

# Community of Christ



## WEAVE US TOGETHER

### TESTIMONIES FROM A PEOPLE OF FAITH

Volume 7 – June 2008 – August 2008

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Dearly Beloved,

This is the seventh issue of your Testimony Journal. It is my prayer that, as you read and study the testimonies included in this issue, you will come away with a renewal of your own faith in Jesus Christ and will encourage you to share your own.

Love and Blessings,  
Tom Barrett, Compiler and Editor,  
CCM Leadership Team

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#### FROM PAUL MCMILLAN, SCHERTZ, TEXAS

While on active duty in the US Air Force, one of the jobs I routinely had to accomplish was as a Safety Non-commissioned Officer. On one occasion while stationed in North Dakota, it was my responsibility to ensure that all safety issues were covered while at the rifle range. Several small electronically activated munitions were at the range on that particular day. There was also a threat of thunder storms, so we had to be particularly attentive and keep abreast of the weather. Anyone with any knowledge of thunder storms knows that lightning is usually present when a storm approaches. Also, if even a small bolt of lightning were to strike these munitions, they would detonate.

I have long believed in the power of prayer. So, when the weather station issued a severe thunder storm warning for our area, there was a great deal of excitement as men and women at the range displayed some alarm. The storm was rapidly approaching, as we could tell from the wind and drop in temperature. It was coming straight toward us, and would be on us in a matter of minutes. I said a quick prayer for our protection and for the storm to change direction. When the officer in charge of the range gave the order to gather all the dangerous munitions, I simply said, "Do not fear, for He is with us, and will protect us". "What do you mean?" he yelled. I said, "Just be at peace and see what God will do".

The storm came, and not more that 100 yards from our location, it abruptly stopped, made a 90 degree turn to the left, moved beyond, made another 90 degree turn to the right, and continued on its way in its original direction.

There are no storms in life that can squelch the power of believing prayer. I bear testimony, that if we put our trust in Him, and seek to be obedient in all we do; our salvation in this life and in eternity is assured.



**FROM LYNN YEAMANS, CIBILO, TEXAS**

I have been struggling with osteoporosis for the last several years. On a visit to my doctor last week for an annual bone density scan, I found myself, while lying on the exam table, offering up a prayer. I often pray for others and their needs but seldom, if ever, do I think of praying for myself. I simply asked God to help me and to give me some sense of what I should do to slow the progress of this crippling disease.

The exam was uneventful. However, upon examination of the results of the scan, my doctor was unable to offer a reason for the results. My bone density had increased by 30 percent and this during the short time I was on the table.

Believe me; I will NEVER again neglect myself or my needs while praying for others!



**FROM TODD ENDER, NILES, MICHIGAN**

**My Testimony of God's Love and Healing**

**From Wheelchair to Dancing**

I had Spinal Bifida and Spondylolithesis. Spinal Bifida is a hole in spine and Spondylolithesis is where part of spine and one of the vertebrae is over the top of another vertebra, instead of being individually separated.

I had Spinal Bifida all my life and Spondylolithesis for about 6 years. I started using a cane when my back and legs started to get worse. Later on I started having to use my wheelchair too. About three years ago I had back surgery, and instead of getting better, it got worse. I was in so much pain that I could hardly stand up or move a lot of the time. A few times I was in bed and my legs we're paralyzed where I couldn't move to even get out of bed. I could not move my legs at all.

So this week at CCM I have seen many miracles, including people who couldn't hear very well being able to hear good now, people whose knees hurt, who don't hurt now, and I was healed and now I can walk, run, and dance; and I can do it all without my cane or my wheelchair. It was so wonderful to be able to do these things. The people at CCM were really wonderful, with their complements at being healed, and hugs and love. And I just wanted to thank them.

06/21/08 (Before Celebration)

The day was Saturday. I had woken up not feeling good at all. In fact I was really hurting bad, and I had a terrible migraine, and I was feeling dizzy. I told myself that there was no way, the way I was feeling, that I was going to be able to go to celebration. I was going to call the guy that was giving me a ride and tell him that I wasn't going to be able to make it. See, even though I had come to celebration a couple times before, and felt blessed, because when I am at celebration, I feel so much love when I am there. But the way I was feeling, and hurting, I didn't want to come there and bother people with my problems, or have them feel sorry for me. Now that I think about it, I should have been ashamed of myself because there is so much love at celebration.

