

HELP FOR THE DISQUIETED SOUL

By Judith Gruver

1994

CHAPTER ONE

From Psalms 42 & 43

**“As the hart panteth after the
water brooks, so panteth my
soul after Thee, O God. My
soul thirsteth for God, for the
living God. When shall I come
and appear before God?”**

(Psalm 42:1,2; KJV with capitalization of
nouns and pronouns referring to God.)

The author of this psalm is desperate. He feels as if he is thirsting to death; and asks a two fold question: “Will I see You, O my God, *here*, in the land of the living, and quench my thirst for You; or, am I going to die in this thirst?”

Probably, in the midst of deep mournful sobs, he cries,

**My tears have been my meat (or, my food)
day and night, while they continually say unto me,
‘Where is thy God?’”**

(verse 3.)

**When I remember these things,
I pour out my soul in me;
for I had gone with the multitude—
I went with them to the house of God,
with the voice of joy and praise,
with a multitude that kept holyday.”**

(verse 4.)

The writer is a “man of God”! That is why his state of mind is distressing him so much. He has known God, fellowshiped with Him, GONE TO CHURCH, and REALLY HAD A GOOD TIME praising and worshipping God. It was not just a religion of form that he enjoyed. God was real to him; and so was worshipping Him in the midst of a great congregation of fellow believers. He just cannot understand what is happening to his soul.

There is no comfort anymore!
There is no relief!
He can't find God!
And he feels as if he is dying!

**“Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Why art thou disquieted within me?”**
(verse 5(a).)

If you are not a shepherd, or acquainted with the ways of sheep, the significance of this statement might elude you. But, with a little understanding, it speaks volumes.

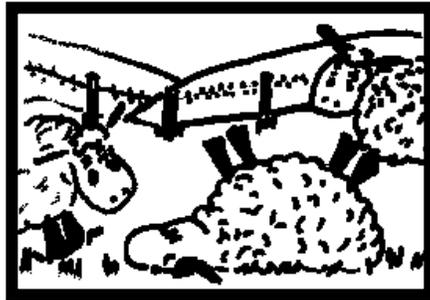
In my husband, Henry's, travels and prayer-walks throughout the country of Wales, he has come upon hundreds of flocks of sheep in their pastures. Pastureland is not noted for being perfectly level. The earth constantly shifts and changes; and, in the process, holes, furrows, ruts and depressions are formed. In the eyes of the average onlooker, the pasture appears very fine indeed. There may be lush grass and fresh waters nearby. There may be trees for protection from the heat and storms; and well-kept hedges for protection from within and without, saying, “all is well,” for these blessed sheep. But, as the old song lyrics tell, “It ain't necessarily so.”

Sheep are formed peculiarly. Because of a tubular body atop four spindly legs, their center of balance is easily upset. Ruts and depressions in the ground can cause them to lose their balance and fall down. Once a sheep is down, it is virtually impossible for the sheep to right itself; or, for any of the flock to help.

Sheep need a shepherd. This was the situation one day in Wales as Henry was out prayer walking. He came upon a “cast” ewe with her twin lambs nearby, bleating pitifully. Not knowing what was wrong by simple observation, he was ready to go on, thinking that she would soon right herself and “all would be well.” However, that sheep was in trouble; and the situation was going to quickly become critical. When a sheep falls into a depression of the earth and gets off balance, gases build up in the abdomen and it becomes increasingly difficult to breathe. Without help from a shepherd, or someone who can put it back upright, the sheep will soon suffocate and die.

Henry had been being trained by the Holy Spirit, according to Hebrews 5:14, as one, who **“by reason of use, have their senses**

exercised to discern both good and evil.” His *ears* had *heard* the alarm of the lambs, causing his *eyes* to *see* that their mother was upside down. At first he thought she was probably all right, because she wasn’t bleating. A closer and more intimate look told that she was filling up with gases and her bodily shape made it impossible for her to help herself. Once understood, Henry came beside her, verbally reassured her lambs that help was there, and rolled her over. Shaking herself, she regained her equilibrium as she and her lambs went about their business—after bleating their “Tha-a-a-nks.” (Her business was to stand still. The lambs’ business was to get on with nursing again.)



This is the metaphor that the psalmist is using to relate to us what his soul is experiencing. Verse five ties the experience of a “*cast sheep*” with a soul that is “*cast down*” in depression. It isn’t a simple coincidence that Jesus and the Father liken us to sheep. We, too, find that the earth of this planet, and its dust from which we were formed, at times may cause us to “*fall into a depression.*” Like the sheep, we cannot get out of it by ourselves. **We need The Great Shepherd of the flock of God.**

One of the trademarks of human depression is that we look “*down in the mouth.*” In other words, our countenance falls. Henry says he can read me like a book, by the expressions of my countenance. Others have said the same thing to me; and it almost always comes as a surprise. I tend to think that if my conscious thoughts aren’t particularly depressing, then the deepest thoughts of my soul won’t be registered on my face. So, it is good that someone can discern and provoke me to consciously think about what is reflecting from my innermost being.

The psalmist didn't need any provocation to understand that he was depressed. It was consuming his whole being. The gases were filling him up and taking his breath away. His only hope lay in God. So he told his cast down, disquieted soul to **“Hope in God; for I will yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.”** (verse 5b; my italics) It takes the Shepherd of the sheep to know and understand us. It takes the face of the Shepherd to shine down upon us, and give us the help of *His* countenance.

The help of His countenance” is a beautifully poetic expression that simply means: *God's grace*. However, I have found that “God's grace” is a simple expression that few people really understand. Maybe it is too “Old English”; and our modern expressions just don't relate to the word ‘grace’. Grace means ‘favor,’ Think in terms of new parents looking down on their firstborn lying in the crib. One of the first thoughts to come to mind is ‘beaming’. Their faces beam as they look with delight on this, their most *‘favor’*ite being in the whole world.

As the child grows and matures he will look for that “favor” in the eyes of his parents as long as he lives. It is the look of loving favor and delight. It says, without speaking, “I love you; I'm glad we made you’. You are the most special person in the world to us.”

This is the look we all need to see from the “God of our life”. It is unfortunately not the look that many children ever see from their natural parents. And that is why it is so important for us to see what this psalmist sees, with new eyes of understanding, when he used the phrase, “the help of His countenance.” This is what the Lord means, when He tells us in the scriptures about His grace and His countenance. He is personally looking down on us with eyes that speak, “I love you. I'm glad I made you. You are the most special person in the world to me.”

Only God can manage to do that. The best parents in the world are limited by time and space; but our God has no boundaries of time or space. We have the right to “find grace in His sight.” No matter what we have done, He never stops loving us and striving to cause His face to shine upon us. But we have to *see* it in order to *claim* it.

Immediately, upon this new understanding, the psalmist redirects his heart-cry to the Shepherd: **“O my God, my soul is cast down within**

me;” [his eyes are opening as he begins to see what his problem is] **“therefore will I remember Thee...”** (verse 6(a).) He knows it is time to take inventory, and remember God. He starts to recall the times when God’s presence was real to him; and his life was consciously being lived with the ‘Living God’. He begins to understand that he has lost his balance—just like the sheep. His spiritual balance, that is. This realization is the Shepherd straightening him out, and helping him to regain his balance. In so doing, he is reminded of the many times his Shepherd has helped him, protected him, and saved him.

**Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts.
All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.”**

The New English Bible translates this passage:

**“Deep calls to deep in the roar of Thy cataracts,
and all Thy waves, all Thy breakers, pass over me.”**

The *Amplified Bible* translates this verse as:

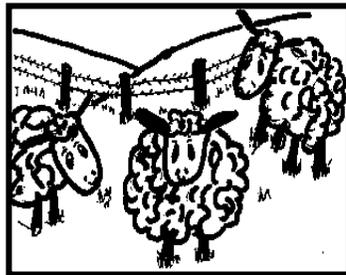
**“[Roaring] deep calls to [roaring] deep
at the thunder of Your waterspouts;
all Your breakers and
Your rolling waves have gone over me.”** (verse 7.)

The word, *cataracts*, comes from an old Middle English word, meaning, *floodgate* (of heaven). The meaning now would be a large waterfall, any strong flood or rush of water, or a deluge. Think here in terms of floodwaters covering hard-packed, dry ground. Now, this poor man started out thirsting for God. The earth of his being was like desert ground—hard-packed and parched. His tears poured forth as a cataract; but they did nothing to assuage his thirst for God. It was as though the promised “shady green pastures, beside the still waters” were now a rushing torrent threatening to destroy him, instead of satisfying his thirst. Floodwaters in the desert simply wash over the ground. They don’t sink in and water the earth; but rather carry anything and everything in their path away with them. He is saying, “You’ve sent me water, all right; but it is threatening to kill me; not satisfy me. I’m falling under the weight and depth of them.”

