could have never opened on our own and we had so much favor with people.

They were running so many tests on Becky. The first day, we met this little boy with an iron lung. While Becky was having tests ran, we spent about three hours talking with his grandmother. We were sharing the Word with her and telling of the good things of Jesus.

Later that evening, Becky wanted to get up for awhile, so we took her to the playroom. I saw this mother sitting there with a little boy about eight years old. The mother looked empty inside. As I was praying for her, I felt led to go over and talk to her.

I went to her and just started talking about the good things of Jesus. I began telling her how we cannot look at circumstances, but we must look further to faith.

***“While we look not at the things which are seen,  
but at the things which are not seen;...”***

**2 Corinthians 4:18**

Oh, this dear little mother began to cry as she told me what was wrong with her little boy. She was a Christian and had gone to church regularly. She began to tell me that she tried to trust God with her son, but not even her pastor would believe with her that the Lord would make a miracle for that little boy.

Can you imagine how this woman must have felt when her pastor told her that he could not pray for her son because God could not heal the boy? Maybe the Lord does not heal everyone. That is something I do not understand, but who are we to say whom the Lord will heal and whom He will not heal? As Roy and I pray for people, we put our faith out for them to get their healing or whatever answer they need to have answered. We must trust the Lord Jesus Christ that He will answer our prayers. If we never prayed for them, then how would we know exactly what the Lord was going to do? I *did* pray with her and I told her that the Lord *could* heal her son. I did not know if the Lord would heal him, but I knew the Lord could do it if it was part of His plan for that boy.

Everything is possible with God and that was all I knew. The mother told me that even if he was not healed now she could understand and trust God. The little boy *did* get better over the next few days although he still had a long way to go. The mother now had the strength to stand and trust the Lord for her son’s healing no matter what it looked like.

***“Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree,  
that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness:  
by whose stripes ye were healed.”***

**1 Peter 2:24**

***“But he was wounded for our transgressions,  
he was bruised for our iniquities:  
the chastisement of our peace was upon him;  
and with his stripes we are healed.”***

**Isaiah 53:5**

When Becky went to sleep, Roy and I sat in the room talking. We knew that God had Becky's problems under control, but we could now see why the Lord had us at that hospital at that time. Surely, we saw the scripture being fulfilled while we were there:

***“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.”***

**Romans 8:28**

The next day the nurse came to ask if we would allow them to put a little girl in our room. The little girl's parents would not stay with her and she needed an adult with her at night. We said she could and I would watch over her. She was eight years old. She could not speak or walk. As the nurse began to tell us what was wrong with her, I thought so fast, “Oh Lord, she has what *I* had.”

I did not sleep at all that night. I watched that little girl the entire night. As she began to cry, I went and stood by her bed and began to pray for her. I kept thinking that that could have been me: I could have grown up as a vegetable.

I prayed and prayed over her. Her legs were so stiff. By the next morning, she could bend her legs. That night I realized some very important things. I felt like the Lord put me with my parents because He did not care about that part of my life.

I started to remember when I was seventeen and those prophecies had been given to me, where the Lord said He had known me before I was even in my mother's womb. I heard that the Lord knew me before I was born and loved me way back then, so why did He give me to *those* parents and why not to *different* parents if He loved me so much.

On that night, at age thirty, I saw why the Lord gave me to those particular parents. The Lord could have given me to any other set of parents, but would they love me as much as my mother did? Would a different mother have been as determined that her daughter would walk and talk one day? Would a different mother see me as a Whole and Healed person or would they just love and accept me the way I was?

That night, the Lord showed me that my mother's faith brought me out. I was so thankful to the Lord for her. The Lord showed me how my mother was determined that her baby girl would be normal.

Not everything that happened to me was the best, nor was it the Will of the Lord for me to have those things happen to me. However, the Lord did take care of me, took the bad things, and turned them around for good.

On the third day there, we had to see the psychologist concerning Becky. All the children had to talk with one once admitted into the hospital. He was to help them deal with their problems and learn to have a good outlook on life as much as possible.

The doctor went over the tests and then told us what to expect in the future. Then he wanted to talk about Becky's feelings. The doctor told us that Becky was hurt and confused because although there were five other children in the car with her, she was hurt the worst. She felt that since she was the only one praying and calling out to God for help, she should have had the least damage.

How do you reach all that hurt? Well, I praised the Lord that the doctor was a Christian. For the next few hours, he explained to Becky that the wreck was not *of* the Lord, but, that it was the devil that did this to her.

The doctor told Becky that it was possible that if she had *not* been in that car praying, the entire family could have been hurt a lot worse than they were. None of them might have survived that accident if she had not been calling on Jesus for help. After that session, Becky was not so angry anymore and we were able to see God use this for His good. They released her that evening and we were able to go home. We knew we had to let her body heal over time and to trust God for it to happen.

We saw how much the Lord used us at that hospital. Roy talked and prayed with people and I talked and prayed with different people, as the Lord led. We saw that no matter how we felt, God could use us to minister to others as long as we were willing. We were not worried about Becky; we trusted that the Lord had it all under control.

There are so many people out there, that you could always find someone that will have a worse situation than whatever you are going through. We pray and stand in faith, but we refuse to let it pull us down. Yes, we hurt. We are human just like you are, but when you really trust God, you will have a peace about it. Then go do the Father's work. We were with Becky every minute that she needed us, but when she was having tests or was asleep, we told others about Jesus and His love for them.

When we arrived back home, we went to pick up the children. All three of them said that they really had a great time at their grandpa's house. It was just a few days before Thanksgiving and Roy and I decided to invite my dad and his wife over for dinner.

They said that they would come. On Thanksgiving Day, we had three families over. Roy and I have a little tradition during the holidays that we have begun so that our children would have something to follow, as they grew older.

On Thanksgiving, we have everybody hold hands. Each person then says something that he or she was thankful to the Lord for during the past year. As we were taking turns, my dad's wife's turn came. She began to cry and said, "I wanted to thank the Lord for giving us a second chance with your family." She asked us to forgive her for the way she had treated us.

My dad also asked us to forgive him and said that even though it was late, he wanted to be a grandpa to our children and my little niece. My dad thanked God for letting us allow him to be part of our lives. This blessed me so much; I saw another good thing come out of this situation with Becky.

After we all finished saying what we were thankful for, we all took communion. We offer communion to all, but before dinner, we tell everyone that we are going to take it. We give each person the option that if they do not feel comfortable about taking communion, they can just say, "pass." If they would like to take communion with us, then to make sure that they have asked the Lord to forgive them for any sin before we sit at the table. This they can do in private on their own; it is not our business because it is between them and the Lord.

You know, God knows all and, if we will trust Him, He will take care of everything in our lives. He will mend the hurts in families. As Christians, we are to be an example to our families and not cut them off just because we are "holy" and they are not. We are to love and minister to all. That does not mean we have to agree with them, but we must still love them.

Roy and I saw the Lord do so much during this time. Oh yes, we did hurt and I did lose my best friend over this, but I still trusted God.

The driver, Mrs. Patrice, has not spoken to us since this time and her family has said ugly things about us, but we still pray for them. Sometimes the Lord will wake me up and say, "Pray for Patrice" and I will. Sometimes it is days that I spend in prayer for her and her family. When we give someone a part of our heart no matter what, we must continue to walk in love and pray for him or her.

When it came time to go to court to testify against the drunken driver that caused the accident, the Lord spoke to Roy and I to pray to Him to have mercy on that man.

Now I had already forgiven him, but I thought that he surely needed to be punished for what he did. This was not the first time that he had been caught for driving while intoxicated.

We prayed for him and his family. I'm not saying that it was easy at first, but we did it anyway. We also prayed for Mrs. Patrice and her family. As we entered the courtroom, I felt so uncomfortable. Becky was nervous. We prayed for the Lord to give her peace. As parents, we want to fix everything for our children, but the best we can do is to pray and then, if we can do anything else, do it, but pray first.

The judge listened to everything, and then, the sentence came. The man received thirty days in jail and a \$1000 fine. Oh, my heart began to sink when Mrs. Patrice started to yell. I knew it was not right, but God used this accident to minister to that man's family. That man quit drinking and gave his heart to the Lord. I guess it took this terrible thing to open his eyes where the devil had blinded him before.

What good would it have done for the driver to go to prison for years? His family would have also gone through much because of it. The Lord Jesus Christ saw his heart and knew just how to minister to him. This changed his life for the good. We as humans want revenge, but we are to trust in the Lord as He will take care of it. I am not saying a person should not be punished for the crimes that they commit. I *am* saying that we should not want revenge; our heart must stay clean without hate in it when we unnecessarily suffer through no fault of our own.

Remember what I said: God did not do the evil thing; He just took that evil and made many good things happen. Many times, we cannot understand the Lord's ways.

We must remember that we can only see a small piece of the picture in our lives. God sees the whole picture and loves us all.

If we trust the Lord, live a righteous life, and seek Him, He will take care of everything else for us.



CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

## *Love And Love Will Return*

*“Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.”*

**Matthew 7:12**

My sister and I went with the children to see my grandma (my mother’s mother). We had a good visit and she was very pleasant to us. She was glad to see Becky doing so well. She said that she, too, had been praying for Becky and us. At the end of the visit, we kissed her and said all of our goodbyes.

Later that evening while eating dinner, my uncle called. He told me that my grandmother was feeling sick, but would not go to the hospital. I spoke with her over the phone and she agreed to allow my uncle to take her to the hospital. She was in her 80’s and we knew that she would not leave that hospital alive.

I drove sixty-five miles each way everyday to see her. After I took the children to school, I would visit her and then leave just in time to pick up the children. My younger sister was visiting us from Colorado at the time, so she went with me everyday. At first, I felt out of place, but all I could think about was that it was time for my grandmother to die and that I wanted her to go to heaven.

One morning as I sat in the hospital room, I was remembering back when my grandmother told me that she never loved me. We were walking in her yard; I was pregnant with Ronnie, and as she put her arm around me, she said that I was the only one of her grandchildren that she had not loved. She asked me to stay away from her home and to not call her anymore.

I remembered the hurt that I had felt that day. I told her that I would still check on her some, but agreed to not be a part of her life anymore. What was wrong with me? What had I done to cause my own family to hate me? Had I been such a bad person since birth? I knew that I could not let her words affect my heart or else that could destroy me. I had to keep my heart pure before the Lord, so I would lay hands on my heart and pray over it a lot.

I knew that my other grandparents had come to me to make it right, but I thought that this grandmother loved me because we seemed to get along so well. About twice a year, I would drive to see her. I would stay for about an hour and then leave. I would pray for her the whole time I was driving home.

Everyday while she was in the hospital, I would talk to my grandmother about the Lord. This was a miracle all in itself because my grandmother never allowed anyone except the preacher to talk to her about God. She said that she had been serving God longer than any of us and we could never teach her anything about God because she knew more than we could ever know.

She had gone to church, she had prayed for people, and had even paid her tithes; why did I have so much concern about her soul? Because she had so much unforgiveness in her heart towards so many people. She might have known more scriptures than I knew, but I knew one thing that I guess she had forgotten: God could not answer her prayers if she had unforgiveness in her heart towards others.

The scriptures are very clear on forgiveness:

***“And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.”***

**Mark 11:25-26**

We would discuss forgiving someone and that night she would take care of it with the Lord, I wanted to bring out all the unforgiveness in her to help her give all the hate up and turn all of her hurt over to the Lord. I wanted to see her in heaven one day.

My grandmother had been in the hospital for a few weeks now and when I arrived in the room that day, she looked so good. She called me over and asked me to please come and sit beside her on the bed.

As I sat on the bed, she took my hand and said, “Debbie I love all of my grandchildren; do you understand? I have always loved them all. Can you understand what I am saying?” There were other people in the room and that was the only way she knew how to let me know that she loved me, too.

My tears started flowing. Again, I saw the Lord healing some hurts I had buried so deep from long ago. I needed to hear those words and she needed to tell me so all could be made right. I had known she could not have meant what she said years ago, but *why* had she said them? Remember: all will come out. My uncle had given her the choice, “choose either him or me.” My grandmother chose him, but it was now all being cleared up.

Late that night, my grandmother went into a coma. We called the family and told them that she was in a coma and that they needed to come in if they wanted to see her before she died. The Lord showed us that she would not leave the hospital alive. We told the family days earlier, but they did not believe it. Different ones called the doctor and he told them all that she was doing fine.

One day when the doctor came into the room to see my grandmother, she told him that she would not ever be going home and he told her that all of the tests came back looking good. He said that she *would* be going home in a couple of days and she told him, “yes,” she would be “going home, but to heaven.” She told the doctor that she saw the Lord and her family and the Lord was going to take her home with Him.

While she was in the coma, I spoke to her and asked her that if she could understand me, to raise her right hand and she did. I then asked her not to die yet; her daughter (my mother), was on her way from Colorado and to please wait until she had a chance to talk to her. My grandmother did wait. After my mother arrived, we allowed each person go into the room to say their last goodbyes to her. I felt so blessed because the Lord took care of everything.

We went back to DeRidder after that visit. When I arrived back home, the phone rang: it was the hospital, they were calling to give us the news that my grandmother had just passed away. My mother, sister, and I took off to return to the hospital. While I was driving, I looked up to the heavens with hope that she had gone to heaven. All of a sudden, I saw my grandmother in the sky, going up toward heaven. I told my mother and

sister to look up and they started yelling: they saw the same thing. This was confirmation to us that she had made it. GOD IS SO GOOD!

The day after the funeral, I took all of our children back to school. At about 11:00 a.m., I received a call from the school. I was told that Becky had an accident and that I needed to pick her up and take her to the hospital.

When I arrived at the school, I saw Becky shaking so bad. She was having a seizure. I was then told that as she went to sit in her chair, a boy pulled her chair out from under her. Her head hit the cement floor and the seizures started. We went straight to the hospital. They administered many tests. The doctor gave Becky some medication and, after awhile, she was ok.

I can not explain everything, but I can surely see how much the Lord has His hand on us. I know that sometimes it may seem as if I am repeating myself. I am just trying to show you how much God cares for you and how much He can do for you.

It does not matter how people treat you: you must love them, pray for them, and bless them. Even though my grandmother wanted nothing to do with me or my family, I still loved her and I let her know that I still loved her. Sometimes it does hurt, but the Lord will help you. In the end, you will be the one walking in victory. The Lord will make all be at peace with you.

***“Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children;  
And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us,  
and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice  
to God for a sweetsmelling savour.”***

**Ephesians 5:1-2**

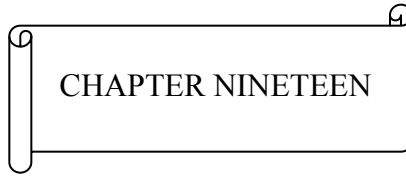
Do not treat people the way they treat you. Treat people the way you want them to treat you. Remember that being a Christian is being Christ-like. Jesus always treated everybody with love.

I loved my grandmother, yet I respected her wish for us to stay away from each other. In the end, I still ministered love and God worked out everything else. I am not saying it will always be easy, but the Lord will help you if you ask Him to.

Years later, I received a phone call from someone in my family. This person was mad at me and tried to hurt me by saying many hurtful things. They told me that my

grandmother never *did* love me and the only reason I went to the hospital everyday was to show off. Well, of course I told that devil out loud that he was a liar. All the family had many chances to go to the hospital, but since no one believed my grandmother was really going to die, no one wanted to take the extra time to see her.

We have to walk in love. Put the devil in his place and he will back off. Just remember that we are to be like Jesus. Jesus was not afraid to speak. He did that very well; He just spoke at the correct times. Walk in the love of Jesus so that you can minister to others no matter how you feel. Pray over your heart and the Lord will help you to give true love from your heart no matter what the circumstances are.



CHAPTER NINETEEN

## *Peace, Peace, Peace*

*“For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power,  
and of love, and of a sound mind.”*

**2 Timothy 1:7**

All was going ok for a few months. I surely counted my blessings. We were getting ready to move to Texas. My mind went back to September 1, 1991 when a prophet came to a church we were visiting. He spoke to us. He told us, “Do not get committed or rooted anywhere because the Lord was going to uproot you and move you to another place in less than two years.”

That was confirmation to us because just two months before, the Lord had spoken to Roy that He was going to move us back to Texas. Then I was in my room praying and the Lord spoke to me. I called Roy because he was out of town. Roy told me that he asked the Lord to speak to me. He did not want to tell me that news.

I did not want to move to Texas. I knew I had many bad memories in Texas and I did not want to live there ever again. I knew that some of Roy’s family still did not agree with us being married and I was afraid our marriage would fail if we lived over there. It took me two months to get my heart right. Everyday, almost all day long, I would pray, “Lord, change my heart if this is really you.”

I wanted to do God’s Will. I just knew that I could not do this on my own. Finally, I was starting to get excited about the move. My heart was changing. Then the prophet confirmed the move. At that point, I became excited. Things that the Lord told us many years ago were now being confirmed, again.

