

The Breakthrough
INTERCESSOR

Summer 2017

A hand holding a lit sparkler over water at night. The sparkler is held high, and its sparks are falling into the water, creating a trail of light. The background is a dark, rippling body of water under a night sky.

Enduring Restoration

The Magazine About Prayer

Find out how one woman found rest in a world of distraction | p. 10

Read about how God restored a prayer life through reminders from the past | p. 16

Looking Inward Gazing Upward

by Charlie R. Brown

Looking inward,
Stirring the stuff of self,
I am left empty, wanting, lacking.

I cry with my brother Paul,
What a wretched man I am!
Death and dying surround me.

Then I look up;
My eyes locked on the only hope.
It is Jesus.

If I keep my eyes on God,
I won't trip over my own feet.
Gazing upward rescues my wayward heart.

Amazing thought—
As I look inward I see a glimpse
Of the one who loves me.

I see the back side
Of a holy God revealing himself.
Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God.

I look up. I hear his voice.
He calls me by my name.
I look and rest in him.

*Behold my servant, whom I uphold,
my chosen, in whom my soul delights;
I have put my Spirit upon him; he will
bring forth justice to the nations.*

*He will not cry aloud or lift up his
voice, or make it heard in the street;
a bruised reed he will not break, and
a faintly burning wick he will not
quench; he will faithfully bring forth
justice.*

*He will not grow faint or be discour-
aged till he has established justice in
the earth; and the coastlands wait for
his law.*

Isaiah 42:14 (ESV)

ABOUT BREAKTHROUGH

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Our Mission: Bringing together anonymously those
needing prayer and Christians willing to pray for
them; calling, equipping and encouraging people for
this work.

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Note: Becky Cooke has retired from the team. Becky's work as the managing editor was exemplary. She transformed our media tools and her excellent spirit inspired all of us. She will be missed.

our mission

Breakthrough Intercessory Prayer Ministry is here for anyone who wants prayer. Prayer requests may be sent to us by mail, phone, email, fax, or through our website. Your prayer request is sent anonymously to six of our nearly 4,000 intercessors around the world who agree to pray for 21 days for each request they receive.

You will have your own prayer team of dedicated intercessors holding your needs up before the Lord. People often report an increased sense of peace during the prayer period. As you read this magazine, you will learn about many prayers that have been answered.

Catherine Marshall was given the inspiration for Breakthrough nearly 40 years ago. She was a best-selling Christian author who became concerned about the many prayer requests sent to her by her readers. At the same time, other readers were writing to tell her that they longed to be used by God but had no idea what they could do. God gave Catherine the vision of matching these two groups of people: those with prayer needs and those Christians who wanted to be part of a ministry. Thus Catherine and her husband, Leonard LeSourd, began the Breakthrough ministry.

Prayer requests are identified by first name only and are never sent to intercessors in the same geographic location as the prayer requester. The 21-day prayer period was arrived at based on the story in Daniel chapter 10. Daniel was praying for three weeks before the angel of the Lord was able to come and help him. The angel had been detained by spiritual forces from the first day of Daniel's prayer.

Our intercessors may receive scriptural insights from God for the prayer requester. Those messages, in the form of Scripture verses, are sent to the office and then forwarded to the person requesting prayer. In turn, prayer requesters send their answers to prayer to the staff which are then forwarded to the intercessors as encouragement for their faithfulness in praying.

We want to hear from you. Pray about becoming one of our intercessors. It is a small expenditure of time compared to how it will impact your life and change the lives of others. As you read this magazine, think of your own stories of answered prayer that you would like to share. Our editorial committee will consider them for publication in The Breakthrough Intercessor. Remember also to send us your prayer requests. It is our privilege to pray for you.



Kingly Intercession

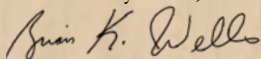
Hello Beloved,

Revelation 1:6, & 5:10 - We are Kings and Priests! We are to exercise our dominion, to rule and reign right here on Earth!

Have you ever noticed that after a major court case, the side who has won usually holds an immediate press conference on the steps of the court house to announce their victory? They tell all the world what is now legally theirs! Many times this is what God's people fail to do. We pray, making petitions to God. But after hearing Him judge in our favor, we go our way and sit and wait for our situation to change. When instead, we need to call a press conference, invite the devil, and tell that devil what now belongs to you! And we need to decree it over, and over, and over! Decreeing, speaking God's judgments into the atmosphere of the earth enables all heaven and earth to come together, to bring to pass the judgements against the devil you were waiting on to happen. This sets in motion the formal release of the devil being required to return your property back to you, whether that property represents deliverance, peace, healing, financial restoration, or a circumstance changing around.

God has given us a mouth to enter His decrees into the Earth. We are His spokespersons, and we are His Ambassadors. Without our voices speaking the decrees of heaven, the sick will still be sick, the blind will still be blind, and the demon oppressed will still be bound. Priests bring petitions before God. Our heavenly King decides these matters and renders judgments. Part of our responsibility for ruling and reigning on the Earth includes speaking the judgements we hear from our King in heaven, into the Earth in the form of decrees. Only Kings issue decrees, and Revelations 1:6 & 5:10 says that we are kings! Glory to God, you're a king in the eyes of God. Let's start acting like one. Job 22:28 - Thou shall also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee... Are you a king? Do you have breath? Well then, start decreeing your rights! God has given you rights by Jesus' death on the cross. We have a covenant with Almighty God. King's rule and reign. Kings take dominion. So be it!

