


The Breakthrough
Intercessor

Spring 2024

This is My Father's World



The Magazine About Prayer

A field of blue daisies with yellow centers, some in focus and some blurred in the background. A semi-transparent light blue rectangular box is centered over the image, containing text.

“Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father’s
good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

Luke 12:32 ESV

The Breakthrough
INTERCESSOR

SPRING 2024

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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 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 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.



Breakthrough's financial statement is available upon your written request to
The Office of Charitable and Regulatory Programs,
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We Must Be Born Again

Spring has sprung, the buds are on the trees, and those of us living in the parts of the world who experience winter, are coming out. We have been waiting, for what seems like an eternity, to be able to go outside without freezing. Spring is one of the most beautiful times of the year because the buds

turn to leaves and flowers. Flowers so vividly demonstrate the majesty of God's creation. It's like a new beginning every spring with so much excitement and enthusiasm— it's as if we have a new life.

New life occurs in many ways. I recall the birth of my one and only son, years ago. After the successful delivery of the new baby boy, he was in the nursery. The nurse pointed him out, and I couldn't believe how big he was and proudly pronounced: "My son is the biggest baby of all." But the nurse pointed out a baby girl whose head seemed as big as my son! "Pride goes before destruction and haughty spirit before the fall" (Prov. 16:18). I certainly fell that day.

So, we have spoken in terms of spring and babies being born as examples of new life. In the spiritual sense, Jesus spoke of new life in his encounter with the Pharisee Nicodemus in John, chapter 3. You recall that Nicodemus sneaked around to meet Jesus at night, probably because he didn't want the other Jewish leaders to know he was meeting Jesus. However, Nicodemus confesses that Jesus is not your normal Jewish teacher; He came from God; and Jesus was able to do miracles because God was with him. This is a near confession that Jesus was the Messiah.

But Jesus's response was a non-sequitur. "Truly, truly I say to you, unless one is born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3:3). Notice he didn't thank Nicodemus for the kind words or ask him questions to get to know him better. He didn't have to, he already knew everything about Nicodemus, including

that he would become a believer. Nicodemus demonstrated his faith by making provision, along with Joseph of Arimathea, for Jesus's burial.

If the only way to get into the Kingdom of God is through being born again, how important is it? Jesus, by mentioning the Kingdom of God, is referring to having a relationship with God that is eternal, and it has to be consummated while alive here. Our first birth separates us from God because of our sin nature. Later on, Jesus, in John 3:16-17 explains how one becomes born again— through faith in Jesus Christ. To be born a second time is a choice we make. It's the most important choice we will ever make. Have you made it? If not, you can experience new life today by confessing your sin and believing in your heart that Jesus is both Savior and Lord. Jesus said: "We must be born again."

J. Michael Smith, Esq
Chairman of the Board



“He is not here, for He has risen, as He said. Come, see the place where He lay.”
Matthew 28:6

“Even when we were dead in our trespasses, made us alive together with Christ—by grace you have been saved—and raised us up with Him and seated us with Him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.”
Ephesians 2:5-6

The New Man

By Peter Marshall

“Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” (II Corinthians 5:17)

I know, Father, that I must come to Thee just as I am. But I also know that I dare not go away just as I came. Often I have known failure—failure in the moral realm, failure in ethics, failure in my attitudes, failure in my disposition. I have confessed all these defeats to Thee, and Thou hast graciously forgiven me. Yet I know, Lord, that merely to forgive me will not suffice. For unless I am changed, I shall do these same things again. At last I know, Lord, that only Thou canst correct that within me which makes me do wrong. Where I am blind, Thou must give me sight. Where I fail to heed Thy voice, Thou wilt have to do something about my deafness. Even where I deliberately choose to do what I know is wrong, Thou wilt have to do something about my will. So, Lord, I acknowledge my total dependence upon Thee. Make me over into the person Thou dost want me to be, that I may yet find that destiny for which Thou didst give me birth. For His help, who is plenteous in mercy, I give Thee my gratitude. Amen.