**“Yet the Lord will command His lovingkindness
in the daytime, and in the night;
His song shall be with me,
and my prayer to the God of my life.”**
(verse 7.)

“Yet the Lord...” (verse 7.) Never give up! The Scriptures are full of phrases just like, or equivalent to, the beginning of Verse 7 of this Psalm. When life seems to fail and all hell seems to prevail, there is still: **“Yet the Lord...”** When your enemies are the only ones in sight; and all your friends seem to have taken flight, it is still: **“Yet the Lord...”**

Instead of being swept off his feet, this once cast soul has been set upright! It is a new day, and it is filled with the knowledge of God’s commandment on his behalf. The Heaven’s have shouted forth, “Lovingkindness! Shower upon My little sheep down there. He has just had a harrowing experience and thought I had forsaken him. Oh, and tonight, give him one of My new songs. And don’t forget to inspire his prayers. Remind him that I am the God of his *life*...not his *death*!”



Ah, yes, the Shepherd has him on his feet again; and he looks up and says, **“I will say unto God, my Rock, ‘Why had You forgotten me? Why do I go mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?’”** (verse 9.) He was beginning to get the picture. His equilibrium was sorting itself out now. The eyes of his understanding were opening and he began to see that it was the **enemy** that caused him to fall into the depression. It was the oppression of the **enemy** that caused his soul to languish in a hole; and it was the **enemy** that caused him to lose his balance in the first place. Lovingkindness broke through!

**“As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me;
while they say daily unto me, ‘Where is thy God?’”**

(verse 10.)

Their words have been getting him down—literally and figuratively. The sounds in his ears echoed back to his soul, over and over again. True, he had fallen into depression; but now he was back on his feet. His balance was restored; and his perspective concerning **God’s** place in his life, and the **enemies’** place, was coming into focus. His song was coming back!

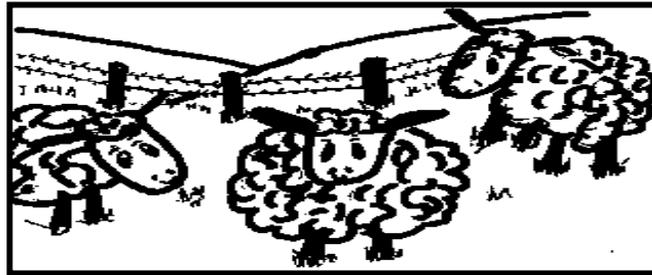
Hope thou in God. He can see now that his God hasn’t gone anywhere. His disquieted soul didn’t come from his God—it came from the circumstances in which he had found himself. However, nothing had changed that he couldn’t still put his hope in his God. His words now are: “Why are you cast down, O my soul? And why are you disquieted within me?”

**Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him
Who is the health of my countenance and my God.”**

(verse 11. Emphasis mine)

There is a subtle, but significant, difference between God being the “help” of his countenance in verse five; and God being the “health” of his countenance. (In this verse and in verse five of Chapter Forty-three). Being the “help” implies being in a condition that requires a change for the better. Being in the “health” suggests a present and acceptable condition. He begins to realize that he is not going to die from this ordeal. This is new to his confession as given in verses one and five.

In the first condition he is in “hope”. In the second, he is in “faith.” That sheds a little more light on the subject, which will be addressed as we continue this teaching with Psalm 43.



HELP FOR THE DISQUIETED SOUL From Psalm 43

CHAPTER TWO

An Insider's Look at the Courtroom of Heaven

**“Judge me, O God, and plead
my cause against an ungodly
nation. Oh, deliver me from
the deceitful and unjust man.**

(Psalm 43:1)

The “disquieted soul” is still speaking from the previous Psalm 42. Now he says, “Judge me, O God.” This psalmist has such a way with word pictures. In this first phrase he evokes the spirit of the courtroom. Here is the accused, standing before the judge and asking him to plead his cause. What?! This can't be. He is asking the **judge** to plead his cause! A judge is not the defense attorney; and a defense attorney is not the judge. Neither can the prosecutor take the judge's place or the defense attorney's place. It is up to the judge to hear the evidence against the accused that is presented by the prosecutor; and it is the defense attorney's role to “plead the case” **to** the judge. At least, that is the most common understanding we have of the courtrooms of the western world, and, in particular, of America.

However, this scene is not taking place in an earthly courtroom such as first comes to our minds. In our justice system the judge is not allowed to be personally involved in the life of the accused. He would be required to remove himself from sitting and hearing the case if he displayed a personal bias, for, or against, someone brought before his court. If he still sat to hear and rule in such a case, it could result in a mistrial.

Ah, we truly have an awesome God! For He has found a way to be personally involved in our lives; and yet be our judge. He started that personal involvement by creating us—“fearfully and wonderfully” (Psalm 139:14). The distressed soul of Psalm 42 has already remembered that, as he looks again into His countenance. Looking to His face, he is experiencing afresh and anew that wondrous love, reflecting back from the One Who made him. Now, he can trust his Creator to judge him. This is not a decision we

mortals come to easily if we have lost our confidence in the steadfast help and health of His countenance.

**“The judgments of the Lord
are true and righteous altogether!”**

(Psalm 19:9-b)

However, in our God, we have combined, in one, an awesome trinity. The most commonly understood trinity is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Father is the Creator of all; and is over all. He also is the Father of the Son, Who is called our Elder Brother. The Holy Spirit’s role is one of a “convicter” (John 16:7-12). He is the One Jesus sent to convince, or convict, us of sin. In this scenario, He becomes the Prosecutor, Who presents the case against us in the courtroom of heaven. Yet, Jesus did not call Him a Prosecutor; He called Him a Comforter. The Greek work is *paracletos*, which means, “an intercessor, *consoler*.” (Ref.: *Strong’s #3875 of the Greek Dictionary of the New Testament*.) This could only happen in the heavenly setting of perfect justice.

It gives a whole new perspective on “the Trinity”; and wonder of wonders—**you** are right in the middle of this picture. By eyes of faith, the psalmist saw this and found great victory—even though it was “an ungodly nation” that was rising up in accusation against him.

THE HITTITES ARE COMING!!
From Deuteronomy 7:1
CHAPTER THREE

[Editor: The preceding copy, and that which follows, was written in 1994 and is now found to have been very prophetic concerning the foundations of 9-11-2001.]
(Edited 5/17/07)

**“When the Lord, thy God, shall
bring thee into the land whither
thou goest to possess it, and hath
cast out many nations before thee:
the HITTITES, and the
Girgashites, and the Amorites, and
the Canaanites, and the Perizites,
and the Hivites, and the Jebusites,
seven *nations greater and mightier
than thou;...*”**

(Deuteronomy 7:1; emphasis mine.)

Do you ever feel like it is an ungodly nation that brings irrefutable evidence against you? If you can't relate to that metaphor, remember back in Chapter One how the “pasture-land” with its holes, ruts and depressions, pictures the “land”, or earth, that we are made of; and how its very nature can throw one into a “cast” or depressed position? The “nations” are simply made up of individuals, who are all made of the same earth-mold as you and I. Let's take a little side trip into Deuteronomy, Chapter 7; and see if we can shed a little light on an ungodly nation taking us into the courtroom of heaven.

The Hittites Are Coming?!

Who Are the Hittites?

Years ago when Henry and I lived in the metropolitan Portland, Oregon area, Henry did a little digging into the meaning of the names of those nations. When we use the Biblical principle that the name of somebody describes their nature, names can help us identify ungodly nations that still want to move through our own flesh. This study will deal only with the first nation listed, which is the Hittites. Their name comes from a Hebrew word which means “**terror**”. (Ref.: “Strong’s Exhaustive Concordance #2850 and #2845, Hebrew and Chaldee Dictionary.) That word comes from a primary root word, (SEC #2865), which means, to “**prostrate**” (or, lay flat before something, as at an altar); hence, the meaning: *to break down, either (literally) by violence, or, (figuratively) by confusion and fear.* Their very name was enough to strike terror in the Israelites’ hearts.

Today, we have “terror-ists” who use “terror-ism” to break down societies, nations and/or individuals in order to bring them into subjection. I call them “Hittites” because of the spirit that rules them. That spirit is still at work in the world and in the Church. Paul teaches in Romans 14:23, that “**whatsoever is not of faith is sin**”. Can you think of anything better to use than *terror*, or, *fear*, in order to capture faith from our hearts? **When fear grips our hearts, faith flees.** The two cannot live side by side.

If the Accuser of the Brethren can bring the Hittite nation against you, and rob you of faith, he can keep you in sin and have a just cause against you in the courtroom of heaven. The means the Hittites use is also described in the meaning of their name. It is **confusion and fear**. James 3:16 shows us that where there is envy and strife; there is also confusion and every evil work. The Hittites should never have an inch of ground in our hearts. However, in the world in which we live, violence, confusion and fear surround us; and sometimes, unwittingly, invade our lives.