God bless you all,



Brian K. Wells, Chairman of the Board
Breakthrough's statement for financial accountability is available upon written request from the Office of Charitable and Regulatory Programs: P.O. Box 526, Richmond, VA 23218





Blessed

Oh So Blessed

By Bruce W. Glover

You have colon cancer.” Those four terrifying words put an exclamation point on four tumultuous days that began for me the Sunday before Thanksgiving.

Lying in a hospital bed with Wednesday evening’s meal waiting on a tray in front of me, I doubted the oncology team was aware of the enormity of their news. Colon cancer. Accurate or not, the first thing I thought was, “Oh no, that’s the number one killer of men in America!” Suddenly, the pork roast and mashed potatoes I had been salivating over just minutes before didn’t look so appetizing.

When they left, the man in the room with me solemnly offered, “If you need to talk...”

Yes, I needed to talk, but not to him. I needed my friends or family, neither of which were an option.

You see, I'm a prisoner in Florida, and my hospital bed was in a prison ward. My friends were two hundred miles north in my "permanent camp," and there was no phone I could use to call my father.

The moments after my diagnosis gave me a peek at how Jesus must have felt when the burden of all our sins was placed on His shoulders on the cross. Alone, utterly by myself, I thanked my roommate but declined; I was too shocked and dumbstruck to interact with a stranger. I ate a little then rolled over and closed my eyes. That "c" word kept rolling around in my head; echoing, clanging, screaming. Colon cancer.

I prayed, like most believers – most people, believers or not – would do in such a situation. I wanted miraculous healing. I was confident enough in my Savior to trust, without a doubt, that God was capable of such a feat. I tried to reason with Him, "It'll be an amazing miracle! What glory You'll get when I tell everyone how You healed me!" But those prayers quickly transformed into just crawling up in His familiar lap and embracing Abba with every fiber of my being. If God needed to breathe, I believe I was hugging Him so tight right then He would have had a hard time doing it.

I found out that night (and the days that followed) that I wasn't alone. Far from it. God was right there: in little ways He made Himself known, in the civil, professional demeanor of the corrections officers assigned to the ward, in nurses who shared my faith, in my caring roommate – thirty years my junior but familiar with hospital procedures (he suffered from Crohn's

Disease). He was able to give me a blow-by-blow narrative of everything I would experience and a supernatural, unexplainable peace about dealing with cancer.

God chose to answer my prayer with, "No. That's not the way I'm going to handle this." A week after Thanksgiving I had surgery. The doctor at the prison told me beforehand that "You're going to lose half your colon and have a colostomy bag the rest of your life. Get used to it."

That scared me. But that's what I get for listening to human wisdom instead of God's voice. I didn't lose half my colon. I lost about two inches. I don't have a colostomy bag - and never did. They reconnected everything the day of the operation.

When I was returned to prison after surgery, the doomsday doctor declared, "Oh, you were lucky!" No ma'am, not lucky. Blessed. Undeservedly so. Unbelievably so. But oh, so blessed.

And that turned out to be only the beginning. My recovery from surgery was not very painful. (Well, except for the first day or so, at least.) But there were still the specter of the post-operative consultations to face. Had the cancer spread already? Was it particularly malevolent? Would I need follow-up care – chemotherapy or further surgery?

All these questions were right there at the forefront of my mind, but somehow God let me be at ease with them. "I'm with you, son," He was telling me, "through whatever you will encounter." I couldn't answer any of those questions myself, and worrying about them wouldn't change the reality

of what was to come. So I waited.

Meanwhile, I shared with people how God was answering my prayers. I told them how quickly I “bounced back,” how I was amazed that I was up and walking around just two or three days after the operation, hiking a mile and more around the recreation field’s track.

When the day of my consultations arrived, the anxiety returned. It burned in the pit of my stomach on the trip to the hospital. I felt fine, but I had shown no symptoms of cancer before my diagnosis, either. The surgery team was the first group to see me. “We feel we got it all,” they told me, “The biopsy showed it was localized.” I breathed a sigh and sent a quick prayer flare up, thanking Him for another blessing. “But,” they cautioned, “it’s up to the oncology department to interpret your blood and lymph node tests. It may show up there.” Oh boy...

I had to wait a few hours for the oncologists. The very first words from the lead oncologist made me smile: “Well, you had colon cancer... Did you catch what I heard? You had colon cancer.” There were no signs of cancer in my blood and “zero out of twelve lymph nodes” were involved. They pronounced me cancer-free and again judged me lucky. No, sir. Blessed. Oh, so blessed.

My prayer was answered, just not in the way I asked it. I see why, now. If I had been miraculously healed, there would always be a tiny little doubt in my mind that this was all just a misdiagnosis. I would have gone back to my permanent camp much quicker. I wouldn’t have had the opportunity to share with men at that prison what

God was doing with me – and was capable of doing with them. And I wouldn’t be looking at 2 Corinthians 12:7-10 the way I do now: Paul’s thorn in the flesh wouldn’t be so intimate to me. I have a scar about two inches long on my right side. Every day I’ll see it and be constantly reminded of my brush with death. And of God’s grace.