After Easter, Roy called his mother. He began to speak some spiritual things to her. Roy's mother was a great prayer warrior. We were getting excited because it was almost time to move. The children would be near Roy's parents again. We could help take care of my in-laws.

The day after Easter, we received a call that my mother-in-law had gotten sick. She ended up staying in the hospital for four weeks. During her stay, we made a trip to Texas every week to see her.

The Lord spoke to us: He was taking her home. She had never been sick before and she was now in a coma. We talked with two of Roy's sisters and asked them to start making funeral arrangements. We did not tell the others because they would have said that we just did not have enough faith. We had plenty of faith; faith had nothing to do with it. Sometimes you can have all the faith in the world, but if it is not part of the Lord's Plan, it will not happen. The Lord told us very clearly: He was taking her home.

The night before my mother-in-law died, Roy was getting ready for bed and the Lord spoke to him to get up and go finish "the job." He knew what job. Roy had been working on an empty house. He was almost finished; he only had to refinish some floors, so he got dressed and went and finished the job.

At about 10:00 a.m. the next morning, I received the call that my mother-in-law had died. I went to the house where Roy was working to tell him the news. He was almost finished with the job. It was so strange; the owners would have understood if Roy had left the job half done, but the Lord wanted him to finish and keep his word. Everything we do must be in decent and order.

We did not leave town right away. We went into prayer and waited on the Lord. On the day that the Lord instructed us to leave, we were ready. My dad came by and gave us his gas card. He told us to charge whatever we could pay back in thirty days. I was against charging, but we accepted, believing that we would have the money to pay the bill on time.

Roy and my younger sister left with the station wagon full of flowers. We had the flower shop that we did business with do the casket spray, wreaths, and plants. We did not have the money for our hotel or food, so Roy told me to wait until 12:00 noon and, whether or not I received money, to go ahead and leave and he would wait for me in Houston.

I was praying and waiting on the Lord. At five minutes until noon, I received a call; it was Mrs. Donna calling. She said that she was so glad that we had not left yet because she wanted to help us with our trip. She said that her check had not made it to the bank yet, but she knew that the Lord wanted her to bless us. She borrowed some money until her check came and wanted to know if I would please come by to pick it up.

I was so relieved. She did not know that was all the cash we had to leave town with. We had made it a policy to ask only the Lord when we are in need and trust on Him to do the rest. That money paid for two rooms for three days and bought us food.

When we arrived in Texas, my mother-in-law's body had just been released and ready for viewing. We could have arrived days earlier, but the Lord knew that the hospital would not have released her yet. Then we would have had to stay in Texas for more days than we normally would have. To this day, the doctors do not know the reason of death. All the tests and they still have no answers.

The day of the funeral was on Becky's sixteenth birthday. She was really shaken up about this. Both of the girls went to use the bathroom at the funeral home because Becky needed to change her hose that ran. While she was changing, she took her rings off and laid them on the counter.

The next report we got was here rings were stolen. Of all places for this to happen: a funeral home. We started praying. Someone came up to us and told us that they knew who had stolen the rings. We went over to that person and Roy asked if they had seen the rings. He then asked if they would please give the rings back.

The funeral home director asked if we wanted him to call the police. We did not want to be disrespectful to my mother-in-law, so we told him "no." The girl that we suspected left and we declared to the devil that he would have to pay Becky back sevenfold as the Word says:

***"But if he be found, he shall restore sevenfold;  
he shall give all the substance of his house."***

### **Proverbs 6:31**

The devil stole the jewelry and we were going to declare that he pay it back. I do not know if you have ever used that scripture before like that, but we have and it works. The Bible says that "*if the thief be found;*" it does not say that it has to be a *human* thief.

The devil is a thief and a killer; he will come and destroy whatever he can if he can get away with it.

***“The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy;  
I am come that they might have life,  
and that they might have it more abundantly.”***

**John 10:10**

After the funeral, we packed and went back to Louisiana. In two weeks, we had all the money to pay my dad back for all that we charged on his gas card. It was so awesome. We needed new tires before we could make the trip so we charged the tires. We believed that somehow, the Lord would make a way for us to be able to pay my dad back within the thirty days, and, we did.

God was so good to us through all of this. The Lord had promised to take care of His own and He took care of us as no other father humanly could. He put a peace in Roy's heart and yes, the tears flowed, but we were not depressed.

My mother-in-law was the type that mother-in-law's should be. The type all wives would want. She cared about me a lot. She was a true friend and we miss her deeply.

I knew that I could count on her prayers when we moved to Texas, but now, who would we have? Again, we had only God. I saw how the Lord touched hearts and I knew that with Jesus, we could go through anything. Fear is not of God. He can touch you in a way that no man can if you only believe and ask Him.



CHAPTER TWENTY

## *Great Step Of Faith*

*“My grace is sufficient for thee;  
For my strength is made perfect in weakness.”*

**2 Corinthians 12:9**

The time was getting closer to that two-year mark and we did not know anything except that before September 1, 1993, we would move from Louisiana, and would be moving to Texas.

On a hot day in June as I sat in my room praying, the Lord began to speak to me. I picked up a pencil and pad to write down what he was saying. The Lord started to tell me that we were to give our furniture away. He showed me to whom which pieces were to be given. I began writing down all the details, as He instructed me.

The Lord instructed me to even write down our dishes and appliances. He then showed me that He even wanted us to give our computer away. I was surprised about that because that was something that the children used in school. Then the Lord had me write down our towels and washcloths to give away.

After I wrote all these items down, I began to pray. The Lord told me who to give what to. I then knew that if this was the Lord, Roy would be in agreement. Roy is the head of the house and even though we see many women leading their home that is *not* the Will of the Lord.

I wanted to make sure that I had not missed it and I knew Roy would pray and let me know if he agreed or disagreed with me. If Roy were not to agree with me even though I felt that I had heard from the Lord, I would not have been able to give the things away.

It is hard being the man, and I would never want to be one. We as humans think that women can do all that men can do, but that is not so. I understand why women had to speak up at one time because they were not being treated fairly, but women do not have to answer to God for a family in the same manner that a man does.

No woman's rights group can order God to change His rules. The Lord trusted the man to take care of His family, through guidance, love and protection. The Word tells us that women are to take care of the family. Yes, we as women have responsibilities, but the man has orders from the Lord and we need to learn how to respect our husbands when they have made a decision. If you disagree with your husband, then pray and allow the Lord to correct the problem. I am talking about the man guiding the women. I am not talking about men that abuse or leave their wives and children. I can not tell a woman to obey an ungodly man that allows the devil to use him to destroy his wife and children.

I have a few scriptures that might help you to understand exactly what the Lord is saying to the husband and to the wife. If you have a hard time accepting these scriptures, then ask the Lord to minister to your heart.

***“Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husband, as unto the Lord.  
For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head  
of the church: and he is the savior of the body.  
Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to  
their own husbands in every thing.  
Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church,  
and gave himself for it;  
That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,  
That he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot,  
or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.  
So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies.  
He that loveth his wife loveth himself.  
For no man ever yet hated his own flesh; but nourisheth and cherisheth it,  
even as the Lord does the church;  
For we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones.  
For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother,  
and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.  
This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church.  
Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself;  
and the wife see that she reverence her husband.”***

**Ephesians 5:22-33**

The following morning when I awoke, I noticed that Roy was not in our bed. I went to the living room and found him there. Roy had been up all night, getting instructions from the Lord. Part of the instruction was concerning my list.

As Roy began to tell me what the Lord had told him, I asked him to wait so that I could go get a list that I made with the instructions that the Lord gave *me*. Roy began to share his list with me and I checked off those items on my list as he called them out. Everything was the same. We knew that this was surely of the Lord.

Here are a few examples of the items and the reactions of the families concerning the furniture:

1. *Ronnie's bunk beds*: I did not talk to this woman very much at our church, so before I went to ask her, I prayed that she would not be offended. She told me that her five-year-old son had been praying for a set of bunk beds for a long time. The boy had been sleeping on the floor.
2. *The Computer*: This couple was contacted by their son's school. Their son was mentally challenged, but had started communicating with the use of a computer while at school. The school advised the parents to purchase a computer, but they had no money to do so. They got their pastor to pray with them that the Lord would somehow make a way.
3. *The Computer Stand*: We did not give the stand with the computer because the Lord instructed us to do this differently. The child that we were instructed to give the stand to received a letter from the school the day before. These parents were told that if they could get a computer stand, the school would send a computer home with the child to use during the school year.
4. *The table and chairs*: A minister and his wife did not have one and were praying for one. Again, we did not know this until after we told them about the table.
5. *The refrigerator*: This was the strangest of all. The couple had a refrigerator. They said that they did not need it, but the week before we moved, their refrigerator went out. The cost to fix it was more than it was worth. Of course, we did not give the refrigerator to anybody else. The

Lord knew that their refrigerator would be going out and they would need that one.

I could go on and on, but I will not. I just wanted to give you a few examples so that you could understand how we knew that it was really the Lord. Every time that we contacted someone concerning something that we wanted to give them, we would hear the same thing: the families had great need of it and had been praying for the Lord to make a way. We packed everything we were keeping, even the clothes, but we still did not have the money to move. School was about to start but we did not want to put the children in school if we were going to move in a week or so.

I started praying more concerning the children and the Lord spoke to Roy and I. We were to stand still, wait on the Lord, and we would be moving; just be ready. We agreed not to allow the children to start school, but boy, was that a tough decision.

We started to get calls from family members and friends. I would always say the same thing: “we are moving at the end of the month, so there is no reason to make the children go to school for just a couple of weeks.”

At that point, we needed to be sure that we were really hearing from the Lord. If we were to miss it, what damage could it do to our own children and their faith in the Lord. Everyone was watching to see if we really heard from God or if we were just some crazy Christians believing on a whim.

Then that very evening, the Lord spoke to Roy to put the car up for sale. At this time, we were taking care of a friend’s car. They wanted us to sell it for them when we arrived in San Antonio and then send them the money. The Lord told Roy that would be the money we were to use to move with.

Roy put a sign on the car and the following day the car sold. We took that money, rented the truck and put the remainder of our belongings that the Lord allowed us to keep into it. We were really leaving to go to Texas. Someone asked us if we were really going to trust God “blindfolded.” We had never heard of it like that before, but yes, our carnal eyes could not see, but our spiritual eyes *did* see. When you are stepping out as we did, you need to make sure that it really is the Lord, because if it is *not*, it could turn your whole life upside down.

The Lord will speak to all of us if we will just listen. I know in my own experiences with the Lord that when he talks to me, it is not in a voice, as I would speak to someone. The voice of the Lord in my life is in my spirit. The Lord speaks to my

spirit and I know it is Him. I can not say that I have ever talked with anyone who has said that the Lord had talked to them in an audible voice. Listen with your spiritual ears and you, too, can hear the Lord and the direction He gives you.

***“He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”***

**Matthew 11:15**

***“Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.”***

**Matthew 13:9**

***“Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given.”***

**Matthew 13:11**

***“But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear.”***

**Matthew 13:16**

What the Lord is speaking of here is surely not our physical ears and eyes. The Lord knows that we can see and hear with our physical ears and eyes, but He is speaking of our spiritual ones.

The time finally arrived for us to leave Louisiana. We were told of the great work that we would do for God in Texas. I knew that I would get my home that I had been praying to have for years. I was excited since the Lord wanted us to give our things away; He must certainly be going to bless us with new.

We cried as we were leaving. The Lord told us that we were leaving Egypt. We lived in Louisiana for thirteen years. What a short season this was, but it did not seem short enough for me. During that time, we learned a lot about God. It was a learning experience for us that we would never forget. That season taught us about God’s love and some of His ways. We learned how to trust the Lord with all of our hearts. Louisiana was a learning time for us, but now we were on our way to the Promised Land, we thought.

We stopped in Houston and got a hotel. We decided that we would stay the night in Houston and pray to find out what direction the Lord would want us to take when we

arrived in Texas. We had no clue what was next. The only thing we thought we knew was that it had to be great because the Lord had directed it.

Early the next morning we left to go to San Antonio. We were going to stay at my sister-in-law's apartment. Roy told us that we would stay there for three nights but no more. We put everything we had in us into trusting God. We were headed to a new place only because we believed that this was what the Lord wanted us to do.

We had no promise of tomorrow; the only promise we had was from the Lord that He would always be with us, and that He would always take care of us. When we felt weak, all we needed was to draw strength from the Lord. He would help us in all.

I would not say that fear never tried to enter into us because it did, but we would rebuke the fear and be determined to trust the Lord. Can you trust the Lord with your life? Try to learn to trust in God and you will see how He will take care of you. God will never let you down.



CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

## *Had I Been Forgotten?*

*“The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;  
my God, my strength in whom I will trust;”*

**Psalm 18:2**

We arrived in San Antonio. We had \$1300 and we really needed direction from the Lord.

We went to the apartment. My sister-in-law was at the coast, so we were there alone. We rested for a while and then decided to take the children out to dinner. As we sat down in the restaurant, we decided that it was time to have another talk with the children. We now had only our three because my niece went back home to be with her family.

Roy began to explain to the children how we now had no place to call home. We had no more direction from the Lord and only a little money. In actuality, we were now homeless. The girls started crying, but Ronnie, now eleven years old, yelled, “YES! I have always wanted to be homeless.”

That child was not joking. Ronnie was so excited; he said that now he would get to see just how all those homeless people felt that we saw and heard about. Ronnie told us that now that we were homeless, God could do something even *greater* for us.

Tears were flowing down all of our faces. There were no other customers in that restaurant. The cashier came to our table and asked if he could refill our drinks. We realized that the cooks and other employees were watching us. We told the young man

that we did not have need of anything. Then the young man asked if the food was ok. We again replied it was fine. Praise God for workers who care.

Later that evening my sister-in-law came home. We sat down and talked. Roy told her that he felt that there was “something” concerning her church, but he did not know what it was. At that moment, she remembered. She told us that the church was looking for someone to watch the church and that they would furnish a house. Roy said that that *had* to have been what he was feeling.

My sister-in-law gave us the number and Roy called. The secretary arranged an appointment for the following morning. I could not sleep at all that night. I just *knew* that this was the Lord and that this was not what I thought the Lord was going to do for us.

Our appointment was for 9:30 a.m. the next morning. As we were driving over to the church, Roy told me that he really felt that this was God. We arrived at the church and met with the secretary. She informed us that there was a job opening, but it was for custodians. She then took us on a tour of the church.

She told us that we would clean the church, the yard, two fields across from the church, the pastor’s house and yard, and the secretary’s yard. We knew that this was a lot of work, but we could do it with the help of the Lord.

Then we went back into her office to discuss pay. We could live in the church house and receive \$200 per week. She said that I would only work about thirty hours per week and Roy would work about thirty-six hours per week.

We then met the pastor and his wife. I told the pastor the hours that I would *not* work and I told him that if he did not want to hire us, it would be ok with me. I was praying that he would not hire us. I did not want that job. The pay was not enough and if I had to go to work, I felt I could get a better job, making more money and Roy could stay home and take care of the children. It did not make any sense to me.

Roy told the pastor that we could do the work, but if we ever felt that we were going to be the cause of strife or division, we would leave in a heartbeat. The pastor told us we had the job. Our first day would be on Saturday. The church had a small house directly across the street from the church where we would live.

We pulled the truck up into the front yard that evening. The house was very small but it was a house for us to live in. Why would I need a larger house? We had given

almost everything we owned away since we believed the Lord directed us to do so. Now I was beginning to doubt that either one of us had even heard from the Lord.

Neither Roy nor I wanted the children to see that house so we let them stay with their aunt until we had unpacked everything. Since we did not have to use the money we had for rent or deposits, we decided to go shopping. We bought towels, sheets, curtains, a VCR, microwave, a love seat, and groceries.

The children no longer had beds because we had given them away, so we bought air mattresses for them to sleep on. I could not believe that this is where we would be living. I knew that it was the Lord so I had to make the best of it.

The children handled it ok, I guess. That place was better than no place at all. On Saturday, Roy started working and on Sunday, we all worked after church services were finished.

Sometimes I *do* cry, but I think I am a tough person. I try not to let circumstances bother me, but if they do, I pray it through quickly and turn everything over to the Lord.

This time it was different; I could not shake it off. For seventeen days straight, while I was working, I cried all day. I just could not make the tears stop. I realized what it was: I felt as if the Lord had turned His back on us. I had been through so much in my life, but I always knew that the Lord was with me; therefore, I could make it.

However, again, *this* time, it was different. I knew the Word. He would always be with us. It did not help. I would rebuke the devil, quote scriptures, and pray over my heart. Nothing helped; I still felt all alone.

***“Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid:  
for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song;  
he also is become my salvation.”***

**Isaiah 12:2**

***“Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed;  
for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;  
yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”***

**Isaiah 41:10**

***“...I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.”***

**Hebrews 13:5**

The pastor and his wife were nice. The secretary was ok. What was the problem? I put all my trust in God about this move. Was that the promise we had thought we believed? If it was, then I knew that I surely could have done without it. We had given so much away without any question and now we were so much worse off than before. Nevertheless, I still continued praying, loving the Lord, and trusting Him even though my heart felt as if it were dying. I would not allow that to get in the way of my love for Jesus.

