

The Breakthrough  
**INTERCESSOR**

Winter 2017

# *He is With Us*



**F**or unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son  
is given: and the government shall be upon  
his shoulder: and His name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty  
God, The everlasting Father, The  
Prince of Peace.

## **The Magazine About Prayer**

Read the touching story about one inmate  
who did not know if his mother had passed  
away | p. 24

Hurricanes, earthquakes, food shortages...  
Read about how one woman grapples with  
tragedy in this world | p. 22

# Inner Court

This place is holy  
Because You are here.  
You see how vile I am.  
Yet here is where  
You take  
All that I am,  
All that I am not,  
And in exchange,  
You give me Yourself.  
Here Omnipotence  
And utter weakness  
Intersect.  
You meet me here  
In this Most Holy Place.

by Teresa Burleson



*Rejoice always, pray continually, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is God's will for you in Christ Jesus.*

*I Thessalonians 5:16-18*



#### ABOUT BREAKTHROUGH

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**Managing Editor** Claudette Ammons  
**Editor & Designer** Megan McEwen  
**Assisted by** Anna Soltis  
**Editorial** Jami Dittmeier  
**Committee** Suzanne Martin

#### Contact

**Office Address** P.O. Box 121  
Lincoln, VA 20160  
**Phone** (540) 338-5522  
**Prayer fax line** (540) 338-1934  
**Email** breakthrough@  
intercessors.org



**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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# Our Mission

**B**reakthrough 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.





# Pearl of Great Price

I was asked by someone recently, “What kind of personal character should I pursue as a future spouse?” She expected to be engaged soon and earnestly desired to prepare herself for her future husband. As I pondered how to respond, I sensed our loving Heavenly Father brush my heart with the inspiration that her question should be on the lips of us all!

Her initial comments went towards questions like, “Should I begin reading up on world events so I can be a good conversationalist with my husband-to-be?” In responding to her I said, “I think the best place to start is not looking at your outward interests, but at your inward qualities. What makes you a jewel before God? Consider, how does your heart plan to love unconditionally?”

In Matthew 13:45-46, we have the parable that Jesus told of the Pearl of Great Price! The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls. When he had found one Pearl of Great Price, he went and sold all that he had and bought it. There are two ways to look at this Pearl of Great Price: We could see Jesus as the pearl and know that we are to sell all we have (our life’s substance, all we are, and all we have) to obtain Him. We could also see ourselves as that Pearl of Great Price, a different way to look at it. Jesus gave all He had, even the sacrifice of His life, to purchase us!

If we consider the second perspective for a moment, with us being the pearl, what is it that makes us have value to this merchant? For a bride, I believe it is a heart that chooses to safely trust in her husband, to encourage him at all times, to pray for him, to provide a godly household for him, and, most importantly, to possess a heart that continually chooses to put God first in her life. A groom with discernment will sell all he has to obtain a woman with these qualities.

Whether you are preparing yourself for a natural spouse here, on Earth, or for your marriage to your Savior in Heaven, keep your focus on Jesus and desire your heart to be ever sparkling before Him. 1 Peter 3:4 says, “But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price!”



*Brian K. Wells*

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*



# Irony & Idols

By Erin Kaschub

Sometimes we hard-headed humans need a dramatic event to occur before we allow God to be in His rightful position. The toilet episode of 2016 was quite a dramatic way for me to be reminded to always put God first.

A couple of days before Christmas, my house was spotless, and I was walking around like a proud peacock. The gifts were wrapped, the food was prepared, and my pristine house was perfect. A few hours into the peaceful morning, while I washing dishes, I heard a sound that set the stage for what was to come.

Without any prior notice, our downstairs toilet overflowed into the

hallway, then the dining room and living room. The problem was not caused by a person; rather it was the result of nature. Tree roots had inched their way up the outgoing pipes. Thus, the water from my washing machine had no place to go. As a result, the outgoing water overflowed from the downstairs toilet. This, in turn, caused us to be unable to shower, do laundry, or run any water at all.



The plumbing problem must have affected my dog because she experienced a massive plumbing problem herself after that. I am unsure which was more repulsive: the smell from the downstairs plumbing problem or the smell from the dog's problem.

With my husband at work and the rest of the house asleep, I quickly sent up a two-word prayer, "Lord, help." It was only a couple of days before Christmas, and I just knew we would not be able to find a repairman on such a short notice.

God was good to provide me with an amazing plumber who came by immediately to fix our downstairs pipes. God also provided us with a vet who worked us into their schedule on their last business day before Christmas. These were two of the most kind-hearted Christmas presents I experienced! People generously and lovingly worked us into their rushed holiday schedules so we would not have to leave our home during Christmas.

