

Prayers of a Righteous Mother

When our kids were young, “pillow talk” was always special. This was a time to sit in intimate half-light at bedtime and ask how things were—really were—if signs of reticence or sadness were detected that day.

We would gather any untied threads of the day, talk about them and pray these things into the Father’s hands. Confessions, hopes, ideas and fears were expressed then as at no other time.

Trust was built into our relationship that stood us in good stead in later years. One kind of pillow talk we engaged in allowed me to relate to our teen daughter when the distance between us seemed great.

Delivered From Sexual Abuse

When I was 5 years old, one of my family members, who used to baby-sit my siblings and me, began sexually abusing me. For years the images of what he did haunted me and led to my being given to a spirit of perversion.

Another family member teased me about what my uncle had done, and later he, too, began abusing me, as well as my cousin and my sister.

When I was 8, my mother had a nervous breakdown, and I was placed in a foster home. I was molested there for two years.

I was a runaway at 14, a prostitute at 15, married to someone I’d later divorce at 17 and pregnant at 18. At one point I

became a drug dealer.

Through a host of perversions and generational curses the enemy tried to destroy my life. But in November 1987, after fighting and pulling a gun on the man I was engaged to marry, I surrendered my life to Christ.

I was a broken and hurting individual whose life was full of pain. When I asked God why He had allowed so many terrible things to happen to me, He helped me remember girls I'd known from the street who had gotten killed or been put in jail.

God told me, "The devil wanted to kill you, but I wouldn't let him. Now use what you've been through to help deliver the sexual abuser as well as the sexually abused."

Since then, God has made me a minister of the gospel. One of the greatest blessings I've experienced is being allowed to preach deliverance to one of the family members who abused me. God gave me the grace to do it with His love and without hurt or pain.

I've been delivered in Jesus' name, and now I'm seeing souls set free by the power of God. To Him be all the glory.

He Made Me Whole

Fifteen years prior to the wonderful day when I was born again, my husband, Al, and I were in an automobile accident that resulted in a serious injury to my back. I spent those years with searing pain as my constant companion.

Though both Al and I are Jewish, it never occurred to us that God was alive and willing to be my healer. Unbeknownst to us, my husband's secretary, Joan, and her church family were

praying for my healing.

One day Joan approached Al and invited us to her church for a healing service. He was not comfortable with the idea. He thought of her as a “religious fanatic”—but all I heard was the word “healing,” and I was all for that.

God Still Heals

One morning my 9-year-old daughter, Sara, suddenly began having a violent seizure. At the time, we were on vacation and driving on a road in the middle of nowhere.

We rushed to the nearest emergency room, and within an hour, the doctors confirmed that Sara had experienced a grand mal seizure. We were shocked because she had never had one before.

During the next eight months Sara had five more seizures. Fear and frustration gripped me. All I could do was hold her as tears streamed down my face.

Rescued from the Occult

Growing up in the Roman Catholic Church, I attended parochial schools and sometimes went to Mass six days a week. But I lost faith in the church when, later in life, I found myself divorced with two small children and excluded from communion and the other sacraments.

My twin sister urged me to attend her church and gave me a copy of The Book. At age 31, for the first time in my life, I began reading the Bible.

At the same time, a close friend persuaded me to see a psychic, and I soon became hooked. I was enchanted with the New Age movement because it made me feel as if I had special powers and was in control of my destiny. At church, I felt like an outsider—a divorced single mom in the midst of all those happy families.

God Was There

In 1952, at the age of 2, I was stricken with polio and cerebral palsy. I was placed in the hospital, and my doctors recommended that I undergo exploratory surgery on my brain so they could determine what was causing my symptoms.

Thankfully, my parents would not consent to this surgery. But for 16 years I was in braces that covered nearly my whole body. I also endured four operations.

I can remember going to my aunt and uncle's house and attending church with them. My uncle was a minister.

My Real Father

Candace Lang Like millions of children who grow up without a dad, I dreamed of what the ideal father would be like. He would have the wisdom of Ward Cleaver, the compassion of Charles Ingalls and the indulgence of Mike Brady.

After I became a Christian, I realized that God had used my need for a father as a catalyst so that I would seek Him, even when I was young. If I had not had a need, I might never have known Him.

In a tangible way God showed me that He is a father in every sense. He reminded me of the times He had watched over and protected me when I thought I was alone.

Call Waiting

Standing in the middle of a cold stream, I lowered the young man into the water. "I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," I said. "Welcome to the family."

I thought back to when I was 15 years old and heard a missionary talk. I yearned to preach the gospel overseas.

However, my denomination offered me only two choices: I could remain single and be a nurse or a teacher, or I could marry a missionary and be a wife and mother.

Choosing to Trust

Today, most people have heard of agoraphobia, which is an abnormal fear of being in open spaces. But 26 years ago, this problem was unknown where I lived.

At 15, my life came to a standstill. I suffered severe panic attacks wherever I went. Shaking uncontrollably and feeling faint, I'd get a compelling urge to run from wherever I was. Eventually, I became housebound.

No one knew what was wrong with me. I thought I was losing my mind, and for two years, I cried out to God for help.

One day I was praying beside my bed, just enjoying the Lord. Suddenly, I felt a current of divine love flow through me, flooding me with peace and joy. I was euphoric!

At first, the only difference I noted was that I couldn't stop singing. Then I had the sudden urge to venture out to the mailbox.

I did, and I didn't panic! The shackles that had bound me began to fall away.

No one realized that I was experiencing agoraphobia. Clinics, treatments, counseling—none were available to me. But I had a Great Physician, and there was nothing unknown to Him.

I have learned that we don't always need to understand the problems we face. What we need to know is that the God in whom we trust is bigger than the problem.

Victory in Grief

It was a long, exhausting drive from my Lafayette home to my mother's bedside in the small Alabama town where I grew up. Nothing in my years as a pastor's wife or my experience as a registered nurse had prepared me for this journey.

Twice in 1997, the Great Physician had intervened, astonishing the medical doctors, who had offered no hope. Prayer had prevailed, and my mother's life had become a living testimony to the entire hospital staff of God's miraculous healing power.

Shuttling back and forth across the endless miles for the last few months had taken a huge emotional and physical toll on me. Mother's wish not to live with me during this time was a decision that I honored but agonized over.