From *The Prayers of Peter Marshall*. Used with permission.

Birth of a Miracle

by Monica Vernot

The first glimpse of the baby inside your womb is a life-changing moment. The ticking of another heartbeat inside your being is an absolutely glorious sound. My spirit soared as I experienced the first encounter with the life within me during my ultrasound. The doctor searched the screen. She zoomed in and zoomed out. She took pictures and clicked more buttons. Something was wrong. Fear was replacing the joy in that small examining room. After a few moments, the doctor showed me the huge bubble protruding from the stomach of the baby inside my womb. My head was filled with questions. I was ushered into another room. A nurse practitioner explained the situation to me. “Monica, it appears that your baby has a condition known as gastroschisis, where the internal organs are growing outside of the baby’s stomach. At this point, most women choose to terminate the pregnancy, but we know that you will not choose this option.” I could not believe what I was hearing. “What? Why would someone choose to abort?” I questioned. Very calm and very matter of fact she answered, “Monica, your baby has a congenital birth defect.”

I cannot begin to describe to you the horrific roller coaster of the next month. My husband and I cried so many tears. We reached out to family and friends and asked them to pray. We begged God for a miracle. We researched and discovered everything we could find on gastroschisis, and we were not encouraged by the information found. However, our hope was in our Savior, and we trusted His plan, even if it meant carrying a child that may not live after birth.

Four weeks after my initial appointment, I walked back into that examining room. The doctor began the second ultrasound. She began searching for the bubble on the baby’s abdomen. More clicks. More pictures. More waiting. And then I heard the glorious words,

“It’s gone.” God had healed my baby! I had seen the bubble with my own eyes. I had a picture to prove it was there. But God! In His abundant mercy, He saw fit to heal our beautiful, baby girl. I told the doctor with tears in my eyes, “I know what happened; we have been praying.” Several months later, Molly Faith was born into our family! There was no birth defect, no hint of any health problem. “I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well” (Psalm 139:14). Had our hope not been in “the author and finisher of our faith” (Hebrews 12:2), Molly’s miraculous story may have ended before it ever began.

Today, Molly Faith is an active seven year old who enjoys playing the piano, twirling baton, and practicing ballet. Often, when talking to a new friend or group of acquaintances, Molly will tug on my sleeve and whisper, “Tell them my story.” That story, my friends, will never grow old. My daughter will spend the rest of her miraculous life sharing the power of her parent’s desperate pleas and the power of her miracle-working God! “Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen” (Ephesians 3:20-21).



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Monica Faith Vernot is an active speaker and vocalist. She has performed professionally for twenty years and maintained a private music studio. She is a regular contributor to Pathway Christian Newspaper in the Northwest Ohio region and has been published by other Christian entities including Focus on the Family magazine. Monica and her husband James are active in ministry in the states and abroad and are homeschooling their three children.

To Give Everything

BY WILLIAM BAUGH FROM “THE FAMILY BOOK OF PRAYERS”

Blessed Savior, now behold me
Waiting at the bleeding feet;
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

Take my undivided being,
Thou hast bought me with Thy Blood;
All my sins Thou hast forgiven
Let my future be for God.

Should my strength be great or small,
Be my talents two or fifty,
Jesus, Thou shalt have them all.

While I live be Thou my leader,
When I die be Thou my share;
In thy strength I'm bound to conquer
While for Thee my cross I bear.

Breathe upon me, even me,
Make me what I ought to be;
In Thy mercy breathe upon me,
Make me for Thyself complete.

*By William Baugh (1852-1942)
Submitted by Edythe M. Baggs*

*“My grandfather, William Baugh, founded
the Regent Hall Corps in the heart of London,
England, in 1882, a converted skating rink
used for worship since that time.”*

WAYS TO GIVE

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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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Consider leaving Breakthrough a gift in your will to ensure that our ministry can continue calling, equipping, and encouraging people in the work of faithful intercession.