But later in the day, I had gone outside for something, I can't remember what for, but there was a guy, who was walking by my house; he stopped and looked at me and said to me, you will be with God this week. OK, at first I didn't know what to think of it. Then it came to me, that maybe he was calling me home. I was a little scared, not because of really dying, but because thanks to Jesus, I have been forgiven, but because I have always known I have a calling, and I didn't want to die before I was able to do God's work, and be able to tell others about God. So I prayed about it, then I talked to my mom, (even though I didn't tell her what the guy said. She told me that she would rather me not go to celebration. She said she didn't agree with a lot of things that CCM does. She said the bible says that you are supposed to worship quietly. A little while after I got off the phone, I decided to come. Maybe it was the guy that spoke to me, or maybe some of it was in spite of my mom's words.

Sunday 06/22/08 (First day of CCM Celebration)

On Sunday morning I Woke up, and I thought I was all packed. I thought I had everything ready to go. My son had helped me pack. (Maybe I should blame all of it on him, for what was about to happen.) When my ride got to my house, we were about to leave, and I asked him if I could have a couple of minutes before we left. My ride said to go ahead if you need to. I was going to go check to make sure I had everything. I said never mind, thinking, well I'm sure I probably have everything. When we got down the road, I realized that I didn't have my cell phone. I needed it in case of an emergency with my kids back home. But my driver said I could give his number to my mom.

When we get almost to celebration at Graceland, it came to me that I didn't think I'd brought my charger for my wheelchair. So when we got to Graceland, I realized my nightmare was coming true. I had forgotten my wheelchair charger. I was starting to feel really scared. I didn't know what I was going to do.

Monday 06/23/08

Monday morning I ate and headed towards morning service, and I was thinking, please just let me get to this service. When I was about halfway to the first service, my battery went dead. I'm like great, now I'm stuck here and I'm not going to get to worship. Well God pulled through for me, when a guy who works at Graceland offered to push me to the auditorium. Some people found out I didn't have my charger with me, and they said they would see what they could do. I think it was after morning services, or around then, I was given a ride to Graceland offices to see if my Medicare would cover a new battery charger. Finally after being on the phone a half an hour or so, and three phone calls, I was told to call back later. By then I was so upset I just

wanted to go home. I was hurting really bad, and there were a couple of people that had already hurt my feelings by something they had said. After lunch one of my friends said maybe if nothing else, maybe the camp could pull money together to get a charger or maybe the Lord would heal me; then she said a prayer over me. Then I called Aleck's Medical back to see if they found anything out. She said the best she could do, was \$160.00 plus shipping and handling. She said my Medicare would not cover it, and it would take about two days to get there. She was nice and called other places that were closer to me, but none had a charger that would fit my wheelchair. By then I was so depressed, I just started to cry.

## GOD

I have always been sensitive to animals. I went outside after the phone call and saw a Robin. It was just sitting there; it was like it was staring at me. I remember I was thinking, I wish I knew what it was thinking. Then for some reason, it popped into my mind, wouldn't it be wonderful if that was God. But then I thought about it, and because what I read in the Bible, I say no that can't be God, because if it was it would be a Dove.

As soon as I said that, the Robin flew away. About 5 minutes later, can you guess what I saw? A DOVE. I just got to see God. ☺ I remember crying and thinking that I had no right, and I wasn't worthy to see God, even though I was really touched. Right then I knew something was going to happen that night, although I had no idea that 'that something' was going to be me being healed.

(Monday night healing service)

Before I go on with the rest of my Testimony, I just wanted to say that I grew up in the church and that thanks to my parents that I knew God early on. I knew in the Bible, that when Jesus was alive he healed, and I knew it was possible to be healed if you have enough faith. But I had never seen anyone be healed before.

Now the rest of that night I remember very little, and a lot of what I'm going to tell you is from what I have been told from other people the next day.

During the Healing Service one of my friends had come up to me, put her hand on my shoulder, and said something like you will be or you are healed. I don't remember it. I was told by somebody the next day. I was also told that she said she went to the bathroom afterwards, and when she came back in, I was walking all over.

I do remember that I was sitting in my wheelchair and a guy who was standing next to me. I didn't know who he was at that time, but now I want to call him Friend and Brother. He was standing next to me, and asks me if I was here to be healed tonight, and I said yes. He helped me down to the front. I remember him saying something like enough talking show us proof that God can do miracles to the man that was preaching. See by then I was really filled by the Holy Spirit. I remember, it was like I was dizzy, felt funny. It is hard to describe. But anyway, that was pretty much the last thing I remember that night, kind of one thing later which I will try to get right, but I'm not going to guarantee it because it was so fuzzy.