After praying and asking God why so much was happening a day before we were scheduled to have company, He answered me: "You made an idol out of cleaning this house, and you neglected to do what I asked you to do."

Immediately, I understood what God was telling me. I spent the whole day before the toilet explosion and subsequent doggy explosion cleaning. Instead of immersing myself in God's Word and preparing my heart for His celebration, I had been preoccupied with preparing for people.

Because I put humans ahead of God, I had lost an opportunity to spend time with Him, and I was left

with an even bigger mess to clean up than if I had just postponed my agenda. The lost opportunity to spend quality time with God, thanking Him for the gift of His Son, reminded me of something I heard a minister say. The minister said that he has times when he does not want to tithe his money; but, when he does not tithe his money, a car or something else breaks and takes the money away from him anyway. The minister learned to give God ten percent at the beginning of his check and God would take care of the rest.

Time can be viewed the same way. Over the years, I have learned that if I put God first, He allows everything else to fall into place. However, when I put Him on the back burner, or neglect Him altogether, the day can fall apart.

There is an old saying that 90% with God is far more than 10% without God. We can think of tithing our money as keeping 90%, but we can also think about our time the same way. When we skimp on our time with God, something else is likely to come along and use up that time. I would much rather allow God determine the flow of my day rather than me leaving God out altogether. He can do so much more with my time when I put Him first.



**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 woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a red short-sleeved dress, is crouching on a large, flat rock by a stream. She is looking down at her right hand, which is submerged in the water, creating a splash. Her left hand rests on the rock. She is wearing a black beaded bracelet on her right wrist. The background is a lush, green, out-of-focus forest. The text "Do I Really Want to Get Well?" is overlaid on the left side of the image in a white serif font, with each word on a separate dark rectangular background.

# Do I Really Want to Get Well?

By Catherine Marshall

My heart is heavy this morning as I think of Rosalind. She is almost bedridden now with asthma. We went to pray for her healing yesterday, but she was more interested in talking about her ailments than in receiving Christ's love and power. How tragic!

This morning I turned again to the Gospel of John for the story of the man at the Pool of Bethesda who had been ill for thirty-eight years. As I read, I pretended I was there in Jerusalem myself, watching in the shadow of one of those great arched colonnades around the long pool. I could shut my eyes and see the scene as if it were happening today.

The man in this account is a chronic invalid, probably in his fifties or sixties. The stone floor around the large pool is crowded with the pallets of the crippled and the blind. But, this man has been there longer than any. He is now the old-timer; his illness has virtually become his career and status symbol.

Now Jesus appears, threading His way through the porticos. He looks into the eyes of the sick man: "Do you want to become well?" (John 5:6, AMP) It seems a ridiculous question on the surface. Wouldn't anyone want to be healed of a physical handicap? But, surprisingly, the invalid begins to stammer excuses.

"Sir," he replies to Jesus, "it's just that I haven't anybody to put me into the pool when the angel of healing is present. While I'm trying to get there, somebody else always gets into the water first."

As I read these words I knew that this sick man's problem was Rosalind's

problem, too. He thought he wanted healing, but even to his own ears his rationalizations must sound hollow.

Yet those amazing eyes boring into his hold no contempt. Rather, Jesus issues a loving directive in a voice that rings with authority. "Pick up your bed and walk."

This is the moment of truth. I could picture the emotions moving across the pinched features: surprise, consternation, doubt, awareness, hope, then resolution. The man scrambles to his feet and picks up his bedroll, a well man.

How much this story says to me every time I read it – and can say to anyone who finds his fervent petitions unanswered. The principle here is: true prayer is dominant desire. If the person is divided in his real yearnings, he will experience emptiness and frustration.

I still remember vividly the three years in the 1940s when I myself was bedridden. Little by little I had come to enjoy my quiet life. I thought that I yearned for healing, but in fact I was not ready to shoulder the full responsibilities of vigorous health.

Only when I asked the Lord to mend my inner confusion was I able to go all-out in prayer. The healing of my physical disability followed. Since that experience, I have been able to perceive this divided self as a major

stumbling block to many people. I think of my friend in Washington, Jessie, who had been praying long and hard for her husband to be healed of alcoholism. Jessie was spiritually minded, her husband worldly and cynical. He was contemptuous of his wife's frequent trips to retreats and church meetings.

Several of us met regularly to pray with Jessie that her husband would encounter the living Christ for himself. Thanks to a group of vital Christian men, this came about, gloriously. John became a recovered alcoholic and a changed man.

The surprise was Jessie's reaction. Her criticism of John continued unabated. For the first time, we, her friends, suspected the divided will in Jessie. Our suspicions were confirmed one night when one of the women suggested that Jessie thank God for so great an answer to our prayers for John.

