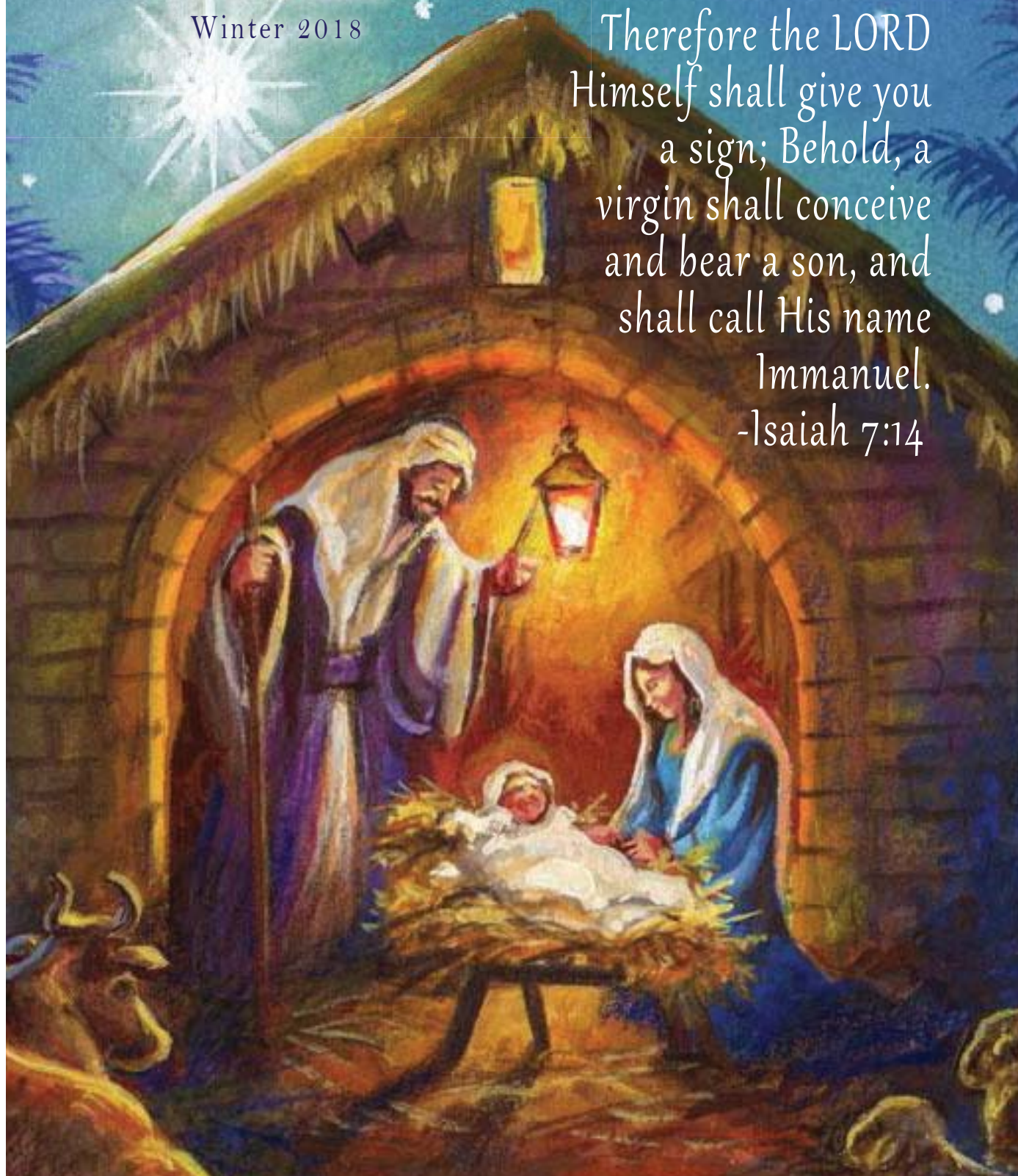


The Breakthrough

INTERCESSOR

Winter 2018

Therefore the LORD
Himself shall give you
a sign; Behold, a
virgin shall conceive
and bear a son, and
shall call His name
Immanuel.
-Isaiah 7:14



T h e M a g a z i n e A b o u t P r a y e r

Read about the comforting love God
shows as we go through various
stages in our life. | p. 6

Read why we should fully focus on
God and listen when we pray. | p. 12

When It's Hard to Pray

By Arlene Lila

As I begin to pray,
my Lord seems far away.
I'd lay my needs before Him,
yet find no words to say.

So I rest in silence,
paging through His Word;
To read a helpful Psalm,
that many times I've heard.

My Lord knows all about me,
acquainted with my ways;
Before I even speak,
He knows what I will say.

How comforting to know
I'm always on His mind;
I ask Him now to test my thoughts,
and leave my doubts behind.

I thank You for your Word Lord,
It draws me close to you;
Even when it's hard to pray,
It blesses me anew.

Pray without ceasing.

-1 Thessalonians 5:17

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.

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.

From the Chairman

Some time ago, a young lady, who subsequently has become a spiritual daughter of mine, was in need of prayer. She had been oppressed in several areas of her life by demonic forces. In one area, the devil had been causing her to be constantly offended by others.

I had begun to pray in tongues, seeking God for an answer to her problem (the key to her deliverance) when one day I saw the answer as plain as day! The Lord opened my eyes to understand that there was a demon in her mind, affecting her thinking. This demon had gained entrance to her from trauma she had experienced in her past, and had been tormenting her in this way ever since. Now that I had something to work with, I began binding up this spirit, commanding it to leave her in the Name of Jesus, and thanking God for her deliverance. After the second morning of praying this way, I felt a release from the Lord that it was done, and I could pray for other things. I did not tell her about this, but about a week later she related that she had become delivered from always being offended by people, but she didn't know how it happened!



I explained to her what the Lord had shown me, and how I had prayed. Then I had gave her some scriptures to meditate on how to keep her deliverance. One scripture in particular was Psalm 119:165, "Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them!" Praise God, God is good.