Include the following wording: "I give, devise, and bequeath to Breakthrough, Inc., tax identification number 23-7423474, P.O. Box 121, Lincoln, Virginia 20160 (insert amount, percentage, or nature of gift, or remainder of estate) to be used for its ministry purposes."

Attitude of Gratitude

BY ROY BORGES

Gratitude is more than an internal feeling. It is the acknowledgment to God or others with expressed thankfulness. Bowing your head and thanking God before you eat may show others you believe in God but what you do after you raise your head will show them more if you have an attitude of gratitude.

It's good to thank God for the food before we eat it. But what are we saying to Him and others when we start complaining about what we just thanked Him for?

Do we understand that “man does not live by bread alone,” (Matt. 4:4) or are we like the Israelites, grumbling in the wilderness about the manna? A complaining Christian is a contradiction in terms.

Our bodily needs are important, but the food we really need is the nourishment that feeds our souls. It's the food that will make us content and grateful for what God has provided.

If you've ever eaten prison food, you know it's not the best. Often it doesn't satisfy the appetite. Paul the apostle said that the enemies of Christ worshipped their belly and glorified in their shame (Phil. 3:18-19). Many riots have started because of complaints about prison food. Discontent and ungratefulness can only lead to evil contact that ends in disaster.

On the other hand, pleasing God with the right attitude will give us peace and victory over sin. When we bow our heads and pray, are we trying to show how religious we are? Or are we truly thankful for what God is providing?

When we have an attitude of gratitude, we will not only be thankful for the food.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

After over 30 years in prison, Roy's prayers were answered and he was released in 2021. "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."



The Altar

by English poet George Herbert

A broken A L T A R, Lord, thy servant reares,
Made of a heart, and cemented with teares:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workmans tool hath touch'd the same.

A H E A R T alone

Is such a stone,

As nothing but

Thy pow'r doth cut.

Wherefore each part

Of my hard heart

Meets in this frame,

To praise thy Name;

That, if I chance to hold my peace,

These stones to praise thee may not cease.

O let thy blessed S A C R I F I C E be mine,

And sanctify this A L T A R to be thine.



He Hears and Listens

by Jacqueline Broy

“Lord, please send my dad back to the hospital.” I silently uttered this prayer because I was tired, desperate, and scared. My father was admitted to the hospital due to a stroke, but he became so agitated that the medical staff called us to come and try to calm him down. When we arrived on the floor and were walking toward his room, Dad was in the hallway struggling with two attendants holding him while another attempted to inject him with a sedative. No one could reason with him. All he wanted to do was to go home. The doctor agreed on the condition that Dad would return the next day. My quiet spring afternoon faded into an uneasy night.

Back in familiar surroundings, Dad quietly moved about the house. From a distance I watched him go through his usual before-bed routine in the kitchen. He lowered himself onto the kitchen chair, and nearly missed the seat. Once settled, Dad flicked his lighter to light a cigarette. As the flame reached his mouth, he realized there was nothing between his lips and closed his lighter. How could I sleep after seeing this? His actions were frightening. What could I do to prevent Dad from harming himself after watching his behavior at the hospital? How would I or my mother be able to reason with him if he became agitated again? Quietly, I moved from my lookout spot to the sofa in the dark living room. Several silent minutes passed. Dad finally left the kitchen and headed towards the bedroom. To be close by, I decided to spend the night on the sofa. Hearing bed covers rustle and the welcomed sound of soft snoring, my tension slowly melted. I curled up on the sofa and silently pleaded, “Lord, please send my dad back to the hospital.”

Three years earlier when I was twenty years old, I made a terrible decision rooted in fear. The heavy burden of guilt pressed out bitter tears like oil from crushed olives, and no amount of prayer could relieve my distress. No one could lift this unbearable weight from my soul, yet Someone did. In the middle of my grief, the Lord whispered to my spirit. Shocked and surprised at hearing his voice, the crying stopped. I heard Him say He forgave me, and I needed to forgive myself. My church upbringing didn't prepare me for this kind of encounter nor for this kind of love, but here was undeniable proof that a Living God heard my sorrowful outcry and listened.

