

God Will Surely Vindicate You!

I didn't hit a cop. And I didn't resist arrest with violence. But one dishonest police officer with a chip on her shoulder just about ruined my life.

I was in my mid-20s when my fiance came over one day in a foul mood. One unkind word led to another and I found myself ducking a bowl of macaroni that was headed in my direction. I warned him to calm down or I would call the police. Long story short, he didn't calm down. I was scared. I called the police.

When they arrived, I was wearing little shorts and a tank top. Admittedly, I may have looked like someone who would hit a cop. I had a bald head, save a lock of ultra-black hair dangling over my right eye and a piercing in my left eyelid. But I neither committed battery on a law enforcement officer nor resisted arrest, much less with violence. All I did was move two inches from where I was told to sit because I was being eaten alive by ants while begging the cop not to arrest my fiance.

"Calm down or I'll say you hit me!" the officer threatened.

"What? You can't do that. I haven't done anything ..."

Falsely Accused

The next thing I knew, I was being body slammed against the back of a police car and assaulted by this manly female. I cried out for her to stop but the beating continued. I had bruises over much of my body. Ironically, they let my fiance go when I wouldn't press charges. Me on the other hand ... I was charged with two felonies. That sent me into a deep depression and I didn't even fight the charges. I plead no contest, took probation and soon moved about 350 miles south to start a new life.

Despite having authorization to move—I even took my mother with me to the probation office to make sure all the papers were in order—there was a mix-up somewhere. The authorities had my address. They knew where I was. But I never heard another word from them. Within a couple of months, I was married, pregnant and had started a new life. I wouldn't find out until my husband abandoned me and I was about to go to divorce court that there was a warrant for my arrest for violation of probation.

I hired a high-dollar attorney who assured me it would be cleared up without any issue. I had followed all the protocols and papers were merely lost in the system. Unfortunately, I had a money-hungry maid who discovered my plight. She tried to extort money from me. When I wouldn't hand it over, she waited for an opportunity to take vengeance. She found her opportunity when *America's Most Wanted* was in town offering a reward for any fugitives.

My maid dropped the dime on me and I was arrested in the middle of the night. The judge denied me bail three times, even on home arrest with an ankle bracelet. My recently abandoned daughter was in danger of losing her mother, too, as the district attorney sought to put me in prison for five years. The high-dollar attorney I hired suggested I take the plea.

Salvation Comes

Fast-forwarding through a lot of other details, I ended up getting saved in that jail and the Lord told me I would be released on Day 40. It didn't look possible as I was denied bail three times and the judge was on vacation well past the 40th day. I had no teaching about God being my vindicator. But He did give me the gift of faith. Over and over again He confirmed to me the number 40. And I believed it.

My grandmother stepped in and helped me find an attorney that would fight for me. It cost almost me every penny I had—about

\$75,000—but I never had to stand before the judge and I was released on the 40th day, just like God said. Of course, when I emerged from jail I had no savings, no work and nowhere to live. I moved to a small town in the Deep South, lived on food stamps for a year and learned all I could about God.

At a Joyce Meyer conference, I learned that God is my vindicator. He had already vindicated me once. The charges against me were dropped and my name cleared. But His vindication didn't end there. He also restored every penny that the devil stole from me through legal fees or otherwise. He restored my client base 10-fold. He gave me an oceanfront condo. I could go on and on. And I could go on and on about God's vindication. If there is one theme that's run throughout my life, it has been the vindication of God. Hallelujah!

God is Your Vindicator

Here's the good news: God is no respecter of persons (Acts 10:34). If He will vindicate me, He will vindicate you. If He will restore what the devil stole from me, He will restore what the devil stole from you. So I challenge you right now, instead of complaining day and night about what the enemy has done in your life, try praying day and night for God's justice. Are you desperate enough for God's justice in your life that you'll persist in day and night prayer until you see Him move?

"Shall God not avenge His own elect who cry out day and night to Him, though He bears long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of Man comes, will He really find faith on the earth?" (Luke 18:7-8). Do you believe that God is your vindicator? Is anything too hard for God? (Jer. 32:26-27).

I don't know who has maligned you, who has done you wrong, or what the enemy has stolen from you. But what I am absolutely confident of is that God is your vindicator. If you believe it, and you persist in prayer for justice, day and night, you

can assure someone else of our just God's vindicating power too. Only believe. Amen.

Jennifer LeClaire is news editor at Charisma. She is also the author of several books, including *Did the Spirit of God Say That?*. You can email Jennifer at @ or visit her website [here](#). You can also join Jennifer on Facebook or follow her on Twitter.