My prayers to Him during this adventure showed me so much. His way is always better than anything we can imagine on our own. Something that is even more life-changing, though, is realizing that sometimes just being in His presence, trusting in His Grace and loving embrace to comfort you like a father comforts his frightened child, is an awesome privilege each and every one of us as believers can – and should – enjoy.

Just don’t wait until you’re in a position like mine to figure that out. Embrace God right now, crawl up in His lap every chance you get. You may not get as many as you think.



Bruce Glover is a native Floridian to whom God has shown amazing grace. The freedom of Jesus given to him in the midst of being a prisoner is a gift he hopes others can share. A fifteen-year Christian, he is only now seeing the scope of God in his life – and it is exciting!

The Prayers Of Wilma Peters

A prayer for freedom from oppression - Father, I do not understand why at times oppression has walked with me. Your promise is it will "Be far from me" and so it is! A vow was made, a promise given, and I am delivered.

Let me understand spiritual warfare and be wiser in Christ's name. "Rejoice!"



A prayer for Churches everywhere - Lord the Church has lost her vision, restore. Close and open doors for your church. May we never know persecution in America as many of our Brothers and Sisters have, and may the churches turn back to thee, their first love, and may they harvest souls, Amen. "Rejoice!"



A prayer for those who cannot forgive - Lord, only by forgiving are we forgiven. Thank you for the power in releasing others from judgment. Thank you for forgiving me of sins you never remember so that I can forget them too. Bless all who hold grudges. Heal them and set them free. In Jesus's name and precious blood. "Rejoice!"



A prayer for the president and all in authority - I pray strong shoulders and hands, especially for the president and all leaders. Make them men and women of prayer, may they feel the Shepherd's hands. May they bless Israel, knowing her place in God's hand. Bless and keep them evermore.

Wilma Peters was a Breakthrough Intercessor for decades before passing away. She poured out her energy into prayer, until her dying breath. She transcribed some of her prayers and passed them down to Breakthrough Intercessor.

There Remains a Rest

By Sally Minich

For many years my sister and I had prayer time together first thing in the morning (and sometimes sleepily, I must admit). She had the Mary personality and I was a Martha. After her passing in 2002 I wanted to continue this prayer time. My goal was an hour in the morning. It didn't take too long for me to get fidgety.



I found a prayer plan to follow that divided the hour into 15 minute segments: Praise, Bible reading, Petitions, and Meditation. Being the Martha person that I was, the “tyranny of the urgent” would intrude and overwhelm me, so sometimes I would apologize for dashing off because I just had to get something done that couldn’t wait.

As I was reading in Hebrews, I focused on Hebrews 4:11 about laboring to enter His rest. I determined to labor to enter that rest, viewing it as entering into His presence.

Fast forwarding a few years, I retired in 2007. For over 20 years my work week consisted of working Friday nights and doubling back to afternoons on Saturday. My life remained busy even after retirement.

I became interested in the feasts of the LORD from a Messianic Jewish program my sister and I listened to on the radio. I learned how the feasts were “rehearsals” prophetically speaking. We can now see how Jesus was the Passover Lamb, sacrificed for our sin, fulfilling that feast. Some other feasts are yet to be fulfilled. In Hebrews 4 several verses got my attention: ... we which have believed enter into rest (4:3); ...God did rest the 7th day from all His works (4:4); ...if Jesus has given them rest, then would He not afterward have spoken of another day (4:8); ...For he that is entered into His rest, he also has ceased from his own works as God did from His.

After years of working, even in retirement, I still had the attitude “get ‘er done so I can rest”. I came to realize I’ll never “get ‘er done.” Always some other tasks pop up. It was helpful at that point to follow Jesus’s advice in

Matthew 6:4 to not worry about tomorrow – tomorrow can worry about its own problems. It seemed to me that the Sabbath rest, like the feasts, had a rehearsal aspect.

I noted that Jewish people prepare for the Sabbath by cleaning and doing routine preparations so the Sabbath would free them up to truly rest, kind of like laboring to enter that rest. For me, Friday after sundown to Saturday after sundown worked out well for me now that I was retired. At first I still was of the mindset that if I didn’t get something done on time, I still better take care of it. But I was learning the difference between letting those things go that could easily wait. I began to look forward to the day of rest, relaxing, reading - anything but the usual daily routine.

Here’s the counter-part. Just as I became more and more able to let go of “tyranny of the urgent” things on a day of rest, I began to see in my time alone with my Abba Father, that I could let go of usual worries and leave them in His hands, not just during a quiet time, but all day long (not perfectly-I’m still working on it). Not catering to my Martha-self one day a week has helped me with rest in spiritual concerns. It didn’t happen overnight, but I’m so glad to enter His rest.

Sally Minich is a retired 71 year old public safety dispatcher, jailer, and teacher. Her sister was a teacher for 15 years. They stayed together since the early 70’s. They were blessed to be involved with a women’s prayer group which continues today.





BY CHRISTINE HOWARD

STANDING IN THE GAP

This isn't wise, Les. Have you really considered the cost of leaving us here?" Pearl asked, clutching a toddler on her hip and eyeing their newborn. Les tossed more medical supplies into his worn, black bag with a sigh. His heart was already burdened enough without Pearl's concerns. "Dear, you've always known God's calling would require trust and, if needed, sacrifice. These people have never asked for me before. Do you honestly want me to stay and refuse to minister to them?"