More than two thousand years ago, David wrote his desperation in the first line of Psalm 61 asking God to hear his cry and listen to his prayer.

“God, hear my cry; pay attention to my prayer”(Psalm 61:1 CSB).

Hearing is being aware of sound but listening requires your full attention and consideration. That night on the sofa I needed Jesus to hear me again and give my prayer His undivided attention to do something because my father was in trouble.

I woke the next morning to a silent house; my parents were gone. When my mother returned alone, she had good news. As promised, Dad returned to the hospital. Thank You, God for sending my father back to the hospital. Several weeks later in July he escorted me down the aisle on my wedding day. The stroke did take its toll on my father's mobility and speech, but my mother and I were thankful for what Dad could do despite the limitations.

Over four decades ago, lying on a living room sofa altar, I prayed for my father's return to the hospital. Unacquainted back then with the term "intercession," I now see this as my first step into that realm of prayer. Since that night many intercessory prayers have passed over my lips. What I have learned and experienced in interceding for others has been a priceless treasure, but one thing remains an unchangeable fact. There is a solid assurance in my heart that God always hears me. He is always listening to my prayers.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jacqueline Broy has traveled worldwide, but Miss Winnie the RV carries her, her husband, and their mini-Australian Labradoodle across the continental United States highways and back home to Maryland.

Are you a writer?

The Intercessor welcomes submissions!

Guidelines:

1. Articles should be 500-1,000 words.
2. Poems should be at least 12 lines.
3. Topics must focus on prayer: an experience or teaching supported in Scripture.
4. Authors give Breakthrough permission to edit material for length and content.



Has God taught you
about prayer?
Do you want to share
your story of
answered prayer?
Do you write poetry
about prayer?

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

Forever

*"I have loved you with an everlasting love."
(Jeremiah 31:3 NIV)*

Forever God is faithful,
Forever He is true.
Forever He is with me.
Forever His love endures.

Forever His promises stand,
In His Word I trust.
Not one word has ever failed,
Forever He provides.

Forever He listens to prayer.
He answers, too.
Forever I'm safe in His care.
Forever He is good.
Forever.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jewell Johnson lives in Arizona and is mother to six children and grandmother to nine. Besides writing, she enjoys reading, playing the piano, and quilting.

A decorative border of orange and white flowers, possibly chrysanthemums, surrounds the central white text area.

Do I really pray?

I often say my prayers,
But do I really pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I pray?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will He to those lips attend
Whose prayer is not sincere!

Lord, show me what I need,
And teach me how to pray.
And help me when I seek thy grace
To mean the words I say.

Reprinted from *The Family Book of Prayers* and submitted by Alice Smith

The Music of Our Hearts

Article and Poem by Peter Caligiuri

“Above all else, guard your heart, for everything you do flows from it.” (Proverbs 4:23 NIV)

Today as I enter my seventieth decade of life, I am grateful for the opportunity to play my guitar and sing for several long-term care facilities around our community. But learning to play an instrument began with the clarinet and long afternoon music lessons, when I was a young boy. Because my Stepfather was a concert clarinetist, he had chosen that instrument for me and began to instruct me beginning at about the age of six. While my friends were outside playing, I was downstairs in the basement squawking away through clarinet lessons. Oh, how I hated that clarinet! I trudged through the endless practicing and longed for a world without lessons. But I am grateful for the discipline and the lifetime of music that those tedious lessons have given me. In the same way, the spiritual discipline of prayer helps to prepare us for the challenges that life throws our way.

