

The Breakthrough

INTERCESSOR

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Founders Catherine Marshall Leonard LeSourd

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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. (Prayer requests are identified by first name only, and are never sent to intercessors in the same geographic location as the prayer requester.) 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 over 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.

The 21-day prayer period was chosen based on the story in Daniel 10. Daniel prayed 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 in-

tercessors 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 greatly 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 and joy to pray for you.





We all know who restores, it's Jesus. But is there an easy way to access something so profound? Probably not. God's grace is not that simple.

Our Founder, Catherine Marshall wrote about this in her devotional, "Dealing with Major Failure." Catherine, a gifted writer, started writing a novel that she entitled "Gloria." But after starting, she concluded that she had made a mistake. When she put the manuscript on the shelf, it felt

like a death in the family.

She sought counsel, and received advice to spend time alone with Jesus and let him speak to her. She needed to take the time to really listen to Him. As she read the book of John, she realized that she had fallen for a trick of the Devil. She was looking too intently at the difficulty, fearing to the point of making her problems seem unsolvable.

Through her time with God, she concluded that she had made a mistake to try and write the novel. But God would find a way to turn a bad experience into good. "And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28). God will work all things together for the good of those who love and are seeking to follow Him.

God led Catherine to understand that when any of us are experiencing a hard time, personal struggles, or tribulations, God will turn the bad experience into good. And even when our hard time is through arrogance, lack of faith, fear, or impatience, God will show us the way out

Catherine needed to turn off all the negative feelings about the bad decisions she had made, accept fully the situation she was in, and place herself into the hands of Jesus, accepting whatever edification and spiritual growth he would bring her through it all.

Good advice from our Founder on how to be lifted from the pit and who restores us.

Thank you for faithfully supporting our ministry!

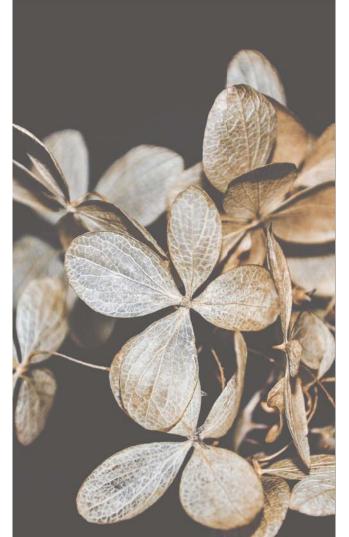
J. Michael Smith, Esq Chairman of the Board

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The Sabbath Gift of Grace

BY PETER CALIGIURI

It's not a law we must obey
Or just some answer on a test
But it began at the creation
That God made a day for rest

Just as the sun was going down
And as His children lay to sleep
He gently covered them with night
And then bowed low so they could meet

And in the morning walk the path And tell them how His hand had traced The course of daybreak and the stars Then gave a Sabbath gift of grace

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Peter and his wife Nancy have been married for 47 years. They have two sons, six grandsons, and one wonderful grand-daughter. Recently retired, they moved to the Gulf coast of Florida and are members at Generations Christian Church.



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WAYS TO GIVE

hank you for your support!

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

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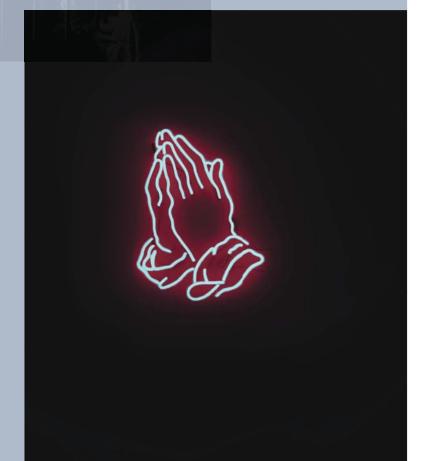
Following God



"

I believed in God but I didn't know Him. What I wanted was more important than what God wanted for me.

BY ROY BORGES



A small crime turned into a big one when I stole a pair of jeans from a department store. The security guard chased me to my car. I locked the door and backed out. But I went about a hundred yards and the car stalled. I saw the security guard chasing me but I couldn't restart the car. I was nervous, not just because I was afraid of getting caught for shoplifting, but because I was also wanted for violating my parole.

I couldn't restart the car so I jumped out and began to run. A high school teenager in a football uniform was approaching me because the security guard yelled at him to stop me. When he reached out to grab me I pulled out my knife. When he saw the knife he froze and I took off.