Then one day, I saw the story of the Israelites leaving Egypt. After they had crossed the Red Sea, they were in the wilderness before they entered the promise land. I knew we were in the wilderness. I was able to accept that we were in the wilderness, so then my heart began to feel lighter. It was no longer so heavy. I was where the Lord had placed me and as long as I knew that it was His Will for me to be at *that* church, at *that* time, I would stay. REMEMBER:

***“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.”***

**Psalm 37:23-26**

Roy and I were obedient to following God’s instructions when we moved to Texas and we knew that we would not be alone because God was with us. The devil was trying to make me feel as if I was alone, but through much prayer, I overcame it. I knew what I was feeling and I was determined that even though my feelings were saying one thing, I was not alone.

Well don’t you know that the devil did not like the idea that I had overcome that battle? Everybody that saw us would tell us they were so blessed because of us. People would come up to us and say that we were such an encouragement to them. We never allowed anyone to know how we felt inside.

A few weeks passed and I received a check that I was expecting from Louisiana. The check covered the amount of money we owed the family from the sale of the car and also to do some other things that we wanted to do.

As I have said before, Satan was mad that we were in the Will of the Lord and continually praising the Lord. What did he decide to do to upset us? He started using the secretary. I began to think that she was the devil herself for the way she was acting.

The job became more demanding. Roy's hours increased up to eighty hours per week. The pay was very small. We began to feel more like slaves than employees. The secretary kept pulling stunts on us. I began to wonder why the Lord had put us there. Why had the Lord required Roy to get his license as a minister if all that we were going to do was to be servants?

What were we to do? The secretary told us that when they first hired us, that no matter what problems we encountered with the job, we were *never* allowed to discuss them with the pastor. She told us that we were to never to speak to the pastor or his wife concerning anything. Well, I thought that this was just the secretary's rules until one day, I spoke to the pastor's wife just to say good morning and to ask one question about me going to a ladies retreat.

About thirty minutes later, I received a call from the secretary telling me that I was not to speak to the pastor's wife ever again; I was the "hired help" and not allowed to speak to her. She said that I would be allowed to go to that retreat only because I had paid my way before I had started working for the church, but never was I to go to another one. I made up my mind that I would honor their request and to not go to any other retreats unless the Lord said to go.

Things kept getting worse. One particular night, I went out into out backyard, sat on the trampoline and began to pray. I stayed outside for three hours. I just needed to get everything off my chest. The following morning I had to make a delivery to a couple of elderly women's home. We call them "*the Sisters*" because they were sisters, and were very close in age.

When I walked into their home, "the Sisters" started telling me all the answers to my prayer requests that I had prayed and presented to the Lord outside the night before. They said, "YES, the Lord was the One who put you where you are." The Sisters said that we would not be there much longer. They said that Roy was "called" by God, but just for now, the Lord needed us there.

We did all we could do to take care of that church. The pastor even made an announcement, saying that we were doing more than anybody ever did for the church.

We were determined to keep the scriptures in our lives. The Lord requires laborers to be good servants as though we are laboring unto the Lord Himself.

***“Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh,  
with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart,  
AS UNTO CHRIST, (sic)  
Not with eye service, as menpleasers;  
but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart;  
With good will doing service, AS TO THE LORD, AND NOT TO MEN: (sic)  
Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth,  
the same shall he receive of the Lord,  
whether he be bond or free.  
And, ye masters, do the same things unto them,  
forbearing threatening: knowing that your Master also is in heaven;  
neither is there respect of persons with him.”***

#### **Ephesians 6:5-9**

People would come to us and ask us questions concerning our job. They tried to get us to talk about the secretary or the pastor, but we refused. Even though we were having problems, this was between the Lord and us. Remember: Gossip is not of God.

I could not understand why the pastor could not see how the secretary was. So many of the members would come and tell us to be careful with her. We would just smile and say, “God knows all.” Again, we refused to get in the middle of gossip. All we knew was that we were in the Will of God and that the Lord planted us at that church at that time. We were there to be servants unto the Lord in whatever fashion the Lord had chosen.

Then one day, the Lord showed us that the pastor *did* know, but it was for his convenience to overlook the things that his secretary did. Then the pastor’s wife confirmed it from the pulpit, with the pastor standing right there. The secretary was mean, but they liked that because nobody would ever bother them. That did not bother us since the Lord had answered our question. We also knew that the pastor and his wife loved the Lord and were anointed *of* the Lord. We were not going to leave that place until the Lord gave us the order.

I was getting tired. It was one battle after another. Then one day, we had a battle that really upset me. Within six weeks, we found seventy snakes inside our house. We

would kill them, but what was going on? I told Roy that our house must have been sitting on top of hell itself!

The city had some one come out, but they could not find a nest anywhere nor did they know where the snakes were coming from. I decided to save the snakes just in case the city did not believe me. When they saw the bag of snakes, they were in shock. Then someone at the church asked us if we had prayed against witchcraft. Well, we anointed the house, bound the devil, and rebuked witchcraft. We never saw another snake after that day of prayer.

We put much time into daily prayer for our pastor and his family. Every time I would clean the office, I would take a cloth that I had put anointing oil on, anoint the office, and pray while I was there. I would anoint the pastor's house every time I went to clean it. I even anointed the secretary's office. The secretary liked to walk around without her shoes on, so, if I was at her desk and her shoes were there, I would anoint and pray over them, too. Remember the Scripture:

***“For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft,  
and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry...”***

### **1 Samuel 15:23**

I began to think, “ok, the secretary, whether knowing it or not, was involved in witchcraft.” Therefore, we continued praying for the secretary, the pastor and his family, and the church. Our pastor's eyes were blinded by her deceptiveness, but I do not think anyone else's eyes were. We were going to continue praying because when anything goes wrong, prayer will get you through it and make you a stronger Christian.

God wanted us where we were so we would stay until the Lord said differently, no matter what. God was the One we had to answer to, so, no matter how bad we were to be treated, we were staying until the Lord directed us differently. We continued looking unto the Lord.

I knew that I could not do anything on my own, but with the Lord I could do all things. I would walk wherever the Lord directed me to go as long as He gave me the strength to do so.

*(Editor's Note: Capitalization by Author; and, the following are faith scriptures found in the Book of Hebrews, Chapter 10):*

***“By FAITH Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain,” v.4***  
***“By FAITH Enoch was translated...” v.5***  
***“By FAITH Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear,”v.7***  
***“By FAITH he sojourned in the land of promise,” v.9***  
***“Through FAITH also Sarah herself received strength to conceive seed,” v.11***  
***“These all died in FAITH,” v.13***  
***“By FAITH Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac;” v.17***  
***“By FAITH Isaac blessed Jacob...” v.20***  
***“By FAITH Jacob, when he was a dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph;” v.21***  
***“By FAITH Joseph, when he died, made mention of the departing  
of the children of Israel;” v.22***  
***“By FAITH Moses, when he was born, was hid three months...” v.23***  
***“By FAITH Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called  
the son of Pharaoh’s daughter;” v.24***  
***“By FAITH he forsook Egypt,” v.27***  
***“By FAITH he kept the passover,” v.28***  
***“By FAITH they passed through the Red sea...” v.29***  
***“By FAITH the walls of Jericho fell down,” v.30***  
***“By FAITH the harlot Rahab perished not with them that believed not,” v.31***

#### **Hebrews 11: 4-31**

By FAITH Roy and I moved to Texas and worked at that church. We knew that we were to continue trusting the Lord. Everyone that had faith and trusted the Lord came out of it. When you look at the story, you see that the trips or decisions that we made were not easy, but the people came through every time.

Often the Lord will lead you to a job that seems as if it is hell itself. Remember that the Lord needs you to be there and He will direct you when it is time for you to leave. Even if you are doing all the work and the other employees are not pulling their weight, you do not need to answer for them, only for yourself.



CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

## *Finally Released To Go*

*“He restoreth my soul:  
he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his names’s sake.”*

**Psalm 23:3**

I needed the Lord to assure me that we did not miss what the Lord planned concerning the move to Texas. I hoped that the move was not just us falling into a trap of the devil. Could I have missed it? Was it really God?

At one time, we had nice belongings and now we looked as though we were poor. We actually *were* poor at that point; we had nothing. If that was of God, then it was ok; but if not, what had I done to my family?

I wrote a letter to Brother Tafoya, a prophet that we knew from New York. It was about a month before he responded. He said that his wife and he read my letter and were praying for us. The reason he did not contact us sooner was that he was waiting for an answer from the Lord (regarding my letter).

He said that we were such a blessing to them; he said that we had such great faith and strength. I thought: “this man does not know me very well at all.” Here, I had been crying for seventeen days straight; I saw myself as a weak little baby.

Then he explained that they had also moved. The Lord gave him almost the same instructions He had given to us. The Lord instructed him to give almost everything away and move to North Carolina. He was now working instead of preaching full time. That sounded so much like us.

He then named other men of God that the Lord required to do the same thing. He said that the Lord had told him that He was getting “a people together to preach and teach His people.” He said there are many great men preaching now, but the Lord told him that He wanted men that would have gone through it (trials) in order to teach the people.

The things that are to come upon America are hard and the Lord is getting an army of men and women ready with that great anointing to teach the people how to make it. Now, that was the same thing that David Wilkerson had said a couple of years earlier.

I was getting excited because that was the thing that Roy and I had been praying about. Roy and I found that we could believe God for almost anything. We had been through a lot and yet we still trusted the Lord and His plan for our lives.

I kept praying over my heart, and I refused to quit trusting the Lord concerning our new job. The Lord kept us on top of things and one-step ahead of the secretary.

The pay was very little. One day, we figured out the hours we worked just to see how much we were actually making by the hour. We realized that we were making a lot less than minimum wage. We started praising the Lord because we saw that we were planting much seed.

Periodically, we blessed the secretary with different things and prayed for her daily. Remember that the Word of God commands us to do that:

***“But, I say unto you, Love your enemies,  
bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,  
and pray for them which despitefully use you,  
and persecute you;”***

**Matthew 5:44**

The Lord tells us to bless them that despitefully use us, and protect our own hearts. Most of the time it does not matter to the people that have treated you wrongly. Those people think that you are just a fool and most of the time they laugh behind your back, thinking that they have gotten away with whatever they have done against you.

Let me say this: they will never get away with anything because the Bible says a man will reap whatever it is that he sows:

***“Be not deceived; God is not mocked:  
for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap  
For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption;  
but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting”***

**Galatians 6:7-8**

Roy and I have had people come to us and say that they do not believe the story about reaping and sowing. It does not matter if a person believes it or not, the Word will come to pass. If you give great offerings and pay your tithes, but treat people wrong, you will still reap from the bad *and* the good. Giving does not stop the reaping from the evil you do to others.

I want to caution you, though; do not rejoice when you hear a person that has done you wrong is now reaping wrong. Pray so that the Lord will have mercy on that person and bless them. Do not allow your heart to be like *their* heart:

***“Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth,  
and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth:”***

**Proverbs 24:17**

Remember that to be a Christian is to be Christ-like. We all know that Jesus Christ would never rejoice if something happened to someone that had hurt Him.

It was now time for us to go on vacation. Before we left, the Lord spoke to me, saying that when we came back from vacation, we would do everything one more time and then we would no longer have to work at the church.

I was at the house and Roy was working at the church, so I ran to the church to tell him what the Lord had said to me. He was mowing the grass, riding the riding mower, and he told me that the Lord had just spoken the same thing to him.

Boy, we were *so* excited! We vacationed in Colorado and when we returned, we were ready to go to work and do our job so that we would be out of there. We cleaned the house and the church and yet nothing had happened. I did not understand it. Roy still had to mow the fields. That was the only thing he had not done since our return from Colorado. Once he did that, we were ready to resign.

The Lord put it in Roy's spirit that it was now time to give our notice. Roy went to the secretary to give her our two-week notice and told her that our last day would be on a Friday since we started on a Saturday. She told Roy that we could not quit. Of course, we were going to be finished with that place.

The secretary told Roy that she would not give us our check until we had moved out of the church house. The Lord told Roy to tell them that we would be out of that house on November 10th. We *did* quit and, after much prayer, I wrote the pastor a letter and took it to his home. We did get our paycheck and we were now free from that place.

You know, one thing we never did was to murmur. Yes, I cried; but once I had the victory, we never complained about the job. We knew that the Lord had put us there and no matter what happened, we refused to murmur. We took all the problems to the Lord, trusting that He would come to our defense when needed and He never failed us. In the Word, it says very clearly that it will not do us any good to murmur; it will instead *hurt* us.

***“For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and disputings:”***

**Philippians 2:13-14**

***“Neither murmur ye, as some of them also murmured, and were destroyed of the destroyer.”***

**1 Corinthians 10:10**

The pastor wanted to discuss this with us, but we did not say much as that was what the Lord had instructed us to do. We knew that it would be better to speak little than to argue. We did tell the pastor that we would be moved out by November 10th. When he asked if we had arranged to move, we told him, “Yes, we had made arrangements to draw money out of our inheritance.”

***“A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.”***

**Proverbs 15:1-2**

A few years prior to that experience, many people would ask us where we planned to get the money to take care of ourselves. The Lord told us to tell people we were going

to draw out of “our inheritance.” It caused people to stop asking. We were really drawing out of our inheritance: our heavenly inheritance.

We did not have any money in the bank, only in our *heavenly* bank. We had planted so much that we knew that we could pull out whenever we needed. The way we would do that was in prayer and then the Lord would somehow make a way. This was our inheritance we were drawing from.

If you can save, that is ok. However, there are thousands of people that do not have extra money to put away. That was the way Roy and I were. If we had anything extra, it would go for the Lord’s work as He directed. We did not have enough money to put in the bank *and* for the Lord’s work, so we decided to take what we had and allow the Lord to direct us as to how it was to be used. We believed it was more important for us to give it to the Lord. Remember the scripture:

***“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through, nor steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”***

**Matthew 6:19-21**

We were laying up our treasures in heaven, not on earth. Please do not misunderstand me: if you can save or invest, I believe that you should. I believe the Lord wants us to be prosperous and blessed. We must put the Lord and His kingdom first. If you do that, He will bless you so that you can prosper and be blessed on earth.

After the pastor made it public that we were no longer working for the church, people came to us and wanted to know what it was that the secretary did to make us quit. We always said that the Lord told us that it was time to leave.

Remember that we are not to gossip about anyone, especially your church or church family. When people kept asking Mrs. Angela, she spoke up and told those women that she recalled that when we first arrived, we said we would only be there for a time and then the Lord would move us on. This stopped everybody from asking questions. Again, remember the scriptures. There will always be a Word for every situation:

***“Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue,  
keepeth his soul from troubles.”***

**Proverbs 21:23**

***“He that goeth about as a talebearer revealeth secrets:  
therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips.”***

**Proverbs 20:19**

***“The words of a talebearer are as wounds,  
and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly.”***

**Proverbs 26:22**

I refused to give the devil any glory. What happened between the secretary, pastor, and us was between God and us. The Lord knew all that happened and He was the only One that needed to know.

The Lord takes care of His own and He warns not to harm His people. All we are to do is to love the people that hurt us and pray for them.

***“...Touch not mine anointed,  
and do my prophets no harm.”***

**Psalm 105:15**

We continued attending the church although the devil really tried to make us wish we had left. God sent us to that church as a watering hole and even though we were no longer going to work at the church, that church was to be our place of worship. During the services, there was such a great anointing.

Our pastor loved the Lord with all of his heart. I had no idea what he must have gone through with people to have such a shield up now. People must have done him and his family so wrong in times past, so I did not judge him when I felt he did us wrong. I prayed to the Lord and then I prayed over my heart when he hurt me.

Our pastor preached the Word with truth and with such an anointing. You must remember that we are all human and we make mistakes. I will continue praying for him and his family, as he is the pastor that the Lord had blessed us with. I loved my pastor and his family. I would not leave that church no matter what Satan did unless the Lord said to go. You cannot change churches every time you get offended. Pray over your heart and stay where the Lord plants you. The devil will use people, especially other

Christians, if he thinks it could hinder your walk with the Lord. It should not hinder your walk if another Christian hurts you; it should make you stronger in the Lord.

The Lord was helping us. He lifted us up when we were tired and down. The Lord continued leading us as long as we were obedient and we continued seeking Him.



CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

## *God Leads Us To A Place*

*“Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?”*

**Matthew 6:25**

It was now November 9<sup>th</sup>. We had only one day until we needed to be moved out of the church house. We had \$400 and no place to go. We got up and took the children to school. As we drove to the schools, we prayed. We were sure that the Lord gave us that date to give to the pastor, yet we still had not found a home that we could afford. We gave our word to the pastor and we knew that we had to be moved. Keeping our word has always been so important to us.

After we dropped the children off at school, we began to drive around looking for a place to live. After about an hour of driving, Roy said to drive into a certain area. He felt that we would find the house we were to move into in that area.