From what I have been told by different people, the pastor didn't want to start the healing right away, he said he would get to it in a moment. Then just before my healing prayer, from what I was told, several people came around me, and prayed with the pastor. After the Healing Prayer, I

was told that with help I got up, and realized and told the Pastor that I wasn't hurting any more. The pastor asked me, you said you didn't hurt anymore? And I said yes, and then I put down my cane, and started walking around. Now I was a little shocked when I heard this, but then I was told I left the auditorium, and the Pastor asked where I was, he said he told me to stay there, and someone said that they thought I walked around to the other side. Then there I was with my hands in the air looking all happy. I was told that it looked like I was praising the Lord when I had my hands in the air swinging them back and forth. I was also told that, that night I was dancing and trying to stand on my tip toes. I was also told that I said it had been a long time since I have gone up stairs without help of some kind. Now the one part that I vaguely remember, and if I get this wrong then I apologize. After the healing service I was heading back to Walker when two ladies passed me, and I didn't realize what they had said until afterwards, they said something like I can feel the Healing Touch or something like that.

Tuesday 06-24-08

I woke up Tuesday morning, and can you imagine what I felt like in the morning? I couldn't find my cane. I slipped off the bed to see if I dropped my cane. I realized I wasn't hurting and found out I could stand without my cane. I'm like; I guess I must've been healed. I couldn't believe it. I went from being in my wheelchair, to being helped down the aisle, to waking up this morning, and realizing I was healed.

I went downstairs, and people just started coming up to me and saying things like, I'm so happy for you that God healed you, Isn't it just wonderful, and God works all kinds of miracles doesn't he? The best part though was that I was told that I prayed and helped other people. I have always wanted to do that all my life. Three women came up to me and told me that God had told them before I was healed that he was going to heal me that night.

At breakfast a real sweet girl, came up to me at the breakfast table and said, I am glad your legs are better. That really touched me. Than that night after workshop, again she came up to me and said I am glad your legs are better, I know I said this before, but my friends over here, one sprained her leg, and the other one fell, and we prayed over them now they are all better. The one girl with a sprained leg said, see I can bend it now. Isn't that just wonderful?

During Wednesday night service, one of the boys told me while everyone was dancing to one of the songs, that my healing Monday night changed his outlook on God.

Tuesday morning service:

This morning during the morning service, God told me, now that I have healed you, I want you to Go out to churches, homeless shelters, and all over, and share your testimony. And tell others about me, How they can be healed if you believe and have faith in him, and about my love for them.

**THIS WEEK:**

This week has been a real blessing. Between being healed, being able to lay hands on others and feel the love, caring and peace of God and everyone here at Celebration.

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## FROM CHERI WILLIAMS, FRIONA, TEXAS

I arrived at the Saints Grove Campground about 8pm Friday February 16th. I had pretty much decided I would not attend the CCM Conference this weekend, because I did not want to spend that time on the road, after spending so much time on the road the previous week, when I went to Phoenix for Dad's triple bi-pass surgery. And, now Mom and Mema weren't going to be there either. But, I got a phone call from Wichita Surgery and Recovery Center asking me to come for an interview. So I thought, what the heck, I may as well set up an interview for Monday giving me the extra incentive to make the drive to Stillwater, OK.

I was a bit anxious once I got there, because I went by myself, my Uncle Richard was coming, but he was about an hour behind me. Though I had met several of the people when I went back in September, I was not well recognized. So...I felt like a total stranger walking into the evening service that was already underway. But, as always when entering a Community of Christ church, I was welcomed with loving, open arms ready to hug me!

During this service, a basket of hearts cut out of construction paper was passed around, we were told to take a heart, and then we were instructed to rip our hearts into pieces, representing our own hearts, our hurts, our pains, and our brokenness. I chose a green heart (green being my favorite color), I first tore it in a jagged sort of tear down the middle, and then I just sort of tore the whole heart apart. This heart indeed represented my own heart, as I have just endured the deepest, darkest year of my life (my desert). Then we were to take the pieces of our hearts to the front of the sanctuary and drop the pieces into a basket that was placed in front of a picture of the prodigal son, which I did.