To be in the Divine Courtroom, is not to be in a place of weak defense. The psalmist continues on in verse two with: “**For Thou art the God of my strength.**” The Amplified Bible translates it such: “For You are the God of my strength [my stronghold--in Whom I take refuge];...”

Our Divine Judge is there!
Our Divine Defender is there!
YOU
Our Divine Prosecutor is there!
Our Father, Our Friend, Our Comforter

Thank God for the Divine Trinity in the courtrooms of heaven. Thank God for a Trinity that is on our side; and that can be counted on to bring Divine justice to our aid.

Divine Light is beginning to shine in the psalmist's heart; and he asks:

**“Why dost Thou cast me off?
Why go I mourning because of
the oppression of the enemy?”**

(verse 9, emphasis mine.)

This is merely a rhetorical question; because he already knows the question is not relevant anymore. The English translation of “cast” here is used as a play on words with its use in verses 5, 6, and 11 of chapter 42. He is in the courtroom of heaven because the enemy cast, or, threw him down with confusion and fear; but **God** has **not** cast him down or thrown him aside.

In verse three, he is getting positively ecstatic! The light bulb has gone on; and he says,

**“O send out Thy light and Thy truth.
Let *them* lead me; let *them* bring me
unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles!”**

(Emphasis mine.)

God's light is a light bulb of understanding. It can come in a sudden flash--like lightning! It brings great joy and happiness--lighting up our lives, and our countenances. It wipes away shadows of darkness in our minds and hearts. The scriptures exhort us, **“in all thy getting, get understanding”**. (Proverbs 4:7) This once cast soul

now cries for “Thy truth”. He’s had a burst of understanding; and wants more!

He cries, “Your Truth, Lord, is what I need to bring me up, and support me. It will foster me, as *Your* child; so that I can begin to think like *You* do, Lord; so that *You* can “light up my life!” Take me into Your home, where You live and move and have Your being. For I desire to live where you live. I desire to be a part of Your household, where Your Light and Your Truth will shepherd me into bright, clear understanding, and will lead me into a safe, sheltering dwelling.

If you are thinking that I’ve taken too great liberty with the words “light” and “truth”; just go with me back into “Strong’s Concordance”. Thy “light” in verse three is from #216: it means, “light” (from #215), or an “illumination”. Concretely, it means “a luminary”--something that gives light in every sense of the word, including lightning and happiness. That word is translated in other scriptures as: bright, clear, day, light, lightning, morning, and sun. The word, “truth” comes from #571 (from the root word, #539) and means, “to foster (as a parent or nurse), or, to build up, or support.

“The Hittites Are Still Uprising!”

It is coming more and more to my attention that the Hittites are launching an all-out attack on America, and in particular, the Church. The telltale signs are the confusion and fear that overcomes its citizens, and assails Christians. Truly there is much to confuse us and cause us to fear, *if* we allow our senses to divert our attention from faith in God.

Living with Henry has certainly given me a sharper focus about the state of America and the Church. However this, in turn, brings greater understanding of the Divine consequences of our corporate immorality, injustice, greed, self-centeredness, idolatry and general wickedness; which, in turn promotes the offensive maneuvers of the Hittites to bring fear and confusion into the picture. Believe me, we do share together, as Americans and as Christians, the judgment and purging that God is bringing, and will bring, upon this nation and His Church. Remember that His Word says:

**“For the time is come that judgment
must begin at the house of God.**

**And if it first begins at us,
what shall the end be of them
that obey not the gospel of God?"**

(I Peter 4:17—KJV—punctuation, mine)

Also: **"If My people, which are called by My name,
shall humble themselves, and pray,
and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways;
then will I hear from heaven,
and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."**

(II Chronicles 7:14--emphasis, mine.)

The wisdom of God makes itself evident that the fate of His people, and the nation they call their own, are intricately woven together. Our Father in heaven holds *us* accountable for the state of the nation!

It certainly is not the President of the United States that tells us the true "state of the union" once a year. It is the Word of God, and the convicting power of the Holy Spirit in *God's people*, that tells us the true "state of the union". It is time for God's people to stop complaining about our government, and the ungodly people in our nation. When God's own live in His light and His truth, the state of the union will prosper, and things will change. It won't happen by God's people insisting that the heathen in the land live up to the mandates of God. That is backwards. *We* are responsible to obey our God. The heathen don't profess to know God. How can they be held responsible to obey Him?!

It is fitting, then, in our study of "The Disquieted Soul" to bring understanding of the fear, confusion and terrorism that comes against us. It is fitting to search out the remedy that will help us turn an offensive action against *us* into an offensive action against *them*! The Hittites are not unbeatable. The Hittites are *not* God. The Hittites are *subject* to God; and the Hittites are subject to *us* in the name of Jesus.

Many in the Church will not even listen to a prophetic message that speaks of judgment and/or purging. Some pastors will not allow anything of the sort to be spoken to their flock. Yet, the sheep are already confused and fearful, just from the discernment of hearing the 6 o'clock news, and reading the daily paper. Where can they turn to find a sheltering fold? Where will they hear the comforting voice of their Shepherd? The bad news is only half the story; and we need

to hear “the rest of the story” so that we do not enter into fear, doubt, or unbelief when we hear the disquieting news.

In August of 1994 I faced the Hittites straight on. However, that was just the “beginning of the end” of the battle. For many years leading up to that point the Hittites had faced *me* straight on, and backed me up against a wall of fear, doubt and unbelief.

The bad news was that I was overweight and fearful of going on another diet--only to fail. I was unable to physically get through a day without exhaustion and much pain in all of my muscles. I had a chronic yeast infection for at least 3-4 years. Nothing I used to treat it worked. When I read the fine print warnings that said to go to a doctor if the treatment didn't effect a cure, I was not only fearful of the warning of possible diabetes, I went into full-blown denial. This “woman of faith” became a pathetic spiritual basket case. There was no way that I could cope with the possibility of having diabetes.

The Hittites had found a weak spot; and were quick to fully exploit it. After all, I had already gone the route of dieting. Years before I had cut all sugar from my diet, lost 40 pounds, and nearly died! Hittites can infiltrate into the quarters of the best of Christian camps; and they were in my church. Their assault against me had come in the form of “wisdom” that said, “Judith, you just need some discipline in your life.” Thinking they were right, I cut to nearly starvation level my consumption of food, including absolutely no sugar or sweet things. I lost weight too fast, my body went into a tailspin, and I developed severe hypoglycemia.

Then the Hittites made sure that I had enough medical information to produce fear; but not cure. I learned that hypoglycemia usually precedes diabetes. I learned that getting real sleepy after drinking a Coke was one of the first symptoms that a lady had when she developed diabetes. I learned that most people went from diet control, to pills, and finally to insulin shots for treatment of diabetes. I already knew that I was terribly afraid of needing insulin shots for the rest of my life. I learned that diabetes can easily lead to blindness, kidney failure, and/or amputation. That produced more fear—panic would better describe my feelings.

About that time we were living in the country outside of Woodbine; and I was reading a story in a Reader's Digest Condensed Book. It described a character that was having a panic attack. Now, I had

heard about them; but never associated one with my own life. Soon after reading about it, I was sitting on the couch in the living room, when sheer panic hit me for no apparent reason. **I got the message!** That was the Lord's first overt move to bring me from denial and sin back up to faith and life. It still took Him more than another two years to complete the process; and I had a lot farther down to go.

When I realized that fear—and fear alone—could produce such physical symptoms as overwhelming sadness, gushing heartbreaking tears, rapid heartbeat, and a tremendous desire to run as far as I could run; then I knew there was a true problem. It was very plain, and I had to admit there truly was no reason for me to feel the way I was feeling. My feelings were absolutely irrational. There was nothing happening at that specific time to cause me such mental, emotional, and physical havoc.

The Hittites had finally overplayed their hand. They had shown themselves for what they were. It was no longer me against unnamed fear. I began to cry out to the Lord. Up to that time, fear had robbed me of physical strength and vitality. I forced myself through every day. I could find no time for personal prayer and Bible reading. I went to bed exhausted and woke up still exhausted. God seemed to be so far away.

As I cried out to Him for help He gave me grace to begin afresh. I thought, "I can manage to give five minutes before retiring and five minutes before rising." He then gave me faith to believe that,

**“He that is faithful in that which is least,
is faithful also in much.”**

(Luke 16:10—KJV.)

Five minutes in the morning and five minutes in the evening were definitely “the least”; but He enabled me to be faithful; and then, true to His word, he gave me a little more, and a little more, and a little more of time and strength. As Henry puts it, “the multiplication factor kicked in.” The Lord multiplied the little time and strength I gave Him, as day by day and night by night I was faithful before Him.

He was also very faithful to pack those five minutes with personal communion with Him. As He directed me where to read, I would be given faith to believe the good things of the Word were there for me,

personally. My case wasn't beyond the ability of God to love me and accept me exactly where I was. He was neither puzzled nor perplexed about how to deal with my many dilemmas. His Word truly became alive to me again.

