

Why We Need to Fast and Pray in This Hour

Last week was Good Friday, the beginning of resurrection Sunday. A time when we remember the unconditional love of God. How His plan unfolded. How much of a sacrifice Jesus made for our sins and the fall of man. On that day, I was reflecting.

My journey before and after my trip to Vegas recently has been tremendously difficult. As a matter of fact, it's been difficult since the very start of my surrendering to God, when I finally said yes 15 years ago. I believe God has been stirring me up these few weeks for me to make a choice. Vegas was an amazing validation point of ministry for me by God. But even with all that fun and glamour, I have never had it easy. Being an apostle of the gospel doesn't mean I don't go through. It means that I go through even all the more. I have been in ministry for over 15 years. I have seen quite a bit to say the least. Not heard, but I have seen.

Many leaders of the gospel have fallen, backslidden or just simply given up. Since the beginning of my ministerial training, I have seen churches broken up or they just fell apart by not operating in the supernatural as they had before. I have had male preachers tell me there are no female preachers. No more apostles. Sexism. Racism. Division. And separation. So much has changed! Divorces. People leaving the churches. Churches closing down, including my own. The zeal of the body of Christ is just not the same. We don't pray folks through anymore. We don't deal with demons anymore.

We aren't patient with folks' processes anymore. We don't believe God for extreme miracles anymore. We've gotten distracted by the houses, cars, husbands, material things and running around judging, blaming and worrying about a doctor's report or an overdue bill. We're not focusing on the purity of

our walk; instead, we will compromise our souls to fill the seats up by putting on concerts and doing shows. What if I told you straight up that within 15 years of ministry, I have fallen a few times, maybe four or five? What if I told you that even though I believe God wants us whole, I have struggled? I have struggled, not only because of attacks from the enemy, but because I believe God enough for wholeness to happen in all our lives.

The devil doesn't like me very much. Who's praying for me? A few have seen me at my worst. I can confess to that. This walk hasn't always been easy. But as I reflect on this Good Friday, the only one who has remained with me through it all and never left me because of my ugliness is Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Through it all. Through every nasty thing I have done, especially the things I have done in front of people.

He never leaves me. I have wanted to quit many times, but it is my love for God, my son and His people that keeps me alive. I may be hurting in my soul, but I'm not selfish. I do believe with all He has already done. Jesus still intercedes for me. They say the church isn't easy on women making mistakes. But at this point, who cares? I've always said I will tell it before someone else does, and besides, the ones with whom I have shared my darkest secrets aren't around anymore. It's funny; some church folks will be around you going up the ladder. but the moment a slip and fall happens? They leave.

Thank God for Jesus risen, no matter how many times I have failed Him, including one big time just this week. He has continued to help me get back up. He has dusted me off and trained me so that I can tell the captives the revelation and believe for prevention, or for you to have the freedom to believe you are not alone.

I'm not perfect. Jesus is. I used to look for support from man, but now God has shown me I don't have to look any further. Today, on Good Friday, I confess that I have sinned

and fallen short of God's glory. So I have chosen to pray and fast these three days, seeking God for His truth concerning me and allowing Him to go deep into my soul for a healing. I will rise in resurrection power with our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

No more preaching hurt, disappointed or broken. Who's going with me? Selah. {eoa}

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