Pearl had known Les's answer and agreed with him. But as a mother, she had to speak out. After all, her boys were in more danger without Les.

Les crawled into their surplus WWII jeep with his medical and personal gear and cried out to God that all would be well. During the past ten months over one hundred missionary families had been murdered by raiders in the Belgium Congo. Three days earlier an entire family in their organization had been beaten to death a mile away.

Les lumbered away as the battered jeep sputtered. Pearl drew her newborn closer as their toddler wrapped his pudgy arms around her leg. Now, every bush and tree looked like it harbored an enemy. Every noise taunted her as if it was evil preparing to attack. Pearl quickly herded her sons inside, knowing the stick structure could afford little protection.

Les had never felt so divided about his calling. As a medical student, God had dramatically called him to the mission field. Throughout his life he'd

*A true story about a pastor who served the Lord
as a medical missionary in various parts of the
African continent for forty years.*



seen God's hands as a shield descend at the exact moment he was in peril. He never had cause to doubt God's provision or power, until today as he waved good-bye to his family.

As night and torrential rains slowed his journey, agony came when his motor was silenced.

"Father, why now? I'm doing this for you!"

Les was a genius in medicine, but mechanically ignorant. Jabbing rain drove Les under the jeep, where he cried to the Father in moanings only the Holy Spirit could interpret. Throughout the long, dark, wet night Les was relegated to intercede for his family, trusting the Almighty to guard his wife and sons.

Once Pearl secured a window against the onslaught of water, terror burst through the door. Eight armed and angry men surrounded Pearl as one yanked little Charles off his pallet, waking the 2-year-old. The men

laughed until Charles said, "Leave 'lone. Jesus loves me." Stunned into silence, the men's faces changed from anger to fear. Slowly the group slunk out of the hut with their eyes daring from Pearl to Charles to Clayton.

Without a glance in their direction, Charles toddled to his pallet and fell

back asleep. Pearl softly wept at God's obvious protection, though she had no idea what had just happened. At sunrise, Les placed his hands on the jeep's hood and prayed. He reminded himself that at the end

of prayer, you take action. So, Les inserted the key and expected the motor to roar. It did.

As he arrived at the village, Les's heart pounded through his chest wall—the village was utterly deserted. Instinctively, he realized the rebels were raiding nearby homes, including his. With a fervor he didn't know he had, Les floored the engine and prayed

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during the long journey back for Pearl and his sons.

But as he reached the place where his jeep had died, a gathering of forty rebels stood. Les knew he'd never reach home alive. But as the men saw him, they carefully watched their leader as he knelt before Les.

"We've seen the power of your God. We want to know Him," the man said. With guarded movements, Les reached for his Bible and began to share the Gospel. In total amazement, he rejoiced at the salvation prayers he'd heard, but the plight of his family remained utmost in his mind and heart.

"Before I leave, tell me the power you saw?" Les asked.

"Twelve mighty men in white robes with gold belts and flaming swords as long as their bodies stood around you as you slept under the jeep. My men said in your hut your woman and sons had each one of these warriors in front of them. We've never seen such power."

Exhausted and unable to process what he had just heard, Les continued home.

"Les!" Pearl cried when she heard the trembling jeep motor outside the hut and leapt into his arms.

"Are you okay?" Les asked in disbelief.

"Yes, dear. We're all well." With that, the young family hugged and praised God.

Eleven years later, Les and Pearl were speaking in a sponsoring church in Chicago. At the end of the service an older man approached him to fill in the holes in Les's story of that night.

"Brother Les, when you began your trip, the Spirit woke me with a

conviction to pray for you. I gathered the men in my Bible study group in my garage at 3:40 a.m. and the fifteen of us prayed for you, Pearl, Charles, and Clayton for the next thirty hours. When we took naps, other men from church filled in, but we never stopped, though we had no idea what to say. We just asked the Holy Spirit to intercede. But there were always fifteen praying—like the fifteen covering you, Pearl, and the boys. I never thought I would represent a warrior angel with a flaming sword at my age."

Les laughed and then cried; he was again humbled at the mighty work the Father had wrought from the faithful prayers of fifteen brothers thousands of miles away.

Should you ever consider being a prayer partner for a missionary, you may never know, as these fifteen men did, just how crucial their faithful prayers would be. So, never commit to praying unless you're prepared to carry the whole weight of responsibility. Your intercession may be the very instrument God uses to send a warrior angel to guard the life of one of His children

Christine Howard *is blessed to share what God has done for her, whether in trials or triumphs. Her greatest joy is family! She has written 125 published works for women, teaches Bible classes, speaks at retreats, hosts teas and book clubs, and mentors women. She loves to travel and read.*



Feed My Sheep

By Laura L. Szatkowski



When we moved to Lawton, Oklahoma in 1980 it was the first time that I would not be working full-time, and I was wondering what I should do with my time. I decided to experiment with this thing called prayer. I had seen “religious” people pray and had seen answers to their prayers, so one Saturday soon after we arrived I decided to ask the Lord if there was something he would like for me to do and if so, to make it very clear that it was from Him. I told my husband my prayer, so I would have a witness.