Have you been interceding for someone experiencing symptoms like this, or could this be you? There are many ways the devil gains footholds in our lives, but it takes revelation from the Holy Ghost to know what to do about it. Spend time with God seeking Him! Take time to listen to Him, honoring Him as the God with all wisdom, possessing all answers to your problems. He loves for us to worship Him in this way. He rewards those that diligently seek Him (Hebrews 11:6).

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

A couple is shown from behind, embracing each other. They are standing outdoors, and in the background, a city skyline is visible under a hazy sky. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right, with her arm around his shoulder.

God, Depression, and a Heart Attack

By Richard J. Vantrease

The evening the pain began, I was eating a big bowl of ice cream with sliced bananas and chocolate candy on top. In a matter of seconds, the pain surged worse than I could bear. I took one nitroglycerin and then another, but it would not subside.

The week before, my family doctor had noticed a slight irregularity on my EKG and prescribed “nitro.” When it didn’t work, I grew anxious. My wife handed me the phone and told me to call the doctor, who instructed me to get to the hospital. Now I was scared. Though I went to church, I was not a strong Christian, and I had struggled with depression my entire life. I went to the hospital in a daze of fear.

After a battery of tests and pills, the medics decided to give me a stress test. I was groggy, but conscious as I climbed onto the treadmill. Twenty seconds into the test, though, the cardiologist said, “Shut it down! Shut it down now!” I had 90 percent blockage in one, maybe two arteries. Simply put, I was a heart attack waiting to happen. The doctors slated me for surgery the next morning.

My pastor met me at the larger hospital where I would have my surgery and prayed for my wife and me. He entrusted us to God, and I thought, “Whether I live or die, I am the Lord’s” (Romans 14:8). I survived the four-hour surgery.

God wasn’t finished with me yet: I faced six weeks of recuperation. Breathing exercises and walking were the worst. I worried the double bypass surgery would leak, or that I would have a full-fledged heart attack. Depression fell on me by the end of the first week.

Four weeks after I arrived home from the hospital in August 2004, I was sitting on the couch, minus the ice cream. I began to breathe in gasps. Was I having a heart attack or a panic attack? I cried, then started to sob. I spoke words I never expected to say: “I can’t do it alone anymore, Lord. I can’t do it alone anymore. Help me.” The tears ebbed and flowed for several minutes, as “the spirit interceded in sighs too deep for words” (Romans 8:26). Something deep inside me softened and warmed. My wife was sitting next to me, and I laid my head on her

shoulder. I was consoled.

I knew my family, friends, and church members were all praying for me. Little did I know that their prayers were not only for my physical life, but for my spiritual life as well.

My spiritual life deepened over the next 10 years. For the first time in my life, on a regular basis, I began to sense God speaking in my right ear—not literally, but filling me with confidence and love that I knew were from Him. Before this time, I would pray to God but not hear anything. Something new was happening.

On more than one occasion, God said, “Listen to me.” Those simple yet profound words gave me strength to listen to His voice instead of the dark, negative voices that habitually filled my head. Other times God would speak straight from the Bible: “Be not afraid” (2 Kings 6:16). Because God talked to me, I would feel less afraid. I poured out my anguish to God, and He gave me these words of hope: “I am not finished with you yet, Richard.”

Last year marked 10 years since my near heart attack. I still struggle with my depression—at 68, I have suffered from it to one degree or another for most of my life. This does not mean I am not a person of faith. Christians can still become depressed. With God speaking clearly to me, though, the depression has lightened. I stay in counseling as needed, regularly take my heart medications and antidepressants, and pray faithfully. What a godly combination!

What does God have in store for me now? I don’t know the details of His purpose yet, but it will become clear as I listen to God. This much I know, even after a heart attack and depression: God is not finished with me yet.



Richard is a Pastor at St. Paul's Lutheran Church in Frankfort, Indiana. Richard is also a Marriage and Family Therapist, bringing more than 20 years of experience counseling individuals of various ethnic backgrounds.



Lord, Send an Aaron

Erin Kaschub

“It’s getting to be too much for me to handle.” My friend said those words to me as she called me, needing a listening ear. She told me about trying to be the caregiver for both her elderly parents and her child with Asperger’s Syndrome.

She was not my only friend who was overwhelmed. Another friend had a stroke in her early 40’s after caring for her dying child and being the only working adult in her home. A preacher in my family was told that the bank was foreclosing on his home while he was in the hospital with his dying father. My neighbor has to drive by her ex-husband’s house every day and see his lavish lifestyle while she barely makes ends meet for her children. A coworker took in a child only to have the child turn viciously on her when the girl reached college age. It seemed as if everywhere I looked someone was sinking in problems.

Daily my phone would buzz with prayer requests. Texts, voicemails, and emails came from all over. Those were just the people I knew personally. On a much larger scale, I read about Christians being sued

over their beliefs, godly politicians whose lives were threatened, missionaries imprisoned in the Middle East, hurricane and earthquake victims, and the list goes on.

It would have been impossible for me to help my family members who lived out of state, travel to the other side of the country to assist in fighting wildfires, or even to stand up to powerful bullies. But, I was not helpless because I knew that my God was bigger than all these things. Rather than feeling overwhelmed by daily news reports, I could be encouraged that God was in control and He had a plan for all things.

Even the most recent phone call from my friend could be an opportunity to see God at work. As she continued to tell me about her husband’s company threatening to fire him, her dog’s constant need for veterinarian visits, and her middle child’s wild living, I could not think of anything else to say to her other than, “I will be praying for you.”

I was reminded of a sweet prayer a dear chaplain prayed years ago in my former workplace. The chaplain was fired from her position in the county prison seven years

ago because she preached from the Bible. The prison system was in the process of removing Bibles, Christian books, and unfortunately my friend. A few years later, while still unemployed and looking for work, my friend lost her mother. Rather than focusing on her own problems, she put other's needs ahead of her own.

Upon hearing about my caregiving experiences at the time, she offered to pray for me. Her prayer was unlike any other, and although I could never do her words justice, I continue to pray something similar over my own friends when they are in need.