One day while I was in the kitchen the Lord began to speak to my heart. He told me, "that I had a reputation for being alive; but I was dead!!" I knew that was in the book of Revelation, in Jesus' words to one of the seven churches of Asia. So I looked it up. It was right there in Chapter 3, starting with the end of verse one. In King James English, it says:

**"...I know thy works,
that thou hast a name that thou livest,
and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen
the things which remain, that are ready to die:
for I have not found thy works perfect before God.
Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard,
and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch,
I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour
I will come upon thee."**

When the Lord spoke those hard words, they went straight into my heart; and I knew, that I knew, that I knew they were true and for me. He was zeroing in on the sin that my irrational fears had produced in my life. The world and my Christian family knew me to be a "woman of faith", married to a "man of faith". The Father's anointing would come over me to lead His people into tabernacles of praise and worship. Sometimes His anointing would sing over the flock like He says:

**"The Lord, thy God, in the midst of thee is mighty.
He will save. He will rejoice over thee with joy.
He will rest in His love. *He will joy over thee with singing.*"**

Zephaniah 3:17 (Emphasis mine.)

I truly had a reputation for being alive in the Spirit. However, I was a "screamer". Irrational fears build barriers, which produce anger. The scripture says **"to be angry and sin not."** I was angry; and I sinned. Because the fears were not based on rational thought, they never solved anything. They only caused murderous hatred to

spew out of my mouth at those things and those people that I felt powerless to control; so that I would continue to look good to those outside my home.

Thank God, the mercies of God are renewed every morning; and His faithfulness is great! Only our wonderful Father can give such a hard spanking; and still have such love and tenderness, coupled with hope and strength, to make radical changes take place in our lives.

The Hittites had always condemned me for screaming and lashing out at my children. Their “terrorist” attacks would leave me exhausted and hopeless. I would apologize to the children; but they knew, and I knew, that the attacks would be forthcoming again and again. There seemed to be no escape or refuge from them--for me or for my children.

“We Are Cast Down; But Not Forsaken!!”
II Corinthians 4:9(b)

Yet, when God spoke, instead of fear and hopelessness over my sins, I had joy and hope! It was as though He had diagnosed a malignant last-stage melanoma, and performed radical, but thorough, surgery on me—all in one operation. To this day, I find it very difficult to put into words. I had been in the position of the cast sheep. The Hittites had come into my pasture and dug up “ruts of fear”, which had cast me down into fear and depression. Then my Shepherd heard my cries, and the cries of my lambs. He told me what was really wrong. He showed me how much He loved me; and the precious plans He had for me and my children in His Kingdom.

And He told me that:
“Love never fails.”
His love for me.
His love for my children.
His love in me.
His love through me.
None of it would ever fail in accomplishing its mission.

As He spoke to me, He took out my fear and the anger it was producing, and replaced it with His love. I began to live in Proverbs 31 and Isaiah 54. Where it had been torture to read these chapters before; it was joy and new life to read them now. Where I had fallen

into condemnation and worthlessness; I gleaned strength and worth for each new day. There was still much that I didn't come close to measuring up to; but as I read His Word, His voice would speak, ever so gently, ever so tenderly, saying, "***This*** is how ***I*** see you. ***This*** is how ***I*** have called you; and ***this*** is how you ***can*** be—and ***are***."

He also gave me specific instructions for living with my children. One of the things He made ***very*** clear to me, was, that if there was a choice between a meeting (a spiritual one), or the children; there was no contest. The children won. I found myself putting on literally thousands of miles every month, taking the children into town, taking them in for sports' practices, taking them 25 miles one way to work, and returning a few hours later to pick them up. I found myself rescuing them and/or their friends at midnight hours. I even found myself getting up and making them hearty breakfasts for the first time in their lives since they were babies. The most precious part of it all was that I was enjoying it. The anger was replaced with joy in being in their presence, joy in seeing them grow and learn, joy in just being with them, listening to them and their friends.

Whenever it seemed to be too difficult, the words of I Corinthians 13 would echo in my ears, "Love ***never*** fails!" There were very few overnight miracles; but little by little, the wounds I had inflicted on the children's spirits were healing. It was those wounds that the Lord addressed when He said, "Strengthen that which is about to die."

One of the worst of the terrorist tactics the Hittites used against me was in the realm of my health (or, lack of it.) When I found myself feeling worse and worse physically, fear would overcome me, condemnation would overtake me, and self-consciousness would override my faith in God.

The Hittites used strategies of deception that convinced me I couldn't be an effective servant of God, if I didn't walk in Divine health. Part of my servanthood before my God, was in being Henry's wife. And he was commissioned to "travel"!!

And travel!!

And travel!!

As my health deteriorated, I would panic when it was time for him to leave home; because I felt so weak in body and spirit, and unable to carry out the necessary daily tasks for home, children and

ministry. Henry would leave and I'd struggle through the time he was gone; and then panic would hit me as time grew closer for his return. I knew that I hadn't measured up, and that I had failed in meeting many of the challenges of the daily responsibilities.

Fear is self-propagating. It has no problem reproducing itself until it almost takes on a life of its own. It has no problem multiplying. It will grow amongst weeds, thorns, thistles and rocks. I would make feeble attempts to pluck up the fear in my heart; but it seemed to multiply too rapidly for my cultivation efforts to make any kind of dent in its growth.

This was the way it was. The Hittites had invaded my life. There seemed no escape from my bodily ailments and fears about my bodily ailments; until I woke up one Saturday morning in August of 1994. **That night** I had suffered night sweats, rapid heartbeat, (or, momentary no-heartbeat), sudden wakings, extreme weakness, and muscle pain. When I came upstairs where the family was already gathered, I felt as though I simply could not keep going. I had scheduled four sports' physical appointments for my four children who were planning on participating in various sporting activities in the coming school year. My son, Peter, was not scheduled for anything until basketball season; so I told him that I would be taking his appointment time and have the doctor check me out.

The three children finished their appointments, and then it was my turn. My blood pressure had skyrocketed to 220-something over 120-something. I told the doctor that I had been on a diuretic in the past, and I thought that was all I needed. However, he decided to prescribe a blood pressure medicine that combined a diuretic. I was to take it for a week and come back on a Monday.

However, the following Saturday, I experienced the same things, only worse. Again, I simply could not keep going. I called the doctor and was told to come on in. My thoughts were that he would prescribe the diuretic that I knew I needed; and all would be well.

When I arrived at the office, my blood pressure was even higher than the previous week. The doctor thought I was having a heart attack. He immediately ordered a test and gave me a nitroglycerin tablet. The test showed irregularities, and the nitro gave me a headache. After resting, nothing improved, and he told me I needed to see a heart specialist.

I thought, “Next Monday.”

He said, “In Omaha; at the hospital; now!” My worst fears had materialized. I had no faith. I had to go to a doctor. I had to take medicine. I had to go to a hospital. And we had no insurance. Fears about those things were compounded by fears that my husband would be very upset with me for losing faith, going to a doctor, taking medicine and going to a hospital and putting my trust in men, instead of God.

“O my God, my soul is cast down within me!” (verse 6.)

“...The Word of the LORD is Tried...”

Psalm 18:30-b

**“Until the time that his (Joseph’s) word came;
the word of the LORD tried him.”**

Psalm 105:19

CHAPTER FOUR

It was 1996 when I finished the preceding chapters. It is now April of 2007; and all was well.....until the word of the LORD was tried.....and I was found wanting. It started in early spring of 1998. For three years this little lamb frolicked and thrived in the pasture of the LORD. All of the scriptural confession at the end of Chapter Three was true. It still is, because it is the word of God; and He doesn’t lie. I just hadn’t taken into account that, **“the word of the LORD is tried.”**

Let’s take a few minutes and look at these two scriptures that are quoted above. Psalm 18:30 starts out,

“As for God, His way is perfect;

the word of the LORD is tried

(Emphasis mine).

Everything about God and His ways is perfect. There is no way we can mess with that. However, our way is never perfect; and it is all about God perfecting us and His ways in us. That is where “trying” comes into the picture. Even when we see the second scripture stated

above, which is all about Joseph, (who was as close to perfect as we see in the scriptures), it was still necessary for God's word to try him.

What exactly does the word "tried" mean? According to Strong's Exhaustive Concordance the word is the same Hebrew word in both references. It is #6884 and a primary root word, meaning to *fuse* (metal), in other words, literally or figuratively, to *refine*. Obviously, this word is being used figuratively. There is a mental picture of metal being refined and fused. The metal would be the gold that God deposits into His own. The fusing would be into our character, making us more like Him in purity and worth. The refining, itself, is done as trial by fire.