As we drove into that neighborhood, we noticed a house that looked as if someone was moving out. Roy stopped and asked if that house was for rent. The man, Mr. Bennett, told him that it would be available in a couple of weeks. We knew that that house was the house the Lord meant for us. The man took us into the house to show us the inside and it looked as if a tornado had hit that place.

We left and went home knowing that we were to move into that place, but we did not *want* to move there. The Lord kept dealing with us for the next two hours concerning that house. We knew we had to move into that place.

We went back to that house only to find that the man was no longer there, so I left him a note. When we arrived back at our house and I began to unlock the front door, the

phone ring. It was Mr. Bennett. He saw our note and wanted to talk to us about renting the house.

We returned to that house. Oh, was that place filthy! The garage was full of trash. When I say full, I really mean *full*. It was about four feet high. The house was full of every kind of debris. Food and dishes were thrown all over the kitchen. The carpet was really bad. It appeared as if someone took dirty diapers and wiped them all over the walls.

The toilets and bathtubs were very black. The closet doors had something all over them that looked like milk. Some of the windows were broken. One of the windows had a 2x4 board lying through it with the glass still on the floor. There were torn up mattresses in the house, broken up furniture, and plenty more trash. The grass in the back yard was about three feet high.

This was the place that the Lord picked for us to live: what was wrong with this picture? Was I supposed to be excited about this, too? Well, this was where the Lord wanted us to live and, again, we had to do as He directed us. Remember, the Lord sees the beginning and the end. He knows all that will be in-between, also. All we knew was that we had to trust God on this.

***“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;  
and lean not unto thine own understanding.”***

**Proverbs 3:5**

As we talked with Mr. Bennett, he asked us when we needed to move into the house: we told him “tomorrow.” He told us that he was asking for \$695 a month for that house. He asked us if that was too much and we told him “yes.” He then said that he could lower the rent to \$550 if we would be more comfortable with that. We told him we would.

Mr. Bennett agreed that if we cleaned the house, he would not charge us the first months rent. He also said that he would only charge us half of the deposit. We agreed and signed the lease. We went to the store and bought cleaning supplies and paint. We had a lot of work ahead of us.

Roy’s sister and brother-in-law came over to help us. We bought acid to clean the bathrooms because nothing else would clean them. Roy worked all night. I worked some, but left to pick up the children from school and fix them supper. Again, we did not want the children to see that place until after we had cleaned and fixed it up.

The pastor called that evening before church had started and wanted to make sure that we still planned to move out tomorrow. He was very polite and did care about us; we knew that it was time for us to leave and he respected that decision. I told the pastor we would be moved out; we just would not be finished moving until about 5:00 p.m. I told him that Roy was at the new house getting it ready.

So much trash needed to be taken out to the front. The garbage men made a special trip to pick up all the trash. It took the garbage men almost an hour to remove all of the trash out *from* the front yard. The Lord gave us so much favor with the manager of the garbage company. The manager said that usually they charge a fee for a special pick up, but this time they would let it slide because he did not feel he should charge us. With this move, we had favor with first, the property owner and then, the garbage company.

***“So shalt thou find favor and good understanding  
in the sight of God and man.”***

#### **Proverbs 3:4**

By 8:00 a.m. the next day, the house was spotless. We cleaned and painted all the rooms. Then we were ready to move in. By exactly 5:00 p.m. on November 10th, we moved everything to our new residence and cleaned the church house. We were out of that house and in our new home.

Roy had not slept in over thirty-six hours. We had everything set up. We hung all the pictures and unpacked all the boxes. Mr. Bennett came over to bring us a copy of the lease and to pick up the deposit. He was shocked to see the house in such perfect order.

Roy explained to Mr. Bennett that we were to be examples for Jesus Christ. Jesus did everything in decent and order, so we needed to have everything in order, as Christ would have had all in order.

All the utility companies turned on the utilities and said they would send the bill for the deposits. We found out later that the companies did not normally do that. GOD IS SO GOOD!

The house was in order and now it was time to rest. After we rested a few days, we knew that we needed money so Roy needed to find work. The Lord told us to just wait and continue trusting Him. At the same time that all the bills came due, Roy got a roofing job. That job brought in \$1000. We had no money come in until the next month

when the bills were due again, and again, Roy was asked to do *another* roofing job. This kept going on for the next seven months; Roy received a job just as we needed the money.

The Lord brought money in through other ways, also. We planned to go to Louisiana for Thanksgiving and we decided not to change our plans just because it looked as though we could not afford to go. We trusted that somehow we would still be able to go.

The day before we were to leave, someone we knew for years called and said that the Lord awakened him in the night and told him to give us \$500. Roy met with that man for breakfast and he gave Roy the check for that exact amount.

When Roy returned home, we went to the furniture store and bought two Queen Anne chairs for the living room. We needed them and they were now on sale for the exact price we prayed.

We then left to go to Louisiana. We had \$300 and when we arrived in Louisiana, Roy and I felt led to bless two families, so, we did. When it was time to come home, we had just enough money left for gas. That was ok with us because we knew that the Lord would take care of us as He always did. We just wanted to be obedient in every part of our lives.

After arriving home, I checked the mail, and to our surprise, there was a cashier's check for \$1000 in the mail. I could not believe it! It came just in time for Christmas.

We never went around with a long face or with murmuring lips. We just prayed to the Lord concerning all of our needs. The Lord directed us to the home He had for us at that time and all we had to do was to be obedient and receive it. When the Lord told us to wait on Him, we did, and He made a way.

God instructed each step we were to take and we stepped. When the Lord directs you, just start walking and all will be ok, as long as it really *is* in the direction, the Lord is directing. The Lord wants to bless us but we have to step out as He directs.



CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

## *Fighting The Battle*

*“He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:  
he that keepeth thee will not slumber.”*

**Psalm 121:3**

It was nice and hot outside since we were now in the middle of June. Roy found a job in the newspaper that he knew he would get. He could feel the excitement in his spirit that company would hire him if he were to apply for that job.

Roy put his application in and they hired him. Roy received a few offers to either pastor or to be an assistant pastor, but he felt that it was not the Lord at that time, so he turned them down. It made no sense to us as to why the Lord wanted him to work a job instead of doing God’s work. We were busy for the Lord, but now the Lord was leading Roy to go back to work.

Roy was now working full time with that company. The Lord gave us instructions and we tried to listen very attentively. By July 1<sup>st</sup>, I had completed 90% of our Christmas shopping. The Lord would send me to a store and I would find some gifts for 80% off or more on sale.

I bought everything that was on our list for the whole family. Roy said that he wanted us to get everybody at least three gifts each. We managed to get about *ten* gifts for most of my family members. Our children had about twenty-five gifts each. I could not understand why I was doing so much so fast, since Christmas was still so far away. I always started my shopping early because it made it so much easier, but this year I had already finished my shopping (with the exception of a few electrical items).

Every year on October 1st, I would start to bake the goodies for Christmas. I would make several different kinds of fudges, pound cakes, Christmas cookies, and

candies. We would give large platters to single mothers, the elderly, and the poor. We would end up making about 25 platters every year. We had a large freezer that I would put everything in until it was time to assemble the platters and deliver them.

We were so blessed just to see the joy on the faces of the people when we deliver the platters to them. When we moved to Texas, we prayed about to whom to give the platters. We blessed everyone on the list. Every year, we would add a few names to the list, as the Lord instructed us. Sometimes, we removed some names while some of the old names would stay on the list.

This year it was different. The Lord started dealing with us for me to start the baking September 1st. It seemed so strange to us. We bought everything I needed to bake and I started cooking. I would spend everyday over the stove. The freezer was beginning to get full. I told the Sisters about it and they said that they felt a witness, but could not tell us the reason *why* we had to do this early. The Lord had not revealed anything concerning that to them.

It was now the middle of October and the Lord started dealing with Becky and I to start wrapping all the presents. This seemed very strange, but we did it. We spent three days wrapping gifts. Finally, we were done. We separated the ones that we were taking to Colorado and the ones to stay for people in Texas.

I remember telling Roy that I wondered what we were going to be doing during the holidays that I would not have the time to do all the things that the Lord had been instructing us to do early. God must have something important for us to do because we had almost everything done that we usually do for the holidays.

I was going to my family reunion on October 20th and now it was just a couple of days before it was time to leave. The only thing that I had left to do for Christmas was to decorate the cut out cookies. I had made about 250 cookies.

Some of the teens from church wanted to help us decorate the cookies. I said that we would decorate the cookies when we got back from the reunion. On Wednesday night while we were at church, the Lord started dealing with me, again. This was concerning the decorating of the cookies. The Lord wanted us to decorate the cookies before we left. I then told all the teens that I had changed my mind and that we would be decorating the cookies on tomorrow (Thursday night) instead.

On Thursday night, everybody came over. We decorated the cookies in about four hours. We cleaned up the mess, put the cookies in the freezer, and started packing. I was

so tired, but I knew that the Lord wanted us to do those cookies before we left for the reunion. The children and I went to the reunion and had a great time. Roy was not able to take time off work, so he had to stay behind. We came home on Sunday and unpacked.

Roy turned in his resignation to his employer because he felt that they did not need him there any longer. That place did not have enough work to justify having two employees in that department. Roy felt that if he continued taking a paycheck, he would be stealing from the company. He would take off on Monday and would work Tuesday through Friday, Friday being his last day.

The secretary from our church called Roy and asked if he was ready to come “home.” Roy asked her what she meant by that statement. She told him that the church needed Roy and they wanted to know if he would come back to work for the church. We had to pray about that with an open heart and hear just what the Lord was wanting in that matter since, as you know, we are not of our own.

Roy met with the assistant pastor. They were going to discuss pay and hours. Roy told them that we would *not* move into the church house nor would I do any work for the church or the for pastors. He told the assistant pastor that he would only work for the forty hours he was being hired for and no more.

Roy told him that he would not work with the secretary at all. He would only answer to the assistant pastor. He told the assistant pastor that if he were in agreement with these terms, then he would come to work for the church. The assistant pastor was to get back with us if they wanted Roy to work for them under those terms.

On Tuesday, October 24th, 1995, Roy got up to go to work. He said he wished that he did not have to go, but he gave his word that he would work that week. After he left for work, I was so tired that I decided I was going to go back to bed.

At 10:00 a.m., I woke up. I felt something on top of me. Something was pulling my hair. I could see it. I started fighting with that person (spirit). I tried grabbing their hand, but I could not feel it. As the hand pulled my hair, I tried to grab the hand to make it stop. I could not feel the hand. This never happened to me before. I could see the person, feel the hand, and feel the pain of them pulling my hair.

At that point, I realized that it was not a person, but a spirit, an evil spirit. It started yelling at me. It said, “I will cause your husband to be in a bad accident and he will die.” I started rebuking Satan and I called on the name of Jesus to help me. I could not get up. As I continued rebuking and calling on Jesus, the spirit left and I jumped out

of bed. I picked up the phone to call Roy at work to warn him and to tell him what had happened to me.

Roy's supervisor told me that Roy had just left to pick up some parts. I then called Roy's sister at work. I told her about the vision and we began to pray together. I was very concerned for Roy. She said she would continue praying and then I called my sister. I told her about the vision and she, too, prayed with me and said she would continue praying for Roy.

I got up and started to get some desserts ready for supper. As I was baking, I kept on praying. At about 12:00 noon, I started praising the Lord. I had such a peace in me that all was going to be well. I knew that no matter what was going on around me, the Lord was faithful. He is the Almighty, the Most High. The Lord was on my side and I trusted him. At 1:00 p.m., I received a phone call that Roy had been in an accident at 11:30 a.m. I knew the scriptures and I knew that we fought spiritual battles, but with Jesus on our side, we would always win.

***“For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.”***

### **Ephesians 6:12**

Roy was on a motorcycle. The week after we quit working for the church, a church member came over to our home for prayer. After we prayed, he told us that he had a motorcycle Roy could have if he wanted it. We had been praying for another way of transportation and here it was.

He had it up for sale for a long time, but would not accept any money from us. He said that the Lord had spoken to him to give it to Roy. He asked Roy to meet him at his house to sign the papers and then the bike would be ours. He did not want to change the title on the bike yet because he had just paid the insurance on it. He said that after the insurance would be back up for renewal, they would change the title.

Two weeks before I left town for the reunion, we met with the man again and he said he would get the transfer paper work together; we would be able to change the title in about two and a half weeks. That would have put the title transfer a few of days *after* the accident. We knew the bike was a blessing from the Lord, but the devil had now turned it into curse.

Sometimes we pray and bad things still happen. That makes it look as if the Lord never heard our prayers. This is not so; the Lord *did* hear me and did answer my prayers. I could not begin to imagine what would have happened if the Lord had not intervened. It is *not* the Will of the Lord for bad things to happen to us, but the Lord will be there to help us through whatever we go through.

Remember the scripture I gave you earlier?

***“All things work together for good to them that love God,  
to them who are the called according to his purpose.”***

**Romans 8:28**

The Word did not say that God did all those things to us; it said God would make some good out of what *happened* to us. The Lord was on our side. He did not know evil, (2 Corinthians 5:21), so, “no,” he did not cause that accident to happen. He gave us the authority to fight back; that was what I *did* know that the Lord was there to help us through it all.



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

## *Trust Is What I Needed*

*“Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely,  
and thy foot shall not stumble.”*

**Proverbs 3:23**

When the phone rang at 1:00 p.m., I jumped and ran as fast as I could to answer it. I knew it was the call. Part of me was hoping that I would hear Roy’s voice. The other part of me knew it would not be Roy.

When I answered the phone, a strange voice that I had not heard before asked me if I was Roy’s wife. As I answered, I knew that I would not want to hear the words that were going to come out of that man’s mouth. The strange voice began to tell me about the accident that Roy had been in. I was then told Roy had been taken to the Baptist Hospital.

The caller was Roy’s boss and he assured me that the company would pay for everything, so for me not to worry. I thanked him for calling me and got ready to go to the hospital. I called my sister-in-law at her job. She was out to lunch so I just left the message. I needed to get to the hospital. I prayed the entire way to the hospital. I knew that whatever I was about to see would not be good. Roy was hit while riding on the motorcycle.

When I arrived at the hospital, I was taken to see Roy. I tried not to allow the tears to flow. As I saw him lying there on the table, I knew we needed the Lord. The nurses had him lying straight where he could not move. Roy looked up at me and said, “Baby, I am so sorry for the things we are about to go through.” I told Roy not to worry about it; the Lord would take care of us as He always had in the past.

It seemed that every time we had completed one trial, we might have a little time of rest, but then we were right in the middle of another one. I wondered when all this would end. Never, until the day that we have we gone home with our Lord Jesus Christ.

The nurse asked me to wait in the waiting room while they ran tests on Roy. When I went out to the waiting room, the police officer was waiting for me. He gave me the accident report. The officer told me that the driver of the truck that hit Roy stated that Roy just pulled out in front of him. The officer gave me the names and numbers of the witnesses. That was the *least* of my concerns at that moment, but the Lord knew that later we would need that information.

I left the hospital, picked up the children from school, and then returned to the hospital. The doctor was now there and ready to talk to me. He told me that Roy needed to have surgery and it would take about five hours. He told me it was a miracle that Roy was even alive.

Roy's sisters, dad, and I all went in to see Roy before the surgery took place. When we saw Roy, he apologized to us. He kept saying it was not his fault. He then told me, "Baby, I *promise* you it was not my fault."

I told Roy not to worry about that. We prayed for him and then watched him as was rolled away for surgery. That was the longest five hours I have ever encountered. A couple from our church came to the hospital and they tried to encourage me. I was mad at the devil for what he had done to Roy. I was tired of all of the warfare.

This was the last straw for me. I was ticked off. All we wanted to do was love the Lord and do His Will. At that moment, I was tired; why *us*? We did not hurt anyone and yet one thing after another happened to us. I had to start praying for my heart. I needed the Lord to touch it and touch it fast.

I knew the Lord was there for us. I *did* trust Him and I had to stand on His Word. The surgery ended and the doctor came out to tell me that all went well, but that it would be a long haul. He told me Roy would get back to normal; it would just take a lot of time.

The next day, Mrs. Sherry, a representative for the company Roy had been working for, came to the hospital to see us. She told me that she would be there to help us with anything we needed. She said that the company would pay for everything and Roy would continue getting a paycheck, less 20%.

Mrs. Sherry left. I stayed sitting in the room next to Roy's bed. I kept praying for Roy while I sat there. The Lord spoke to me during prayer and told me:

***“THIS TIME, YOU WILL HAVE TO TOTALLY TRUST ON ME! THIS TIME, YOU WILL HAVE TO HAVE MORE THAN FAITH; YOU WILL HAVE TO TRUST ME WITH EVERYTHING INSIDE OF YOU.”***

I remember that I told the Lord that it would be easy because Roy was going to get most of his pay and I could trust Him for the rest. For the next few days, Roy slept more than he was awake. He asked two couples from the church to go to our house and pray over it.