"Lord, send an Aaron." Those were the words I remembered most vividly from the chaplain's prayer. If anyone knew what it was like to need the extra support, it was her. She cared for her mother until her mother's death while simultaneously looking for employment and a new place to live.

Her prayer was a reference to the story of Moses in Exodus 17:12-14. Moses was trying to keep his arms held up during the entire battle against the Amalekites. Naturally, his arms grew tired. Both Hur and Aaron came to Moses' aid. Hur one arm while Aaron held up Moses' other arm. Moses could not have held his arms up for the entire battle unless he had the help of Hur and Aaron.

Likewise, we cannot be with every one of our friends, but we can hold them up in prayer. When we are busy living life and unable to pray, we can ask for someone else to come alongside our friends to hold them up, too.

Dear Lord, we ask for someone to be placed in our loved one's lives who can come alongside them to encourage and refresh them. Father, send them scriptures during times when they are discouraged. Please give them moments of feeling your presence. Help them to know that You are real and You love them more than they can imagine. Let Your Word penetrate their hearts so they can feel Your peace and security during times of stress and unrest.

As Your Word says in Psalm 139, Your good thoughts toward them are more numerous than grains of sand on the seashore. Give them knowledge of this truth and help them to know that they are not alone. Father, send an Aaron to lift up our loved ones when we cannot be there to hold them up. In Your Name we pray, Amen.



Erin Kaschub has been an intercessor for approximately 20 years. She loves the ministry of Breakthrough that was introduced to her by her late neighbor Eva, and considers it a privilege to carry on Miss Eva's ministry of

His Great Love

Roy A. Borges

Christmastime is special and I love everything about it, even though I am in prison celebrating it. The God I know is a God of love. He comes over the razor-wire fences and celebrates Christmas with me.

Every Christmas I find a story to write. Many people on this side of the razor-wire fences are unique. They make the stories incomparable.

I've been writing Christmas stories since day one. My first story was about my salvation--how I came to ask Jesus Christ into my heart. My life has not been the same since.

I was in the Dade County Jail in Miami, Florida, under arrest for robbery and violating my parole. When I got out of prison I promised myself I would never do anything that could put me back in prison, but on my own strength I was unable to keep my promise, and here I was, the day before Christmas, back in jail. An officer came and announced, "Christmas Service is being held in the chapel. Everyone is welcome. You have five minutes to get ready."

I was ready and looking for any reason to get out of this overcrowded cell, even willing to go to the chapel; although, I

wasn't religious. I believed in God but I didn't know him.

In the chapel that day an ex-con was preaching about the real meaning of Christmas. The incomprehensible miracle of God's Son coming as a human being to save the world. The profound mystery of the Incarnation is just the beginning of the Omnipotent God's plan for His Creation.

As I listened to this ex-con preach, something touched me. I heard the message before. How Jesus came to show us the way to the Father (John 14:8) and to seek and save the lost (Luke 9:10). But this time something touched me in a way it never had before and it brought tears to my eyes. I always thought I had to be tough like my father who had recently died. He taught me that tough guys don't cry, but the tears rolled down my cheeks like a waterfall and I asked Jesus Christ into my heart and life. I repented and believed that God forgave me and would show me the way He wants to use me for His purpose.

This year I am spending Christmas in a cell with John (*not real name). He is straight out-of-the-ghetto. One of a kind that you won't find anywhere else. When John talks you have to listen carefully if

you want to understand what he is saying. He takes medication every day and has problems talking coherently, but he is a good roommate—most of the time. He works in the kitchen and he respects authority. However, he does occasionally get mad or, I should say, frustrated, but he is quick to apologize. He likes to sing Christmas songs especially after he has smoked a cigarette. He is addicted to them as if it were heroin and he steals food from the kitchen to support his habit. He thinks only of himself and what he wants—like most of us.

I never thought he would steal from me. I gave him whatever he asked me for—but a thief is a thief. I should know because I used to be one. I knew he did it, but I couldn't prove it, and he denied it.

God wants me to forgive him—but God wants more—He wants me to share His great love with him. How we treat others shows God how much we love him.

So I turned my focus from myself and put it on God. I discovered it is of yourself. But I cannot know the depth of God's love unless I am willing to face the fact that He knows me completely not who I pretend to be but the sinner I actually am. He knows me better than I know myself, and He still loves me. That's God's great love and it is unconditional. He forgives me for all my sins and He never brings them up again.

Isn't that what Christmas is really all about? His great love (Luke 2). The babe in a manger who came from heaven; the shepherds who announced the Lamb of God who would take away the sins of the world. The wise men who brought gifts to the King of Kings, and the angels who sang the songs tradition sings today that tell us that it is the season to love one another for God loved us so much, "He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). God came down from heaven and became one of us. Then he died for our sins so we could live with Him forever. There could be no greater love than His great love.



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.



Behind the Seen

By Sandy Mayle

The next time you pray, stop and listen. Can you hear the roar of a bulldozer, the shouting of orders? Can you smell fresh-sawn wood, see hard-hats bobbing busily about between blueprints and buildings-in-progress?

If not, maybe it's time to re-read I John 5:14,15: "This is the confidence we have in approaching God: that if we ask anything according to his will, he hears us. And if we know that he hears us – whatever we ask – we know that we have what we asked of him" (NIV).

We know that we have what we asked. Yes, the prayer of faith, the prayer prayed according to His will, believes that God will respond. Believes that when we present our need in faith He goes to work behind the seen, developing His best answer.

Of course, we don't know exactly what or how to pray, but God's Word assures us that "The Holy Spirit comes to our aid and bears us up in our weakness; for we do not know what prayer to offer nor how to offer it worthily as we ought, but the Spirit Himself goes to meet His will and our need. He's perfecting our request in order to obtain God's perfect answer, pleading on our behalf "with unspeakable yearnings and groanings too deep for utterance" (Romans 8:26).