The next day, Sunday, there was an article in the newspaper about the Meals on Wheels program. Meals on Wheels is a program that delivers meals to people at home who are unable to purchase or prepare their own meals. I decided to look into it after I got some of the boxes unpacked.

That week however, it seemed that everything I picked up had “Feed my Lambs, Feed my Sheep” printed on it. I showed each one to my husband. “Hmm,” he would say. One I especially remember was when we were at the grocery store, and I picked up a box of Kleenex and turned it over to look at the price. Sure enough, on the bottom

of the box next to the price was “Feed my Lambs, Feed my sheep.”

On Sunday we went to church and as we were sitting there our Deacon came up to the podium, shuffled some papers, then looked out at the congregation and said, “The theme for today’s Mass is Feed My Lambs, Feed my Sheep.” I have never, before or since, had the theme of the day’s Mass spoken out like that. My husband leaned forward in the pew, looking like he was going to have a panic attack. Then he leaned over to me and said: “Either you do what the Lord’s telling you to do or I’m moving out! The next thing that’s going to happen is a lightning strike, and I’m afraid I’ll be next to you!”

The next morning I contacted the Meals on Wheels program and shortly thereafter began my deliveries.

Laura L. Szatkowski *writes about her extraordinary experiences with the Lord, including two miraculous healings. She became a Catholic at a young age and her son, David, is a Catholic priest.*





No Coincidences

By Erin Kaschub

At the end of a long day, I sat next to my bed to stretch. While bending forward, I happened to place my fingers between the mattresses to help pull me further into the stretch. I had tried this move before, but what happened next took me by surprise.

There, in between the two mattresses, was a piece of paper. “What is this?” My brain pondered the possibilities as I tried to dig out the wedged paper.

As I fished around for the paper, chills ran up my spine and down my arms. The paper reminded me of a friend from long ago, who I had not seen in years. I immediately recalled the long conversation I had earlier that very day with my friend. My long-lost friend connected with me on social media that exact day and we began talking about the years we were raising children. When my friend initially connected with me, all I could say was, “Wow! How are you?”

She filled me in on some of the ups and downs of her life that came after raising her child. Her current situation brought tears to my eyes, propelling me to pray for her the entire day. As I prayed for her, I remembered the days when we had shared our prayer lives and talked about how we were effectively praying, rather than worrying. I remembered us discussing prayer walking around our yards, praying over the rooms in our homes, and anointing our homes with oil.

As I was reminiscing, there was one prayer method from the old days that completely slipped my mind. Since it was such a pivotal area of prayer for me, I was shocked that I had forgotten

it entirely. It was not until I stretched beside my bed that night that I remembered such a vital part of my prayer life from way back.

Many years ago, this particular friend told me she wanted to build a prayer wall. She wanted actual stones in her yard that she could slip pieces of paper in between. My friend dreamed of being able to write out her prayers then slide them in between rocks, in her garden. I liked her idea but didn’t want to gather rocks and build a wall at that time.

I felt as though God spoke to me about writing out individual prayers, but He gave me a different format. Each night, after I tucked a small child into bed, I would go into my bedroom and write out prayers for her. A couple of hours later, when I was assured she was sound asleep, I would kneel beside her bed. With the prayer in hand, I would quietly whisper the words over her. Then, I would tuck the tiny paper in between her two mattresses and return to my bedroom to go to sleep.

Several years ago, her bed was replaced with a new one. I doubt my husband noticed the scraps of paper when he took the mattresses and bed to donate. It was such a whirlwind day as old furniture went out the door and new bedroom furnishings came in. She received all new bedding and furniture in the matter of a few hours.

It did not dawn on me to retrieve the prayers before everything was whisked away. The blur of that memory is like one big hurricane-out with the little girl room décor and in with the teenage furnishings and accessories.

The slips of paper containing the prayers were probably swept into a trash can during the flurry of activity. I imagine the papers said things such as, “Dear Lord, keep her healthy.” Others might have included: “Father, help her learn to read,” “Lord, take away these fears so she can sleep without lights on at night,” “Jesus, please help her make good friends,” “Dear God, give her good memories at camp this year,” or “Lord, help her to have good teachers.”

The paper that I found between my own mattresses ended up being nothing more than care instructions for bedding. However, I know God allowed me to feel it so I would remember something long-forgotten.

Was it a coincidence that my friend from the past reconnected with me on the very same day I found a slip of paper between my own mattresses? I doubt it. I have often said, “There are no coincidences, only Spirit-led-incidences.”

This story would be hair-raising enough if God chose to end it there. However, He took things one step further, just to prove how amazing He is.

Two days after connecting with my friend, something even more spectacular happened. We were moving boxes from the attic to the living room. As I was sorting through items to donate, I noticed a charred yellow piece of trash on the floor. I grabbed the trash to take it to the garbage but received a

prodding on the way to the trash can: “Turn it over.”

Initially I did not listen to the inner prodding. I reasoned that the scrap of paper was an old packing label or something else that was equally worthless. When I reached the garbage, I finally obeyed and took a quick glance. There, next to my kitchen trashcan, I saw God in action again. As I unfolded something I thought was valueless, I discovered a treasure.