I met them at our house. We anointed the house, every room and we prayed. Roy was very concerned for the children and me. I shared with them what the Lord had spoken to me concerning trusting Him and they told me to make sure I listened to the Lord's instructions. We were about to go into a different realm with the Lord and I was not aware of it yet.

***“But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:  
He is their strength in the time of trouble.  
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them:  
he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them,  
because they trust in him.”***

**Psalm 37:39-40**

Trust was what the Lord was dealing with me about, not faith. There is a difference. When we have faith, we believe God can do anything. Trusting Him is knowing that He will do everything in His power to take care of us. And, of course, all is in His Power.

On the third day, Roy woke up long enough to tell us what had happened. His story did not match the story that the officer had given me a few days earlier. I could not understand that at all.

Roy would sleep so much. He would wake up long enough to speak and to encourage people about the Lord and then sleep again. He was in so much pain. The pain was so bad and nothing was helping. My sister-in-law brought over their portable CD player and we started playing some CD's that our pastor's wife had recorded.

The songs that helped him were “Whose Report Shall You Believe” and “Can I Build (My Home In You).” Roy said that as he would hear those songs, the pain would leave. The songs really ministered to him, as we would only believe the report that the Lord had given to us and we knew that we had built our house on the Rock, Jesus Christ.

Five days passed. The Lord told me to call the witnesses. I called the lady and she answered the phone. I asked her to describe what she saw concerning the accident and she began to tell me. She said that the truck was using the middle lane as a passing lane and it hit Roy. After the truck hit Roy, the impact made the motorcycle go into oncoming traffic, causing Roy to run into another car. She said that Roy’s body flew up and his head landed on the other car’s hood and then it caused Roy to fly about thirty feet up into the air and then back down.

This story sounded like the story Roy told us. The witnesses both agreed to write a statement. I did not believe that we would need the statements, but I still felt to get them, so I went and picked up the statements.

Different people came to the hospital to see Roy and asked us if we had a lawyer yet. Of course, we did not need a lawyer; the company promised to take care of everything.

Two weeks passed and Roy was ready to go to rehabilitation. He stayed there for five days and then he told me he wanted to come home. I got in touch with Mrs. Sherry and she said she would make the arrangements.

Roy spent two days learning how to get into the car so I could take him home. We knew we could have his therapy done on an outpatient basis. He wanted to be at home with his family. The medical supply company delivered the equipment that he needed at the house.

Roy did not want any equipment unless it was necessary. He said that he did not want his home to look like a hospital, so we had everything except a hospital bed. When Mrs. Sherry came to the house, we started talking to her about Jesus and His Goodness. She decided that she needed to start going back to church. She had gone at one time, but had quit; she said the Lord had been dealing with her and after talking with us, she knew she had to start going back.

Roy had his first appointment with physical therapy. I helped him get dressed and then drove him to the clinic. I was told that they could not see him because the company said he never worked them. They claimed that they did not have a file on him. When we

got home, we received a letter by special delivery stating his “services were no longer needed and (that) his job was terminated.”

Oh, my goodness. At that moment, I remembered the Words that the Lord had spoken to me in the hospital. ***WE WOULD HAVE TO TRUST THE LORD TOTALLY.*** What was going on? I did not know, but I knew that the Lord would take care of us.

Roy called his boss and the boss started apologizing to Roy. He said that the company had decided to break all the promises that they made to Roy. I stood in front of Roy and he said that we could either worry or trust on the Lord to direct us and take care of us: the choice was ours. We decided, in our hearts, that we would trust the Lord and knew that He would direct us and take care of us.

I could not look at the circumstances. I had to look straight towards heaven and keep my heart clean. I needed to make sure that I could hear what the Lord wanted me to hear. I needed the Lord to guide every step that I took.

I had served the Lord for twenty years and everything I was taught I would now have to really stand on. I knew that the Lord would take care of us. He would take what the devil meant for evil and turn it into good...somehow.



CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

## *People Obeying The Lord*

*“As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.”*

**Galatians 6:10**

We were now on our own with the Lord, so I would pray concerning everything I did regarding Roy. I had called the Sisters after the accident took place. Two days later I went to see them and they told me that they had been praying for us. I was now going to visit them again to take them to their appointments.

The Sisters told me that the Lord told them to tell me *not* to be concerned about anything. They said that the Lord showed them that over the years, Roy and I had planted so much seed that it was time for the harvest. They said that because of all we both had done in the past, we would not need of *anything* during this time. We had so much harvest that we could not even use it all.

This was exciting to hear, yet I still had no idea to what degree I would really need the Lord to cause miracles on our behalf. All I knew was that I needed to trust the Lord to make whatever was going to happen, happen. I knew Roy had to have the therapy; I just did not know how we would pay for it. I call the United Way® to ask if they knew of any program that could help us with the therapy for Roy. The United Way® arranged to have a therapist come to our home.

The therapist worked with Roy every other day. The therapist told us that Roy was doing really well. We went to see the doctor and Dr. Willhoit said that Roy was healing faster than he expected him to be healing.

I had no idea where the money would come from to pay the bills. Two days after the accident, Roy received his last paycheck. Since we had no idea of what tomorrow

held, we paid our rent early. I wanted to make sure that we would not have to be concerned about that. I tried every agency I knew and none would help us. We had no income and yet, not even the food stamp office could help.

As I sat on my bed, the phone rang. It was our property owner, Mr. Bennett. He knew about the accident because one night when I came home from the hospital, there was a message on our answering machine that he had a job for Roy to do. I had to call Mr. Bennett to tell him that Roy could not do the job and explained why.

Mr. Bennett said that he noticed we sent the rent early. He then asked if Roy's employer was going to continue paying Roy. I told him what the company did. Mr. Bennett began to tell me that the Lord had been dealing with him for three days concerning us. Mr. Bennett said that the Lord told him "*God uses man to bless man.*" Mr. Bennett said that all blessings come through man and yet are from God. He then said that the Lord told him that people were not helping Roy and I as they should. He told me he could not accept any more money for the rent from us. He said that he did not know just how long he could do that, but as long as he could, he would. His house note was over \$400 on our house, but *he* would pay it.

We never called our property owner and gave him a sad story. The Lord spoke to him. All we did was to pray and trust the Lord. Now I could see why we had to move into that house at that time. I remember how bad it was. I know that if we moved into another house, we might not have had a property owner like the one we had that would have been obedient to the Lord.

I know that we all have a certain amount of faith, but I just believe that we do not need to go around asking people; the Lord will take care of us. Sometimes we all need to share with someone so that they can help us battle through prayer, but we do not need to tell a lot of people to get help. The Lord will speak to people on our behalf.

If you pray, believe and trust that the Lord will take care of you, you will start experiencing a different way of life with the Lord. You will be amazed at the miracles that He will bring to you. You do not need to help the Lord; He is more than capable of doing the work all by Himself.

The Holidays were approaching. I now understood why I had been instructed by the Lord to do all that baking and shopping ahead of time. The Lord knew that we would not have the time or money to do so. I was starting to see the whole picture and understand it. The Lord knew all that was important to us and He still made a way. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

At Thanksgiving, we took care of three families. One family consisted of a single mother that was in the hospital at the same time as Roy. She would not be able to cook for her family, so we paid for the Thanksgiving meal already cooked from Bill Millers Restaurant. All she had to do was to get someone to pick it up. She told us that she would arrange for that. We bought the food for the other two families and took it to them. They would prepare their own meals.

This really blesses us because we love to give and bless people. We always believed that no matter how little you have, you could be a blessing to someone. I knew that we were having it hard, but those families had it worse than we did.

Since we took care of those families, we had nothing left for our own dinner and the children asked what we were going to have for Thanksgiving. I had plenty of baked goods in the freezer and I *did* have a chicken if we needed to use it. We told the children we would trust the Lord.

The night before Thanksgiving, a man from our church came over with a box of groceries. He told us that those groceries were given to him for his family, but they did not need them and the Lord had spoken to him to take them to us.

A few hours later, someone we know from Louisiana came over with several groceries. We were told that some people over there heard about Roy's accident and felt led to send that food. Three people that we did not know sent us checks. We did not know these people, but the *Lord* did and they heard from the Lord. Our children were able to see the blessings of the Lord come into our home again and to learn how to trust the Lord for themselves.

Our assistant pastor visited Roy at the hospital three times and it really did bless Roy. Roy said he really needed to hear what the Man of God said to him. He called when Roy came home and asked if we were getting help. Roy told him the story of what had happened and he told Roy that they would pray for us.

The Lord was taking care of us. We had a great Thanksgiving and afterwards, we were *still* able to bless other families. When we needed anything, we had it. It was now time to put up the Christmas tree. We did, but we did not decorate anything else.

Roy was now able to go to church. He had to use the walker, but was still able to go. He needed to be under the anointing. Our pastor's wife sang and the anointing began to flow. Roy needed that anointing in order to give him the strength to fight back.

We as Christians need to go to church to be under the anointing as the presence of the Lord will bless us within and give us strength.

***“O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee:  
my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry  
and thirsty land, where no water is;  
To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.  
Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.  
Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.  
My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;  
and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:”***

**Psalm 63:1-5**

Every church has people that think they know how God thinks. There were three different people that thought they understood the Lord concerning us. They came up to me at that service to inform me that they had been praying for us. All three said the same thing to me: “The Lord let this happen to Roy so you could learn to have faith in Him.” I did not need to hear those ridiculous words. I did not act ugly; I just smiled and said “thank you for praying for him.” I was so angry by the time I got home. They did not know anything about Roy or me. I told the Lord that I had been through more than they probably had ever gone through; how *dare* they say that!

We need to be careful what we say comes from the Lord. Too many times, we only guess what the Lord is doing. We must remember that the Lord’s ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts our thoughts. I prayed over my heart and then I was ok.

The Lord directed Roy and I to hire a lawyer. At first, we had a hard time with that because, first, we did not believe in suing anyone, and second, because of experiences that we had with lawyers had not been good. So far, we had failed to hire honest lawyers.

I will share this with you though. Three lawyers had done us wrong and three lawyers are no longer practicing law. We had nothing to do with their being disbarred. They all did that on their own. We did hire one lawyer though who lost the case we had hired him to fight for us. He called and asked us to come and get our money back because he felt that he could not keep that money since he had not represented us to the fullest. Today, his practice is doing better than any other in that town. I know that when

you do something against one of the Lord's children, you will pay for it and when you bless and do one of the Lord's children right, the Lord will bless you.

The lawyer that we hired was the lawyer the Lord directed us to. Each time we would see him, we would talk to him about the Lord. He told us that he could advance us money to help, but we felt to turn down that offer. Roy told him that the Lord would take care of us. Each time he would offer money after that, we would give him testimonies.

The lawyer worked our case and every time the devil would throw something at us, we would pray for the Lord to give our lawyer the wisdom to take care of it. We did not want him to bother us except as needed and that was what happened.

We were against getting a lawyer in the first place and we were willing to walk away from it all. I guess the Lord did not want us to do that. We knew that even though in the natural, we should win this one, that might not happen. We also knew that if the companies did not do that which was morally right, they would have to answer to the Lord.

We had the faith that if we walked away with nothing, the Lord would still pay the bills. We did not know how long Roy would be out of work, but we did know that however long, the Lord would take care of us. Remember when I said the Lord wants us to trust him? Well, that was what we were doing. We asked the Lord for everything we needed and He did the rest. The Lord does not want us to be beggars. He wants to supply all our needs:

***“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice.  
Let your moderation be known unto all men.  
The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing;  
but in every thing by prayer and supplication  
with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.  
And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,  
shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”***

**Philippians 4:4-7**

The Lord does not want us to worry about anything. We are to ask and then trust on Him that He will do the things that we ask as we have need. I am not saying that it will be easy, but I am trying to let you know that God cares when no one else does.

God will not change His mind. We can depend on God when man will let us down. Remember that the Lord will never let you down. The Lord loves you so much. I know there are no words to explain just how much the Lord loves you.

If the Lord gave us His only Son with so much love, how much more will He do for us. All He wants in return is for us to love, obey, and trust Him. We were at the point that we had learned to trust God. Our children never did without. Please be encouraged and allow the Lord to bless you the way He wants to. You are the one holding back your blessings with little trust in God.

## *The Lord Is So Good*

*“And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart,  
and with all thy soul, and with all thy might”*

**Deuteronomy 6:5**

The holidays were now over and we were so thankful of the Lord’s goodness. Not only were we blessed, but we were able to be a blessing to many. If we had not obeyed the direction of the Lord as He directed, we would not have been able to bless anyone.

Mr. Bennett came by to see us again. The first words he spoke were to assure us that he was not coming over for money. He said he surely could use the money at that time because many things were going wrong for him. He told us that no matter how bad he had it, he could not get money from us as it was not his idea not to take money from us. The Lord had spoken to him not to take money from us, so he had no choice. He had to leave things the way they were.

He wanted to know if we were able to get any agency to help us and we told him “no.” Then he wanted to know if our pastor or church had said or done anything to help us. I felt so hurt, but I had to tell the truth. Our pastor had not talked to us yet. One family *did* do something, but that was all. Mr. Bennett was very upset; he said that we needed to go to another church where the church would help us.

The church *did* bless us at Christmas with an \$8 gift certificate to buy a ham. I knew it was not enough to buy a ham, so I tried to use it to buy something else. When I tried, I was told I could only use it towards a ham. I prayed and when the Lord gave us some extra money, I went back to the grocery store and bought the ham.

We had to explain to Mr. Bennett that we were not going to church for help. We were going because the Lord sent us there. The Lord did not say we could leave. Our

pastor was a great preacher with an anointing of God. We would not leave without the Lord directing us to do so no matter what would or would not have taken place in our lives.

The following Sunday morning after church had been dismissed, an usher approached me and felt compelled to say that I needed to be “so grateful to our church.” The brother started saying that without the church, Roy and I “could not have made it.” I was shocked at what I was hearing from that man.

As I stood watching him, I was wondering what he had been told and why he came up with such a statement. I knew that our church had not been helping us, but I did not say anything to him except that “the Lord is so faithful.” Sometimes it is best just to keep our mouths shut. The brother came over to us two more times after that and said the same thing.

After the third time, I told the Lord that if he ever came again, I would just have to set him straight. I needed to pray over my heart because that surely was not the way I should be. What would it have profited either of us if I had told him the truth? Of course, he never came to us again and said those words. It was just the devil trying to point out what had not been done for us so that we would get out of the Will of the Lord. The Lord directed us to go to that church and the devil wanted us out; so, he was trying to distract us away from the anointing and being obedient to the Lord.

There were times that the Lord Jesus Christ had to keep his mouth shut. The Lord knew that even if He had tried to defend Himself, it would not have changed the minds of those people. Yet, there were times when He *did* speak out. We are to do that only if the Lord leads you to do so. Before you do speak, make sure that your heart is right first, otherwise the words you speak will not profit you or to whom you are speaking.

I was not troubled that the church that we attended did nothing to help us during that terrible time. I put all my trust in the Lord Jesus Christ that He would take care of us and we would not lack for anything. Then again, I *did* get upset when I was told that I had to be “grateful” to the church.

A few months later, the Lord spoke to me: it was time to let the people know. When people would inquire if we were getting help, I was to let them know the truth. We were not getting assistance from the government or our church. On the other hand, during that time, we lacked for nothing. When we needed food, God brought it in. For example, I happen to love pecans. One night, a friend of ours brought over fifty pounds of shelled pecans. He told us that he felt he was to get me those pecans. He did not

know if we had any or not; he was just being obedient to the Lord. In addition, my bills were always paid. God was definitely our miracle worker.

You know, the Lord does not want to share His glory with any man. I believe that if the church had helped us during that time, some of the people would have tried to take credit for our needs being met.

Since the church did not help us, when we later gave the testimonies to individuals as to how the Lord had blessed us, it really ministered to them the way that the Lord took care of us without us ever asking anybody. I did believe *that was* the Will of the Lord.

***“For the Lord God is a sun and shield:  
the Lord will give grace and glory:  
no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.  
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.”***

#### **Psalm 84:11-12**

The Lord took care of us. We were trying to walk uprightly and the Lord withheld nothing good from us that we needed. It did not matter if it was important to anyone except us. If we asked for it or desired it, the Lord would bring it in. We trusted the Lord with everything we needed. He supplied our manna daily.

My dad came to Texas to see us. He drove six hours to see us, but only stayed thirty minutes. We had a good visit. He told us that it looked like we were doing great. They had not come to our home since we moved to Texas. My dad and his wife knew that we had given almost everything away before leaving Louisiana and they thought we were crazy.

Since they were now at our home, I started giving them the testimonies concerning every piece of furniture we had bought. I wanted my dad to know that my Father God is surely taking care of me and that I hear from the Lord. I wanted him to know that the children are not doing without; they are blessed.

Before my dad left, he called all three of the children over to him. He gave them each \$2 and told them that he hoped that would help them until their dad could go back to work. Yes, that *did* bother me but again I kept my mouth shut and later prayed over my heart. I also asked the Lord to bless my dad.