I got away but I was caught a couple months later. I was charged for robbery with a deadly weapon. When the judge sentenced me to 45 years, I couldn't believe it. I thought the charge had been escalated erroneously.

Even after I began to grow spiritually, I still didn't see how my incarceration could be a part of God's will for my life. My desire to get out of prison consumed me. The idea that God could use prison for my good and His glory never crossed my mind.

No one Likes being in prison, especially if it's for something they didn't do. Yet, tough times can teach us patience and give us the strength to obey Him, if we are willing to surrender our circumstances to Him.

The Apostle Paul was not a stranger to prison. In Philippians 1:12, he wrote from a Roman prison, saying, "Now I want you to know brothers that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel."

Paul could see how God was using his imprisonment for good. The palace guard, and everyone else around him, learned about the Lord because of his witness. They saw how Paul lived for Christ, despite his circumstances.

Paul knew he could be released or executed. Either way, he trusted God to accomplish His purpose. Speaking out for Christ, and becoming more like Him, were more important to Paul than getting out of prison.

Paul was in prison for spreading the Gospel. Before I came to prison the only gospel I was spreading was my own. I believed in God but I didn't know Him. What I wanted was more important than what God wanted for me.

Prison changed me. Despite despair and being alone, separated from those I loved with nowhere to turn, God got my attention. He used prison to draw me to Himself and to teach me to trust Him. As I took my eyes off of myself and put them on what God wanted, He began to show me how He could use me in prison. He continues to teach me how to love and relate to those the world considers unlovable.

Harold lived in the bunk next to me in a dormitory with 72 other inmates. He did not want to hear about God. "Christians are a bunch of hypocrites," he said. The more he talked like that, the more pressure I felt not to be another inconsistent witness to him. I asked God to help me. An opportunity came one day to do something that showed being honest was more important to me than getting something for nothing.



I went to the canteen to buy something to snack on. On my way back to the dormitory I noticed that the canteen operator had given me three bags of corn chips, even though I only ordered and paid for two. It would have been easy enough to keep that additional bag; no one would have known. But I went back and returned it. There were officers standing in front of the canteen when I walked up to the window and said, you gave me one bag to many.

"An honest crook," one officer chortled. He didn't mean it as a compliment. Inmates were standing in line. One hollered, "You could have kept it. No one would have known."

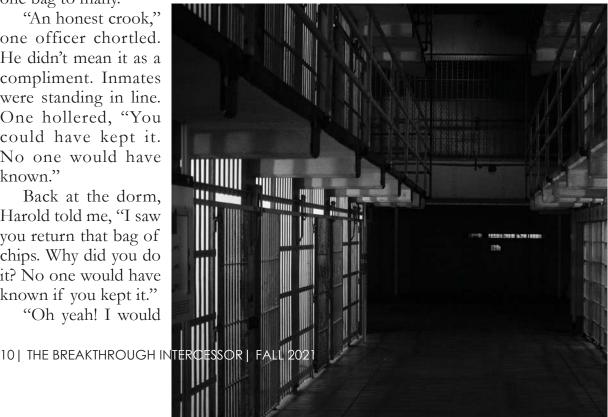
Back at the dorm, Harold told me, "I saw you return that bag of chips. Why did you do it? No one would have known if you kept it."

"Oh yeah! I would

have known and God would have known."

Later, Harold told me after he turned his life over to Christ that one of the reasons was because of my honesty.

Although a bag of chips wasn't expensive, God wants me to be honest even in the little things. An honest crook may be an oxymoron, but honesty is always God's policy. The apostle Peter wrote: "Live such good lives



that when they accuse you of doing wrong, they may see your good deeds and glorify God. (1 Peter 2:12)

A dishonest life is what led me to spend many years behind the razor-wire fences. The theft of a pair of jeans turned into a robbery; a little thing became a big thing because of a bad decision that led to a worse decision. But I choose not to be chained to the past. Instead, I like the advice of the former U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell: "I chose to focus on the windshield and not the rear view mirror of life." Or, as the Apostle Paul put it: "Therefore, if anyone is in Christ (that Person) is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come." (2 Corinthians 5:17)

Returning a bag of chips may not sound like a big deal. But being honest with the little things He has set in motion opportunities to make more good choices and to be a good witness to others.