So, we find a "Kingdom of God Principle" at work; which is:

**If the word of God is going to be at work in our lives,
we must let it undergo God's refining.**

In fact, Jesus counsels us:

**"...to buy of Me, gold tried in the fire"
(He continues and explains),
"that thou mayest be rich
and (*buy of Me*) white raiment,
that thou mayest be clothed,
and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear;
and anoint thine eyes with eye salve,
that thou mayest see.**

(Revelation 3:18, emphasis and italics mine).

To be "tried" is a privilege. That's right; I said, "To be tried is a privilege. The enemy of our souls would make us believe that God is really, really mad at us, and that He sends fiery trials to make us suffer. In truth, fiery trials are sent to try us, so that we can stop going round and round Mount Sinai and find the route around Mount Zion. They are sent so that we can see the quality of the gold that God has invested in us. They are sent as "an open Book test"; and they are sent to change our character and sense of worth. They are sent from the loving hands of a loving Father, Who "fearfully and wonderfully" formed us, called us forth from the womb, and knows

the full plan that He has for our lives. They are sent so that we can fulfill that plan.

Do you get the point? He never turns the fire up until He knows that we truly can get through the trial. If we fail, it is because we still “didn’t get it.” He has ultimate patience and will continue to give us the test until we pass it with an “A”.

The best thing we can do when a test comes our way is to start rejoicing! “What?!” you say? Please consider the following:

**“My brethren, count it all joy
when ye fall into divers (*different*) temptations (*trials and tests*);
knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.
But let patience have her perfect work,
that ye may be perfect and entire,
wanting (or, *needing*) nothing.
(James 1:2-4; emphasis and editing, mine)**

I told you it would be an “open Book test”. Verse five continues:

**“If any of you lack wisdom,
let him ask of God,
that giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not
(*i.e. He doesn’t scold us or make us feel stupid for asking*);
and it (*wisdom, i.e. the answer*) shall be given him.”
(James 1:5; emphasis and editing, mine)**

God, truly, is not a sadist. He takes no delight in our pain or suffering. However, He does take delight in us when we finally understand what He has been trying to do—*in us, through us, and for us*. In no way do I, or God, want you to feel we are minimalizing your pain and suffering.

No one knows better than Jesus how great your pain and suffering can be, before and during, a “fiery trial”. However, our Heavenly Father *never* wastes a single minute of our suffering. He promises to make *everything* that happens to us work together for our good.

“Yet the Lord....” By now, I felt myself to be completely in His hands. Whatever was going to happen to me, was going to happen. I had no more control over it. I couldn’t hide it, suppress it, or deny it. “Yet the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime...”

(Psalm 42:8.) Henry came to the doctor's office, and eventually we got to the hospital in Omaha (about 45 miles away from home). He was scheduled to minister at a farmhouse in mid-Nebraska; and we didn't feel that he should cancel it; so he left for the meeting and the hospital tests began.

"...And in the night His song shall be with me..." (Psalm 42:8.) Finally, after what seemed like many hours, the doctor came in to tell me what the tests showed. They had me all wired up to heart monitors and had taken multiple blood tests, etc., etc.; and I was so afraid. He said, "The good news is that your heart is fine. The bad news is that you have diabetes." Up until that moment, it would have been, not only *bad* news; but the *worst* news he could have told me.

Instead, "the help of His countenance" came upon me. It was not just a hope or fleeting thought. To this day I can still vividly recall the feeling of a cloak, or, better described as, a tent or teepee, fall over my head, completely covering my body. Remember when you were a little kid, and you wanted to play "tent"; so you got out one of your mother's large blankets and took it from the middle, lifted it up, and placed it on top of your head, letting the sides fall over you? Then you were "tenting". You could hide there all day if you wanted to. It was your very own special place. That is how the Lord's grace covered me that day; and I heard these words in my mind: **"I can do this."**

That had to be the Lord; because I knew just seconds before that I could never live through a diagnosis of diabetes. Yet here I found myself confessing that everything would be all right; and I knew, that I knew, that I knew I had heard and felt the truth. In one swift moment He sent me His Light and His Truth. It came like lightning; and nurtured me, raised me up, illuminated my heart and mind, and turned the focus of my attention onto the Lord and His goodness.

From that point the Lord has been taking me step by step from "the *help* of His countenance" back into "the *health* of His countenance". Like St. Paul, in his second letter to the Corinthians, I can now say,

"I can be troubled on every side; yet not be distressed.

I can be perplexed; but not in despair.

I can be persecuted; but not be forsaken by my God."

And, yes, "I can be cast down; but not destroyed!!!"

(II Corinthians 4:8-9, emphasis & editing, mine)

**Meet my Friends—all from the same family:
Mr. Fearing Hittite, Mrs. Doubtful Hittite,
Miss Unbelieving Hittite, & Ms. Distressed Hittite**

CHAPTER FIVE
Spring of 1998-2004

In the Spring of 1998 my trial by fire started. I can still feel the pain in my mouth. I was driving my daughter, Abigail, to her first day of tech school for tour and travel training. It was all I could do to get her into Omaha and then get back to the community of Missouri Valley where my doctor was. I thought at first it was a sinus infection or something like that; but when I got there, she checked me out and ruled out a sinus infection and recommended that I see a dentist.

I got right on that and when my dentist got the x-rays back the pain proved to be coming from a cracked molar. She recommended I have the tooth pulled. In an attempt to shorten this otherwise long story, I ended up seeing the dentist for the next ten months. She needed to do three root canals, as well as the extraction. Each root canal took two dentists and multiple trips back and forth between them. In the meantime, I had to have multiple doses of antibiotics for tooth infections and a urinary tract infection. The infection would

usually be resistant to the prescribed antibiotic, or, I might be allergic to the prescribed antibiotic and need a different prescription. Everything the dentists did seemed to take an eternity to complete.

Finally the work was completed; but my routines for general health were decimated! It was impossible for me to stay on a good diet. I had kept a faithful exercise program going, but now found it impossible to continue on a regular basis.

I started going downhill physically. I thought, “*It will be all right. I’ll get back on a strict diet; I’ll exercise regularly; and all will be well again!*” Not so! It took me a while to understand that when I was doing so well, it didn’t mean that I had licked diabetes. Diabetes is mean and nasty. It thrives on fear and distress, anxiety, doubt and unbelief. I thought it would be just a matter of time and I would lose the weight I had regained, exercise, and get back to where I had been...and even better. But I was to find out that my willpower was no longer working on the same track as my needs. I had lost a lot of ground and couldn’t muster the strength and the will to take the ground back. Henry started traveling more, and more, and more. At times I went with him, and would feel better for a short time; but soon I was simply overwhelmed—physically, emotionally and spiritually. I started doctoring again, and made a little progress—only to get a major respiratory infection and be down for 6-8 weeks, and lose all the ground I had regained. It was a vicious cycle—repeating itself over and over.

Where had the years gone? How had I digressed to such a low spiritual, emotional, and physical condition? I had walked as a “woman of faith and power”. Now, I was again reduced to a state of existence in which my daily companions were Fear, Doubt, Unbelief and Distress—especially as far as my own state of affairs was concerned.

I could still believe for others. I could pray for others. I could take authority over tornadoes and drought; but I could not touch God for myself. Yes, I had breakthroughs, but they rarely lasted very long. Almost anything could take me down into the depths of despair and worthlessness. But I think, in retrospect, that the critical turning point came on August 7th of 2002. That was the day I turned 60.

I remember early in 2002 Henry started joking about turning 60, and how life would never be the same. He and I were born in 1942

exactly two weeks apart. He was first. At that time I didn't think a thing about turning 60. I told him, "*Why, Henry, it's just another day.*" Well, up until his actual birth day, he would periodically make mention of the trauma of a sixtieth birthday; and I would remind him it was, "*Just another day.*" And I was right—for him. On his birthday he made reconciliation with the age of sixty and life went on—for him. I thought it would for me also...until August 7th arrived and I turned sixty!

After all, a sixtieth birthday is "just another day". Right? Wrong! I am here, writing this, to tell you, "IT WAS NOT 'JUST ANOTHER DAY'!" It was an "END OF THE WORLD" scenario! It took me almost two years and a major work of God in my life to come to terms with becoming "sixty"! Henry has looked older than he actually is for a long time. But I had a certain amount of pride in the fact that most people thought I looked 10-15 years younger than I really was. Now, at sixty (and it seemed almost overnight), people automatically gave me a senior discount without even asking. Yes, you may laugh at that...and I can too, now. In retrospect, I have come to understand that I was suffering from a severe case of identity crisis.

It wasn't that God hadn't tried to prepare me. In February of that year, the Lord had orchestrated a wonderful 30th anniversary party for Henry and me. We were in Chandler, Arizona at the time, and we were staying for the first time with our daughter, Abby, and her husband, Eric. Ellen, my first-born, was also staying with them. They gathered together many of our dear friends, and relatives of the area and we had a wonderful celebration. I felt loved and cherished.