After the service was over, a lady I had met in September, but had not ever really talked too much at that conference came up to me and introduced herself as Bev Morrow. She said when I had walked in and she looked in my eyes, God told her that she needed to visit with me, and spend time with me this weekend. She then invited me to share a room with her if I wasn't already settled in. I had not settled in yet, as I came in, went to the registration window, I had picked a room, in the basement in the back corner by myself (thinking I wanted to keep distance between myself and anyone who might try to invade my space). But, with her words, I decided maybe I should just room with her...what could it hurt?

I then went to the front of the sanctuary where my Uncle Richard was, so I could give him a hug (plus he was my safety net...the only person there that I personally knew). A man was standing there talking with him. When I got up there Richard went to introduce me to Arlin, who immediately asked me, "Why did you come this weekend?" I gave him an unsatisfactory answer about how I had come to see my Uncle, who was suppose to bring my Mema and Mom, but neither of them were able to make the trip. He said, "YOU didn't answer my question...why did YOU come here this weekend?" My response was one of shrugging my shoulders and stating, that I really didn't know why. He then let me know that when I had been standing at the registration counter, that he had seen me from behind and God had spoken to him, that "That one" needed to be visited with and prayed with, but that I had to be open and I had to be the one who decided to move ahead and accept this invitation. If I so chose to do this, then God would bless me immensely. Wow, I was feeling a bit intimidated and anxious at this point, but at the same time I was feeling hopeful, that this hell I have been living in most of my life, but especially over this past year, maybe, could it be possible, that maybe just maybe, I could be free and happy? Hmmm, I had been in counseling, in prayer, asking for freedom from my past, could it be, that God really had let these two know that he had a blessing for me? I wanted to believe,

but I also, did not have faith, or trust. But, secretly (or at least I thought it was secretly) I had come to Stillwater this weekend to this conference, with HOPE, that God would bless me, with freedom from my past. I was so tired of the deep, anguish, the despair, anger, hatred; the list goes on of the great heaviness my heart was carrying. I wanted it to all just disappear, but “I” could not make it just go away. God knows, I tried.

There were several people sitting around a table in the dining hall around where I was sitting. It was a rather crazy feeling for me, I felt that many eyes were on me, as it seemed to me that Arlin and my uncle seemed to keep bringing up to me through different inquiries, and at one point, Arlin out of the blue asked me, “Cheri, does your husband verbally abuse you?”. Oh, my...why would he ask me such a personal question in front of all these people? But, I responded, “I would have never thought so, but through counseling this past year and different situations, I would have to say yes, that he has, but it wasn’t the same kind of verbal abuse as one might think. He has said hurtful things to me, usually out of anger, things that cut deeply into my heart, leaving open scars. But, he seems to of changed and is trying really hard to be a different person. But as recently as a month ago, he did in a heated moment tell me that I had no real, true friends.” I definitely disagree. I don’t have swarms of real true friends, but the ones I do have, I would trust with my life.

Arlin proceeded to try to explain to me drawing it out on a piece of paper for me, how sin, pain, hurts, life, etc...are like gates that have been opened and how the adversary, would come along and hook himself into that open gate, not allowing it to be closed, he feeds into these open gates lies. And since those gates could not be closed by me, he had filled the open gates with lies and I had erected walls to protect myself from the things I believed would hurt me or cause me further anguish. (He explained it much better than that, but this is only how I can remember to write it out, more in my own words than his, how I understood it...maybe he can help me sort this out later, once I finish writing this out. I think I left my copy of the sketch he drew that night on the top bunk of my bed L). Again, I was told basically, “you can be freed and healed of these wounds, you can close these gates and be free and healed and through this God will greatly bless you...God wants to greatly bless you!”

Before we parted ways that evening, Arlin prayed for me, that I would have restful, peaceful sleep that night, and by that sleep I would awaken refreshed and know that it was God that allowed that rest and I would know the peace that would be provided by basically confessing and surrendering my burdens to God. Then, before our group separated for the night, Willie D. a sweet man that came to the retreat with my uncle gave me a book on prayer and told me to pray a particular prayer in the book that night. So, I took the book and prayed the prayer before I went to bed that night. I slept well, but I wouldn’t say that it was the most restful sleep I’ve ever had. But, I was refreshed Saturday morning. Took a nice shower and got ready for the day with a little bit of anxiety not knowing exactly what to expect for the day. The class that morning went along with the theme of the weekend “Do You Love Me?” It talked some about the prodigal son, it reflected on the story where Jesus asked Peter, “Do you love me?” and Peter responded Yes Lord, you know I love you. 3 times Jesus asked Peter and 3 times Peter proclaimed his love to Christ, the last time saying, “Lord, you know everything, you know I love you.” Jesus said “Feed my sheep.” Well, this weekend, I believe that I was the prodigal; God wanted me to return to him, as I had closed my heart even to him, though I really didn’t want to believe I had. Arlin & Bev were the servants of God, who were feeding me, a lamb of God. Saturday evening we had our Communion and Healing service. I really miss partaking in communion, as the church in Friona that Mike and I have attended (but I haven’t in over 2 months) has served communion 1 time in the whole time we have been going. I was raised