The Father hears. And in response, blueprints are being laid out, sub-contractors are being lined up, workers (seen and unseen) are being hired and put to work. Work zone floodlights are switching on. Massive Kingdom machinery is crawling all over the objects of our request, the



terrain of our difficulty. God is ordering drilling, tunneling, rock-blasting, road-building, site preparation. And He keeps working in the dark of indecision and desperation, through the night of spiritual blindness, in the foggy drizzle of doubt.

In other words, prayer is a busy activity. Although our eyes may see no action and detect nothing out of the ordinary, God is at work. Our prayers, prayed in faith and according to His will, are being answered.

Soooo... what prayers are you praying these days? Do you know God is hearing them? Then you know that without a doubt He is at work answering them in His way.

It may be a long-term project. Mountains aren't leveled nor crooked roads made straight in the

blink of an eye. Of course, it can happen immediately - with God anything is possible - but it seems He usually chooses to combine His miraculous touch with the persistence of prayer and the elbow grease of obedience to finally complete the construction of His answer.

That answer may not look at all like what we envisioned when we initially prayed. It might even be a disappointment at first, although in time it will certainly prove to be the highest-end of possible outcomes.

Or it may far exceed what we didn't even dare to ask for, when we prayed in faith, and God worked in response... behind the seen.

Sandy has been a freelance writer for many years. She and her husband, Dave, have been married for 42 years and live in northwestern Pennsylvania.



Dealing with a Major Mistake

By Catherine Marshall

Last week I needed to be alone for a few days to think and pray. The mistake I made in deciding to write the novel *Gloria* had shaken my confidence. The shelved manuscript was like a death in the family. What went wrong?

I needed to find some answers about this – and about other troubling areas in my life. So I made arrangements to spend two days at The Cenacle, a Roman Catholic Retreat House in Lantana, Florida, several miles from our home. Len dropped me off Sunday at 8:00 p.m.

The next morning after breakfast I sat for a while in a lawn chair out under an ancient mango tree. Through the curving trunks of the coconut palms I had a glimpse of the Intracoastal Waterway. The grounds were alive with bird calls. Sunlight made leaf patterns all across the grass. Squirrels raced up

and down the trees. A cardinal kept whistling, “Cheer! Cheer!”

I had thought that I wanted guidance on certain family matters and whether there was some way to resurrect *Gloria*. But when I talked briefly with Sister Forman at breakfast, her advice was to seek Christ and Him alone and let Him decide what He wanted to talk to me about.

Soon I found myself turning to the Book of John. As I read, the Holy Spirit showed me that I had fallen hook, line and sinker for one of Satan’s oldest and most-used tricks – looking steadily at the difficulty instead of at Jesus. I had listened, really paid attention to Old Scratch’s suggestion; every one of them, I feared as to the size and intractability of my problems. The comforter told me that all of this had been Satan’s technique for discouraging me unduly and that I must never fall for this temptation again.

Next, I was shown that my husband, my children, and my grandchildren are not mine, but God’s. He’s not only as concerned as I am for them, but loves them far more than I ever could. Therefore, I was to take my possessive, self-centered hands off – strictly off. So, in an act of relinquishment, I did this. Then came a beautiful touch. I was reading in the Psalms when suddenly these words leapt from the page:

“The Lord will perfect that which concerns me...”

I could – and did – claim this promise promptly for my family. Years ago the Lord began a work in these lives. It’s His business to perfect what He started. He has promised that He will. I’ve claimed and accepted that promise. It’s as good as done. My heart is steadily rejoicing. Weights and weights have been lifted from me.

The focus that afternoon turned from my home situation to my failure with my novel *Gloria*. “What do You have to tell me about this, Lord?”

I was led to this passage in Numbers:

“The Lord said to Moses, ‘Make a snake and put it up on a pole; anyone who is bitten can look at it and live.’ So Moses made a bronze

snake and put it up on a pole. Then when anyone was bitten by a snake and looked at the bronze snake, he lived.” (Num. 21:4-9, NIV)

It didn’t take long for me to get the point. God told Moses that the people were to take that which had hurt them and lift it up to Him. He would then turn even a snake into blessing and victory. Thus the “snake” in our life can be redeemed and turned to power.

In this way does God deal with our mistakes and sins. I had made a mistake in undertaking the novel Gloria. I had not heeded the advice of experts like Elizabeth Sherrill and Len; even my mother had expressed strong reservations. But I saw that God would find a way to turn a bad experience into good. Even more to the point, came this thought: When any one of us has made a wrong (or even doubtful) turning in our lives through arrogance or lack of trust or impatience or fear, God will show us a way out. Therefore, I am to turn off all negative thoughts about this wrong decision and accept fully my situation in His hands for Him to use fully for my spiritual growth and for the “edification” of all concerned. Further, I am to do this joyfully.

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



HALLELUJAH, AGAIN!

By Nancy Gervais

Rising up from the depths of my spirit within,
As more prayers were answered, comes,
“Hallelujah!” again!

Draw near to Me, Child, the Source of your
Peace.

Reach for weapons of Heaven, to make victories
increase.

I’ve provided for you to BE ME on this earth!
Bring forth Health, Joy, and Laughter, yours by
Godly birth.

You share of My Spirit, sent to wipe out earth’s
pain...

As the miracles happen...Shout, “Hallelujah!”
again!

The following is what I see in my mind’s eye as
I ponder all of this:

I see hallelujahs rising up from the earth to
Heaven. They are in all different font types, as
could be used on a computer. Some are large,
capitals, different colors and types of letters, and
some are plain. They are rising, over and over,
increasing in number and coming faster—rising
upward to the ears of our heavenly Father! He
hears these as the joyful cooing and gurgling of

a baby, the laughter of children, the shouts of
victorious faith from the teens and adults, and
the worshipful praises of thankfulness from the
elders, those seasoned saints!

The fruits of His Spirit come back and minister
to Him, as they first ministered to us through
this interchange. Victories over sin and

answered prayer establish His Will to be “done
on earth, as it is in Heaven.” These works of
prayer, which we help to bring about, return to
our Father God these fruits: “Love, Joy, Peace,
Longsuffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith,
Meekness, Temperance” (Galatians 5:22-23).