A few years ago, while my dad was in his final hours, I was able to take my guitar, and with its gentle chords soothing us, I sung for him as he stepped across the doorway into Heaven. Though dad could no longer sing, the music helped to join us together and I thanked God for those lessons. That discipline of practicing is the most overlooked aspect of music. Similar to the discipline of prayer, it prepares our hearts. The hours we spend in God's practice room of prayer prepare us for both our greatest victories and our deepest sorrows. Music and prayer are precious gifts, but how we practice those gifts is our choice. The Bible tells us to carefully guard our hearts, because God wants the melody that plays there to be the music of Heaven and the song of the redeemed!

His Symphony Divine

Father taught me about keys and rests
About scales and every note
When my younger mind was wishing
To be out fishing in the boat

But by grace notes and by quarters
And good old three-four time
Things slowly began to make sense
Like a poem starts to rhyme

And His melody stayed with me
Though sometimes I couldn't hear
Over my life's strong crescendos
And sonatas filled with tears

But now I am just grateful
As my voice begins to wane
That His notes can go on singing
Through both sunny days and rain

And I see my Father's presence
In the notes between the lines
And I thank Him for the part I play
In His symphony divine



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Life has a funny way of giving us unexpected adventures and detours and my wife Nancy and I have had more than a few over the 50 years we have shared together. We have two sons, six lively grandsons, and one very special granddaughter! I love to write about nursing home ministry, as well as devotional articles, poetry, and even a few songs.

Praying in the Spirit

by Eugenie Daniels



“Praying always, with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit...” (Ephesians 6:18)

Until this prayer experience, I thought praying in the Spirit was a gift for spiritual giants.

Then, the phone rang one afternoon. “We need prayer. My great-granddaughter is on her way to the hospital. There is something terribly wrong.”

The child’s feet were turning blue among other serious symptoms. The local hospital sent her by ambulance to a bigger hospital over an hour away. She was only a little over one year old.

We prayed for a couple of days while the child was stuck with needles, tested, and lay crying and screaming in a crib at the hospital. They discovered that, though it is not common, she had diabetes.

The doctors struggled for several more days to bring her insulin into balance.

Five days later, my friend called again. “She’s coming home. She will need insulin. Because she is so young, and may or may not eat all of her food, they will need to be very careful. If she does not finish a meal, that means she has too much insulin and they have to give her a different shot to counteract it. They will need to be vigilant and very careful. But, she is coming home and we are all so happy.”

For several weeks, the child went back and forth once a week to the big hospital so far away. The parents were faithful and did a great job, and the doctors were pleased. All was going well. Then the phone rang again. “We need more prayer. Her feet are blue again.”

They tried and tried, but she kept retuning to the hospital needing more help.

The family was finally told of a clinic for diabetic children three hours away that had helped someone in a similiar situation. The woman had also had diabetes as a child, but thanks to treatment at the clinic, she was now in her seventies.

The doctors signed off for the child to go to the clinic, but there were no appointments. We began to pray for an appointment, so the little girl could be treated at the clinic. This went on for quite some time. No appointments and still the child struggled.

One day, as I was praying, I felt the urge to pray not for the clinic appointment, but for the child's body to come back into balance. I continued to pray this way, and did not hear anything new for several weeks.

Then my phone rang again. "I've just come from my great-granddaughter's birthday party. She was out in the bouncy house keeping up with her nine-year old cousin. She was the life of the party."

She went on to explain that there was no appointment at the clinic, but the doctors had gotten her body back into balance and she was doing great. How did this happen. I believe it was an answer to prayer to bring her body back into balance.

I discovered that praying in the Spirit is not just a gift for spiritual giants. It is a matter of listening to the Spirit's urgings and changing the prayer you have been saying, or adding to it. Now when I pray for a request from someone, I also listen for new directions in prayer that the Spirit might give. For me, that is praying in the Spirit.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eugenie has been an intercessor for two and a half years and a freelance writer for thirty years. She has written devotionals, articles, and puzzles for children. She and her husband, Dan, who is a retired pastor and also an intercessor, have been married for forty-five years. They enjoy birding, reading, and Bible study together.