Some people will always see an inmate as a crook. But regrets of yesterday vanish when God's grace pardons. God's forgiveness keeps no record of past sins, no matter how grievous they have been. "If you O Lord, kept a record of past sins, O Lord, who could stand?" (Psalm 130:3)



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

After over 30 years in prison, Roy's prayers were answered and he was released in 2021. He wrote this piece during his time behind bars. It stands as a reminder of his faith in Christ as his deliverer. "God got me out of prison so I could be used out here. I am writing stories and articles. I plan to go to many churches and tell them about the things He did for me in prison and what He is doing now."

God Spared Our Lives

BY LORETTA WADSWORTH

Joe and I were happy newlyweds. We had only been married a few months. As we went to bed that summer night there was nothing to indicate anything unusual was about to happen.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when the weird sensations started. They were feelings I had never experienced before. That was before the astronauts landed on the moon so I had never heard of weightlessness. Looking back, I believe that was what I was experiencing that night. I felt I was speeding through a dark tunnel, but it was a soundless journey, no normal sensations of speed.

I started praying, "Please God, spare my life."

I really didn't know my life was in danger, I just continued praying simply and calmly.

I don't know how long it lasted, maybe only a few minutes, and then I must have drift-

back into normal sleep.

The next morning I questioned my husband, but he said nothing unusual had happened to him, so I didn't mention what I had experienced. Near noontime, I went outside to walk to my in-laws who lived two blocks away. It was a beautiful summer day so I was surprised to see softball sized chunks of wood scattered around our yard. Looking up, I saw a deep gash in the mature maple tree which stood within twenty feet of our house. Apparently lightning had split its bark from top to bottom like a hot potato!

When I arrived at my in-laws they asked me what I thought of the storm we had had last night. Neither Joe nor I had heard the storm, we were very sound sleepers. My father-in-law said "I don't see how you could have slept through that storm. One powerful bolt of lightning nearly knocked me out of bed!"

Suddenly it dawned on me that he must be talking about the bolt which had struck our large tree. If I hadn't prayed to God would it have hit our house instead of the tree? Would Joe or I have been killed? Did God intervene to spare our lives?

Twenty years later, I still ask myself these questions and thank God that we are alive.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Loretta has been writing about her experiences with the Lord for many years and enjoys writing poetry as well as stories. She hopes to write and share more as the Lord allows her.



A Timely Answer to Prayer

BY KATHLEEN FESSLER

It was an uncomfortable feeling, a pressing knowledge that things were not right. I had just returned home from my neighbor's house. We had had a disagreement. My words had been strong, forceful, and impatient. Judy was a friend. I should have been gentler with her. Her husband was in ill health. Her days were not easy. I needed to make amends for my self-righteous attitude.

"Please lord", I prayed, "Help me find a way to make amends with Judy. I need you to find a way to restore our friendship."

As I reached home, my husband expressed a desire to take a drive into a near-by town. He wanted to purchase some items at a Flea- Market store. I agreed to accompany him.

My heart was still heavy as we drove into town. I mused about my visit with Judy. But I had prayed about it, asking the Lord to find a way for me to resolve our conflict. I knew His help was coming

It was a beautiful sunny day, but there was no joy within me. "When I get home, I thought, I'll call Judy."

Reaching our destination, we walked toward the door of the store. A customer was just coming out. I was astounded. It was Judy! I was able to share my feelings and make amends with her. She was gracious and accepted my apology. The Lord was so quick in giving an opportunity to renew my friendship with my neighbor. It was so unlikely that I would meet her in another town. But there she was. The Lord is able to do mighty things.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kathleen Fessler is a member of the Fountain Hills Christian Writers Group in Fountain Hills, Arizona. Her articles and poems have appeared in many Christian magazines.



Struggles, cares, and woes, Confront me every day. Life is hard. It is a struggle.

But Jesus overcame the world. So I rest in Him, I pray. I too will overcome.