Jessie could not do it. The words would not come. Then we understood. For years Jessie's prayers for John had gone unanswered because she had enjoyed standing above John on her pedestal marked "spiritual." Admired by friends for her suffering and patience with an alcoholic husband, she came to enjoy her martyr role. Therefore, the unsuspected desire of her deepest being had canceled out the prayer of her lips for John's conversion. Only when she was able to see this divided self and surrender it to God was she able to work out a better relationship with her husband.

It is so clear to me this morning. The divided self can defeat us in every area. Like finding the right job. When

we hear the job-seeker insist on a string of specific conditions regarding salary, hours, pension, and geographic location – we will often find a cleavage in his aspirations.

Fortunately, there is something we can do about the contradiction inside us.

First, we can present our long-standing, unanswered prayer to God for analysis. If there is any division of will deep inside, He will put his finger on it. This will hurt. We will be shocked-even as the man at the pool was, even as Jessie was.

Second, we can acknowledge this inner inconsistency and present it, without cringing or making excuses, to God for healing, asking Him to bring our conscious and subconscious minds into harmony. At this point he will almost always issue us a directive as Jesus did the man at the poolside. He asks that we prove our wholeheartedness by obedience. The moment that we rise to obey Him, we discover a great fact: that the word of God and the work of God are one. His words are life – with power to restore the atrophied will, to quicken pallid desire, to resurrect us from the grave clothes of a half-dead existence.

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





# MANHOOD • *MANIFESTED*

By Craig D. Lounsborough

Walking through the poverty of the Great Depression and the titanic struggles of a Second World War, my father knew fear, but he refused to court cowardice. He stood by his word, his handshake was his bond, and he functioned with integrity even during those innumerable moments when no one was watching. He was unflinchingly committed to his wife, and willing to die for his children. That was my Dad.

Yet, the most stunning and indescribably humbling example of his manhood happened in the waning sunset years of his life. At eighty-four years of age, his wife of fifty years was passing away. Mom lay in a hospice after a month-long struggle that precariously placed her on the precipice of death.

Who we truly are is manifest in

times of greatest pain and deepest crisis. For my Dad, this was that moment. True to the character that had always defined him, his manhood manifested itself yet again at that terribly painful and indescribably heart wrenching moment. In his actions as he stood beside my mother's deathbed, I saw what God has called all men to be.

The call had come in the night. Mom was passing. Her heartbeat had softened and her breathing drifted ever shallower. The final goodbye was racing toward us, framed and counted not in days or even hours, but in mere minutes. Minutes remain the same length whether they are held against the span of years or minutes themselves. Yet, when minutes are held against themselves, they seem so terribly brief.

The picture of Mom's passing

## “May we reclaim true manhood.”

was painted by a nurse who found something special in this moment. She had witnessed the passing of thousands, yet this turn of life unexpectedly pulled her heart and moved her to tears. In her own emotion, she drew us aside and etched with deep words those last moments, handing us in those few seconds a picture most remarkable.

Peering into the room during those last minutes, she saw Dad’s hand laid on Mom’s chest; wanting desperately to feel the last few beats, hoping to carry away with him something of the last of her life to add to the bounty of what had been lived with her. There was desperation borne of a heartfelt passion to grab even the slightest final thread to add one more facet to the massive tapestry woven over their fifty years together. The nurse said that his eyes never left her . . . not for the briefest moment. He gently kissed her on the forehead and prayed for her over and over, loving her out of this life and into the next, sending with her the unmistakable message of his love and undying devotion. Trembling hands pressed upon hers, he loved her and prayed her into the Kingdom.

He did nothing out of greed or loss. There was no anger, no attention to the angst that ground his heart to parched powder. There was only the love of a simple man who escorted his wife into eternity in the finest, most unselfish manner that one can conceive; he obediently handed her off to a God who was calling her home while temporarily leaving Dad here.

He was graceful, selfless, and undying in his commitment to her. And in this grandest of all moments, I saw

in my father the majesty of something eternal wrapped in the wonder of all that the human spirit is capable of. In him, I saw what the combination of a man surrendered to God could be and could do.

May we reclaim true manhood. Not as a means of exerting control over another. Not out of some sense of arrogance or false superiority. Not to take license on our own behalf at the expense of others. Not to bully others under the guise of leadership, nor ignore the feelings of others believing that we know what’s best for them. None of these have anything to do with genuine manhood.

But, may we always own up to our mistakes and always strive to learn from them. May we know fear, but may we always refuse to court cowardice. May we stand by our word, may our handshake be our bond, and may we function with integrity even during those innumerable moments when no one is watching. May we be true to our word, unflinchingly committed to our wives, and willing to die for our children. And may we be able to escort others to wherever God is calling them to go, even if the cost to us in doing so is unfathomable. May we wrap all of these in the immense power of prayer and, in doing so, recapture the true meaning of manhood.



