

Word of Knowledge Frees Woman to Hear From God—and Radically Changes Her Life

At our church, Bethel Atlanta, we have prayer lines available at the front after every service. A woman in her mid-fifties came up and stood in front of me. I introduced myself and asked what I could pray for.

“So, my life is basically a disaster,” the woman said.

“OK,” I said, pausing for a moment to see if she made any indication that she was joking. She did not.

“My kids hate me. My husband won’t talk to me. I have arthritis in both knees and in my right hand, and I just lost my job.”

“Oh,” I said, unsure how to respond. “That is pretty bad.”

“Yup.”

“So, you want me to just go ahead and pray for all of that?”

“Sure,” she said. “I’ve done all the praying I can about it, and God hasn’t done anything about it yet. Maybe He’ll listen to you.”

I knew that my prayers were no more special than hers but did not want to argue the point. After asking permission, I laid my hand on her shoulder and spoke a short prayer.

I saw three angels gather behind her as I prayed. Each had a large canvas bag slung over its shoulder. I was wondering what they had in the bags when one of the angels loosened the cinched string at the top of the bag, revealing hundreds of stamped envelopes. They were all different sizes and shapes.

Some were clean white, and others were a dull, aged yellow. But all of them had the same small red ink stamp in one corner that said, "Undelivered."

I finished my prayer and looked at the woman. "So, you said that you had prayed about all this already, right?"

"Uh-huh," she said.

"How do you pray? What do you say when you do?"

"I just ask God to fix the problem."

"And do you get an answer?"

"Well, the problem is still there, so no."

I looked again at the bags of undelivered letters. "I see three angels standing behind you with big bags of undelivered mail. I think it means that God has a lot to say to you, but it hasn't been coming through. Have you ever learned about how to hear God's voice?"

"I guess not, no."

I proceeded to give a brief description of the different ways that God speaks. How He does not always speak in plain English and that He often speaks through visions, His still, small voice, and impressions. How creative He is with the way that He speaks to us.

"I'm wondering if you feel so powerless about everything that is happening in your life because you haven't heard what God has to say about it yet," I continued. "Would you like to try to hear Him now?"

"Like, right now?"

"Yeah," I said. "Let's ask God what He has to say about your job situation."

"OK."

I laid my hand on her shoulder again and prayed, "God, what do You have to say about her job?"

One of the angels opened an envelope and pulled out a single sheet of paper that was covered in golden handwriting, front and back. Before I could read any of the words, the angel tipped the letter over the woman's head as if he were holding a pitcher of water rather than a sheet of paper. The words and sentences on the pages tumbled off the edge, turning to fine golden dust as they drifted down and landed on the top of the woman's head.

"Did you just hear something?"

She was silent for a long moment before she said, "No, I didn't hear anything. But right before you asked, I just felt this sense of peace wash over me all of a sudden."

"That's great!"

"It's nice," she said, "but what does it mean? Does it mean I'm going to get a new job? Does it mean that God isn't worried about me losing my job? Does it mean that I just need to chill out about all this?"

I laughed. "It means that God is releasing peace on you, that's all. If He has more to say about it, then He will give you more."

"What about my husband?" she said. "Can we ask God about that?"

"Of course."

We prayed again, and again I saw one of the angels pull another note written in golden ink from the new envelope. This time, instead of tipping it, the angel laid the note across the top of the woman's head.

"Did you hear or feel something else?" I asked.

"I just had this picture pop in my head, like a memory that I didn't have before." A sudden trickle of tears ran down her face. "It's me and my husband. We're talking and laughing like we did when we first met, but we look like we do now."

"That's beautiful."

"But what is it?" she asked, her tears still flowing.

"I think it's a promise. I think He is showing you what He is going to do."

Three weeks later she came running up to tell me that she had gotten a new job, one that paid even better than her old one. Two months later she told me that she and her husband were renewing their vows. A month after that she said that all her kids were coming over for dinner for the first time in years. After a year nearly every part of her life had been renewed, all because she learned to hear God's voice. {eo}

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