The Keepers of the Springs
by Peter Marshall

Peter Marshall beautifully describes mothers as “keepers of the springs.” He believes that the home is where the souls of children are kept pure. I agree that mothers hold this precious role, but it is also the responsibility of every Christian to look out for the whole Family of Christ.

*Christians must be quick to help encourage one another and call one other out when they start to stumble. We must often pray for growth and sanctification for one another. By doing this, we can help keep the springs of our souls from the filth of sin. I hope you enjoy this poetic analogy
written by Peter Marshall. -Editor*

Once upon a time, a certain town grew up at the foot of a mountain range. It was sheltered in the lee of the protecting heights so that the wind that shuddered at the doors and flung handfuls of sleet against the window panes was a wind whose fury was spent.

High up in the hills, a strange and quiet forest dweller took it upon himself to be the Keeper of the Springs.

He patrolled the hills and wherever he found a spring, he cleaned its brown pool of silt and fallen leaves, of mud and mold and took away from the spring all foreign matter, so that the water which bubbled up through the sand ran down clean and cold and pure. It leaped sparkling over rocks and dropped joyously in crystal cascades until, swollen by other streams, it became a river of life to the busy town.

Millwheels were whirled by its rush. Gardens were refreshed by its waters.

Fountains threw it like diamonds into the air. Swans sailed on its limpid surface and children laughed as they played on its banks in the sunshine.

But the City Council was a group of hard-headed, hard-boiled businessmen. They scanned the civic budget and found in it the salary of a Keeper of the Springs.

Said the Keeper of the Purse: “Why should we pay this romance ranger? We never see him, he is not necessary to our town’s work life. If we build a reservoir just above the town, we can dispense with his services and save his salary.”



Therefore, the City Council voted to dispense with the unnecessary cost of a Keeper of the Springs, and to build a cement reservoir.

So the Keeper of the Springs no longer visited the brown pools but watched from the heights while they built the reservoir.

When it was finished, it soon filled up with water, to be sure, but the water did not seem to be the same. It did not seem to be as clean, and a green scum soon befouled its stagnant surface.

There were constant troubles with the delicate machinery of the mills, for it was often clogged with slime, and the swans found another home above the town.

At last, an epidemic raged, and the clammy yellow fingers of sickness reached into every home in every street and lane.

The City Council met again. Sorrowfully, it faced the city's plight, and frankly it acknowledged the mistake of the dismissal of the Keeper of the Springs.

They sought him out of his hermit hut high in the hills and begged him to return to his former joyous labor. Gladly he agreed, and began once more to make his rounds. It was not long until pure water came liltng down under tunnels of ferns and mosses and to sparkle in the cleaned reservoir.

Millwheels turned again as of old.

Stenches disappeared.

Sickness waned and convalescent children playing in the sun laughed again because the swans had come back.

Do not think me fanciful too imaginative or too extravagant in my language when I say that I think women, and particularly of our mothers, as Keepers of the Springs. The phrase, while poetic, is true and descriptive. We feel its warmth...



“The Keeper of the Springs” from *The Best of Peter Marshall*. Used with Permission

An Easter Message

by Lisa Miller

Fragrant flowers perfume the air,
And color the world in pastel.
The earth is sunshiny, new and
fresh.
It is Eastertime, we can tell.

As petals begin to open,
And face unafraid the sun,
May we begin to have hope in
The joy that Christ gives everyone.

Let us open our hearts to let
His love make us fresh and new.
And let us not cease—nor forget
To bring love to others, too.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lisa Marie Miller is a writer and college professor who lives in New York City. Several of her academic projects have touched upon explorations of women in both literature and film, including an essay on female protagonists and religion published in Proceedings of the Conference on Christianity and Literature. She has also served as a religious education instructor for children.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER

My great-grandson born 5 weeks premature is doing great! My daughter-in-law who was facing many challenges is doing well now! God is so good.
-Marlys P.