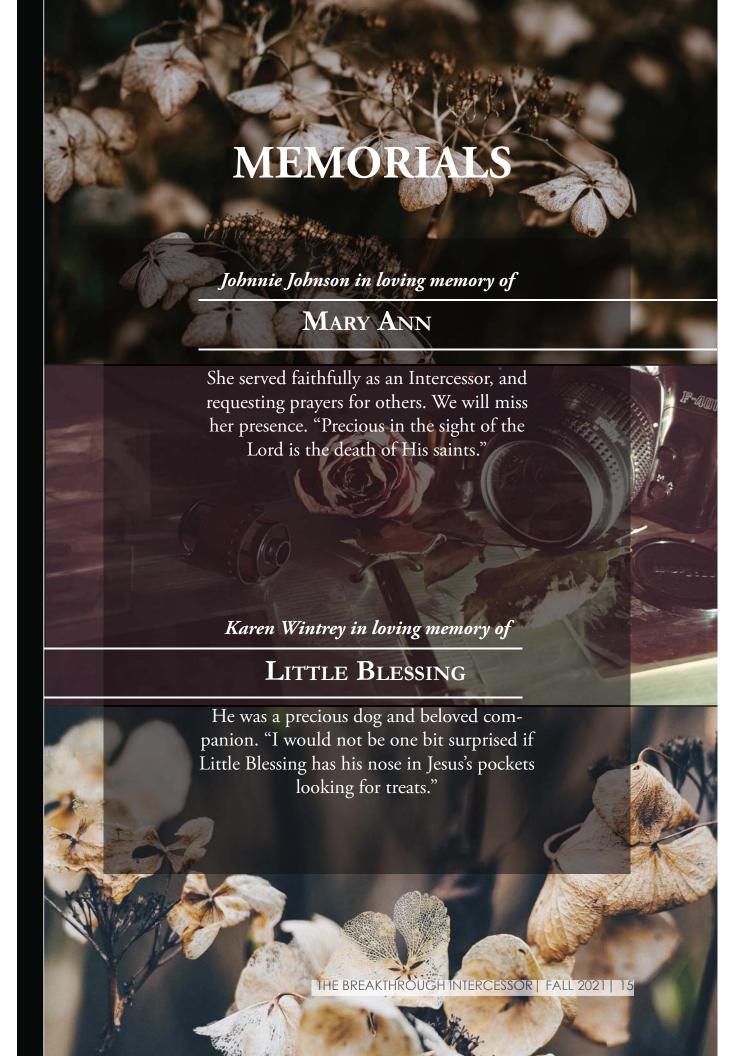
Conflict, heartaches, battles, are my daily fare.
Misunderstandings, too,
Add to the confusion.

But Jesus promised
He will not leave me,
So I confidently move through
each trial,
For I am not alone.

He gives strength for every day.
In His promises I rest.
No trial will last forever.
I will overcome.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jewell Johnson is a mother of six children and grandmother to nine. Besides writing, she enjoys reading, quilting, and playing the piano. Before the COVID-19 pandemic, she taught a Bible class for adults.



The Good Shepherd

BY MARIETTA BELL

After an eight-hour drive, I could see a white mushroom shaped Ger (a home—tent made of white felt) in the distance. Gers are round and sometimes covered with white canvas. They dot the Mongolian countryside and stand out in the desolate land-scape.

Whenever I had time off from teaching, I would spend time with my students. One weekend, I had the opportunity to go with one of them to visit her 70 year-old mother who lived with a twelve year-old orphaned girl. They lived in a sparsely populated area in the southern part of the Gobi Desert. The mother had more than two hundred goats and sheep and knew each one by name. It reminded me of John 10:3, "To him the door-keeper opens, and the sheep hear his voice; and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out."

Each morning she would lead the animals out to a grassy area, where they would spend the day grazing. In the evening, she would bring them back to the camp. All night the animals surrounded the Ger, since that was their place of safety. Psalm 4 says, "I will both lie down in peace, and sleep; for You alone, O Lord, make me dwell in safety."

Some of the goats used the poles of the Ger as batting rams. One rubbed his horns on the side of the tent where I laid my head. That, plus



the bleating of the animals, kept me awake all night. But I didn't mind. Bible stories came alive to me that entire weekend. The animals provided meat, milk and wool that sustained this woman's life. Throughout the day she would milk the ewes, whose kids were kept in a nearby pen. She made dried milk curd, fermented cheese and steamed dumplings with mutton filling. In Proverbs 27 it says, "The lambs will provide your clothing, and the goats the price of a field; You shall have enough goats' milk for your food. For the food of your household, and the nourishment of your maidservants."

One evening, at sundown, a herdsman, who lived about a mile away, rode up on his horse. He said he was missing an ewe and asked if we had seen it. We said we hadn't so he left to search for it. The parable of the lost sheep Jesus told in Luke 15 immediately came to mind. "What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he



loses one of them, does not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go after the one which is lost until he finds it? And when he has found it, he lays it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he is come home, he calls together his friends and neighbors, saying to them, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost!"