**Craig D. Lounsborough** *has over 28 years of counseling and coaching experience and over 10 years of experience in pastoral ministry.*

# *Touched by God's Hand*

By Lucy Adams

**I**t all began with the awesome cover of *The Breakthrough Intercessor* from Spring 2017.

The hands pictured on the cover are beautiful. I took my copy right away to the bedside of my dear friend, Helen. She had told me a beautiful story that had given her strength after the death of her husband: As she lay on their bed, crying, she lifted her right hand and propped it on top of a lamp on the bedside table. Right away it was touched by God's hand, she believed, because no one was in the room. She was comforted by the "blessed assurance" of His presence.

The front cover picture reminded me of that beautiful story from my dear friend who had told me of her experience months before her illness. She was too ill at this time to respond, and she moved into Heaven in a few days.


With my list of prayer requests from Breakthrough to pray for the twenty-one days, I decided to make notes for each person. I placed them in my left hand each morning when I had devotions, and I asked God's right hand to cover my five people as I covered each one in my prayer. It has been a blessing to have this experience. Psalm 91:2 is a perfect scripture for this: "I will say to the Lord, 'My refuge, and my fortress, my God, in whom I trust.'" (ESV)

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**Lucy Adams** had a born-again experience in 1967 through the writings of Catherine Marshall. She began to write about God's glory and has written hymn stories for years. Her book can be seen at her website, [52hymns.com](http://52hymns.com). Her husband is a pastor and they have four children, 14 grandchildren and five greats. They live at a retirement village in Tennessee.







# Time is Love

By Phillip Bailey

Our lives are often consumed in daily routines that keep us constantly busy. The days, months, and years relentlessly march on as we look back and wonder where it all went. Many of us have friends and families, co-workers and church groups that keep us fully occupied. It seems that everyone close to us is vying for our time, and unfortunately, as life goes on we have less and less of it to give.

When someone from our inner circle is struggling in their faith, having family problems, fighting temptations, or dealing with grief, we have no problem showing our love and support by taking the time to reach out and help. We do this in many ways: engaging in Bible study together or sharing a prayer. More often than not, the small

simple things in life end up meaning the most to the people around us.

But I wondered: how many of our good works bear fruit outside the small circles that encompass our lives? Do we spend any of our time reaching out to those who are truly unapproachable? This week, I couldn't help but think of all the people who are rejected in our society. My thoughts were with the outcasts and ones a lot of us either don't or would rather not notice.

As I took to prayer, I asked the Lord to reveal His teaching about the thoughts and questions that were of my heart. Turning to Scripture, I quickly discovered that Jesus invites the tax collectors and sinners, according to Matthew 9:9-10. In verse 12, He tells us why: "Those who are well



have no need of a physician, but those who are sick.” Jesus is the champion of all who are rejected and outcast. It’s a good thing, too, because not one of us is without sin, even if we’re sometimes fooled into believing otherwise.

When I think of the many downtrodden in the world today, I think of all those who live their lives behind bars. Did you know that tonight in America, 2.3 million men and women are incarcerated? That’s more than the current population of San Diego, CA and Detroit, MI, combined!

Of this vast number, more than a

few do not have any friends, family or church groups on whom they can rely. For these, there won’t be very many kind words spoken tonight, and probably no helpful advice on how to live life

beyond the walls. Some will have Bible studies and most will pray, but this rarely translates into a committed walk with Christ once they get out. The sad fact is, a lot of these men and women will come home in worse shape than when they went in, and

some won’t come home at all.

Besides the obvious failings of our criminal justice system, I think the thing lacking most is a message of

*Jesus is the  
champion of all  
who are rejected  
and outcast.*

hope. Will you help fill that void this month and spare some of the time I was referring to earlier? I would like to urge each one of you to send an anonymous letter consisting of a prayer, a copy of your favorite Scripture, an encouraging story, or anything you deem appropriate and uplifting. It's easy to find an inmate locator on the web for any state you choose. This resource will give you names, ID numbers, addresses, and photos.

A simple, anonymous letter can mean the world to someone who is incarcerated. It says to that person, "Someone who doesn't even know me took the time to do this." It's a message that there is still love and hope in the world. You have the power to change the course of a person's life whom you have never met before. Remember, we don't need anyone to recognize our charitable deeds. The ones who seek glory from men have their reward.

Unlike the Pharisees, let us embrace the tax collector and sinners. I want to thank you for taking the time

to consider my plea, because tonight while you are at home reading this, I unfortunately will be one of the 2.3 million who can't.