The spiritual law of sowing and reaping applies
even to the Father in Heaven. He sows all of
these fruits into us, and by our honoring,
following, and obeying Him, we bring them
forth again, through acts of divine intervention
in our worldly affairs. They rise up to Him as
holy fragrances and sounds of joyfulness.


Hallelujah, again, and again, and again.

Rejoice, Children of the Most High God! You
are in the business of sowing and reaping
heavenly harvests, bringing the fruit of the earth



(souls) unto the Father. He provides all that is needed, contrary to all natural thinking. We are called to walk with Him, to listen, to follow His leadings, and to trust. The desired results will come as we shout “Hallelujah” again!

Nancy Gervais lives in Augusta, Maine, with her husband, Paul (founder and evangelist of Ministry of Miracles, Augusta). "I do not remember a time when I didn't think about God, even as a small child...My only requirements from the Father to carry out this work are to: study and meditate on the Word, fellowship with Him, worship Him, and listen. Praise God! Whatever I can do, you can do, too. Listen and pray! Remember, we love Him, because He first loved us!" 1 John 4:19

A photograph of a person wearing a red and blue plaid shirt, sitting at a rustic wooden table. They are holding an open Bible, and another open Bible lies on the table in front of them. The scene is warmly lit, suggesting an indoor setting. The text 'Becoming a Bible Study Teacher' and the author's name 'Caryl Pohlmann' are overlaid on the bottom half of the image.

Becoming a Bible Study Teacher

Caryl Pohlmann

In our Navigators Bible Study Group, Vivian, our leader, would often say, “Out of this group will come leaders and assistant leaders.” She would look around the room and search faces. I would cringe inside and stare at the floor.

I was saying to myself, “Not me.” Sometime later, Vivian phoned me and asked me to pray through the summer about leading a Navigators Bible Study, the next fall.

“No, not me” I replied. My feelings were definitely negative and disinterested. However, Vivian pursued the subject and I finally agreed to pray about it. That night, I prayed as Vivian had asked. My prayer was simple and direct.

“Lord, I’m only praying about being a leader because Vivian asked me to do this.” It was a feeble, poor excuse of a prayer. I wasn’t even willing to be made willing.

Sometime the next day I suddenly remembered that I had been praying for some months that the Lord would show me what purpose He had for my life. This thought enlightened me. I asked myself, could this possibly be His purpose for me?

Then the following day I recalled something that a good friend had said after we discussed problems and spiritual matters. She said, “When you start a Bible class, I’ll be the first to join.”

I laughed it off then, but I felt thoughtful and quiet as I remembered it. I began to



think that Bible study leadership was a possibility for me.

On the following Sunday morning at church the soloist sang a song that contained the words “If God could paint a rainbow in the sky, what could He do through you?” It seemed that her song was directed to me. I sat there and felt like the man in the poem “The Hound of Heaven” who was pursued by the Lord with no let up.

Next, the pastor spoke. His message was about the Lord giving Peter a command and Peter saying, “Oh no Lord.” Three times the Lord had to speak to Peter before he obeyed. Then the Pastor’s convicting words: How often does the

Lord have to ask us?

It was then that I knew I had to say yes. But when my decision was made, the negative feelings arose and began to cloud my mind. I’m unworthy, I’m too nervous, I wasn’t good enough to lead a group.

However, the next day I was re-reading George Mueller’s journal. One entry, made quite late in his life, told of his confession to God regarding pride, unbelief, and irritability. This made an impact on me. If George Mueller, such a greatly admired man of faith and used by God, was still besieged with these problems after a long life, what was I worrying about?

As it became clear to me that God works through imperfect people, my concern about unworthiness drifted away and a confidence that God could work through me settled in.

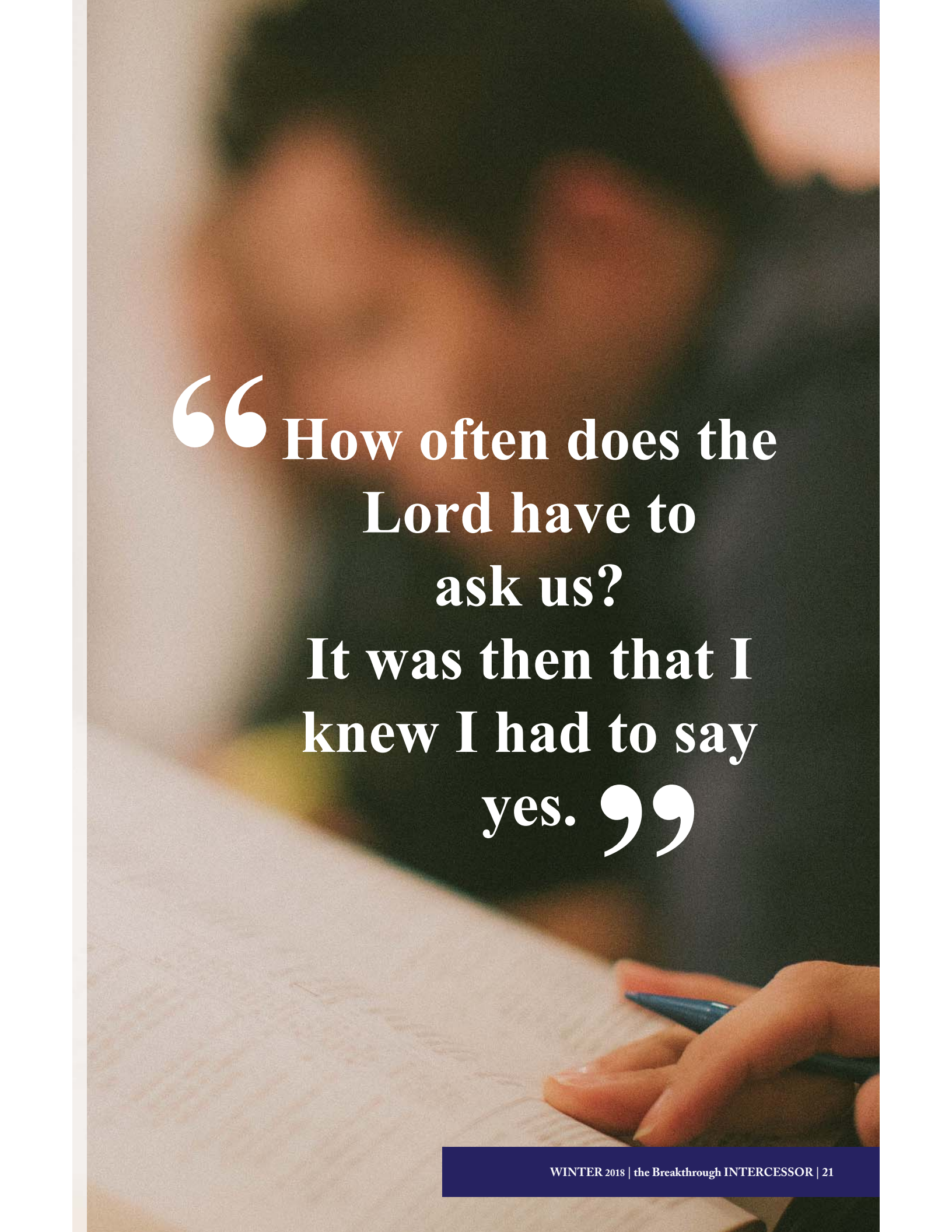
In Bill Milliken's book, "Tough Love," he wrote about Leading out of weakness. That thought encouraged me. I could lead a bible study. The chipping away at my resistance took place over a period of four days. It