During Roy's recovery time of gaining strength, we saw the Lord in a way we had never seen him before. I know that I repeat myself when I tell you that the Lord cares about all your needs and desires. I just want you to acquire that into your heart and never let it go. I want you to realize the Greatness of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Lord wants to do so much more than just take care of our needs. He also wants to give us those extra desires of our hearts. Do you just supply your children with food, shelter, and clothing? No, of course you try to give them the things that they want including the extras. That is the way the Lord is with us except with much more love than we could ever have with our children.

Our television went out a few weeks before the accident and we were using a small television. Every time Roy wanted to see a different channel, he would have to call for one of us to change the channel for him. We had not complained or even prayed about getting another television; we had a lot of other things on our mind, but the Lord knew we desired a new television.

Someone that we knew from out of town came to visit us. That night we said our goodbyes. They were leaving early the following morning to go home. We thought we would not be seeing them again until they came back in town.

The next day we went to church. When we came home, that person was at our house waiting for us to get home. Roy was not going to church because he still could not walk. Gary did not knock because he knew that Roy could not get up to open the door, so he waited outside for us.

He brought a 27" television for us. He said that all night he kept feeling he should do that. He told us that he wanted Roy to have a remote so that he could change the channels on his own when we were not home. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

We needed a stand to hold that television. We *did* ask the Lord to somehow give us the money to buy one by Wednesday evening, at the latest. We were not ordering the Lord; we were just asking him for a miracle.

On Monday morning after dropping the children off at school, I was on my way home and got into a car accident. It was a young man about sixteen that ran into my car. This was his third accident in about six weeks. He had run the stop sign. When we started exchanging information, he told me that his dad told him if he had another accident, to ask the person to take the car to the shop and get an estimate.

He asked me to do that and I agreed. He told me where he wanted me to go and I felt that it was ok to go there. I got the estimate and then called the young man. On Wednesday afternoon, he brought the cash to the house. I made up a release form to sign saying that he had paid me and he was not responsible for anything else.

My brother-in-law fixed the car. I then took that money to the Oak Gallery and bought a stand for the new television. I had just the amount of money I needed. When I paid for the stand, I even received a little change back.

That would not have been the way I would have thought the Lord would have made a way for us to buy the stand. The Lord is awesome and He does things so differently than we do. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

We had placed a curio cabinet in lay-a-way at an antique shop before Roy's accident. I knew I could not make the payments so I called to see if I could get the \$500 returned that I had paid on the curio thus far. The owner of the shop told me "no, but do not worry." He would hold the curio as long as we needed until we could pay. About eight months later, some close friends showed up at our house with the curio. They had been making small payments until the \$500 balance still owed on it was paid.

When we asked why they did this, their reply was that the Lord had put it on their hearts. They were our friends so when we had put the curio on lay-a-way, they were with us. One day they asked us when were we going to get the curio out and we told them after Roy was able to go back to work.

We did not give them a sad story; we just prayed and believed that we would not lose our money that we had already paid on it. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

Time was passing by and the children needed new school clothes. We prayed and instructed the children to each make a list of what they needed for school. We were blessed with \$200 to shop for new school clothes.

You know, \$200 does not go very far *without* the Lord. We went to the mall. The first place to shop was J.C.Penney's. We found so many items on sale. The children spent \$150 there. We went to a few dress shops and spent the remaining \$50.

When we got home, they showed their dad all their new clothes and shoes; they were *so* excited. I added up all of the original prices. We had bought over \$700 worth of clothes for \$200! THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

One day we were feeling very tight financially. The children wanted to go out to eat after church. We told them to pray and do not say anything to anybody about their prayer. We always encouraged the children to put their faith to work to trust God. We wanted them to know the Lord the way Roy and I knew Him.

After church was over, the children asked me if we were blessed by anybody. When I told them “no,” a young couple came up to our car and told us they wanted to bless us with \$20. The children were so excited because the Lord had answered their prayers. After the couple walked away, Roy opened the card that he was given earlier.

We thought that was very thoughtful of the person who had given us the card. As he opened the card, a check fell out of it. The check was for \$1000! We were in so much shock. We could not believe it.

The person that gave us the check was not a Christian, nor did he go to our church. He knew us and when we went to thank him, he told us that he had received a large check and could not get us off his mind; he *had* to give that amount to us.

He sent the card with someone who went to our church. He did not understand it. Roy explained about the Lord and His Goodness. I tell you again: the Lord will *always* make a way. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

As we began to pray about what bills we should pay, the Lord spoke to us to take care of the things we wanted. We were not to pay any bills with that money that the Lord provided. We gave the Lord His part of the money. I bought some new clothes. We refilled our cabinets and freezer with food. Both were almost empty.

We bought some other items we wanted, and then, when we went to another store all the kitchen items were on sale. I had always wanted my kitchen to be in blue so I bought all new Corning ware at about 80% off.

As I was leaving one department store, there laid royal blue dishtowels at 90% off. I bought all they had. The Lord stretched that money so far. We were able to buy things we wanted, not the things we needed to survive. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

Two weeks passed and now we had plenty of bills coming due. As I looked around our home, I began to question: did we make a mistake on the way we had spent the money? As I prayed, the Lord showed me He would bring in the money for the bills. He just wanted to bless us with extra.

The following day my mother called: she wanted my account number because she had decided to give all of her children \$1000. Here was our bill money. In times past, my mother would tell me the reason she did not worry about us or help us was that she knew that the Lord would take care of us. She said that the others needed her. She was correct about one thing: the Lord did always take care of us.

On the occasions when my mother did bless us, she would always tell us that the Lord had been dealing with her for weeks. Then she would finally obey. When the money arrived, we paid all the bills that were to be paid and had a little left over to be a blessing to others. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

It was now time for the family reunion again. My dad called my two sisters and brothers and invited them to stay at his house. I had not been invited. His wife did call me and said that they did not have room for my family so if we wanted to come to the reunion we would have to find our own place to stay.

I prayed and asked the Lord why should I even go where I knew I was not welcome? I knew sometimes that my dad cared and other times he was his old self again. I never fit in with his family. I was different.

Then the Lord showed me why I needed to be at the reunion. Even though some made me feel very unwelcome, I was used of God. I saw all the past years in a flash. Every year, there would be at least one family member who would ask me questions about God and faith. Then that one would ask me to pray for them and their family.

We are to be a light that shines. If people are not living a holy life, you will make them feel uncomfortable but not on purpose, it is because they are convicted of their sin. I never preach to people; I only testify of the Goodness of God, and only when I feel led to do so. The Lord showed us long ago that sometimes people are not ready and whatever we tell them, they will be held accountable for.

Roy said that I could not go unless I had hotel money for the three days we would be there. I also needed food and gas money. The day before it was time for us to leave, I received a call. Our rooms had been reserved. I was blessed with a check in the mail, enough for the gas and food.

I *did* minister to two family members and my family stayed in a hotel, paid in full, without asking anyone except the Lord. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

The time came for us to leave. We went to the gas station to get gas. My dad had paid my brother's gas bill, but never offered to pay for our gas. My Father "Jesus Christ" paid for mine. I had the cash.

Before we left, we all went to my dad's house. He sent pork chops that had not been eaten (leftovers) with all my siblings except me. As I was driving home, I began praising the Lord. I had six hours of driving ahead of me and I was going to spend time with the Lord. The children slept almost the entire trip home.

I remember saying, "Father, I like pork chops, too." Why could my dad not have sent some home with us? I then asked my Father the Lord Jesus Christ to give us some pork chops. The following Friday, I took the little Sisters to the store. The Lord spoke to me to go to the meat department. I told the Sisters what the Lord had told me and we went to see the meat. I saw about 20 family packs of pork chops priced at \$3 or less per package. I could not believe it; usually a family pack of pork chops would cost anywhere from \$8 to \$11.

I put all the packages in the cart. Sister Ann asked me if I had the money to pay for them. I replied "no," but I feel I should write a check and it will be covered. Sister Ann said that every time she saw the Lord bless us, it would excite her so much.

I needed a few more items from the store and I felt it was ok for me to get them also. The total bill was \$65. I wrote the check. As I opened the front door when I got home, the phone rang. Someone had told me that the Lord had spoken to them and they wired me \$65. I had the money to cover the check. THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

No matter if we needed a gallon of milk, a car repair, or a bill to be paid, the Lord always came through for us. All that I knew was that I needed to trust, listen, and to obey the Lord and He would take care of the rest. Eighteen months passed and everything we needed, God had done. I do not know anyone that has had no income for so long.

I was at a funeral in April for a church member's father. I did not know the man, but out of respect to the family, I went to the funeral. As I listened to the ministers preach, the Lord began to speak to me. He showed me how our pastor had never helped us and only a couple of the people in our church had helped a little.

He then showed me how my family and my dad did little or nothing. The Lord then spoke to me. He said by Him allowing this to happen, no man could get any of the glory for what He was doing for us.

God is a jealous God. If we begin to depend on man instead of God, man would have the glory. If many of our blessings come from one area, then those men would be able to lift themselves up. Man could then say it was because of them that Roy and I had what we had. ‘No;’ it was because of Jesus. We looked to the Lord to take care of us and gave Him all the praise and glory. No man could say it was because of him; the Lord provided for us.

I now understood. Our church or our family did not hurt me. We looked only to the Lord and I knew only Jesus would get the praise and glory. Now all I do is tell of all of His goodness. Therefore, you can have great faith and watch the Lord do great things for you.

All the Lord wants is for you to love Him with all your might, heart, and soul. If you love Him that much, the rest will come; just ask. The Lord wants to bless you and He wants all the praise and glory for it. Trust the Lord, pray, and let Him prove Himself to you. The Lord Jesus Christ loves us so much. He died for us so that we would not lack. We are to have salvation first, then peace, sound mind, health, prosperity, and more. Remember the twenty-third psalm:

***“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.***

***He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.***

***He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name’s sake.***

***Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.***

***Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.***

***Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:***

***and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”***

**Psalm 23:1-6**

## *Miraculous Wedding*

*“We staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief;  
but was strong in faith, giving glory to God;”*

**Romans 4:20**

Roy had been a licensed minister for seven years, but now the Lord was dealing with both of us for him to become ordained. We did not see ordaining as necessary. We could do whatever the Lord wanted him to and we were fine with it.

As the weeks passed, the Lord kept dealing with both of us so strongly about it. We called the ministers that we had first begun this walk with and with who Roy started his lessons. In October, we were both ordained as ministers. Much prayer went into this, as we only wanted to do and say what the Lord wanted us to.

During this time, our oldest daughter, Becky, had gotten engaged. The young man asked her to marry him and then asked us if we would allow him to marry her. I have had many people tell me that he did not need to ask us, as that was the way things were done in the olden days. No, that is respect and all parents should expect respect from their children and the spouses-to-be because once a spouse-to-be marries your child, they become one of your children also.

I will never forget when Becky came to me one Sunday morning and said with tears flowing down her cheek “Mom, I need to know if he is the man God has for me, because if he is not, no matter how much I love him, I will not marry him. I only want God’s best.” That blessed me so much. She *did* care what we thought and said. Becky had been listening to us all those years. She was only twenty and, yet, not wanting things to be *her* way, but *God’s way* for her life.

After we had our meeting with the two of them, we went into prayer to get direction concerning the wedding.

Remember the scripture:

***“For my thoughts are not your thoughts,  
neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.  
For as the heavens are higher than the earth,  
so are my ways higher than your ways,  
and my thoughts than your thoughts.”***

**Isaiah 55:8-9**

The one thing we knew for sure was that we were not going to have the wedding at our church. The Lord had showed us a church with a lot of stained glass. I saw that vision about five years before we moved to Texas. The only way I could explain the church was that to say it looked like a Catholic church.

Our church was nice and exceptionally large enough, but it did not look like the church I saw in the vision years earlier. As we prayed about the church, the Lord showed us where it was. We all went to see that church; it was so beautiful. It had stained glass windows on both sides of the church with one large stained glass of the Lord's Supper at the altar.

Now, how could we tell our pastor we were not going to use our church or allow him to perform the wedding ceremony? We did not want to hurt him. We believed in doing everything in decent and order. If we used that other church, they would not allow us to use any other minister except their minister. We did believe the Lord had it all under control, so we were going to trust Him and listen for His direction concerning that matter.

We had Becky fill out the forms with our church to request our pastor to marry her. Remember, the Lord does want us to do everything in decent and order. We received the response back that our pastor would not marry the children.

The assistant pastor said one reason and then the secretary called and gave us another reason why he would not marry them. Of course, Satan came to me fast and I had to rebuke him. I did not need to care why the pastor would not marry them. I only needed to know that Becky did the right thing by asking him even though we knew he would not. Later it could not come back on us that we offended them.

Therefore, without hesitation, we began to plan that wedding. The assistant pastor agreed to do the pre-marriage counseling with the children. We taught our children a lot but Becky still felt she needed to take the classes. That blessed us so much.

We went to the other church to ask if we could use their church on the day the children had picked and they said we could. I needed to pay \$150 down and \$700 more before the wedding. At that point, I wished our church would have had the wedding in it, but the Lord knew what He was doing. Now remember: Roy was not working a regular full-time job at that time. We were getting ready to make many commitments and sign many agreements. We thought we would have had the money from his company by that time, but we had not. We *did* settle with the company of the truck that hit him.

We did not get very much money. We did not have enough to pay off all of the bills, but we did not prosecute them to become rich. Many people told us that the Lord showed them we would be getting “millions” from that company, but the Lord had showed us differently. The Lord even told us we would not be getting enough to buy a small house. That was an answer to me as I had wondered if maybe we might just get a little for a house. I knew that we would not be getting rich, but could we just have enough for a small house? Then the Lord answered us: “no.” Boy, was the Lord right about that.

Since the Lord directed us to have this large and expensive wedding, I assumed that we would have the other money from Roy’s company in time to pay for the wedding. Again, I was wrong. Let me give you some advice that I have had to learn repeatedly concerning the Lord: do not ever assume anything where the Lord is concerned. If He does not say it, wait and just trust on Him. He will do it, but *His* way.

After we saw the church, we went straight over to the Günter Hotel, which is a luxury hotel in San Antonio. We met with the wedding coordinator. She told us that the only date she had available for the spring or summer of 1998 were the dates we had requested. Now we knew that had to have been the Lord.

We paid \$500 down for the deposit and owed about \$7,000 more. We were estimating between 200 people at the reception. We had no idea how we were going to get that kind of money, but one thing we did know was that this was part of the Lord’s plan.

Becky picked out her wedding dress and all that we needed now was the money to pay for it. The day before the *last* day to order the dress, we received the money and paid

the \$900 in full for the dress. It would take approximately four months to be sewn.

Becky said that when she was five years old, she wanted a fancy wedding as none of us had ever seen before. From that age on, every chance that she could she would look at pictures to decide what she wanted for her wedding. She would save the clippings and as she got older, if she saw something she liked better, she would cut it out and save it.

When we started looking for the items she needed for the wedding, it was hard because she wanted everything to be different. When we asked her what she meant, she would tell us she would know when she saw it.

As the months flew by, we were really getting excited because we were ahead of schedule. The Lord was directing us where and when to go to get different items for the wedding. Everything *was* different and what Becky wanted. We were having a hard time with the bouquet. She again did not know what she wanted. While we were out shopping, we would point different ones out. Of course, she did not like them. One day we felt to go to the Market Square in downtown San Antonio. As we walked around, we saw a little booth that sold wedding paraphernalia.

They had this beautiful bouquet and headpiece. It was made of porcelain. The flowers were so beautiful. Becky wanted that one. When we asked the girl about the price, she told us we could have both pieces for \$150. Roy was so excited because we had priced the bouquet already and could not find one the size Becky wanted for less than \$180!

We had three families at our church that knew everything concerning the wedding. They were our prayer partners. Other than those people, no one knew anything about the finances for the wedding. We kept it between us and prayed for the miracles.

***“And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask,  
we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.”***

**1 John 5:15**

Roy and I made our petitions known to the Lord concerning the wedding and we believed that He would take care of it and somehow bring the money in. Again, we did not believe in telling others our problems. If the Lord tells someone, then He knows that they needed to know. We only tell of the testimonies afterwards.

One day when I was at church getting the address for the invitations, different people would ask where the wedding and reception were going to be. When I told them, they would mock me. People would say that there was *no way* that we could afford that kind of a wedding.

First, I thought, we did not *ask* those people to help pay for the wedding nor did I say I needed their help. Secondly, the Lord was the One that directed us to have the wedding where we decided and therefore, we knew that somehow He would take care of it. Not everybody at the church was so negative, but there are always going to be a few in every church.

As time went by, Roy and I were getting a little concerned because all the deposits had been paid. All the miscellaneous items were bought, but now we needed the big money and did not have it. It was six weeks before the wedding; still no money appeared and it was time to order the invitations. This was where we began to sway. Should we change the church and reception or what?

As we fasted and prayed, we decided that maybe we really missed it and it was *us* wanting this grand wedding for our daughter and not the Lord. We had a meeting with Becky, the young man, and his mother. We informed them all that we had not gotten the money we thought we would of had by now from Roy's company, so we did not have the money for the wedding.