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**Phillip Bailey** is serving a 20-year sentence in California for bank robbery. After a near-death experience brought the Lord into his life and changed it forever, Phillip now enjoys connecting communities and church groups with the real-life struggles of felons who strive for positive change through his writings.

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*Dear Heavenly Father, stretch our vision beyond the walls that divide and separate us. Let the light of your Son, Jesus Christ, shine brightly in our lives as we reach out to those in need. If it be Your will, oh Lord, let our letters soften the hardened heart. Renew the hope of those who suffer in failure and disappointment. Let the fire of Your love inspire faith through our Lord Jesus Christ... Amen.*



# My Rescuer

By Kathleen Fessler



I'm one of God's own chosen,  
A son of Abraham.  
I've always tried to keep the law  
As closely as I can

Not like those Samaritans,  
Who shamed our holy race,  
Marrying with gentiles,  
And causing such disgrace.

While traveling to Jerusalem  
Along the road one day,  
I met with cruel robbers,  
All to my dismay.

Not only did they rob me  
Of everything I had,  
But beat and kicked me also,  
Leaving me for dead.

I lay there weak and bleeding.  
A priest then came my way.  
My feeble voice was pleading.  
He looked the other way.

Then came along a Levite.  
I hoped he would have pity.  
But he just quickly passed me by,  
Walking toward the city

Then I felt a gentle hand,  
And all my fear took flight.  
A man poured oil upon my wounds.  
He said, "You'll be all right."

He put me on his donkey's back  
And took me to an inn.  
Then he paid for me to stay.  
How thankful I have been.

To my surprise I learned  
My rescuer, my friend,  
Was not a fellow Jewish man.  
He was Samaritan.



# Notes from *Loretta*

## *The Comb*

One day, when I was putting things away, I found a small blue comb. I had never seen it; I didn't know where it came from. I put it in my purse. As I was doing that, I asked myself what I would do with it. About a month later, I started having chest pains. Naturally, I thought that I was having a heart attack. I called 911, and they sent an ambulance to take me to a nearby hospital. I found something in my hair. I didn't know what it was or where it came from. I asked the nurse to help me, and she said she would bring a comb but never did. She didn't stop God, however. I found the mysterious blue comb in my purse. My mind went to God's promise in Philippians 4:19 which says, "And my God will supply every need of yours, according to his riches in glory in Christ Jesus." God had certainly done that when he provided the comb I needed!

*-Loretta Wadsworth*

## *Speed Prayer*

An evil being as large as a volley ball was speeding toward my mind. I only had time to pray, "Our Father..." but it did the job. The evil spirit was gone; only God's peace remained.

*-Loretta Wadsworth*



## *A Holy Spirit Prayer*

Because I believe in the power of prayer, I pray daily. However, today's prayer was unique. It happened so quickly that I didn't even know what the Holy Spirit said to me. It really didn't matter. All I knew was that it changed my life from that day forward. I quit lying in bed all day. I cleaned up my house, which had been a dirty mess for as long as I could remember. God worked an instant miracle for me. I'm happier than I have ever been. It has improved and strengthened my prayer life. I can't praise God, His Son Jesus, and the Holy Spirit enough.

*-Loretta Wadsworth*

## *Prayer Plus*

A small-town, bored, and depressed writer, I was headed for my monthly writers meeting in Nashville, Indiana. It would take me an hour and a half to arrive there. As I drove out of the driveway, I prayed that God would give me a safe trip. I knew that He would answer my prayer, but I didn't dream that He was going to bless me with extra "pluses," or things I hadn't asked for.

As always, I stopped at the Bloomington Library to do research for my writings before my meeting. When I pulled into their parking lot, God reminded me to take a prayer walk around the building before I went inside. The last time I



had been there, I had forgotten to take that walk. Once inside, the enemy had attacked me with a burning stomach and dizziness. I was so sick that I couldn't make it home. I had to stop at my sister's to rest before I could even drive home. This time, I took the prayer walk and experienced no difficulty inside the library.

The first "plus" that God had given to me was taking away my nervousness about driving in city traffic. The last few times I was there, the traffic made me so nervous that I thought about quitting my meetings. This time, He kept me calm in the city traffic. I'm not as good of a driver as when I was younger, but God blessed me with the plus of improved driving on this trip. Another plus that I hadn't asked God for was that I was being more courteous to the other drivers. Because of the extra pluses that God was giving to me, it was turning out to be a perfect day. I couldn't have been happier.

I was busy doing my research when I suddenly looked up at the clock. I had five minutes before I needed to leave for Nashville to meet my other writer friends. As I drove toward our meeting place, I prayed that the Holy Spirit would be at our meeting, and that Jesus would kick all other spirits out. Again, my prayer was answered.