changed me completely around from "No way!" To, "Yes Lord."

I am so thankful to the Lord as the experience of leading a Bible study group for several years has been a source of my growth in His Word and joy. God knew the direction in which I was to go. The Hound of Heaven did not let-up. Isaiah 30:21 reads, "And thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee saying, this is the way. Walk ye in it."



Caryl is 92, and has taught in "Navigators Neighborhood Bible Studies" in her younger years. She is a widow who has three grown children. Caryl is a prayer warrior who prays for many and keeps a prayer journal. She is confined mostly to her home and has a care-giver to help her.



**“How often does the
Lord have to
ask us?
It was then that I
knew I had to say
yes.”**



Restoration

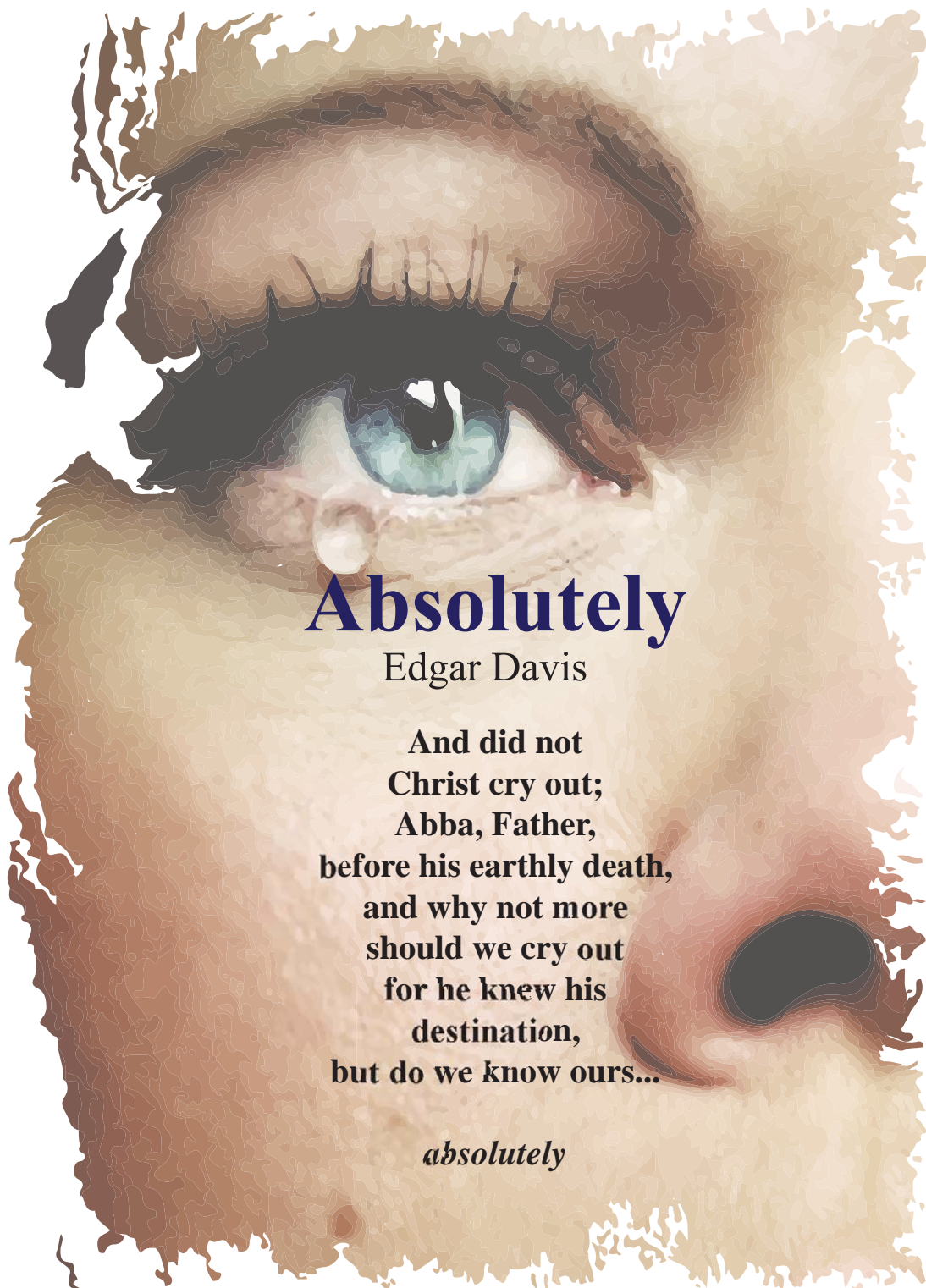
Cindy J. Evans

"He makes me lie down in green pastures.
He leads me beside still waters.
He restores my soul." Psalm 23:2-3a, ESV

After the day, spent, broken,
Lord, give me healing,
I fall asleep in His care,
new mercies in the morning...