Early the next morning, as we stood outside enjoying the beautiful sunrise, we saw something moving at a distance. Looking closer, we saw it was a ewe. She ran as fast as she could towards the camp of the herdsman that stopped by the night before. We soon realized it was the lost ewe. Do you remember the lost son who went out on his own into the world? But when he came to his senses he hurried back home and was welcomed with much joy.

The weekend I spent with my student and her mother made me realize how much God cares for us. I observed the love and care the animals received from their shepherdess. We receive even greater love and care from our heavenly Shepherd. The Bible says we are the sheep of His pasture and the sheep of His hand.

I was reminded how important it is to take time in our lives to see God through His creation, the animals and the beauty of nature. His story is all around us, if we take the time to look. "I am the good shepherd; and I know My sheep, and am known by My own. As the Father knows Me, even so I know the Father; and I lay down My life for the sheep." (John 10:14-15)

The Word of God

BY DENISE IRVINE

It started as a normal morning. I heard my husband, Al, get up, so I poured his coffee. He seemed to be taking an unusually long time to get to the dining room, so I went to the bedroom and asked if he needed help.

"No," he said, "I'm getting there."

I went back to the table to wait for him. I knew he was on an antibiotic for a UTI and that UTI's often caused him to move more slowly, so I wasn't worried.

Pushing his walker ahead of him, he shuffled to the dining room table. Slowly, and a bit shakily, he sat down.

It was the day after Superbowl Sunday, so I asked him, "Did Brady get another ring?"

"Yep," he said and told me the final score. He then stared out the window looking at the birds, which was his custom.

But this time he stared for a long, long time.

"Are you looking at the birds?" I asked, starting to get a little concerned.

He gave no reply.

"Al, what are you staring at?" I asked.

Still no reply.

"Al, look at me," I said.

He very slowly turned to look at me. He had a strange grin on his face, and I sensed something wasn't right.

"Al," I said, "say the ABC's for me." I was testing for possible stroke.

No reply.

"Al," I said, "can you raise your arm

for me? Raise either arm, Al." Again I was testing for stroke.

Still no response.

I called 9-1-1 then gave Al four baby aspirin.

The responders arrived quickly and performed their usual tests, asking the standard questions. They hoisted him on the gurney and wheeled him out.

"Should I follow you to the hospital?" I asked.

"They're not allowing visitors because of COVID," a responder replied. "Someone from the hospital will call you and let you know the diagnosis."

Tears welling in my eyes, I watched out the front door as the ambulance took Al to the hospital. It was bad enough he was going, but not to be able to go with him was heartbreaking.

Then the nerve-wracking wait began. Four hours later, a nurse called. "The doctor is giving you permission to come to the ER," she said. "He wants to talk to you about your husband's condition prior to this episode."

I hurried to the hospital, heart racing, praying all the way. I was allowed in with a mask, and went to my husband's bedside. He was a little more coherent, and could answer me with one-word responses.

The doctor came in the room, introduced himself then said, "Your husband has improved since he got here, but I want to know if this is normal behavior for him. The CT scan showed no sign of a stroke."

Prevails

"He's improved," I said, "but he's not back to normal. Yesterday we were watching the Superbowl, talking, and laughing at the commercials. This is not normal."

The doctor nodded thoughtfully. "I want to admit him then," he said. "We don't know what's causing this, so we need to do more tests. I want a neurologist to examine him."

I gave my consent.

Al was admitted, but his condition steadily worsened to the point where he couldn't feed himself, couldn't dress himself, couldn't walk, couldn't talk, and seemed very confused. Not being able to see him or talk to him made the situation more than scary. I was petrified!

I felt weak and shaky, even in my faith. I didn't know what to pray for Al. I sure didn't want him to stay here and suffer in the condition he was in. At 80 years old, his health had been slowly deteriorating. I alternated between praying the Lord would take him Home, and praying the Lord would heal him. Finally, I just asked the Holy Spirit to make intercession.

God is faithful. Three days into Al's hospital stay, the Lord woke me in the middle of the night. "There is only one truth," He said. "Al is a Christian."

"Yes, Al is a Christian," I told myself. "Jesus is with him, no matter what. I don't need to be afraid."

That day I prayed, "Lord, do what's best for Al." I didn't know if He would



take him to Heaven, or heal him. I only knew I could trust Him to do what was best.

My first waking thought the next morning was the phrase, "fully clothed and in his right mind." I searched my Concordance and found it in Mark 5:15 where Jesus had just commanded the unclean spirits to come out of a demon-possessed man and go into a herd of pigs. When the townspeople flocked to see what had happened, they found the once-possessed man sitting at Jesus' feet, "fully clothed and in his right mind." I started claiming this scripture for Al.