partaking of communion the 1st Sunday of each month, and the church in Bucklin we attended served communion every Sunday. I am not certain why the Victory Life Fellowship Church serves so infrequently? Hmmmm, just a thought. Back to my story, as we entered into the healing part of the service, they placed 3 chairs at the front of the Sanctuary, at each of these chairs, there were 2 Elders of the church, one by one people would go up to them and sit, to be administered to. Then as the evening progressed, friends and family would join in, by sitting at the feet of those requesting prayer, they would place their hands on the person, and gradually, the groups got bigger and bigger, until everyone was around 1 chair to the right side of the sanctuary.

There was an elder there that had asked Bev and Arlin to pray with him, which they did, I was not up in the group yet at this time, I got up during this time though and went to the bathroom, when I returned, I sat in an empty chair close to the front of the sanctuary near them, and he said to me, "Cheri, you may as well join our group, there are no outsiders here, you are welcome too. So, I scooted into the group. Then Bev and Arlin proceeded to pray with this same Elder's wife. They walked her through a healing of resentments that she had carried with her throughout her life; they walked her through healing of criticalness that she also was consumed with. As I observed this, my heart began to soften, I could so easily relate to this lady and her life.

When they were done, I could see the new softness within her. I desired that same thing. Then, her husband (I wish I knew his name) said, "There is one more in our group that needs our prayers," as he looked directly at me, he said "Cheri, would you like to be administered to?" Wow, this was the 3rd person of the weekend, who knew nothing about me, nothing about my past, yet I believe God was speaking to me through him, saying directly to my heart, "come on now, I've been patient with you and the time is now". So sort of reluctantly, I said, "Yes, I very much need to be administered to." He then said, "Before, we proceed, she doesn't know this yet, but I am going to ask my wife to pray with you first". Then she came and sat beside me and prayed the most beautiful prayer for me that fit so perfectly in the moment. Then, I was administered to by the man who had asked me if I wanted to be administered to and by Joy another Elder. This was a very powerful administration, again, no one in the group knew me except my uncle, I'd visited with Bev some and a very little with Arlin throughout the weekend, but no one else was aware of my past of the deep mass of sadness, that I was overwhelmed with. But after the administration, I had 2 other women come up to me with such an intense presentation of love and acceptance for me and they both prayed for me as well. The love felt within the sanctuary was not only present in the hearts of everyone that was in the room, but the overwhelming presence of the Holy Spirit and God's presence were felt as well, I cannot even begin to describe it, but know that it was AMAZING.

I was overcome with such love, yet at the same time I was feeling anxious about what I felt was going to occur next, especially with so many people in the room. Then Arlin seemed to know how I was feeling and he asked everyone in the room to give us some space, to continue to pray, but that maybe at this time, it would be best, if everyone would go, except him, Bev and me. Before leaving though, Joy came up to me and hugged me telling me that she had not felt the presence of the Holy Spirit so strongly in a long time as she did as she participated in my administration.

Then, Arlin asked me if I was ready to proceed, or if I needed to take a little break first. I decided I better go to the bathroom first, as I had no idea how long this was going to take. So, as I went to the bathroom, I prayed to God, I said, "God, this is it, I've heard you and I am ready. I am about to turn everything over to you, this is probably one of the scariest things I've ever done, but I do not want my life to continue as it has been. Lord, give me a testimony. Amen.

I returned to the sanctuary, I sat down in a chair, Arlin then took a piece of paper and started questioning me about things I felt I needed to repent of and seek forgiveness from things that were allowing my heart to remain full of holes, what were the walls I had erected. I wish I had the list, but I will do my best to remember and ask God to restore this list to my memory as I try to express myself. Unforgiveness, loss of innocence as a young child, lying, sexual immoralities through teenage years, adultery in marriage, anger at God for allowing circumstances in my life, as mentioned, plus the loss of 2 babies, one at 10 weeks of pregnancy and one at 20 weeks (I knew the second loss was a baby girl, that I had named Amber Nicole, but never got to hold her). I know there were more, but that is what I place here for now.