I asked the young man's mother if she could help with the wedding, but she did not know if she could. As we began to think of how we could change the plans, the Lord began dealing with us not to change anything. We went to a prayer partner's home and asked them to pray with us because we seemed to be so confused. They told us that they had been praying for us. They felt that we should still stand, trust the Lord and not change anything.

This was the biggest thing I had ever needed from the Lord on a time schedule before. We prayed for many things, but we would just wait until the Lord gave them to us. Sometimes, it would take five years or more. I did not have years to wait for the wedding; I now only had five *weeks*.

A few days later, while we were at the hospital praying with a dear saint, he spoke so softly and told us that he could see the wedding. He told us it was like a royal wedding. As he began to describe the event, we knew it was the Lord ministering through him to us. He then told us to hold onto the faith and plan the wedding the way we were; do not change anything.

We believed that this was the second confirmation to us that the Lord would come through to pay for the wedding. The following morning, I ordered the wedding invitations. With total trust in the Lord, I knew that this was *His* plan, not ours and somehow, He would bring in the money that we still needed.

We sent 320 invitations out, four weeks before the wedding. We hoped that the guests would reply with the RSVP's in time. Two weeks before the wedding, we were busy getting everything ready. We still proceeded with no money for the church, reception, DJ, tuxedos, and carriage.

We had to tell Becky many times within the next two weeks to trust God. We had passed having faith, we had faith. We were now at the level of total trust. We had no choice in our minds except to trust God.

One of our prayer partners called me and told me that they had been praying and asking the Lord how they could help us. They said the Lord did not show them anything, but then a thought came to their mind. They had some expensive jewelry. They wanted me to come over and take them to the pawn shop so that they could pawn the jewelry.

Roy and I went to their home, but did not take them to the pawn shop. We sat down with the husband and wife and let them know just how much that meant to us. They were willing to sacrifice so much for us. We knew that they really did care. We told them that we did not feel the Lord wanted them to do that and they would never know just how much it meant to us for them to make that offer with their hearts.

We assured them that the Lord would somehow make a way. We did encourage them, letting them know that the thing we needed from them the most was to continue praying for us.

To accept that money would have made it a lot easier on us, but we knew that was not the Lord. Sometimes when people offer you a gift, you have to give it back because even though they mean well, the Lord has a better and perfect Plan.

On Monday morning, five days before the wedding, we had to pay the church the balance we owed. I had three \$300, but was still short \$400. At 7:00 a.m., I met with a special lady that we knew in order to give some money to give to someone else. When I started to leave, she handed me "a little money," as she put it. That "little money" was the \$400 I needed!

I went home, picked up Roy and headed straight to the church to pay them. It felt so good. We now had a church, but what about the reception? We had a meeting with the wedding coordinator of the Gunter Hotel on Wednesday afternoon at 4:00 p.m. If we did not have all the money by that time, it was all over. Somehow, for the past four months, every time we were supposed to meet with her, something would come up and the meeting was postponed. It was their policy to obtain half of the money for the reception four months before the event. God even changed that.

When I awoke Wednesday morning, my heart was so heavy. I did not know what to do. I knew that if it were the Lord, He would come through. Roy told me that he had decided that if we did not have the money for the reception, he would just have the wedding, then stand up in front of everyone at the church, and say there would be no reception.

Our family wanted to help, but did not have the funds. We *only* needed \$7,000; everything else had been paid for by this time. As a family with little faith, they were making all kinds of suggestions. My mom, bless her heart, suggested that the family cook. They would all help and she thought the reception could be small and to have it in my back yard. We told her “no, thank you.” We were willing to trust God all the way or none of the way.

My sister-in-law suggested that we have a fund-raiser and then buy barbeque plates from Bill Miller Restaurant; she would see if we could use a preacher’s tent to have for the reception. Again, we told her “no.” It was not that we thought we were too good for that. We just felt that the Lord wanted Becky to have the wedding she had believed for all those years.

Other people had made suggestions similar to those out of love and compassion for us. Each time we thanked them because we knew they were just trying to help. Sometimes when you put your faith out, I just want you to know that you will be all alone. We had people praying with us everyday during the last two weeks, because we needed those people to help us keep on standing through prayer.

Now by 2:30 p.m., I was a little (*a lot*) nervous. As I sat in my son’s room folding the laundry, I began to cry. I asked the Lord “Why did You not tell us to cancel the reception or change it?” We had been praying concerning this for months. I quoted the scripture in Romans 5 that says, “Hope maketh not ashamed.” I had been asking the Lord for months to make a way for that wedding and to not let us be ashamed.

At that moment, Roy entered the room. He told me that as he was praying, the Lord spoke to him to “write a check.” Of course, I let him know that *I* was *not* going to sign it. I would write checks when I had a total assurance that it was from the Lord and we always had enough money in the bank on time to cover them. This was just too much money to write a check.

Roy went back to pray to ask the amount to write on the check. At 3:50 p.m., he came back into the room and spoke very softly. Roy told me we were to write the check for only \$2,500. He also said that the Lord told him that we would have the money to cover the check; don’t worry.

I want to stress to you that I do not believe in writing checks without the money in the bank to cover them. It is against the law and if you write a check knowing you will not have the money to cover that check, you are stealing and lying.

If you write a check by faith and it bounces, it was not God’s fault; you just missed it. Don’t write checks without having the money in the bank unless you are positive they will clear, otherwise, that is wrong.

We were positive that the check would be covered because the Lord had spoken to Roy. Now it was up to the Lord to not only cover the check, but also touch the coordinator’s heart because we were short about \$4,500. Roy told Becky to call the coordinator and let her know that we were on our way. We were about fifteen minutes late, but we made it.

As we arrived at the hotel, the valet parked our car and we went inside. Praying the entire way, my legs felt so weak. I was about to really step out. I guess that I was getting out of the boat, having the faith and trusting the Lord that I would not sink.

There we were in her office. At first, it was all the routine greetings and, then, there was the water outside the boat. It was time to make that step! She asked us if anything had changed. *Has anything changed*, I thought. No, nothing has *happened*. I spoke up and answered “yes.” We had 207 RSVP’s come in.

You see, at one point, she had suggested that we cut the guest list down to about 120 guests. The coordinator suggested this since we were short on funds. Of course, she did not know *how* short we were.

When the Lord told us not to change anything, we sent out all the invitations, believing that He was not going to allow many people to respond. Boy was *I* wrong.

Remember when I told you earlier that we are never to assume or suppose anything where the Lord is concerned?

Then she asked were there any *other* changes. At that time, she started calculating the balance she was expecting us to pay. Of course, we had different expectations. I spoke up quickly and said that there was one other change: we only had \$2,500.

I asked her if she would still allow us to have the cake and the room and maybe some cheese and crackers or something like that. The coordinator looked up at us, put her pen down and said “no.” She then said that she would not allow us to be “ashamed.”

She said that she would give the chef the \$3,000 we had paid altogether and let him do whatever he could do. She wanted to know if that would be ok with us. We knew that the menu would have to be different, but we were just so appreciative that there would even *be* a menu. Guess who signed the check? *I* did.

That night, at ten minutes before midnight, someone knocked on our door. It was a dear friend of ours. He handed us a check for \$3,000. “Yes!” The Lord came through just on time. First thing the following morning I went straight to the bank to deposit the check. THE LORD CAME THROUGH AGAIN!

*“And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God,  
to them who are the called according to his purpose.  
For whom he did foreknow,  
he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son,  
that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.  
Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called:  
and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified,  
them he also glorified. What shall we then say to these things?  
If God be for us, who can be against us?  
He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all,  
how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?  
Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God’s elect?  
It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?  
It is the Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again,  
who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.  
Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?  
Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine,  
Or nakedness, or peril, or sword?  
Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors*

***Through him that loved us.”***

**Romans 8:28-35, 37**

We had become victorious concerning the wedding. We were conquerors through all the trials we had gone through. Again, the Lord had come through.

The church was beautiful with about 250 guests. Then the newlyweds left the church, riding in a carriage to arrive at the Gunter Hotel for the reception. The food at the reception was delicious. They had a buffet setting with all kinds of gourmet foods. People are still talking about that wedding. I tell people the miracle is not that we only spent \$10,000 instead of the \$18,000 it all would have cost if the Lord had not directed us.

The miracle was that the Lord had given us the \$10,000 to pay for the wedding. Surely, that wedding was a royal wedding as the brother had seen. He was not able to attend the wedding because a couple of days after he shared his vision, he went home to be with the Lord. I knew that as he was looking down at us from heaven, he was seeing the same things he saw in that hospital room that night and must have been rejoicing with us that we made it through this one.

Every month we are being blessed more and more. Things we pray and stand for have now started to come to pass. We are being blessed more than we can contain. The blessings are now “overflowing,” as the Word says. We believe that we have now stepped into a new realm of trust with the Lord and we are excited about it.



## *Going Home With The Lord*

*“The Lord knoweth the days of the upright:  
and their inheritance shall be forever.”*

**Psalm 37:18**

We were keeping the faith, yet still so excited about the miracles that the Lord had done concerning the wedding. We had trials, but they did not seem to be too terribly bad since we had experienced so many miracles during the wedding. We just knew we could go through anything.

Then it happened and all the excitement left. The Lord visited me and began to speak to me concerning my family. He told me to write my dad a letter to inform him that he was about to lose one of his sons. The Lord told me to tell my dad that he would need to get his heart right so he could lean on the Lord; otherwise, he would not be able to go through all that he was about to go through.

This meant I would be losing one of my brothers and I could not understand that. As I kept praying, the Lord told me that my brother needed to be taken home at that time because if the Lord waited, my brother would not be able to continue serving the Lord in the future because of the things that were to come. The Lord told me to pay attention, as I would not only lose my brother, but would begin seeing more funerals than ever. We would see many young people among those dying. He would begin to take them home when they were ready since they, also, would not continue serving Him as times got harder.

For two weeks, I prayed, trying to change the mind of the Lord, because I know that this can be done. The Lord kept telling me that it was for the best concerning my brother. How could I write my dad a letter like that? We were speaking some, but we did

not have a comfortable father-daughter relationship at the time. I told the Lord that I just could not do it until after Christmas.

I wrote the letter to my dad, which ended up being three pages long because I was tried to convince him that I did not *want* to write that letter. I explained to him that I would never do anything like that unless it had been required of me by the Lord. Then, I put the letter in the envelope and waited until Christmas was over. The day after Christmas, I mailed the letter to my dad.

I never said anything about the letter to my dad nor did he speak of it to me *before* the death of my brother. In January, all my siblings went to my dad's house. He made each one of them read the letter and they all had a great laugh over it. He then showed the letter to all the family and friends in their hometown and all the surrounding towns. I did not know about that until after the death of my brother.

***“Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine:”***

**Exodus 19:5**

The Lord gave me the strength to write and send the letter. It did not matter what anyone thought; I knew that I did what I had been instructed to do and the Lord would take care of the rest. I put all my trust in the Lord concerning this.

A short time passed and we received the news. My brother had died in an automobile accident. He was driving home from out of town and he tried passing another vehicle. The other vehicle would not allow my brother to pass or to get back in the lane. It would either speed up or slow down to keep my brother in the incoming traffic. He died in a head-on collision with a truck as it was coming toward him since the other vehicle would not allow him to get back in the lane.

The officer said that there were about eight witnesses that all stated the same thing. I do not hold any thing against the man that caused the accident. Again, I had to pray over my heart so that I would be able to forgive him even though I did not know him. I just wish he would have at least stopped and not of taken off. He will have to live with the fact that he caused the death of my brother and another person for the rest of his life.

When we called my dad to give him the news, he immediately came to San Antonio. We did not have the funeral for almost a week because they misplaced my brother's body. They sent him to another city. After finding him the first time, they put

him on a plane, which ended up taking him to Atlanta instead of San Antonio. This traveling experience did cause a little laughter, which did help us during the next few days.

When my brother's body finally arrived, we were told that we could not have an open casket, as it would be impossible. I will not get into the details about this except to say it was almost impossible to identify him. The pastor of his church did that for us so we would not have to do it.

At the funeral home, my dad and his wife approached me and asked me to forgive them for the way they had reacted concerning the letter. At that time, they told me everything. They realized that the Lord had directed me and that the Lord did care so much about them to allow them to know before the death.

My sister that said that she would never step foot in a church again, started going to church and is still going to this day on a regular basis. Other family members called, wanting to know what the Lord showed us and wanted to make things right. My dad and I are now close. My family has realized that no one is promised a tomorrow and most everyone has made it right with the Lord by now seeking Him regularly.

My remaining brothers started going to church. As one of them said, he *now* realizes that material things really do not mean as much as he had once thought. We are now witnessing my family attending church on a regular basis. They are the ones that did go did not go regularly, but now were.

Without a doubt, the Lord took my brother home to a much better place and used his death to change many lives for the better. If I had not been obedient and not sent the letter, I do not know if anyone would have called on the Lord. The Lord did not want the evil to happen, but He did make much good come out of it. We must trust the Lord and be led by him.



CHAPTER THIRTY

## *From Storm To Blessing*

*“Trust ye in the Lord forever:  
For in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength:”*

**Isaiah 26:4**

One particular Sunday morning, I awoke, knowing that I needed to talk with my daughter Brenda. As she was fixing her breakfast before church, I went into the kitchen and started saying what I knew I must say. I told her that I had seen her taking things out of the house and it appeared that she was getting ready to leave home: I wanted to know what it was about. She informed me that it could not be the Lord showing me and that she had no such plans.

Well, at 10:30 p.m. that evening, it all happened. A young man that she had been dating called the police and reported that we had beaten Brenda. The police came and asked Brenda if we had beaten her and she told them “no.” The young man showed up at the house. She had said some things and told us that she was just going to speak with him outside and then she would come inside. She drove off with him; we did not know to where. The following day, she returned for her things and the Lord told my husband to handle everything with love. Of course, it was hard because we *did* love her, but we could not understand why she was doing this to us.

With love, we allowed her to take everything in her room that she wanted and then gave her some money in case she would need anything. When this happened to us, it ripped out a part of our hearts. I remember how I felt as though it had just happened. I had been through many things in my life, but nothing ever felt like this. What had we done? Where had we gone wrong? Why was she acting like this? All these questions kept going over and over in my head.

Every bad thing that had happened to me came back in a flash and the feelings that went with them. I realized that I never hurt like this ever before. I could see all the terrible things that had happened to me as a teenager and yet the feelings I had at those times still had not hurt like how I was hurting at this time. Why was I hurting so much? This was my baby and I could not protect her; she was gone and I did not know where. All we could do was trust the Lord to take care of her.

As we were going through this battle, we were invited to go to a church out of state. A minister of the Lord was going to be there and we had not seen him in about six years, so we decided to go. When we arrived at the church, he had a message for us from the Lord. He did not know what we were going through nor did we tell him afterwards.

He told us that we were going to go through a storm like none that we had ever gone through before. He said that the Lord said that we would have to go through that storm in order to get to the blessing that the Lord had promised us over twenty years before. He said that the Lord would give us the strength to go through it.

When we arrived back home, nothing had changed regarding our daughter. We knew that we would have to trust the Lord to protect her. She had the Word in her and knew that we loved her. I told my children many times that whenever they were ready to leave home, I just wanted them to know two things. The first thing was that I wanted them to know the Lord Jesus Christ loved them and that they could call on Him whenever they needed Him. The second thing I wanted them to know was that we loved them with all our hearts and that we would be just a phone call away. I felt that as long as they knew these two things, they could make it in any situation.

***“Train up a child in the way he should go:  
And when he is old, he will not depart from it.”***

**Proverbs 22:6**

We had to trust the Lord with our daughter and know that no matter what decisions she had made, the Lord would protect her. We received a letter from her with no return address in December, letting us know that she was ok and that she would be getting married after the holidays. All we knew by now was that she was no longer living in San Antonio and that the Lord was watching over her.

We saw her in January and I told her that the Lord had already shown us that she had already been married since November. Of course, she did not deny it and now she wanted everything to go back to normal. We waited on the Lord, and during the summer,

the young man met with us and asked us to forgive him. We now have a good relationship.

Then, Brenda and her husband received transfer orders to go to Germany because he was in the military. Many months before they received the orders, the Lord spoke to us *not* to pray that she did not go overseas. To me that meant she was going overseas. So, we prayed that wherever they went, the Lord Jesus Christ would protect them both and have them where He wanted them to be.

The Lord is so good! They could have been transferred anywhere, but the Lord had them sent close to where my aunt lived. The Lord knew it would be easier on me. Brenda was alone often so she had much time to pray. She was not able to run away from the Lord, but only run *towards* Him. One morning, I spoke to her and she told me that she was so tired when her husband left to go to work. She could not even respond when he kissed her goodbye. She said that she asked the Lord why was it that she could pray for him every morning and be half-asleep, but be unable to kiss him. She said it came up in her spirit that she was trained that way by her parents and no matter how much she wanted to be different, she could not because she was trained correctly in the ways of the Lord. As long as we train our children, they will not be able to go and stay gone from the Lord for long. GOD IS SO GOOD!