After six days in the hospital, Al was moved to a rehabilitation center. He was still not able to do anything. They termed it vascular dementia, and there was talk about making long-term care arrangements. I closed my ears to the negative reports and continued to pray that Al would become "fully clothed and in his right mind." I knew this was a Word from the Lord. I needed only to listen to Him.

Within a few days, Al was able to sit up, dress himself, feed himself, and

Are you a writer?

The Intercessor welcomes submissions!

Has God taught you about prayer?

Do you want to share your story of answered prayer?

Do you write poetry about prayer?

Send in your submissions for consideration!

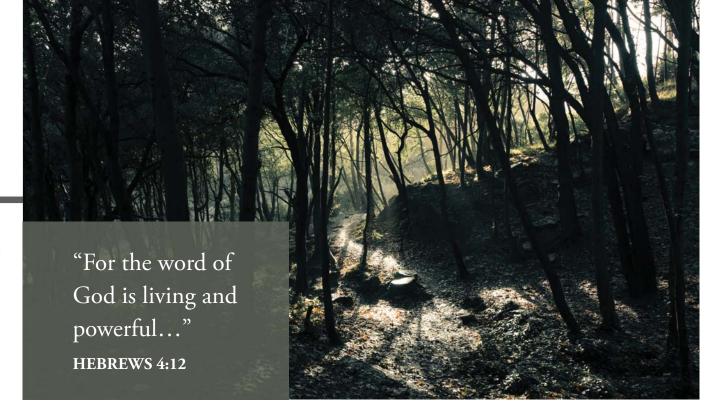
Guidelines...

Articles should be 500 to 1,000 words. Poems should be at least 12 lines.

Topic must focus on prayer: an experience or teaching supported in Scripture.

Authors give Breakthrough permission to edit material for length and content.





Continued from page 19...

speak again, but couldn't yet walk. The Word of God was working mightily!

Next, the Lord woke me with the phrase "strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees." I looked this up and found it in Isaiah 35:3. Verse 4 also spoke to me: Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; he will come and save you." I claimed this for myself and Al.

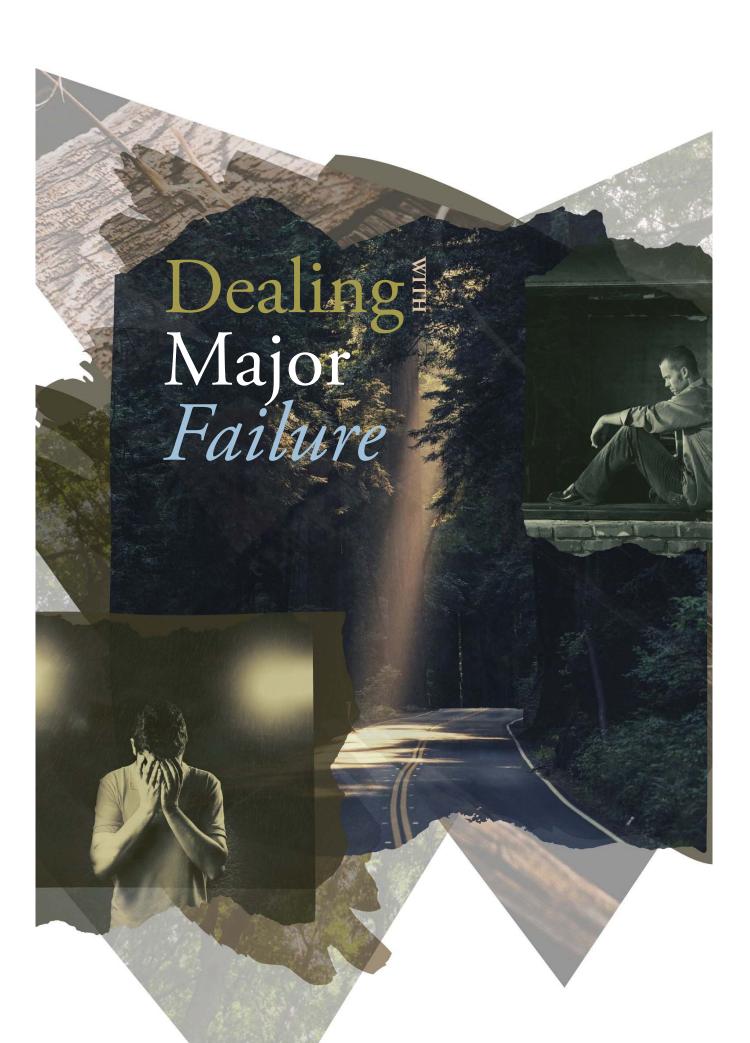
A few days later, Al started walking

with the walker again! The strength in his arms and legs increased every day until, at the end of his rehab stay, he could walk 250 feet with the walker, and go up and down 5 stairs. Again, the Word of God worked mightily!