Bev was sitting facing me on my touching my left leg and left hand with her hands, she prayed pretty much non-stop throughout this process. Arlin sat to my right facing me as well, holding my right hand with his right hand. He proceeded to go through the list on the paper. One by one, he would pray, he would teach me to pray as we went along and he would walk me through prayers of forgiveness and release. This was all very emotional, but at the same time I felt such an overwhelming love and overwhelming acceptance from God and the Holy Spirit, as I said, I was and am AMAZED. I learned that I must pray out loud, in order for the adversary to hear my prayer, though praying out loud, the adversary loses all power to attack those areas that I pray to God for. When we pray silently, the adversary gains the power to attack those areas, because, he cannot read our minds and what he does not hear, he can attack (I hope I am explaining that correctly). As we prayed through the generational sins of lying, Arlin would ask Bev how many generations this existed, she was able to come up with numbers, in this instance it was 3, the sin of lying being that I pretended to be someone I wasn't around others, in an effort to hopefully get these people to like me, because, I did not believe that these people would like me if they knew who I really was. This was a lie; I was able to show that I had actually inherited this sin from my mom, who inherited it from her mom. We all had low self esteems and had deep desires for others to accept us. I hope that makes sense.

Another generational sin was that of adultery, which also passed down, Bev again came up with a number and this time the number was 5, for 5 generations. This one, I am not exactly aware of whom all this sin had been passed through, but I believe this one comes to me from both my mother's side of the family and my father's side of the family. But, because these are generational sins, I have now been given the power to end this cycle, through my repentance and seeking forgiveness. I was also given instruction as to how to prevent this sin from being passed onto my own children, which I shall do. But won't include in this writing.

I was walked through a healing from the sexual abuse I endured at the age of 7. I was allowed to see, that there was a cross between me and my intruder, behind the intruder, there was only darkness, but on my side of the cross, was light, Jesus, who protected me during these 2 incidents.

I was also taken to a scene again involving Jesus, I had not known that I had not forgiven God for the loss of my first miscarriage, that occurred about 1 year after Mike and I married, I never knew if this baby would have been a boy or girl. But again, Arlin was able to walk me through a scene, a scene where Jesus was sitting on a rock in this beautiful white light setting. Playing at Jesus feet were these 2 beautiful little girls, one with a darker blond hair and one with blond hair. Arlin explained to me that these 2 little girls were the babies I had lost, that God wanted me to know that my babies were with him and I would get to be with them in heaven.

I released and received forgiveness for the affairs I've had these past 4 years of my marriage. I stated the names out loud and released my guilt to God. God in return gave me a command, one which Arlin was confused by. Arlin stated, "You know, you will have to be celibate don't you? I was like, no. But he said, "This is confusing to me, you are to remain celibate even with your husband. I don't know why God would ask that." I told him that I thought maybe I understood. I told him that I had recently communicated to Brad and Diane (Brad was my most recent affair), through e-mail, as well as I have prayed to God myself the same thing. I do not want reconciliation of my marriage, because, to me reconciliation means, to bring back together what once was. And I do not wish to bring back together the marriage that I've had for the past 20 years. That if I were even to remain married, it would have to be for a new love, one based on honesty, truth and respect. But absolutely not based on reconciliation of what once was. I've been there; I do not wish to go back to that. So...as it stands, I am commanded to remain celibate. Will this be for life? I don't know. But, if I do not follow this command, I risk resurrecting the generational sin that has been put behind me.