“Dear Lord...” the slip of paper read. It was no bigger than my palm, yet it contained several scriptures I had written in prayer form. The old yellow sheet was another reminder of my prayer life in the early days of child-rearing.

In the span of 48 hours God had given me three clues to my old prayer life. In a crescendo that led to the grand finale God: 1) prompted an old prayer buddy to contact me 2) reminded me about where I used to pray 3) dropped one of the forgotten prayers at my feet. It cannot be mere coincidence that the Father would save one scrap of paper that was long forgotten. The Lord knew that one day I would want to be reminded of those prayers. Not only did He save one from the trash, but He gave it back to me in quite a remarkable way.

Erin Kaschub *has been an intercessor for almost two decades. After working professionally with caregivers for almost that long, she has now developed a blog dedicated to all parents and caregivers.*



A man with short brown hair, wearing a red and white plaid shirt and blue jeans, is standing in a grassy field. He has his hands clasped in prayer and his head bowed. The background is a soft-focus view of trees and foliage, bathed in the warm, golden light of late afternoon or early morning.

Dear Lord, Help Me Pray

By Janice Erickson

Dear Lord help me to pray today
Give me guidance and wisdom everyday
Let me feel your love impart
Joy and love to every troubled heart.

Dear Lord help me to pray today,
Give me feelings of worth and gratitude,
I pray
Dispel any anger, frustration and guilt today
Replace them with joy, mercy and praise

Dear Lord, help me to pray today,
May I be reminded of my salvation, I pray
Help me remember your perfect timing,
today
Let me be filled with love and consecration.

Oh Lord, help me to pray today,
Help me dispel all sin and mirth
Above all, help me remember your birth
Lord of hosts, heavenly father, my redeemer.

Amen

Begin Again

By Roy Borges

It's too late. You're too old. Don't waste your time. You can't change who you are.

These thoughts are lies from Satan who wants to destroy my life, according to John 10:10. But God tells me that he hasn't given up on me. He's not surprised when I fail, and He isn't mad. God's grace not only completely forgives; it tells me I can begin again.

Throughout the Bible we see people who God told to begin again. For example, Moses was called to lead a nation; Rahab, a prostitute, was given a noble lineage in Christ; David, shepherd boy, was anointed King of Israel; Ruth was given an unimaginable life; Peter was forgiven and inspired to preach – three thousand became believers; and Paul was transformed and writes much of the New Testament.

Time and time again, God tells His people it's never too late to begin again! Today is new. My sister says, "It's called the present because it is a present—a gift from God." Be thankful for it and praise Him for it. You can always find something to praise God for and get on the road to victory. Let God take over what you let into your mind. Each day is new and different.

The key to getting past your past is to keep pressing on. You can't move forward if you are stuck in reverse. If you want to experience new vic-

tures in God, you have to let go of the past. Hebrews 8:12 says that God remembers your sins no more. So stop remembering what God has forgotten.

We all make mistakes. They are part of life. They make us grow. Wisdom is learning from your mistakes and moving on, even if you've repeatedly made the same mistake over and over again. God's mercy is available and you can learn from yesterday's mistakes. How you respond to those mistakes is important in determining how to begin again. Don't dwell on all the wrong you have done. Your mistakes don't define you; God's word does. God can use your mistakes to prepare you for an amazing future.

When you are a new person in Christ you are "a new creation: Old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new" (2 Corinthians. 5:17). Your past is gone and it cannot hold you back, so don't focus on it. Don't allow the enemy to bring condemnation into your life. When you sin, take it to God and receive His forgiveness. Remember Romans 8:1 says, "Therefore, there is now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus."

I heard a good saying that defines



insanity as doing the same thing over and over again expecting a different result. Resist the temptation with the power of the Holy Spirit. Learn from yesterday's mistakes and move on. Renew your mind and meditate on these things: whatever things are true, noble, right, just, pure, lovely, of good report, virtuous, and praiseworthy (Phil. 4:8).

I have been in prison for twenty-eight consecutive years. Often I think, "It's too late for me to do this or that." But I know with God all things are possible. With God it's never too late to do anything. There is nothing He cannot do through us and for us. God knows I want to get out of prison. I have family and friends out there that I want to be with, but I know God may do something so great I never even thought to dream it. His perfect plan will happen in His perfect timing.

Martha and Mary waited for Jesus to come to heal Lazarus, but Lazarus died. Their distress, however, was only momentary and then they saw a preview of Jesus's power over the grave.

God wants us to trust Him. No

matter what we are waiting for, God is going to bring His perfect plan together. The omniscient Creator is in control.

Begin again is an attitude that is expecting to see God do something incredible in your life. It's a facet of faith. "For without faith, it is impossible to please God" (Hebrews 11:6). Expect His divine help rather than trouble. Expect Him to change you. It's not too late

to begin again. It's never too late to change, to hope, to dream, to learn, to forgive, or to inspire.

Dare to believe that God has a great future in store for you. If God could do it for Moses, Rahab, David, Ruth, Peter, and Paul, He can do it for you. Trust in God's timing - it's never too late to begin again.

*With God it's never
too late to do anything.
There is nothing He
cannot do through
us and for us.*

Roy Borges's stories have appeared in many Christian publications. He won AMY Foundation awards in 1998, 2002, and 2003. Roy's book *"Faith and Love Behind Prison Fences"* was published in 2002.