Our meeting was the best one we had ever had. We encouraged each other and gave tips on improving our writing. Our Christian fellowship was warm and cheerful. Our president had been working hard to publish a book of our writings. She announced that it would be ready soon. We would be able to give it as Christmas gifts. I ordered ten and then left. I hated to leave, but I still had the long drive home.

I was thankful to arrive home to be with my husband. God had answered my prayers and given me some extra pluses I hadn't even asked for. I had fellowship with my friends and my Lord. It had been a perfect day.

*-Loretta Wadsworth*



# 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.

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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!

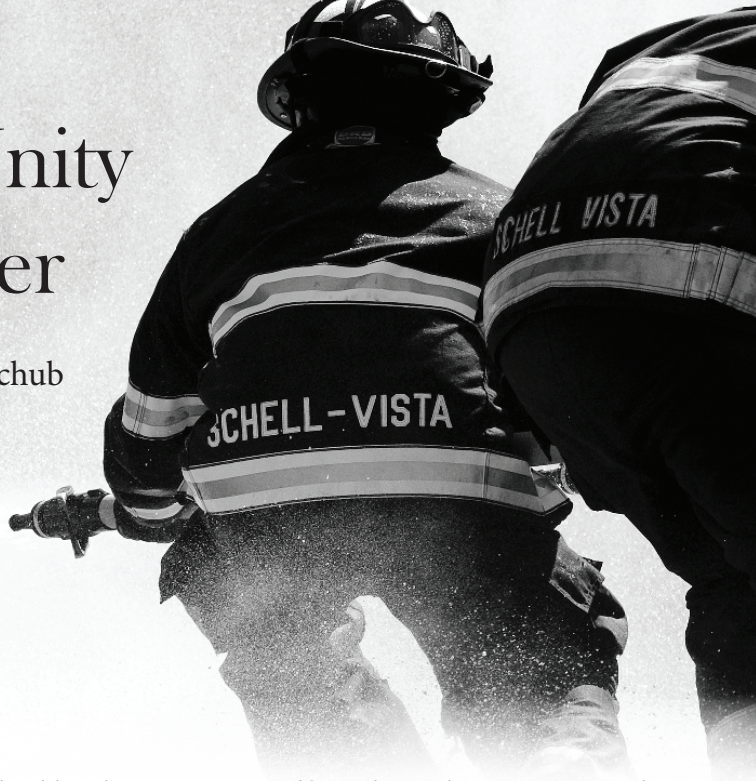
## Some Guidelines:

- **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](mailto:editor@intercessors.org) Mail: Breakthrough Editor, P.O. Box 121, Lincoln, VA 20160

# The Unity Prayer

By Erin Kaschub



Another atrocity hits the news. Adding to the horrific sadness of fellow Christians' persecution is the reality that many believers do not stand in the gap to pray. As our Western lives become busier with jobs, children, sports, social media, and hobbies, only a handful of people take the time to pray for their brothers and sisters in Christ.

Many Christians do not want to face the harsh reality storming against believers worldwide. Business owners lose the companies they spent lifetimes building. College students flunk required courses because of their belief in God. The battles escalate against anyone who professes Christ as Lord. Even more devastating is that fact that there is a multitude of Christians worldwide who are being held captive, tortured, and murdered for their faith.

How can we, who claim to be brethren in our Lord, look the other way?

God brought a scripture to my attention as I felt disheartened by this situation.

Numbers 32 tells the story of two tribes of Israel who found a conquered land to inherit. Because the nation of Israel had not crossed the Jordan yet, these two tribes thought they might be able to sit out the upcoming battle for the Promised Land. The most poignant part of the story is Moses's question in verse 6: "Shall your brothers go to war while you sit here?"

Modern believers must ask the same question: "Am I just sitting here, comfortably disregarding my brothers and sisters in Christ who are being persecuted worldwide?"

Later, in Numbers 32:23, Moses admonishes the tribes who were not going to help their brothers in the battle: "But if you will not do so, behold, you have sinned against the LORD, and be sure your sin will find you out."





I felt convicted by how many emails I received with the subject line “Urgent Payer Request” that I only skimmed. Equally convicting were the number of petitions I had not signed asking for the release of Christians in non-Christian nations. Likewise, I passed over requests to call lawmakers on behalf of other believers.

How can I claim to be too busy to sign a short petition or make a phone call that would last less than a minute? The time I would spend on these actions would add up to less than two minutes per week. If I could find an hour a day to mindlessly watch TV or check social media, how could I not find a few minutes to pray and do something simple for my brethren in the Lord?