The next day, chaos,
distractions all around,
I draw close to Him again,
He is a peaceful sound.

Tomorrow may hold
more confusion and pain
but He loves to restore my soul
and I know He'll do it again.

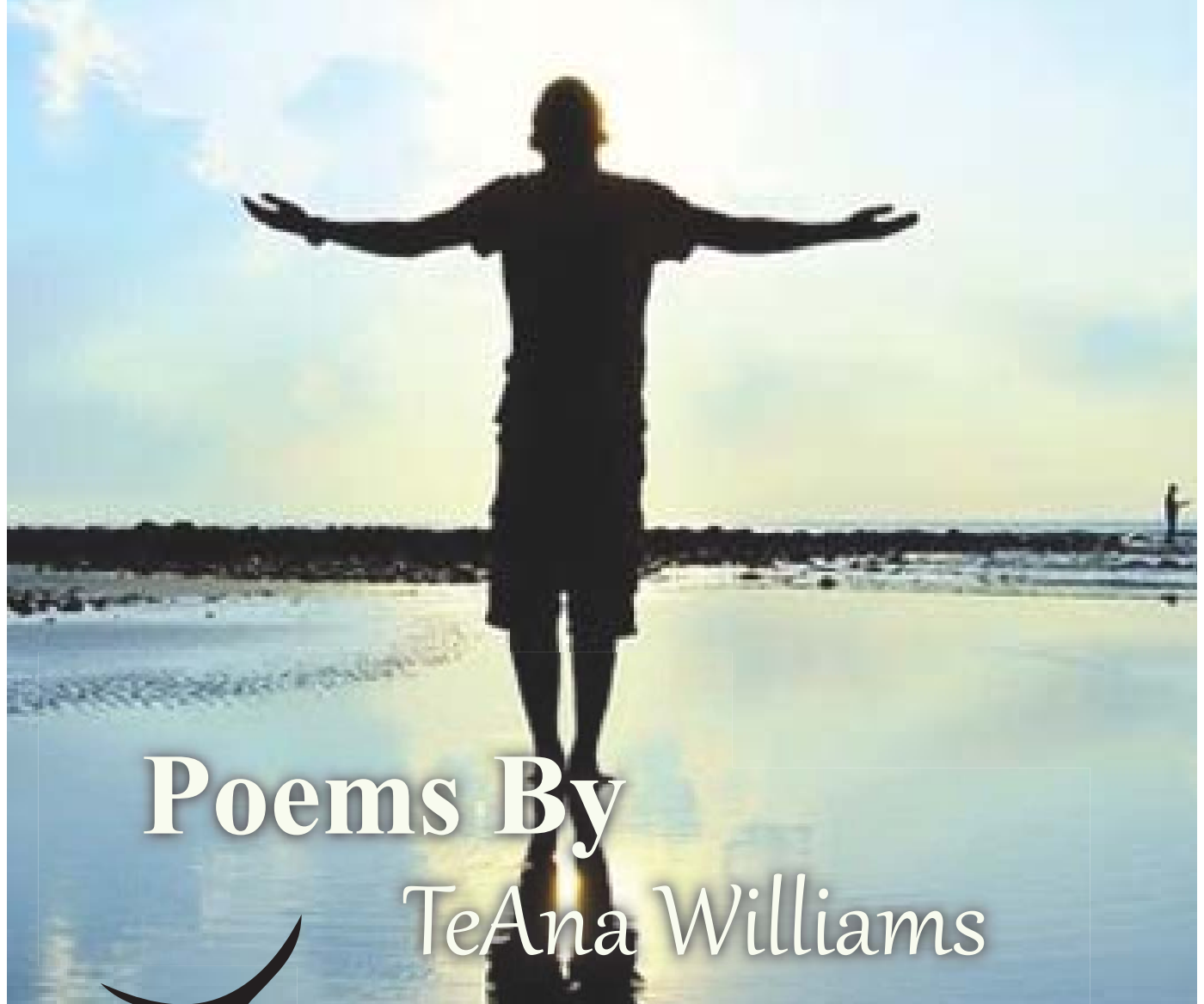


Absolutely

Edgar Davis

And did not
Christ cry out;
Abba, Father,
before his earthly death,
and why not more
should we cry out
for he knew his
destination,
but do we know ours...

absolutely



Poems By

TeAna Williams

Always on Time

God has heard my prayers,
Healed my heart,
And delivered, right on time.
God has seen your tears
And cares for you.
My God will be there right on time.

Free

Lord, you have set me free.
Free to live my destiny.
Oh, what plans You have for me.
Now, I have hope.
And that is liberty.



A Prayer of Consecration

Lord, take this life,
Take this mind and open it.
Open these eyes to see your people.
Open this heart to feel their pain.
Open my hands to give.
Open my arms to show love.
Open my mouth to speak hope.
Guide my feet to walk in your ways.
Lord, take this life.

A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair, seen from the back. She is wearing a red, long-sleeved lace dress and black boots. She stands in a field of tall grass, looking up at a bright, low sun that creates a strong lens flare and bathes the scene in a warm, golden light. Her arms are slightly outstretched to the sides.

A Rewarding Ministry

Kathleen Fessler

My sister and I were both praying for a new, rewarding way to serve the Lord. For years we had been caregivers for our husbands. Now that we were both widows with time on our hands, we prayed that God would use the skills we had learned over the years in a new ministry for Him. Much time was spent in prayer as we tried to keep our minds open to His call.