While we were staying in Abby and Eric's home, the Lord gave me a powerful new song, "Never Give Up! You would think that would given me a clue a few months down the road when Birthday Number 60 came my way—but it didn't! The circumstances of receiving the song were truly supernatural. Normally, I start to worship and/or read the word, and the Lord will just start singing it to me.

But this time I was alone in the house—Abby and Eric and Ellen were all at work, and Henry had stayed on the other side of Phoenix for a couple of meetings that he had scheduled over there. He was due to start back to Chandler right after rush hour traffic subsided—which was anytime after 9:00 a.m. and 9:01 a.m. (Just kidding. Rush

hour does subside for a couple of hours each weekday morning in metropolitan Phoenix.)

When I woke up that morning, there was a most precious knowledge of the presence of God with me. He told me to get my teaching on “The Disquieted Soul”—A Study of Psalms 42 and 43 and read it out loud. (At that point in time, this manuscript was about 13 pages on 8-1/2” x 11” paper.) I still had to shower and get ready for Henry, so I protested somewhat about my time schedule; but the Lord persisted. So I went out to the other room and found the printed copy I had with me. As I got down to the bottom of the second or third page of reading the first version of this booklet I began to hear it back into my own ears.

I thought, “Why, this has meter! This rhymes! This is a song!” The Lord’s reply was to the effect that that was why I had to read it out loud; and I heard Him begin to sing it to me in Abby and Eric’s home:

*When life seems to fail;
and all the pow’rs of hell seem to prevail—
There is still, “**Yet, the Lord!**”
When your enemies are the only ones in sight;
And your friends all seem to have taken flight;
There is still, “**Yet, the Lord!**” “**Yet, the Lord!**”
Never give up! Never give up!
Yet, the Lord...will command...His lovingkindness
In the day...and in the night.
And His song...His song shall be with you;
And your prayer to the God of your life!
Yet, the Lord! Yet the Lord!
Never give up! Never give up!
There is still, “**Yet, the Lord**”
(“Never Give Up! Jg 2002; Chandler, AZ)*

There was a large, open-balcony with a game area upstairs in front of the bedrooms and bath. There was a beautiful winding staircase to take one downstairs. The downstairs had an open ceiling, which soared at least 20 feet. I stood at the top of those stairs and sang this song with all my heart. The music saturated the home. I felt the power of God wash over me, and over me, and over me as I

continued to sing this song and seal the melody in my heart and mind.

Then, there's "Who Can Separate Us?", "This, I Know", "Count it All Joy", and so many more. I had been hearing God sing His word to me for so very long. I could sing these songs with all my heart to and for *others*. But it seemed as though those songs weren't for me. I could believe they were for you, Dear Reader, or for your neighbor, or friend. I could believe they were for anybody and everybody—except for me. Many of these songs, including "Never Give Up!" were even translated into Japanese; yet I couldn't believe them for myself.

Yet, the Lord...

Oh, the beauty and the wonder of that little phrase, "Yet, the Lord..." Even though it was going to take me more than two years before those words would penetrate my entire being, God wasn't a bit worried. He knew exactly when to institute them and rescue me from myself.

I had periods of ups and downs, and in that time God gave me more songs. I was particularly down for a long period of time, and Dutch Sheet's little book, titled, "*Tell Your Heart to Beat Again*", came into my hands. (I understand it has since been reprinted under a new title.) This little book was power packed; and when I came to the Chapter, "There is Music in You Still", I was extremely skeptical. Not only was I in identity crisis, but my voice was getting "old" and it seemed as if there truly was no more music in me. It was going to take a lot to convince me that God still had music in me, and for me.

One night I had insomnia and I tried, and tried, and tried to go to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come. Sometime around 3-3:30 in the morning I got up, turned my light on and picked up Dutch Sheets little book. I had started that chapter and laid the book down for several days.

As I read, my heart started to beat a little faster and a little steadier. It started to find comfort. Then I came to the part that brought Song of Solomon, Chapter Two into the theme; and "Yet the Lord" entered the picture. The Lord Himself started singing it to me around four o'clock in the morning. I did a few word studies and quietly started

down the stairs to the piano in the living room so that I could set the melody and the chords on paper and in my mind and spirit. It was hard to be quiet that early in the morning; but I managed. He sang:

*My Beloved spoke, and He said unto me,
“Rise up, My love—My bright and beautiful one.
Rise up, My love and come away with Me.*

*For, Lo! The winter is past and the rain is over and gone;
And the birds have returned and are singing.
Can you hear the sound of the turtledoves in our land?
O, arise, My love—My bright and beautiful one.
Rise up, My love and come away,
Come away, come away with Me.*

That carried me for quite some time; however, the deep sadness inside of me persisted. I even taught a Sunday Night class, using the book, for several months in our little church in Dunlap, Iowa. It was a sustaining time, and in retrospect, God was leading up to a deliverance and clean slate.

There were many family crises taking place at that time, as well. Almost all of them took place when Henry was ministering away from home. I began to judge myself very harshly for not being able to get well and handle the very difficult issues with several of my grown children. It seemed like no one was there for me. I actually came to a place where I thought Henry hated me. From that position it wasn't very hard to begin blaming him for every bad and difficult thing in my life that I couldn't bring to a good solution. By 2002 and 2003 Henry had been traveling more than ever. During that time he also had his own personal battle with prostrate cancer. Neither one of us involved the other with our problems.

“I Want the Glory of God!”

Then came the time when prostrate cancer would try to do its final work in Henry's body. This, of course, was an especially trying time for him. Henry only knows one thing when He is battling disease, sickness, or affliction; and that is to seek out the anointing and stay in it. He becomes very singular in mind, and doesn't share very much with anybody what is happening to him. He just keeps going and seeking to walk in the anointing. He stayed home as little as possible, and our relationship suffered—big time.

It must have been the middle of May, 2003 when he was only home for a few days before he would be going back east into Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and points more eastward. We had had an altercation soon after he came home and I was still stinging from it. It was now two days before he would be leaving on his trip back east. I was actually anxious to have him leave because of the tension between us. I had gone into the big city to do some grocery shopping after dinner time. It was about 10:00 p.m. when I got back and was really looking forward to someone (like Henry) to help me unload the car and put away the groceries and household supplies. When I came into the house he was just leaving from the telephone area and went over to the TV to watch something or another.

He casually mentioned that he was having a lot of trouble with his foot and was in pain. He led me to believe that maybe a spider had bitten him while he was out working around the woodpile. I took in that information as casually as it seemed to be given, and was offended that he wasn't in any shape to help me carry in and put away my carload of food and supplies. After 5-10 minutes he started up the stairs, telling me that he needed to lie down. Our son, Peter had come upstairs and saw him going up. He started to help me put things away, and then Henry actually came to the stairway and asked us to pray for him.

I was still upset with him. I finished putting away what was in my hands, while Peter headed straight upstairs and started to pray for his Dad. I had to go to my room and settle my heart and mind with the Lord before I could go in and join Peter. I did that and then headed to Henry's room. He had started convulsing and couldn't stop. The convulsions wracked his body, sweat poured from his forehead, and he seemed to be in great pain. Together, Peter and I prayed for over an hour. Henry did all in his power to agree with our prayers and intercessions. I didn't even mention a doctor or ambulance, because I was under an oath covenant to never call a doctor or ambulance for him.

As we continued in, prayer, Henry would try to sing some of the old Gospel choruses of faith and power, and Peter and I would try to join in; but Henry knew a lot more of the lyrics than we did; and he knew them by heart. Finally, after that first hour or so, Peter went downstairs to bed. It seemed as though nothing was happening for Henry. I couldn't stop praying and leave him in that condition; so I

went and got one of our old Pentecostal songbooks and joined him in singing every song that I could find that seemed appropriate.

At **sometime while we were singing** I sensed the Lord pressing me to ask him, *“Do you want me to call for an ambulance or take you to the emergency room of the hospital.”* I knew what his reply would be; but it seemed to me the Lord wanted that verbal confirmation (for my sake and also the Body of Christ’s sake later on down the road). I didn’t know what was ahead.

With every bit of strength that he could muster, he replied, *“I don’t want a doctor or the hospital! I want the Glory of God!”* That was all I needed to hear. By this time I had a great and true desire to see this through for him. I had never seen him suffer like this before. If he could have avoided it even now, he would have. But he needed someone to pray for him. Of course, at this time I had no idea (nor did he) that the cancer had metastasized. I was praying as though this was a spider bite gone badly. He and I continued for another hour. I would sing, and pray and rebuke and command; and he would join in with me between convulsions. Finally, they stopped. He was still in great pain; but I felt released and prayed for him to be able to sleep, because in two days he would be on the road again.

He was entering the greatest fight for his life he had ever had. And I say this knowing that his life has been threatened more times than I can count. A brief remembrance of the years that I have been married to him brings to mind nine times that he was threatened with death, and actually died in the van accident in June of 1984. That is only a fraction of the times he has escaped death.