I've shared such a small portion of my experience. But I think the idea of the healing I received has been made clear. We finally finished this process at about 1:30am. Or so, we thought, but almost immediately when we finished, I felt an overwhelming pressure on my head and shoulders, as if I were being pushed down. But I resisted and then I started feeling something I can only describe as water running through my entire body. A steady flow of water that felt totally peaceful, totally consuming. It was then that Bev spoke up and said, "This is weird, I'm seeing puddles of water, blue puddles of water, I don't know why I'm seeing this, but the blue puddles the most beautiful blue I've ever seen." I told them, "I think it is me, I feel water flowing through me right now, I feel it pouring through me, and I can feel it flowing out through the pores of my skin." It was at that moment that I realized, that I could not move, that I was basically paralyzed. I could not move from the neck down. This was such a crazy thing, because it was so reassuring, so peaceful, so filled with life, this water flowing through me was as if I were being cleansed from the inside out. I am very Claustrophobic, I cannot stand to be held or strapped down in a way that keeps me from being able to move, and this paralysis was not scary in any way at all to me, it was beautiful. It was a "blessing". A ways into this, Bev touched me again and she said this is strange, you feel fuzzy and now, I see white dots, I don't know what that means, but white is good, it means pure. "I could not understand this either at that time. I remained in this state for the next 2 hours. At 3:30am, I was able to stand only with the assistance of Bev on my left and Arlin on my right, holding my arms around their shoulders, I had gained enough control of my left side, that I could take a step with my left foot, but my right foot was still very weak, I could drag my foot forward, but not step, so Arlin would take his left foot and kick my right foot forward and through this manner, they were able to walk me to my bed (I'm sure we were quite the entertainment for God at that moment J). I'm so surprised that no one woke up as we stumbled our way down the hall to my bed.

The rest of this night...I slept the most peaceful, restful sleep of my life. I think the only reason I woke up at 8:15am was because I needed to go to the bathroom so badly! I went ahead and got ready for the day. I missed breakfast. But not a problem. I was so full of the Spirit, I didn't miss it.

I entered the Sanctuary, where Arlin approached me, saying, "Everyone has been asking me this morning how last night went for you, but I have told them the story is not mine to share. Are you going to share your testimony this morning?" I was like, "well, I'm sort of feeling like I might, but I don't know for sure yet, if I am ready to share, but I will let you know."

Then the service started. A bit into this service, Joy (the Elder from the evening before), stood to announce that that morning in the prayer warriors meeting (that they had each morning), they had taken the basked of torn up hearts and prayed over each piece and then glue it to this big heart, creating a beautiful heart of a rainbow of colors and she held up the heart with all the pieces many colors of torn hearts. And at that moment, I was stunned, when I saw pieced together in the middle of all the colors a green heart...could it be my heart?" I could not sit still; I could hardly control myself, as a song was being sung by one of the ladies there. Arlin made eye contact with me and I shook my head yes...both of us knowing, this meant that I wanted to share my testimony. As soon as the song was over, I stood up. I told a very condensed version of my testimony, but I know everyone there understood that what I had gone through was life transforming. I said, "I came this weekend, with such a torn, broken heart, I went through a healing last night that has changed my life forever. And I can stand here in front of all of you today and share a true miracle, because, that green heart in the middle of that rainbow of colors is my heart, my green heart that I ripped up Friday night and it is pieced back together, it is whole, it is not perfect, but it is whole again. God has blessed me with a whole heart again."

I was given that heart to bring home with me and I plan to frame that heart, as a reminder to me, the transformation my heart has gone through, and the fact that I do not ever intend to return to the brokenness I once had. Praise be to God, who indeed blessed me.

Since leaving the CCM conference, I have been blessed to share this testimony with others. Still not understanding what the fuzziness feeling of my skin was or the white dots. But Tuesday morning when I opened my e-mail, I opened a daily devotional that I get each day. I was again AMAZED, as I read this devotional, as I then understood:

Good Morning, Cheri  
From: God's Minute (devotions@godsminute.org)  
Sent: Tue 2/19/08 3:13 AM  
Reply-to: revallen@godsminute.com  
To: spiffymom3@hotmail.com

I SAID, "O LORD, HAVE MERCY ON ME; HEAL ME, FOR I HAVE SINNED AGAINST YOU."

(PSALM 41:4 \*NIV)

Dear Cheri,

When we fall victim to sin, we may repent of our sins and ask God for forgiveness. For it is written: "COME NOW, LET US REASON TOGETHER," SAYS THE LORD. "THOUGH YOUR SINS ARE LIKE SCARLET, THEY SHALL BE AS WHITE AS SNOW; THOUGH THEY ARE RED AS CRIMSON, THEY SHALL BE LIKE WOOL." (ISAIAH 1:18)

This is because: IF WE CONFESS OUR SINS, HE IS FAITHFUL AND JUST AND WILL FORGIVE US OUR SINS AND PURIFY US FROM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS. (1 JOHN 1:9) FOR YOU, LORD ARE GOOD, AND READY TO FORGIVE, AND ABUNDANT IN MERCY TO ALL WHO CALL ON YOU. (PSALM 86:5)

Further, God has even promised: I WILL FORGIVE THEIR WICKEDNESS AND WILL REMEMBER THEIR SINS NO MORE. (HEBREWS 8:12) So never feel that you have done something that God will not forgive.

