

Prepare for the Promise: Seizing Your Kairos Time

After I was freed from the bars that held me captive—both physically and spiritually—I was forced to move back in with my parents. Because my father expected me to go to prison for 10 years, he gave up my apartment and gave away my dog. I had no money, dog, job or home—nothing in this natural world. (Sounds like a sad country song!) But I did have Christ. And He is always enough. And in Christ, I also had a promise of vindication. But the fullness of my vindication didn't come right away, and the months following my dramatic salvation were difficult.

For starters, the economy was in shambles. Freelance writers were not in demand—and journalism was the only career path I knew. I had spent most of my money paying the defense attorney to throw out the false charges, so I was essentially penniless. Newly born-again, I knew little of the Word of God, and I didn't know how to pray. My prayer life at that time consisted of, "Help me, God. Thank You, God."

An Encounter With God

Late one night, after an especially challenging day, I went to the spare bedroom in my parents' house to pray. My daughter was asleep across the hall, and my folks were asleep on the other side of the house. I knelt over a chair and cried out to God for help.

I prayed so long I fell asleep with my head on the seat of the chair. Suddenly, I awoke to the sound of a booming voice with a divine announcement: "Stay calm. Be patient. Your time is coming." "Startled" is not a strong enough word for my reaction to the midnight revelation. I looked all around me. I

thought it was my dad, but it didn't sound like him. When I saw no one in the dark room, the spirit of the fear of the Lord fell upon me. I slowly got up and went to bed, pondering the incident half the night as Samuel did after his first encounter with God.

I didn't know it at the time, but I had heard the audible voice of God. Some years later, I realized God Himself had spoken words of life. Nevertheless, I stored them in my heart for many years while I waited for my ultimate vindication.

Continuing Trials and Tribulations

Getting out of jail wasn't the end of my trials and tribulations. In some ways, it was just the beginning. God put me on a fast track to perfecting my faith, and I experienced what seemed like more than my fair share of suffering. I moved from my parents' house in Florida to Alabama to make a fresh start, but it wasn't so fresh. Some neighbors took advantage of me. Some supposed friends stole from me. I had hardly enough money to get by and ended up on food stamps while I tried to rebuild my life.



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During that time, I kept pondering God's word, which were stored in my heart: "Stay calm. Be patient. Your time is coming." I didn't know how long I would have to stay calm, but I gradually learned to still my soul. I pressed into the truth of Philippians 4:6–7 (NKJV), "Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God,

which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.”

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