But this trial was different from all the rest. All of those before had a quick resolution and deliverance from the Lord. This one had been building for at least three years and the next six weeks would tell the rest of the story. It was an “in the nick of time”, “a miraculous”, and “complete”, “yet the Lord”, miracle.

Many Ohioans were witnesses of this time in his life. I was not. He never let me know, even when you all knew how badly he felt and how he was faring. This is my Henry. I cannot totally explain it. Sometimes I still mourn for the fact that we had such a poor relationship that I couldn’t share in his sufferings. Some, if not most, of that was due to my own sufferings of mind and body.

“Yet the Lord... for Henry”

When Henry would return home from the field of ministration, he would have no energy left to minister to me. Even before he was so sick, he would fall asleep while praying for me. It didn't take me long to stop asking him for prayer; and we grew farther and farther apart emotionally and spiritually. I now praise God with my whole heart for the fact that he held on and wouldn't give up, when many Christians thought he would and *should*. The devil tried to convince him to just lie down and die; and it certainly seemed like there would be no divine intervention. **Yet the Lord...**

Oh, I love those words! They have, in reality, become music to my ears. But at the time in this story it was still to be a while before that reality stuck with me. Henry's healing was immediate and complete when he was prayed for in Brother Moss's church in Canton, Ohio. It would take awhile for the emotional impact and physical restoration to find resolution. During that time our relationship was still testy; and I had highs and lows; but 2004 was coming. I would experience some of my deepest depths of emotional and physical pain. I, too, would have a miraculous deliverance and healing. It would also take a while to see much of it through.

“Where's the Nearest Home For Burned-out Ministers' Wives?”

By this time all I wanted was to go to a home for burned-out ministers' wives! (Yes, you may laugh here—and I can also...now). I knew that wasn't God's solution to my problems; but I was desperate to be released from my physical, spiritual and emotional suffering. I wasn't suicidal; but I felt hopeless to ever recover my health and my place of victory and peace in God. As I mentioned earlier, I had some breakthroughs; but they just wouldn't last.

Fear, Anxiety, Doubt and Unbelief ruled most of my life. And Stress of living in Fear, Doubt, Anxiety, and Unbelief multiplied the effects of Fear, Doubt, Anxiety, and Unbelief. Each one took on a life of their own. It was truly a vicious cycle. My soul longed to be released from this world and to be able to go home to heaven; but I also knew that if God let me do that I would have mostly wood, hay and stubble at my feet.

2004 started with a trip with Henry to Okinawa, Japan, and then back to the states with ministry in Aurora, Ohio, Kent, and a few other areas, I think. I can't remember those details. It was in March, I believe, that we would start on the road from Iowa and head south and then west. Henry had made a huge effort to pay more attention to me and vocally express his love for me, and to me. He even started the trip early so that we could stop along the way and just have some time together. I must admit that I loved that attention very much; but I was also cautious and wondered how long it would last. Absence usually made his heart go fonder, in theory, but not necessarily in actuality. Eventually we would clash over something and I would feel crushed. But this trip was going quite well. We ministered in the Ozarks, Kansas, and in Texas, and then came to Arizona, where family was awaiting. There were birthdays, and graduations and good times. Every day Henry told me that he loved me.

We left Arizona and headed for southern California. Our first meeting was scheduled in a home where the family ministered to many young people. I took the worship time and Henry took the ministry time. The meeting was held outside, but it turned cool and so I went into the house after worship. Suddenly, a headache hit me and my neck was extremely stiff. I had never had anything like that before. I prayed about it and after the meeting we went back to the beautiful hotel suite they had rented for us. I had a pretty good night's sleep, but my neck was still very stiff in the morning; and the headache was worsening.

Our next stop was at a little Japanese-American Church. The details are a little blurry now, but we had a long morning service with a church dinner, and fellowship with the congregation extended into the afternoon. We stayed overnight in the area and then it was time to continue our itineration up to Oregon. Before we started on the road the headache and the stiff neck returned with a vengeance. Henry prayed for me most of the way to Oregon.

“I Want the Checkbook!”
A Special Welcome to Mrs. Self Righteousness

CHAPTER SIX
(Late June, 2004 in Woodbine, IA)

Throughout this time there were a few things that I did well in life; and when I did these things I felt good about myself. They became my “self” righteousness. I could do laundry well, keep up the dishes, do the shopping, and handle our money.

But “self” righteousness holds for nothing in the Court of Heaven; so I was mostly living under condemnation and certainly not impressing very many people—including my husband. This was still in the time he had started “the beginning of the end” of his bout with prostate cancer. In June of 2003, after he had come to the end of himself, and God miraculously healed him; his wife was still spiraling downward, and had a little more than another year before she came to the end of herself.

When we arrived in Oregon the headache had gone away and my neck was much better, though still a little stiff. My daughter, Ellen,

worked as a nanny for a Christian chiropractor and his wife. When I shared with her what had happened to me in Southern California, she said I should have her boss check me out. He ended up doing tests and x-rays and I had a couple of chiropractic treatments. He was very kind and generous, and I appreciated all of his efforts on my behalf; but in order for him to be able to do very much for me it would have taken regular treatments for about a year. Obviously I wasn't going to be in Oregon that long. In fact, we only had two or three weeks there, and we would then be leaving for Iowa and in nine days we were due to depart for the Northeast again—i.e. Illinois, Kentucky, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maine, return to Ohio, to Indiana and finally back in Iowa.

“Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.”

(Romans 14:23-b)

Henry was not at all happy that I was going the medical route. That, combined with other triggers, brought him to suddenly pronounce one day that, *“I don't trust you anymore; and I want the checkbook.”* I was flabbergasted. *“Surely, I thought, this will pass. He's not really serious.”* For the past thirty years, I had taken care of all the finances. At this time I didn't realize how much of my sense of worth was wrapped up in that responsibility. I was about to find out.

All the powers of Hell seemed to have prevailed when we arrived back in Woodbine; and, yes, I had forgotten my song, “Never Give Up!” Peter greeted us with the news that there were some severe family problems. We quickly found out that the main ministry computer was dying and in danger of losing a lot of important data; the central air conditioning unit's fan was not working; and it was late June and already hot and humid. We already knew that our air conditioner upstairs needed to go to a shop; and then we found out that termites had gotten into the house and had started in on the Prayer Walking manuals that were stored in the closet off the office.

It appeared that these things could cost us upwards of \$30-50,000! And we had the rest of that day and eight more before we were supposed to be on the road!

Peter's closing remarks were somewhat like this: *“Mom, Dad, you need to fast and pray.”*

My thoughts were somewhat like this: “OK, Peter, you’re not the one with diabetes; you’re not the one who is trying to get better by taking five prescription drugs and over twenty different vitamins, minerals and supplements a day—almost all of which require food on your stomach before you take them! Why don’t **you** fast and pray!”

I didn’t say that out loud; but I was ticked! However...I *knew* that he was right. At least for me. I hadn’t fasted for years because of the aforementioned reasons. And I knew God was beginning to speak to me through Peter, even though I wasn’t ready, or willing to acknowledge that.

I thought Henry would forget all about wanting the checkbook once we were back in Iowa. That wasn’t going to happen. He told me again that he wanted it; so I gave it to him. I wasn’t very happy about it. As I previously noted, a large part of my worth and righteousness was wrapped up in taking care of our finances.

We weren’t married very long when Henry first gave me the checkbook. From that day on, I paid all the bills, and the tithes and offerings, I bought all the groceries and supplies we needed and gave Henry cash when he needed it. We were never in debt; we bought two homes; and we raised up to twelve children at a time, plus a couple of unofficial foster children at different times. During those years it was a huge joy to me to see what God did with the little that we had.

To add insult to injury now the Lord was telling me to give Henry all my cash *and* my credit cards. Don’t ask me why I obeyed and gave them to him. The next day I was really sorry I did that. He was having a wonderful time, paying bills, buying groceries and generally driving me crazy. Actually, I was driving myself crazy pretty well all by myself. But it did make me think I felt better blaming him for all my troubles.

As for my other deeds of righteousness of doing well with the laundry and the dishes—that ability had been wiped out by an immune deficiency problem affecting the skin on my hands and feet. Whenever they were exposed to water (and it didn’t seem to matter how much water) they would start to peel—especially my hands; and they would start to crack. I could only stand to wash dishes and do laundry for up to three, or maybe four days in a row. By then it

would be just too painful to continue, and I would have to stop for a couple of days to let my hands heal.

I want to make it clear, Dear Reader, that even though I thought Henry was the cause of all my heartache; in retrospect, all of this was GOD!

We only had four more days before we were scheduled to leave Iowa. By this time I was literally beside myself. I thought for sure that Henry would tire of the financial responsibility; and I wondered how he would pay the bills that would be coming in while we were gone for over six weeks.