How can *Breakthrough* maintain a network of nearly 4,000 intercessors who pray faithfully and individually for each request they receive?

Only through *your* partnership.

Gifts of Stock

Maximize tax-deductible contributions by making a charitable stock donation with an account you have owned for at least one year. You won't pay capital gains tax and will receive an income tax deduction for the asset's full fair market value.

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Consider leaving Breakthrough a gift in your will to ensure that our ministry can continue calling, equipping, and encouraging people in the work of faithful intercession. **Include the following wording:** "I give, devise, and bequeath to Breakthrough, Inc., tax identification number 23-7423474, P.O. Box 121, Lincoln, Virginia 20160 (insert amount, percentage, or nature of gift, or remainder of estate) to be used for its ministry purposes."

Has God taught you about prayer?

Has He answered prayer and you want to share it?


Do you write prayer poetry?

The Intercessor's editors welcome submissions!

Some Guidelines:

- Articles 500 to 1,000 words. Poems, 12 lines minimum
- Topic must focus on prayer: an experience or teaching supported in Scripture
- Authors give Breakthrough permission to edit material for length and content

Email: editor@intercessors.org Mail: Breakthrough Editor, P.O. Box 121, Lincoln, VA 20160

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a red dress, is shown in profile from the waist up. She has her hands clasped in prayer and is looking upwards. The background is a soft-focus field of tall grass and trees under a bright sky.

“...And the Fields Yield No Food...”

By Carolyn A. Boston

Same magazine, brand new format!

The Breakthrough Intercessor is now publishing online!

For online-exclusive content and ministry updates,

“Like” Breakthrough Intercessors on Facebook!

It had been a very lean year for me financially. A layoff from my job caused me to be out of work for almost a year. It was Thanksgiving eve and my refrigerator was empty. I had no idea when I would ever have a meal again.

I went into the living room, sat on the couch, and opened my Bible. I turned to my favorite scripture, Habakkuk 3:17-19, and cried out to the Lord from the depths of my heart. "Lord," I said, "food does not matter. Money does not matter. Nothing matters but my love for you. I feel just like these scriptures in Habakkuk." I thanked Him for showing me His miracles and love during times of sickness, crisis, trouble, distress, and trauma. I heard myself saying in the middle of my anguish, "No matter what, Lord, I will still praise you!" My tears flowed like a waterfall.

I had just ended my prayer when the doorbell rang. It was very late in the evening. I looked out the front window. Parked outside my door was a very large van with the logo of a local radio station written on it. Two people were standing at my front door. When I responded, they ask me to confirm my name. They announced that they were radio personalities at a well-known station in the city. I opened the door. What I saw astonished me.

They held in their hands two huge Thanksgiving baskets with turkeys, followed by bags and boxes of food. A steady stream of groceries kept pour-

ing through the front door. The radio representatives told me that some of my friends had entered my name in a contest to receive Thanksgiving baskets and food to make a complete Thanksgiving meal. They wished me a happy Thanksgiving and departed. My living room was overflowing with boxes and bags of groceries. Overwhelmed, I fell to my knees crying, thanking, and praising God.

The Lord had provided such an abundance of food that I was able to bless my neighbors with the overflow.

I will never forget that night. Every

time I think about the incredible miracle God performed that Thanksgiving eve, my eyes well up with tears because I know God loves me and will never abandon me at any time in my life.

"Yet, I will rejoice in the Lord, I will exult in the [victorious] God of my salvation!" (Habakkuk 3:18)

Carolyn Boston is a Pennsylvanian retiree that has dedicated her latter years to writing about the glorious miracles God has performed in her life. She has been involved in intercessory prayer for more than 25 years and has been a Breakthrough Intercessor for over 10 years.



Homemade Bread

by Catherine Marshall





I am troubled about a quality of blandness in our nation today, a lack of creativity.

It is apparent in our leaders. Most gear their lives to television ratings, are afraid to take stands on issues. Movies and stage plays focus on sex and violence, with little originality. Sex so dominates advertising and the arts that it has become commonplace, almost boring.

Jesus lashed out at the spiritless quality in the people of His time:

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth (Revelation 3:15-16).

One of our new neighbors is no longer trapped in a bland way of life. Yet for the first twelve years of her marriage, Cynthia felt she was losing her identity in an endless procession of social events and chauffeuring of children. During one cocktail party, Cynthia decided to limit herself to ginger ale and made some discoveries - not especially pleasant: "I saw our crowd through new eyes," she told me. "No one was really saying any-

thing. Most sentences were never even finished. There was a lot of laughter over - well, nothing at all. All at once I began to ask questions about what we call 'the good life.'

"What was so good about it?"

"But," she continued, "what was I to do?" If my husband and I ducked those invitations, we'd be thought snobbish and eventually dropped. But if we went, we would have to drink; otherwise, how could we stand the emptiness?"

In a search for answers, Cynthia set aside an hour each day for meditation. As she did this over a period of weeks, there came to her the realization that she was being met in this quiet hour, at her point of need, by something more than her own thoughts and her own psych, by Someone who loved her and who insisted that His love must be passed on to her family and her friends. Cynthia began to bake bread regularly, finding this ancient female ritual deeply satisfying. "You can't imagine how many enemies I slay and repressions I get rid of as I knead that





bread,” she says.