Years ago you prayed for my son, Nathan, and he had a great healing!
-Doug C.

My sciatic nerve pain is gone. I have been healed. No more strong pain pills! Thanks to all who prayed for me!
-Mary Anne F.

My granddaughter, her son Josh, and my nephew James all have accepted Jesus as Lord and Savior, and my brother Clifton is at least listening and considering salvation. Thank you for your prayers! Prayer works!
-Bertha N.

I requested prayer for Brooks in Massachusetts on May 5th of last year. After four surgeries, each followed by chemo and radiation, he is officially cancer free!
-Marie W.

I'm beginning to see revival among some of our churches.
-Claire T.

Our 20-year-old grandson, Joe, had a blood clot near his heart. He had surgery and is doing fine. Thanks for your prayers.
- Janet W.

My daughter, Shelly, is growing in her relationship with Jesus. She is seeking the Lord's will for her life more than she ever has.

-Anonymous

When I had cardiac arrest while in CT scanner, I lost oxygen to my brain. Prayer from you to God eventually restored enough so I can still live alone. God bless all prayer warriors and Breakthrough.

-Judy H.

Bloodwork is remarkable, cancer has not grown. Praise God. Will see doctor in 6 months to a year.

-Betty B.

God found us a good church.

-Margaret

My son, Johnny, is heading to Idaho for an internship. Praising God for this opportunity.

-Martha J.

Granddaughter Virginia (13 years old) gave her life to Jesus and was baptized January 2023.

-Marilyn H.

Oh the sweetness of the Spirit of the Living God! I literally feel His Presence all over me when you pray. My mind gets clear so I can think. My daughter-in-law received her new job as Librarian; she is excited...You have been so faithful and I pray for every seed you have planted to come back to you a hundredfold in Jesus Name.

-Allison F.

When I was very discouraged,
you prayed for me, and God
gave your prayer warrior a set of
verses that put me back on track.

God is amazing!

-Mary W.

Less Fear
-Tommie L.

The three weeks of intercession covered the last days of Gordon's (91) journey on this earth, his homegoing to glory, and the day of celebration of his life and burial of his body which took place on the final day of the three weeks. God's timing is perfect! His love, faithfulness, and goodness were so evident in those weeks.

-Anonymous

Marriage is doing really
good. Enjoying each other.
My daughter has been letting
me back into her life.

-Carrie R.

Boiler room in my condo
caught on fire. Neighbor
came home, saw the flames.
Jesus didn't allow the gas
boiler to blow. Although it
took the firemen 20 minutes,
we were protected.

-Faye B.

Grandson delivered
from drugs and alcohol.
Grandson released from
depression and
migraines.

-Ann R.

We can rejoice! Yesterday
I learned that Emma is com-
pletely healed. She is a beautiful
miracle. Please pass on thanks
to the faithful intercessors who
so lovingly prayed for her.

-Anonymous

My son was prayed for 35 years ago, recovered, and has been clean and sober all this time!! Praise God and your intercessors.
-Verne M.

My mother Barbara is doing well after surgery and treatment for breast cancer and no chemo needed. Son Barton passed entrance exam for optometry school.
-Linda D.

Your prayer for a successful art exhibit was answered! Thank you so much!
-Cynthia J.

My daughter was healed from spinal meningitis years ago. Doctors said she probably would not live. She was totally healed. She is a wife, mother of four children, and has earned a Master's Degree in Education. She is doing well!
-Joyce M.

Financial provision came for my grand-daughter Brittany. The Holy Spirit has given me Shalom these past months.
-Claire T.

My mother Barbara made it through her surgery at 88 years old.
-Anonymous

I had requested prayer because my job was in danger. On the last day of my second prayer period I learned that my job is safe for the foreseeable future. I am praising God and am so thankful for Breakthrough and the intercessors who prayed for me.
-Rhonda M.

Spring 2024



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