It was a tough month, but God in His faithfulness saw us through. When I was too weak to pray and had so little faith, the Lord sustained me by His powerful Word. It was His Word alone that saved Al. God's Word always prevails.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Denise lives in South Lyon, Michigan with her husband, Alan. They have six children, nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Denise has been a Breakthrough Intercessor for 25 years, as well as a freelance writer for Christian magazines.



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 the 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 8:00p.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.

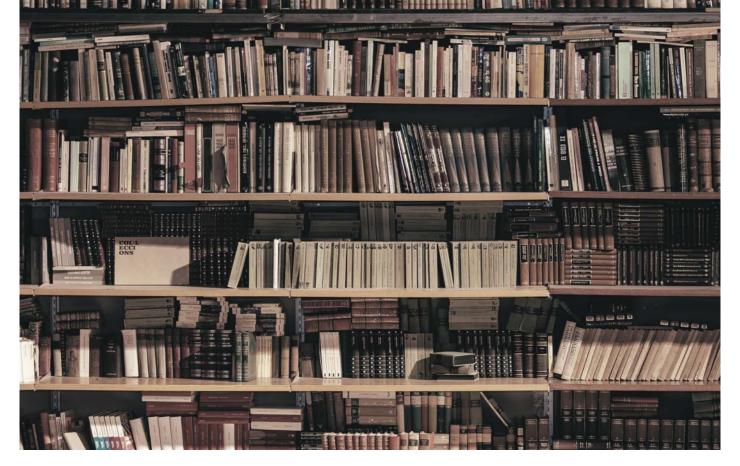
Next, I was shown that my husband, my children, and my grandchildren are not mine, but God's. He's not only as concerned as I am for them, but loves them far more than I ever could. Therefore, I was to take my possessive, self-centered hands off—strictly off. So, in an act of relinquishment, I did this.

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" (Numbers 21:4-9).

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 into 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.

Excerpt from Teachings from Catherine Marshall's Journals.



Prayers I Have Heard

BY SHEILA Y. SMITH

I first heard prayers in Mamas' arms as she held me so close She loved me, yet loved God the most

Mama was proud of her baby girl She told everybody I was the cutest in the world

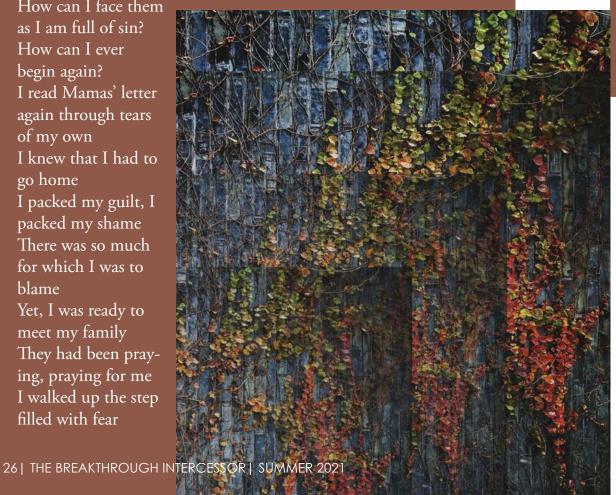
When I began walking, I fell and scraped my knee Mama, though she was busy took time to pray for me Daddy prayed every morn for the Lord's protective hand My Daddy was one God loving man My Sunday School teacher prayed that Jesus I would come to know Her love for us children ever did show Grandpa prayed that in my life Jesus would have his way The pastor prayed for one, for us all He prayed boldly before the altar call My brother prayed as he was standing near He prayed that I would have no fear The family Bible laid on the table To hear the Word, we were willing and able My best friend prayed for Jesus to come into her heart To be there with her was my part In my home prayer started the day Sometimes we took turns to pray The day ended with prayer each night Prayer morning and evening made the day right On th foundation of prayer my family did stand We knew the love of the Son of Man

