

Morning Rundown: The Powerful, Prophetic Voice the Devil Could Not Silence

Here's a quick rundown of the top stories on :

The Powerful, Prophetic Voice the Devil Could Not Silence

At the time he hit puberty, Albert Milton anticipated he would be like most other boys his age living in India. He believed his voice would change and that his life would go on as he expected.

When that didn't happen, people made fun of him every day, and being raised in a Christian home, it felt like he was under spiritual attack. As time went by, his voice did not change into a manly one like the rest of his friends, and he spoke with what he called a "feeble" or "female" voice.

At 13, it was a difficult situation to handle, and the confusion led to some ungodly and unholy thoughts.

Don't Worry, You Will Get the Last Laugh

Did you know that Yeshua promised that as we continue to cling to Him and make Him the Lord over our lives—that He would bring us to a place where we would reign over our enemies? Yes, over all those that have accused us, every spirit that has condemned us and everyone that has mocked us!

Jesus said, "I will make them come and bow down before your feet, and make them know that I have loved you" (Rev. 3:9).

Beloved, we will obtain the ultimate victory and receive complete justification. God is going to bring our lives to a

triumphant conclusion! But we must continue to hold on and stay strong. We may lose some battles, but we will surely win the war.

Be Thankful You're Such a Loser

Recently, I had the opportunity to watch my seven-year-old granddaughter's softball team play a game.

As I watched, two things made me think. The first was that those little girls played much better softball than I had imagined they could. Second, I was surprised that those sweet little girls had already learned how to talk trash at their opponents. They sang songs and cheers as if they were playing for a national championship instead of a local softball game between girls who would be back in the same classrooms the next day.

During the final inning of the game, I watched as one of the opposing team's batters struck out. And as that little girl walked with tears in her eyes, broken-hearted towards her dugout, I looked over to see the girls on my granddaughter's team holding their hands up to their heads making an letter "L" with their fingers, the universal sign for loser as they shouted, "You're such a loser!" as loudly as they could.

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