According to stories, Benjamin Franklin once said, “Either we hang together or we will hang separately.” Though these words were about Amer-

ica’s founding, not Christian unity, they still ring true. If I look the other way when precious saints are in need, will others also look the other way when I seek help? Proverbs 28:1 (ESV) states, “The wicked flee when no one pursues, but the righteous are bold as a lion.” I want to be numbered with the righteous so that when I stand before my King after my days on earth are done, I can hear Him say, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”



**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.*

# Mom's Prayer

By Roy Borges





Just before I came to confinement at the Union Correctional Institution, a prison inside a prison, my mother had heart surgery and was on a dialysis machine for her kidneys. No one expected her to live. How she managed to survive all these years with diabetes and heart trouble was beyond my understanding. God had to be with her.

Mom was sent to a rehabilitation center and then home, where hospice took care of her. Months went by, and I didn't hear from her. I believed what everyone else must have thought: that she was dead. But, in my first lonely week of confinement, I prayed and asked God to let me see her one more time. The next thing I knew, I received a letter from her.

"I'm feeling better," she wrote, "and improving daily. I am off the dialysis machine and hospice is gone. I want to see you, and Jessie said she will bring me as soon as you are released from confinement."

Joy filled my heart as I looked forward to seeing her. The days were no longer long and lonely. I filled them with prayers, songs, and letters. I knew that I would see Mom soon. God would answer my prayers.

As I began to thank God every day, I learned I could always be thankful for something no matter where I was. I spent Thanksgiving Day in confinement with gratitude on my lips. I wrote letters to Mom, and my

attitude became more positive, loving, and meaningful.

Then the day I longed for became a reality. My sister, Jessica, brought Mom to see me on her 87th birthday. I waited patiently in my dorm for them to call me to the Visiting Park.

Mom was sitting in her wheelchair. Her head turned toward me as I opened the door, and her eyes met mine with a smile. She reached out her little arms and I embraced her tightly. She cried as I hugged her, and I cried too.

"Don't cry Mom," I said.

"I can't help it," she said, "This might be the last time I see you."

"No, it's not!" I said, "Because when God takes you home to be

with Him one day, I will be there with you forever." I looked at my sister, Jessie, and saw tears coming out of her eyes.

"Mom, let's just enjoy this time God has given us and be happy," I said. A big smile lit up her face.

We talked for hours, took pictures, and bought some food to eat. The time went by so fast and before I knew it,

*Months went by and I didn't hear from her. I believed what everyone else must have thought: she was dead.*



the Visiting Park was closing.

“Can you say a prayer?” Jessica asked me as they got ready to leave.

“Dear Lord, thank You for this day and for bringing Mom and my sister to see me –,” I began, but then Mom interrupted me.

“Heavenly Father,” she said, “My son has been gone for many years [over 28]. Lord, please release him so that he can come home to be with me. I need him. He has paid his debt to society. He has been good and served You in prison. Now please, I pray, let him out to be with me for my remaining days here.” We finished our prayers, and they left. I waved to them as they walked out of the prison, Jessica pushing Mom in her wheelchair. I wondered – NOW WHAT? Will I see her again?

Every night I pray and ask God to answer Mom’s prayer, just like He answered mine to see her again. I promised Him I would stay and take care of her until He took her home to be with Him.

I started going to the Law Library to find a law that God could use to get me out. I didn’t know if there was any, but I knew of some inmates who got out that way. God could use man’s law to get me out. Then I found it! I had an “illegal sentence.” The law was clear, but now what would the Court do? According to Florida Rules of Criminal Procedure I could present this claim to the Court in a Rule 3.800(a) Motion to correct an illegal sentence. In faith I prayed that God would give me the strength I needed to do His will.

Meanwhile, Mom is still coming to visit me with my sister as we wait and pray. I’m thanking God for every visit.

We believe all things are possible with faith and that God will answer Mom’s Prayer as He promises in Matthew 18:19-20, “Again I say to you, if two of you agree on earth about anything they ask, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I among them.”

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**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.



# A Divine Appointment

By Kathleen Fessler

*Lord, please give me a divine appointment today. Let me minister to someone of your choosing.*

This is often my prayer, especially if I am traveling.

My husband and I were flying from Phoenix, Arizona to Los Angeles, California. As we boarded our plane and found our seats, I saw that a large Muslim woman was already seated in our row, next to the window.

She looked so uncomfortably squashed into her seat. As I greeted her, she said the word, “Arabic,” indicating that this was her language. She spoke no English, yet she was quite friendly and smiled in her greeting. There would be no communication with my fellow passenger on this short trip.

As we were about to take off, we were told to buckle our seat belts. It was then that I saw concern in my fellow passenger’s face. The belt would not fit her. I called the attendant for help. She brought an extension belt and the problem was solved. My new acquaintance was thankful and settled back in contentment.