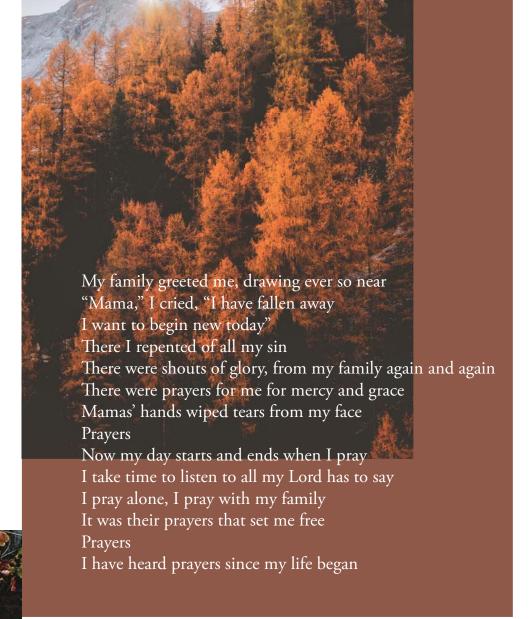
I was taught that Jesus loves me I began praying when I was three

In my life there has been laughter, there has been tears I prayed rejoicing in the laughter, trusting Him through the tears For years I walked the narrow way Something drew me away, a little each day The wide way seemed so easy and free O the price it really cost me The farther I followed that wide path it seemed so right I did not think to pray day or night I walked away from my family though they begged me to stay It seemed more important to have my own way I found myself in trouble so deep But I had learned that the strong do not weep I found myself at my end I had no one near to call a friend All I had before was now far away I believed it was too late anyway I received a letter tear-stained and worn thin Mama wrote, please come home again Mama wrote no matter what you have done

How can I face them as I am full of sin? How can I ever begin again? I read Mamas' letter again through tears of my own I knew that I had to go home I packed my guilt, I packed my shame There was so much for which I was to blame Yet, I was ready to meet my family They had been praying, praying for me I walked up the step filled with fear

Prayer for you, here is never done





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sheila Smith began writing in her teens to fill an empty place in her life. At first, she wrote to express her feelings and pain, but now her current writings are guided by the work of the Holy Spirit. She is also the author of the book "SHINE."

B able to continue mission work and have extra time with family and grandchild.

- Pat

Husband was able to see relationship with brother clearly and open his heart to forgiveness.

- Terra

M's heart tumor is benign and calcified and is not a danger to her. Thank you Jesus and all who prayed for her!

-Kathy

Driving car again after knee surgery. Now is able to attend church again.

- Jolaine

E's brain surgery was successful and helped control the severity and frequency of epileptic seizures.

- Judy

Doctor's assistant listened to L and was able to change medication dosage to allieviate debilitating symptoms.

- Beverly

Was able to get S to hospital in time to find he had blood clots in both legs and lungs. Taking him then saved his life., since then he has had a slow recovery. PRAISE HIM FOR HE HAS HEARD OUR PRAYERS!!

- Susan

C delivered from Heroine addiction, now is two years clean and mother of two.

- Richard

All my prayers were answered by God.

- Anonymous

Friend was on ventilator with COVID, now is off ventilator and at home recovering. All Glory to God!

- Sandra

C's struggle with alcohol is improving and walking in the right direction.

- Colleen

Had an angiogram and got good news on heart disease. Praise God!

- Anonymous

Brother B had a heart attack and fell over a foot stool, breaking his back. With prayer his heart is now doing great and he had an operation for his back.

- Betty

The people you prayed for recieved Jesus Christ!
- Annonymous

Congestive heart failure has been healed. All tests are done and cardiologist has confirmed. I Praise God and I thank you Breakthrough!

- Marlene

Husband recovered from stroke! Praise the Lord!
- Denise

The Lord is providing for my every need! I learned that I have fractures in my foot and am also recovering from Lyme's disease. But I have been placed in a walking cast that allows me to get around.

- Monica

Things working out with family, gathering together to discuss things and find resolution.

- Mary

My youngest son celebrated 12 years of sobrieta July 20,2021. Hallelujah!

- Sybil

My heart surgery was a success! Praise God I am healing well!

- Annonymous

Sister in Christ loaned me \$25,000 for my surgeries and therapy. Another sister in Christ payed my debt.

- Ramona

Recieved medical transportation form local church.

- Amy

I have recieved God's financial blessing. Before the end of the year, I will be totally out of debt.

- Anonymous

Grandson released from jail on probation and God provided apartment and job.

- Athleen

Fall 2021



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