Instead of letting the children dash away from the dinner table for television, the evening meal has become a time for family sharing. Family Game Night once a week has become a creative substitute for television.

A new strength developed in Cynthia in regard to her children. I have heard her tell her astonished eleven-year-old that he is going to walk to Little League one way each practice day, and calmly state to her nine-year-old daughter that she certainly is not going to buy her any “training” bras.

“I’ve discovered that the real love for our children has to go beyond catering to their every whim - or we turn them into tyrannical little princesses and princes,” Cynthia said. “They, too, have to find their own inner resources. And how can they, if I do for them the things that they could do for themselves?”

Recognizing that some of her friends were as bored as she with the typical cocktail party, she began experimenting with some new types of entertaining. One evening after a buffet supper, a hand-picked group listened spellbound to a play on the radio, “The Murder Trial of William

Palmer Surgeon.” Cynthia had supplied each guest with a paperback copy of the play to follow as they listened. The evening was a big hit, especially with the men.


“I realized one day that my church had little more meaning for me than did our country club,” Cynthia said. “I called our pastor and asked if there was a Bible study.”

That’s what brought Cynthia and her husband to our house, where eight couples were already meeting twice a month to find ways to relate the Bible to some everyday problems we were all facing. Out of this experience have come a new level of shared concerns for us all and the exciting discovery of answers sought out together.

As I ponder Cynthia’s story, I’ve concluded that we don’t have to settle for blandness in life; God, who is the Author of creativity, is ready to make a dull life adventuresome the moment we allow his Holy Spirit to go to work inside us.

Catherine Marshall (1914-1983) *was a bestselling author and founder of Breakthrough, Inc. Article used with permission from A Closer Walk.*



A background image of purple flowers, likely lavender, with a soft focus. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, with some showing distinct petals and stamens. The overall tone is a deep, vibrant purple.

Answers to Prayer

AN OPPORTUNITY PROVIDED

Rose, an international student, was told by her professor that she could not complete her dissertation because he claimed that she needed to return to her country and register for another year of school.

Rose battled with the decision, but a department at her school insisted that she could not do the dissertation. Rose knew that her intercessor would pray for her on the 8th of December. On the 12th of December she received an urgent message that she could do the dissertation as a group assignment. She thanks Jesus for this opportunity.

FINANCIAL BREAKTHROUGH

Teri praises God for miraculous provision. The day after intercessors began praying, she received a \$5,000 gift check to help her pay off her debts. She is thankful for the prayers and God's provision!

WALKING MIRACLE

Doctors predicted that two-month-old old Jared would be blind and unable to walk. After years of intercession, 18 year old Jared can walk and attends a school for Special Ed students. He joyfully praises the Lord!



HEALED COMPANION

Shelley's beagle, Jack, injured his spine and was dragging his back legs and not able to stand up. The veterinarian informed her that this would probably develop into a worse paralysis. Not long after Shelley requested prayer for Jack's recovery, he began to use all four legs again and is now walking like a normal beagle should!

PEACE INSTILLED

Nancy praises God for the prayers she received through Intercessors. Her husband is no longer fighting depression and feels at peace!

LIFE RESTORED

Four years ago, Karen could not even recognize her son because he was so lost to drug addiction. She requested prayer from Breakthrough, and her son began to turn from the opiates. Today, he works a job at a national heavy equipment company that demands clear headed thinking and decision making. Praise God!

JOYOUS REUNION

William thanks God for providing the means for his son to meet his grandmother for the first time after thirty years!

continued on next page

A WALK OF FAITH

A chiropractor diagnosed Helen with serious back and knee problems that would require indefinite treatment. On her fourth visit, after many prayers, the doctor was astounded with her progress. Helen's freedom of mobility has allowed her to walk a total of 192 miles in under a year with her husband!

HEART OF PRAISE

John successfully received a kidney from his wife, Phyllis. It was almost a perfect match. He is a talented pianist by God's gifting, and now he lives to praise him.

A SCHOLARSHIP PROVIDED

Esther was working four teaching jobs while studying for her PhD. Her parents could not afford the cost of a PhD, so they lifted her up in prayer to God, and He provided the means for her to pay.

SEASON OF RENEWAL

Ruth is thankful for several changes in her life. She has been able to listen to tapes on de-cluttering and is getting more intentional about giving away items or organizing. She feels better and has also begun writing for the Lord again. Her daughter is also overcoming her health issues!

Answers to Prayer are edited for publication.

BREAKING BONDS

Metta's mentally ill son decided to sever all ties with his local mental health facility and stop taking drugs prescribed by that facility. Even though most people gradually wean themselves off drugs, Metta felt a peace about this and asked for prayer. Her son feels better than ever, and is reporting that he has not felt this good in decades!

GIFTS

A gift from Judy Koepsell in honor of
Sharon Broaddus

A gift from Margaret Page in honor of
Dorothy Dunn

A gift from Nevin & Gail Huber in honor of
Edwin Keller

A gift from Martha Bruton in honor of
Hunter Cooper

We welcome gifts in honor of loved ones.

A PROVISIONAL JOB

After a 33 month search, God provided Elizabeth with a good job to make ends meet that comes with an exciting retirement income. The job is close to her home and gives her opportunities to witness to co-workers and customers.

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