All was well until her food tray arrived. I noticed that she had ordered a full meal. As she began to eat, I

saw that her hands shook quite a bit, causing the food to fall off her fork. She needed a helping hand. Willingly, she accepted my feeding her, showing in her face how grateful she was. Occasionally, she whispered, “Allah.” I knew that was the name of her god. I whispered back to her, “Jesus.” She smiled and said, “Yes, Jesus.” It seems we were thanking God. How I longed for her to understand English.

The time passed quickly, and we landed. My husband and I went in a different direction than my Muslim friend. I thought I’d not see her again. But as we approached the baggage area, there she was, surrounded by family members. When they saw us, the family approached us with shining eyes of gratitude. Some spoke English, and they were lavish with their thanks for taking care of their mom. What a blessing. Even though I wasn’t able to speak with this lady, she knows that a follower of Jesus cared about her.

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**Kathleen Fessler** is a member of the Christian Writers Group in Arizona. She enjoys writing articles to encourage Christians in their faith. She loves doing the ministry of providing meals for shut-ins from her church.



# Answers to Prayer

## A SURRENDERED LIFE TO CHRIST

Theresa's son-in-law recently re-committed his life to Jesus, returned to church, and is faithfully attending a men's Bible study. His life has been transformed by the power of the Spirit!

that she could not accept Glenn's passing, and she reached out to Breakthrough for prayers. She reports that God has filled her with the comforting knowledge that this is only a temporary passing, and that her brother is happy and healthy in Heaven. She is now at peace with God's will for her brother.

## COMFORT THROUGH GRIEF

When her brother died, Susan felt intense pain in her grieving. She found

## ANIMOSITY BROKEN

Nicole praises God for the restoration of her parent's relationship, and reports that the animosity broke





the day after she asked Breakthrough Intercessors to pray. Her parents have been married for 41 years, but she was terrified that this might be the last year. Tensions were high, and their marriage seemed to be in more trouble than it had ever been.

## SURFACING FROM A COMA

Marcy's friend, a non-believer, had an aneurysm burst in his brain, causing him to fall from the ten foot-high vehicle that he was working on. After requesting prayer, Marcy updates that her friend has opened his eyes after being in a comatose state since August!

## PATIENCE IN "NO"

Gwendolyn says that many of her requests have been answered, but some were answered with a "no." She wisely praises God for these

"no" answers to prayer, saying, "This answer is needed to learn how to have patience."

## HEALTHY LIFESTYLE

Auderice requested prayer for her health and weight. She finally felt inspired by God to take a step of faith by dieting, exercising, and attending a weight loss program. She has lost 40 pounds ever since she began acting on her faith, and she feels that God is doing a great work in her.

## BOOK OUTREACH

Erin requested prayer for her Christian book ministry. She wanted to be able to donate Christian books to the local jail. She praises God for receiving acceptance to donate Christian materials to the inmates, a rare event in these times. Over 400 Christian books were donated to the jail!

*continued on next page*



## NINETY-FOUR AND HEALING

Connie praises God for the miraculous healing of her ninety-four-year-old sister, who recently had a successful colon cancer surgery. She is back home and recovering well.

## SPOUSES REUNITED

Esther's son is an Iraqi war veteran and he has four young children. Esther praises God for restoring the marriage of her son and his wife after being separated for five months.

## AUTHOR OF SERENDIPITY

Marian's severely mentally ill son was able to see a doctor who is working with a project that would be very beneficial for his condition. After a month of hospitalization and two months of waiting, it has finally happened, with a positive outcome. Marian attests that God is the "Author of Serendipity."

## CASE CLOSED

Anonymous praises God that the case against her mother by her older sister has been closed. It was supposed to be a full hearing, but God stepped in and allowed the case to be closed.

## A NEW JOB

David is encouraged to have finally found a part-time job in his field. The job could be developed into a full-time position. Praise God!

## REMINDER TO FORGIVE

Gerald noticed that he had been selected for 21 days of intercessory prayer by Breakthrough. With that knowledge on his heart, he began praying that their prayers would enable him to find answers to what he might be doing in the future. During this time, he remembered that a "friend" borrowed a very precious item of his as a teenager, an item that was no longer manufactured. When the friend returned the item, it was broken. Gerald realized that, even years later, he needed to let go of bitterness and anger. He purchased the antique toy online so that it would serve as a reminder to forgive.

*Answers to Prayer are edited for publication.*



# Christy's 50th Anniversary

We are thrilled to announce that Gilead Publishing is celebrating the 50th anniversary of Catherine Marshall's best-selling novel, *Christy*, with the release of a new hardcover edition and its first-ever release as an e-book! Find more information about the book at [www.christybook.com](http://www.christybook.com).



# Winter 2017

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