

But God Knew

During my childhood our family lived on a farm in Corinth, Mississippi. One day while I was working in the cotton field, a truck driven by a good-looking boy came along, and although I did not know him, I made the remark: "Do you see that boy? I'm going to marry him one day, and I will not be a farmer's wife but a doctor's wife."

Three years later, Howard Thomas and I were married. Eventually he decided to become a medical doctor and started attending college. We went to church regularly but were not born again.

We began drinking and frequenting medical fraternity parties. I felt guilty but did not stop.

I Waited on God

On a Thursday in June 1987, three days before my due date, I was disappointed when my doctor told me he thought my baby would not come for another week. My husband, Andres, and I had been trying to have a family since we were first married two and a half years earlier, so even a few more days seemed like a lot.

On Sunday morning I awoke with light cramps. At daybreak, my husband and I began timing the contractions as we got ready to go to the hospital.

When the doctor examined me and listened for the baby's heartbeat, I sensed that something was wrong. Quickly, I was prepared for a Caesarean section.

Grandma's Double Blessing

My life as a grandmother started with a whirlwind of excitement, much like Steve Martin's in the movie, Father of the Bride Part II. I identified with his situation because two of my daughters were in labor at the same time and gave birth 66 minutes apart.

I'll never forget the Thanksgiving Day when Kathy, my oldest daughter, announced that she and her husband, Foster, were going to have a baby after waiting five years. A month later Dori, my youngest daughter, announced that she, too, was pregnant.

OK, I thought to myself. I have two pregnant daughters. No problem. I was to have a grandchild born in July and one in August. I often teased the girls, saying: "You better not have your babies the same day. And if you do, you better have them in the same hospital!"

Miracles Do Happen

When I was 14, I injured my head in a diving accident. Three days later, my parents discovered me in the middle of a grand mal seizure.

After I had nearly continual seizures for more than three months, my parents were given no hope that I would recover. But I became conscious and seizure-free without drugs after many days of prayer.

Within several months, I went back to classes and scored higher on intelligence tests than I had before the accident. I'd lost a year of high school, but ultimately I finished and went on to earn a degree in elementary education and psychology.

The Miracle of His Goodness

Having been raised by an alcoholic father and an enabling mother, I learned to see God as harsh, unbending and unaccepting of me. I believed that He would harm me at His whim and that He was never pleased with my efforts or gifts. I thought He was like my father.

As a 30-something mother of four, I was falling apart emotionally. I had seen numerous counselors and been on medication for clinical depression. But despite all my efforts, I could not find freedom or peace.

At my lowest point, a good Christian friend mailed me an awesome worship CD that was full of songs extolling God as the lover of our souls. Inspired by thoughts of His stubborn love for me, I was compelled to search the Scriptures to see what I could find about the true nature of God.

A Miraculous Journey

Our 16-year-old son, Zachary, was blessed with athletic abilities. He has been an all-star athlete since he was very young.

In the month of November 2001, Zachary had been practicing basketball on the days before and after Thanksgiving. On the following Monday morning he awoke with a swollen arm. We anointed him with oil and prayed for him.

Shortly after he was taken to the doctor, and medical tests revealed the presence of a germ-cell tumor in his chest behind the sternum. On December 3, 2001, the tumor was removed, and surgery was followed by four five-day rounds of chemotherapy that ended in February 2002.

God Sent His Word

For the first 12 years of my life, I fought to be free from asthma and to win my mother's love. Oh, how I wanted to please her!

I won the victory over the asthma but lost the battle for my mother's love. When I was only 14, she died.

Shortly after her death, my father moved out of our home, leaving me and my three sisters all alone. I felt abandoned, broken and scared.

Hallelujah Anyhow

Although I was raised a Southern Baptist, I was full of spiritual questions after my mother's death and the end of my 18-year marriage. On one occasion, while visiting an Assemblies of God church I observed the congregation praising the Lord in a way I had never seen. As they lifted their hands in worship, I joined in.

Each week I returned, knowing that God was drawing me closer to Him. At first I raised only one hand in worship. Then the Lord asked me, "What's wrong with your other hand?" In total abandonment, I raised both arms. God's Spirit worked in me, and freedom was released through my surrender.

Before, I learned about the prophets only in the Old Testament. My newfound freedom brought people into my life who would say to me, "The Lord told me this..." or "The Lord told me that..." Eventually, I learned to listen to God's voice and move accordingly.

A Story of Restoration

My husband and I built our relationship on God's love and understanding; however, I always had a struggle with the concept of oneness. Satan was out to destroy both our marriage and our connection to God.

During our 19th year of marriage, Satan came in at full force, causing chaos and devastation. Blindly, I thought that having

the attention of a man other than my husband would enhance my life. An affair nearly destroyed our lives, as well as our daughter's. Through God's grace and others' prayers, the veil of deception was removed. By the means of a vision, I was made aware of the enemy's hand at work in our relationship.

In this vision, I was standing in the center of a room and a current of energy flowed out from within me to those nearby. When the current ran uninterrupted, everything was in harmony. But broken connections brought sorrow to everyone.

He Heals All Our Diseases

In 1991 I was an assistant buyer for a large department store. One morning when I was preparing to go to work, an overwhelming sensation came over the left side of my body.

Starting at the top of my head, it traveled slowly down my body to my extremities on the left side. It took me at least a half-hour to get to the bottom of the stairs.

Numerous medical tests led to the diagnosis of multiple sclerosis. I could not believe that my life had taken such a traumatic turn.

I began to search the Scriptures concerning healing. I was experiencing periods of paralysis and spent much of my time in bed, nurtured by my husband and children.

During this period, I watched a lot of Christian television. Through it I received faith for healing.

For months, I continued to receive and believe the word of faith. Then during a Sunday morning praise service at my

church, I was totally healed by the power of God.

I am 42 years old and born again, and I love Jesus with all my heart. He is my Great Physician as well as my Savior.

After I was healed, God called me to minister to women with an emphasis on total healing and restoration of body, soul and spirit. He made me well, and now He is using my experience to help others. How grateful I am that He “forgives our iniquities; and heals all our diseases” (Ps. 103:3).