One day, as I was speaking to a lady at my church, she told me about her neighbor who had lost her husband. She was grieving so much, that my church friend wished there was some way we could help her. At that moment the Lord laid an idea on my heart. I suggested we invite this new widow for lunch and share some of the ways that we had handled our grief.

Plans were made for our first luncheon. The new widow brought along a friend. This way she would be more at ease. As we shared our thoughts and feelings, we felt a new friendship growing. We knew then that this was the first of many luncheons God had in mind for us.

We look back now and are amazed at how God grew our ministry. One day I called a friend, but misdialed her number. I apologized for my mistake and the woman began chatting with me as if I were her best friend. I knew the Spirit of God had led me to this woman as she began to tell me about how much she missed her late husband. Soon after I was invited to a Christmas Bible Study Luncheon where I found myself seated next to a woman who had lost her husband this past year and was sad about the upcoming Christmas season. So many ladies, each with a different story.

The good Lord continues to send ladies in need of our ministry to us. We meet about once a month and it has been a real blessing to all of us. Each month we share our victories and defeats. We also share scripture and prayers. At one luncheon one of our widows brought her paintings to display to the group. It was a blessing to see how all of us were recovering and beginning to continue living without our mates.

We are learning that we all grieve differently.
One of our ladies lost her husband

two years ago, but she still holds his picture and watches football games, which she has no interest in, but it remains a comfort to her. Another widow is dealing with the loss of an abusive husband, and we have helped her get into a support group at a nearby church.

My sister and I feel blessed with this ministry. We look forward to each luncheon and enjoy getting together menus and trying new casseroles and salads. But best of all, it is so rewarding to minister to new ladies who need help in getting through their period of loss. The Lord has wonderfully answered our prayer.

Kathleen Fessler belongs to the Christian Writer's Group here in Fountain Hills, Arizona. Kathleen has published poems and articles in magazines such as Partners, The Good Old Days, Vision, Leaves, The Christian Journal, Christian Devotions, and many others.

Answers To Prayer

A MAN RECONCILED THROUGH CHRIST

Shirley is delighted to share that God really answered her prayer after her son, scheduled to be married in October, began to struggle emotionally and mentally regarding a misunderstanding with his fiancé. Prayer straightened it out. He felt differently and expressed how God had helped him and his fiancé. They were married October 6th. She is praising and thanking God for His immediate answer, a joyous occasion and understanding gained between this man and his wife!

MIRACLE HEALING

Linda writes that God miraculously answered their prayers. Her husband, Art, was diagnosed in October 2017 with stage 4 kidney cancer. He had surgery to remove his kidney, radiation, chemotherapy and is on immunotherapy treatment. He is now in complete remission. Praise God! She especially thanks Dori who sent timely, Spirit-led messages of Insights that sustained her during a difficult time. Those prayers were certainly answered! Glory to God!

A woman with long dark hair, wearing a blue knit beanie and a red coat, is shown in profile from the chest up. She has her eyes closed and her hands clasped together in a prayerful gesture. The background is a soft-focus winter scene with snow falling and a warm, golden light source on the left, creating a bokeh effect.

RELIEF FROM MIGRAINE PAIN

Veronica requested prayer for John, who had been suffering terrible migraines, sometimes as many as two a week that would lay him flat. With his permission, she turned to Breakthrough. John is now free of migraines, and is a new person without the pain. Indeed, he gives the intercessors great thanks, writing, “We are both extremely grateful for your prayers, and of course, grateful to God. We serve a loving, healing Jesus!”

FULL RECOVERY

Helen placed an urgent call for prayer for her grandson who had an accident on his four-wheeler. He hit his head and had a serious injury. But God, intervened! Thank you for standing with us! He has fully recovered. Thank God!

GOOD REPORT

Patsy requested prayer for her friend, Susan, who was facing surgery for melanoma. Now, all the cancer is gone and markers are clear. Praise the Lord!

PROVISION OF A JOB

Mary praises the Lord and thanks the Intercessors for their prayers. Her husband got a job. Thank you for praying. Glory to God!

STRENGTH AND HEALTH RESTORED

Sybil praises the Lord and thanks the Intercessors for their prayers. Andy, her son, had an abscess the size of a baseball in his groin. He had a long hospital stay and recovery, but he has regained his strength. Glory to God!

GOD'S TIMING

For over 2 years, Lillian has been requesting prayers for her daughter to stop drinking. At last, she has seen a miracle! She praises the Lord and thanks the Intercessors that her daughter has stopped drinking, and is on the road to recovery. Thank you, Jesus!

PEACE IN THE STORM

Adrienne requested prayer for her neighbors and long-time friends. They are in a difficult journey, but God was and is ever-present with them. They were able to sell their home--in three days. This provided funds for Bill's medical needs. And JoAnne was able to find an affordable apartment at a great rate. Medicare reversed a decision and extended Bill's coverage. They are determined to enjoy each day they are given. They see how God has blessed them.

A SOUL SAVED

Loralei requested prayer for salvation and healing for her Jewish friend from aggressive small-cell lung cancer. The doctors told him and his wife that he does not have long to live. She writes that he accepted the Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth as Savior! She is so thankful. Hallelujah!!!

DEATH OVERCOME

Amy, Pam's niece, is healed of pancreatitis after nearly dying. Praise God!

Answers to Prayer are edited for publication.



If It Gets Rough

Jason Waddle

*Some night's dreams may scare,
Not long in fear,
Am I for you are near,
I fear not now, you are there.
Breathing in, breathing out,
God is the ground of being,
Abandon doubt.*

*Moving against harsh realities of life,
Oh spiritual gymnastics,
Are you the essence of strife?
Through persistence, resistance, and God's assistance,
All will go well when all is going wrong,
The battle is mostly of myself, tis my admittance.
A little more on the road to go,
Though the tank be empty,
Your love knows no end I know,
The spiritual graces be plenty.
For what's inside is enough,
The Lord is fuel,
Think nothing of this life if it gets rough.*



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