Therefore Cheri, PRAISE BE TO THE LORD, OUR SAVIOR, WHO DAILY BEARS OUR BURDENS. (PSALM 68:19)  
Praise HIM indeed! Amen.

In HIS Love & Service,  
Pastor Allen

Each day, new things are being revealed to me. I've been studying Ephesians and Proverbs, 2 books that if I'd studied closely before this experience, would have been too difficult for me to read, because of the guilt I would of felt in reading these books in the Bible, but now, I am blessed to know, that I'm forgiven, that God had given me a new life.

As I drove home from Wichita Monday (I'd gone for the interview, which I think went well, but I also have no background in Orthopedic surgery, which is a weakness in my experience as a nurse. I've told God, this is his thing. If I am to go to Wichita, they will offer me the position there and I will accept it. But if, I am not intended to go there, then they will let me know that they hired another nurse and I will know that where I am right now is where I am to remain for now anyhow).

As I drove home, I found that I only had one Worship CD in my car, it was a gift for a contribution I had made to YFC in Central Kansas several years ago, and called "Worship" I believe several of the songs may have been written by Tony Factor, the husband to the YFC Director of that area. The first song on the CD was ministering to me and goes so well with my testimony that I am going to share the lyrics and hope that it is ok with Tony:

Here I stand in the presence of my Lord, for he has declared me His own.  
Washed and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,  
He died on Calvary so I could be set free.

I can feel His love all around, like a river that flows within me.  
Right here, right now, in this place, come and touch the heart of God.  
I can feel His love all around, His love within me, has come to set me free.  
I can feel His presence all around. His presence within me has come to set me free.

Here I pray, to the all mighty God, the One who has shown me the way.  
Touched by His love He has come to make me whole.  
I delight in the life that His Spirit breathes in me.

And I can feel His love all around, like a river that flows within me.  
Right here right now, in this place, come and touch the heart of God.  
And I can feel His love all around, His love within me, has come to set me free.  
I can feel his presence all around, His presence within me has come to set me free.

And I can feel His love all around like a river that flows within me.  
Right here right now, in this place, come and touch the Heart of God.  
Come and touch the Heart of God.  
Come and touch the Heart of God.



**FROM TOM BARRETT, NEW BRAUNFELS, TEXAS**

On August 19<sup>th</sup> we were called into service with the San Antonio Chapter of the Red Cross to support the victims of flooding in South Texas. We were to drive an Emergency Response Vehicle (ERV) from San Antonio to a small town between McAllen and Laredo in Starr County. The name of the town is Roma, and it sits right on the border between the United States and Mexico.

There were four ERVs called in to support the disaster: one from Houston, one from Corpus Christi, one from Harlingen and the one we drove. I don't know if I'd ever seen a more diverse group of people. Some of them were obviously worldly in their nature; it reminded me of my days in the Army. Yet, we worked together helping load the vehicles and driving them to our appointed places in the city to give out snacks and water.

It was exhausting work. I wondered if we were actually making a difference in the lives of His children who suffered such devastation. And I wondered if there was a blessing in this for me.

That question was put to rest when I had one of those God experiences. One day while we were in the shelter that was set up to house those who had to leave their flooded homes, I noticed a little boy who seemed to be the same age as my youngest great-grandson. He was just beginning to learn to walk while holding his mother's hand. I went over to him, got on my knees, and spread my arms. His smile and the way he let go of his mother with arms outstretched was the most beautiful sight. He began walking, a bit wobbly, to me and we embraced. It might not be much to some people, but to me it was the highlight of the 10 days we spent down there. I felt loved and needed in profound ways.

That episode was not lost on the others of our ERV team. Because of my love and compassion for the "least of these", the motley team that came together on August 19<sup>th</sup>, were changed. As a team of servants, we discovered that despite of our differences, a unity of purpose based on honoring God and His Christ by helping His children is the highest call of all.



This issue of the journal is now complete and ready to go to those who need a reminder from time to time of God's Grace and Love for each of His children. The next issue will be published at the end of December. Please send me your testimonies so others will be blessed. We have been counseled to "share the sacred story". Make no mistake; your story is sacred.

Love, Peace, and Blessings,  
Tom Barrett, Healing Ministries,  
CCM Leadership Team