In January, the Lord spoke to me to go to the doctor. Now, I did not go too often and had not had a checkup in seven years. I just believed that the Lord could take care of me. As he kept dealing with me, I made the appointment. That started a series of doctor appointments with bad news following. Why could the Lord not just heal me? I do not know, but I do know that the Lord Jesus Christ knows all and that while we were praying for our daughter, this appeared.

***“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:  
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;”***

**Psalm 103:2-3**

I started standing on the scriptures and holding onto the promise that the Lord would heal me. The devil tried many times to kill me and this time was no different; he was not going to win. He would also not win at anything else he would try to bring against me because I was going to fight the good fight of faith.

On March 1<sup>st</sup>, my dad went into the hospital because of a heart condition, and as we prayed for him, the Lord instructed us to go a different direction in our life. If I took

those instructed steps that I felt was of the Lord, it would change our finances. I knew that the Lord could take care of us, but I really needed to make sure that this was the Lord. After much prayer, Roy and I both knew that this was the direction the Lord wanted me to take.

By the end of March, we received news that my nephew had been murdered. This was another young man that had just started serving the Lord and was in the process of changing his life. We ministered to the family and kept them in much prayer. It was hard, but we knew the Lord would get us through it.

By this time, we were going through a hard time with this storm. How much longer would it last? Then we went to a meeting where T.D.Jakes, a minister, was preaching. He began to speak about being highly favored of the Lord. He said that the Lord was training some people in order to bring them to a place where He could then bless them. Well, this *did* line up with the things we were told in November. I had only one problem with that. After reading the story of Joseph, I realized that he was in prison for a long time. Surely, the Lord would not want this to continue *that* long for us. I did know that no matter how long it lasted, we had to keep our eyes on the Lord and trust Him to bring us out victoriously.

In August, my father-in-law passed away. Roy now had neither parent and was having to trust the Lord to minister to him. After the funeral, my son left to go back to college. After we finished up at the funeral, I listened to the messages on my cell phone. My sons voice said, "Mom, why is your phone not on? I have been in an accident." Our hearts sank this time, not knowing how he was or where he was. When we *did* find him he was ok, but his truck we had bought him about six months prior was totaled. He said that he hit some water on the expressway and the truck began to spin and roll over. He said he did all that he had learned in drivers education class and defensive driving, but then he had to call on the Name of the Lord to help him.

He was upside down on the expressway and could not get out. He said he felt so dumb, hanging upside-down in the truck. He then took out the key and turned on the flashers. As we approached the accident scene, we pointed out that the driver of an eighteen-wheeler stopped just in time when he saw the flashing lights from a distance. Ronnie realized that it was the Lord protecting him.

The Wednesday night before the funeral and the accident, our church had lifted us up in prayer. Roy and I were not in church regularly as we were traveling more. That church was the church that the Lord had put us in as a watering hole and we were blessed when we were there.

Even though we might not agree with everything that the pastor did, he was a mighty man of God and we respected him for that. We were blessed to be able to sit under the teachings when we ourselves were not ministering. I do believe that the church's prayers that night did have a lot to do with the protection of my son. I give the Lord Jesus Christ the praise and glory forever for protecting him from death. Remember that the Lord says that we have power when we pray and that night, there were about three hundred people praying for my family. Think how many angels were helping us that day as the devil was trying to kill our son and discourage us.

***“How should one chase a thousand,  
And two put ten thousand to flight,”***

**Deuteronomy 32:30**

Remember when I told you earlier that the Lord directed us to go into a different direction? Well, that direction almost stopped our income. There was hardly anything coming in. We were not late on any of our bills, but there were times when we were late by *our* standards, but not by the Lord's. We did not have a dime to move.

Many times I would question myself if we were really in the Perfect Will of the Lord. I kept asking if whether we went in the correct direction of the Lord. It would be so tight at times. At one point, it had been time to pay the electric bill and we still had no money to pay it. About two weeks earlier, the Lord started dealing with me that the money would not come in for the electric bill and I would need to get assistance for it. I could not believe this was the Lord, as I knew the scripture:

***“I have been young, and now am old;  
yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken,  
nor his seed begging bread.  
He is ever merciful, and lendeth; and his seed is blessed.”***

**Psalm 37:25-26**

If we asked for help, wouldn't that be the same as begging? Well, of course, I *did* have to ask for help and I *did* get it to pay the bill. After I did it, the Lord explained it to me. I had to go through that also as how could I say that I “understood how you must feel” if I had not been there myself.” In my opinion, I could have just asked a family

member to help and I know that they would have, but that would have taken away the testimonies in the eyes of my family. The other side is, you do not feel the same asking a family member as you do when you go to an agency and have to ask for help. Before and after that one time, the Lord always brought the money in for us to pay our bills and pay other people's bills when needed, too.

In September, we went to New Orleans to minister and for three days, nothing went wrong. I remember asking Roy if he thought that the storm was over and he only would say "maybe." Well, it was not; the Lord spoke to Roy and told him that trouble awaited us when we returned home. Now everyday for the past ten months, except for those three days, something went wrong. What else could go wrong? That is a question you do not want to ask the Lord.

When we arrived home, I received a call from our property owner. We thought we were going to buy the home we were living in from him and now he was informing us that he was selling it to someone else. He said our credit would not go through. I then called the mortgage company and they told me that my credit was fine and they would give us the money for the house. But it was too late; he had decided to sell it to someone he knew and there was nothing we could do about it.

We had to leave town again and would be gone for about a week. Since our property-owner was out of the country, we would fix everything when we arrived home. Well, while we were gone, we received a letter stating that we had 30 days to be out. Where would we go and how would we get the money *to go*?

We had to stand on all the scriptures we knew. We knew that the Lord was still with us, but it was surely a difficult time that we were going through. All we knew was we trusted the Lord and with love, He would take care of us and deliver us in *His* timing.

***"But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:  
he is their strength in the time of trouble.***

***And the Lord shall help them,  
and deliver them:  
he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them,  
because they trust in him."***

**Psalm 37:39-40**

As we prayed, we continued to seek direction from the Lord. This time there was no direction. The only thing we could do was to wait on Him. This was not easy. Time was passing and we still had not packed anything. The inspectors came over twice and we still did nothing except to wait on the Lord Jesus Christ to deliver us. The property-owner called often to see if we had found a place yet as he needed us moved out by the first of the month. Each time he called, I would tell him “no, we have not found a place yet,” he would just tell me to keep him informed.

What was I supposed to say? “We had no money or direction from the Lord, so we were not going to move.” I could not do that. We had only shared this with three people so that they could pray for us. We did not want people to help because they felt sorry for us. We needed the Lord to come through for us and we were placing all of our trust in Him. We were trying not to think about our troubles as there were many other people with worse troubles and we were busy ministering and praying for *them*. We knew that the devil would have loved it if we got our minds off the Lord and stopped doing that which the Lord had called us to do. The only thing we could do was to keep trusting in the Lord.

It was now one week before it was time for us to be moved out, and, a dear sister in the Lord that was holding us up in prayer called me late at night. She told me that the Lord must have told us something in a dream, vision, or something. This began to put fear in me and I could not sleep that night. What were we missing? Why had the Lord not spoken to Roy or me? How much longer could this keep going on?

Then there it was, just as plain as could be. The Lord *had* spoken to Roy. He told Roy about two weeks earlier to decorate for the Fall. We did decorate with the Fall leaves and linens and all the trimmings. We were ready for the holidays. The Lord had given this direction us. This might not seem like much direction to you, but to me, it meant that if the Lord wanted us to do anything else, He would tell us. So again, there we were, just waiting on the Lord with all the trust we had in Him that somehow, someday He would make a way for us.

We now only had six days for the Lord to do something for us. We needed some type of direction and still we were not hearing anything from the Lord. I was up praying for the prayer request early in the morning when the phone rang. It was the new owner. She said that she bought the house and wanted to know exactly what day we would be out because she was going to have people come and do a little touch-up painting.

My heart sank, and of course, I began to cry after I hung up with her. Why had we not heard anything from the Lord? We had all the faith and had prayed everything we knew to pray. I really *did* have faith and trust in the Lord. The devil was stealing our home right out from under us. After about five minutes, I was ok again and determined not to think about my situation again until next week, which would be a couple of days before we were to move out. I needed to either trust the Lord all the way or *not* trust the Lord. The decision was up to me. I decided in my heart that I would continue trusting that the Lord would work it out somehow. And, no matter what the out come would be, I would still declare that Jesus was Lord of all. The goodness of the Lord is not measured by what He does for me. Jesus is to be praised no matter what happens, as He is the Almighty.

Remember when Nebuchadnezzar went into a rage and ordered Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to be cast into the burning fiery furnace? The king wanted to know if they believed that their God would deliver them. Their reply was:

***“If it be so,  
our God whom we serve is able to deliver us  
from the burning fiery furnace,  
and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king.  
But if not, be it known unto thee,  
O king, that we will not serve thy gods,  
nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.”***

**Daniel 3:17-18**

They all declared that no matter what, they would continue serving the Lord until their last breath was taken. They would never serve any other god.

Remember when Daniel was thrown into the lions den that King Darius did not want to throw Daniel in with the lions, but because he signed the decree, he had to keep his word. The king even believed that Daniel’s God would deliver Daniel:

***“And when he came to the den,  
he cried with a lamentable voice unto Daniel:  
and the king spake and said to Daniel,  
O Daniel, servant of the living God,  
is thy God, whom thou servest continually,  
able to deliver thee from the lions?  
Then said Daniel unto the king***

*O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel,  
and hath shut the lions' mouths,  
that they have not hurt me:  
forasmuch as before him innocency was found in me;  
and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt."*

**Daniel 6:20-22**

We did not know how the Lord would do it, but we knew that as long as we had a breath in us, we would praise the Lord and continue magnifying His holy name.

We now only had three days until it was time for us vacate the house. The Lord started to give us some direction, although it was not much, but we obeyed. We gave the bike, trampoline, and many clay pots away. Then I packed the rest of Brenda's things that she had never packed. We were again at a stand still.

Of course, we were fighting with everything we had inside us to keep looking at the Lord and not at the situation. It was 5:00 a.m. and I woke up with a great fear in my heart, which was beating so fast. I got out of bed and started praying. At that moment, all kinds of fears started crossing my mind. I could not believe the Lord was still not showing us anything about the move. He had not brought any money in *for* the move nor to *buy* the house.

After prayer, I was ok and for the rest of the day I went on doing the Lord's business. All I knew was that I must continue trusting that the Lord Jesus Christ would make a way where there seemed to be no way.

It was now the day that we were supposed to be moved out and the new owner called and said that she had not signed the papers yet and was going to wait until we were completely out. She said that if we needed a few more days that would be ok with her. Roy and I prayed and then went to the church to pray; we left all the personal problems behind because we had to do the Will of the Father and take care of His business.

During prayer, the Lord spoke to me to go out to lunch. Now the Lord knew that I loved to go out to eat, but this was not the time to go out since we had no money. I told the Lord that I was not really hungry because that was the truth; but, the Lord spoke to me again and told me to go to Pizza Hut.

After we finished praying, I asked Roy if he would like to go to lunch. We went to Pizza Hut and had a great lunch. After we finished, I went to the register to pay. I had

decided that if the Lord wanted me to go to lunch, then He would pay for it. I got my checkbook out and was ready to write the check when the young lady said that she forgot to make a ticket. I said, “Does that mean I get it free (just playing with her)?” Her reply shocked me. She asked me if I would like it free. I told her, “yeah, sure.” She then told me, “ok, you can have it free; be blessed and have a good day.” I asked her if she was playing and she said, “no, she would take care of it.”

I was so excited how the Lord had done that as He had blessed us many times in our lives, but never like that. That evening the neighbor came over and handed me an envelope, just something she “wanted to do.” After she left, I opened the envelope and there was a check for \$350 in it. That might not be a lot to you, but to me it was an enormous amount. The next morning I went to the bank, bought a money order and sent it off to a ministry that I had just spoken to the day before and told them I would send it. I then paid a few bills that were due. OH, THE LORD IS SO GOOD!

Now I had family coming in for the weekend and we were supposed to be packing. The Lord had not given us the release to pack, yet we knew we should be packing. I did not want my family to know what was happening, nor did we want our son to know, so we did nothing but trust the Lord. On Sunday after they all left, I spoke with the property-owner. He agreed to give us another week.

We left to go to church and the guest speaker said, “The Lord says the answer is on the way.” He said, “There is someone here that has always had an idea about how things were going to end because the trials were somewhat the same, but this time it was different. You are in a storm and the winds are blowing like never before, but the Lord says the answer is on the way.” Of course, we knew that this was for us. We would just have to continue trusting the Lord.

We now faced the day before we were to be out, even with the extended deadline. This was so different. In times past, we would have had everything packed and would be waiting for the Lord to tell us where to go. This time, though, we had to be out by the next day and we had nothing packed because we really felt to wait on the Lord and He would bring the answer. Most people would have said to use common sense and to be packed and *then* if you did not have to move, you could unpack. No, that would not be real faith. Real faith is praying and trusting in the Lord. Since we really believed that we were not supposed to move, we felt we could not start packing.

My heart was getting heavy and I had to fight the devil with everything in me. I had to stay on top of it. I was rebuking the devil and quoting the Word every time the devil tried to bring in a negative thought or fear against me. I refused to believe anything

the devil would tell me, no matter how it looked in the natural. Remember that we belong to God and in the name of Jesus Christ, the Lord God Almighty will take care of us and deliver us out of trouble in time.

***“But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord:  
he is their strength in the time of trouble.  
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them:  
he shall deliver them from the wicked,  
and save them, because they trust in him.”***

**Psalm 37:39-40**

The Lord *did* deliver us, just not the way we thought that He would. We *did* have to move. We moved in with our daughter and son-in-law for ten weeks. However, before we moved, the Lord blessed us with a home to buy. We were now just waiting for the family to move out and for us to move in. The house needed some repairs done on it and the Lord brought all the money needed to do all of them.

We went to our lawyer to get all the contracts drawn-up and for guidance as to what direction to take. We were going to get the loan for the house. Our lawyer asked if we had all the money that we needed. I told her that as it was needed, we would have it.

The company that held the house note called our lawyer and told her that we sent too much money. They decided that we did not have to qualify for the loan; they would just allow us just to assume the loan the way it was. They sent our check back to us. We then had to send them a much smaller check. Our lawyer told us that we must have been doing something right because she has not seen this happen in over twenty years. Then she said that we must have been praying to someone who hears our prayers.

Yes, that is the key; we pray to the Almighty God. He *does* hear our prayers and answers them. Remember: the Lord promised to supply *all* of our needs and He *will* keep His promises to us.

We now own our home and are rejoicing in the Lord for all that He has done in our lives and will do in the future.

**THE LORD IS SO GOOD!**

## ***Conclusion***

I wrote this book with the hope that God's people would learn how to live a blessed life. If you put the Lord first, seek Him, love Him, and listen to Him for His directions, you can have a blessed life.

I believe that America is about to enter into harder times than it has ever known in the past. If you learn how to trust and hear the Lord, the hard times will not affect you. You will see people on the left and right of you losing all that they own and, yet, you will continue to be blessed. You will not only have enough for you and your family, but you will have plenty to bless others.

The only way that you can have the kind of life that we have is to seek, hear, and be obedient unto the Lord. The Lord loves you and wants to bless you with more than you could ever imagine. I just want you to remember one thing: there is a price for those blessings; it is love and obedience. Love the Lord. Teach your children how to trust God. Live the example of Christ.

Do not give up and you will see the promises come to pass that the Lord made to you. Find a good church where the minister teaches the word of God under the anointing. Remember: if you disagree with the minister or do not like something going on in the church, *do not leave*. Pray for the Man of God and stay where the Lord has placed you. Do not talk about the Man of God, as you will find there will always be people trying to get you to say negative things about him. Remembering that we are all human and we, as humans, will never agree with everything someone else does or says. You will find yourself being blessed while in that church. The Lord does want us to be blessed, but first, He wants a relationship with us and that is the most important thing.

Roy and I trusted the Lord with our family. I stayed home and I prayed for my husband and children. I taught them and the Lord provided everything we needed and wanted. Roy and I never had a lot of money, yet people could not tell it because of the way the Lord had always blessed us. We learned how to be good stewards with our money and the Lord stretched it daily. The Lord directed us and we were obedient. No matter what the circumstances looked like, we trusted that the Lord would take care of us. We refused to allow the devil to get in-between the Lord and us. Our relationship with the Lord had nothing to do with what the Lord would give us. We love the Lord. The blessings are just extras we get for walking the walk that the Lord has directed us to walk.

Now all of our children are older and serving the Lord. They know how to believe for the impossible. That was worth it all. Yes, we have given them an inheritance, but the best inheritance we could ever leave our children was how to trust the Lord with the impossible, and, we did that.

I pray that whoever reads this book will be blessed and blessed more abundantly.

Until we meet here or on the other side!

May the Lord bless you!

***Keep the fight of faith!***