I also wondered how I would stand it if I went with him. So, I confronted him; and asked him if he wanted to give back the checkbook. He and Becky and Peter were in the office when I asked him. He just said, *“No, I’m enjoying doing it.”* He didn’t argue or get angry. He just maintained his position.

That just made me so mad! There was nothing I could do. But I knew that he hated it whenever I played the solitaire game of Free Cell on the computer; so, I went over to my computer in the office and sat down and furiously played Free Cell. Still, he held his peace and let me stew. As I’ve said, I was beside myself. I experienced every negative emotion possible, I think.

Eventually Peter came over to me and started to pray for me. Then I just broke down and started to cry hysterically. I went upstairs to my room and cried and cried and cried. I must have cried at least forty-five minutes. (Peter later told me that he asked his Dad, *“Do you think you should go upstairs and comfort her?”* His Dad replied, *“No, she’s all right; she’s in the Lord’s hands.”*)

Then the Lord spoke to me so sweetly and softly, “It’s time to stop crying now.” I stopped. Just like that. However, I was still very upset and didn’t know what to do. I knew I was not ready or able to cope with what was happening to me; so I did the next best thing after crying. I crawled under the covers and went to sleep. I must have slept forty-five minutes or so and then wakened.

**“I’ll Make This Trip
Your Home for
Burned-Out Minister’s Wives,”
God**

CHAPTER SEVEN

(Continuing in late June of 2004—Woodbine, Iowa)

**“Behold, to obey
is better than sacrifice.”**

(I Samuel 15:22-b)

I had been reading on and off a little book by Anna Rountree, *“The Heavens Opened”*. In this book, the author recounted her open visions about angels teaching her spiritual maturity. I hadn’t gotten very far in the book; but it was on my bed when I wakened from my nap. I opened up to the portion where I had left off. Up to this point it was just an interesting little book; but I did note that every time an angel would speak to “Anna” and teach her something new, it was like the angel was also saying, “Judith”.

Unbeknownst to me this book was a “Super-Set-up” from the Lord. As I continued reading from where I had stopped, the angel was asking “Anna/Judith” a question. I blithely went along, as the angel, asked, “*Anna/Judith, do you want to grow more spiritually, or naturally?*” Well, there you have it. Who, in their right mind would answer that question in any way other than, “*I want to grow more spiritually?*” So, that is how “Anna” and I answered.

Can you hear the angel saying, “Gotcha!?” Well, in the book, the angel didn’t say that; but we gave the correct answer and the angel had the goods to correct us. This particular angel then explained that if we wanted to grow more spiritually, we must cultivate **obedience**. As soon as that connected with my consciousness, I finally broke before my God.

Up until this time I was consumed with just trying to get through each day. I did those things that made me feel good. I wasn’t in blatant sin; but I was in a spiritual state similar to the Israelites during the time of The Judges. “*In those days there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes.* (Judges 17:6) I had lost my peace and the ability to walk with God in it. If I had the ability to do something, and it wasn’t illegal, immoral, or indecent I did it. Sometimes those kinds of decisions turned out to be a lot less than perfect. Sometimes I was just used as a local welfare outlet.

When the Lord challenged me to go back to being led in obedience to His ways, it brought me to my senses, and I cried out in real tears—not hysterics—for Him to give me something to obey so that I could have some seeds of obedience to cultivate and get back on track.

**“But without faith
it is impossible to please Him.”**

Hebrews 11:6-a

The LORD was quick to answer that cry. Immediately, He said, “*You must go with Henry in this upcoming trip.*” But, before I could protest, or even reply, He continued, “*And...I will make this trip your ‘home for burned-out ministers’ wives’.*” In my natural state of mind, going with Henry was the last thing that I wanted to do; but in this new desire to please the LORD, I immediately agreed.

Yes, I wanted to please Him; however, I was still very fragile, very vulnerable, and very much into trying to save myself. So, I started negotiating after assenting to go with Henry on this upcoming trip. I really didn't want to go to the first stop that was scheduled. I had some preconceived ideas about the ministry that would take place there—and these ideas were mostly negative. So, I asked the Lord if I had to go to all the meetings that were scheduled. He replied to me with a very sweet, “*No.*” In that answer was the definite understanding that He would let me know if I was free to not go to a certain meeting, or, that He really wanted me in a certain meeting. I was at peace with that answer.

**“Trust Me,” saith the Lord,
“I am at work.”**

I was still unable to trust myself with Henry. This venture was entirely between the Lord and me; and I continued the negotiations. I asked Him how I was to treat Henry. Just because I was going to go with him, and just because I wanted to obey the Lord, I still couldn't escape the fact that there were a lot of “wounds and bruises and putrifying sores” still to be attended to. The Lord kindly admonished me that He understood where I was emotionally in my marriage; and he told me that, “*I was to be polite with Henry in public and in private. He would require no more from me at this time.*” I also asked for a lap top. I wanted something to do if I was not going to be in a meeting.

Most importantly, He said, “*Trust Me; I am at work.*” Those words have proven to be words to live by. Over and over as the years have passed since He spoke them to me in late June of 2004, they have come to my rescue. Whenever I put those words into practice, they have **never** failed me. And, remember, Dear Reader, “the word of the Lord **is** tried.” (Emphasis mine.)

We began to prepare for the eastern trip. The Lord was so kind. Remember when all those things were wrong when we first returned to Iowa? Well, the air conditioning problem only required a new fan—with installation it was just \$100.00. We had heard that the termite problem could be as much as \$20,000.00—it turned out to be under \$2,000.00; and we didn't lose too many boxes of the Prayer Walking books. The air conditioning unit upstairs was under warranty and it didn't cost us anything to get it fixed. We were able

to get a reasonably priced computer for the ministry and also the laptop for me. The problems with some of the grown children were committed to prayer; and we left for Illinois in time—even early.

It was early afternoon and we were settled where we would be staying during the time of the meetings, and had gone over to the church where others were gathering. The first official meeting was to be in the evening. However, about two-thirds of the people were already there.

Someone started worshipping. Oh, my! Those people know how to worship. The group was loosely-knit. They officially met three times a year—over the 4th of July, Thanksgiving, and between Christmas and New Years—all in a different location in the states. Most were part of home churches. When they started singing, the heavens opened. They sang simple choruses. They sang, not just in four part harmony, but also with descants and counter melodies. They sang in the Spirit. They sang with understanding. Sometimes their voices sounded like instruments. Sometimes their instruments sounded like voices. And they sang until the Spirit was done with the song.

I didn't want to move. Of course, that was part of God's plan when He told me that He would make this trip my "Home for Burned-out Ministers' Wives"! Isn't He good? We were singing the old Gospel song, "*Higher Ground*". Growing up, I had never heard that song, having been raised in the Lutheran Church. We sang traditional hymns, but I don't ever remember hearing Gospel songs. When I married Henry, I came into that heritage. And when I heard that song for the first time, it did something special in my heart. I, too, wanted the Lord to plant my feet on 'higher ground'.

Then my first test of obedience started. One of their leaders came forward to the little podium. Now, mind you, I had never been in one of these camp meetings; but I had a preconceived idea of what might happen; and it was not a good preconceived idea. But the Lord had orchestrated this meeting thus far, and I knew in my heart that He would not be pleased if I left it at this point. So, I stayed.

The Brother began to exhort us as we continued singing, "*Higher Ground*". Unbeknownst to me, he had come to this meeting filled with joy and fresh manna; and he began to tell about the very special and fruitful time he and a small group had had while they were in Jamaica, ministering as the Lord led. Then he had to go and say it:

“You know, if we really want to go to higher ground, we will have to fast.” It’s been quite a few pages back, Dear Reader, since you read about Peter’s exhortation to Henry and me about fasting. You might have remembered me being convicted, but also angry, at Peter, and frustrated, at myself.

Now, my conviction was being put to the test. It turned out to be a joy to stay in the meeting and be challenged to do what I knew was necessary. I also knew that when I started a fast, it would have to be completed. I didn’t want to vow to do a fast that I was pretty sure I didn’t have enough steadfastness to continue to the end. So, I prayed about it and asked for the Lord’s help.

When I prayed and asked the Lord for help, it was no small thing in God’s sight. He knows that we have no righteousness in ourselves. He knows His righteousness is the only thing that can keep up in His sight and grace. He also knows we must come to the end of ourselves, or we will never be able to receive what we need from Him. We will always be trying to “fix it”, or somehow find a way to get through.

“If I Perish, I Perish! But I’m Going to see My King!”

CHAPTER EIGHT

(Continuing at the Conference in Mahomet, IL. July 3-7, 2004)

On the second day of the meetings I was invited to be on the platform with the worship instrumentalists. I played my autoharp and was blessed. Then came the evening with they started singing a chorus I had never heard before. It was inspired by the words of Queen Esther when she made up her mind to go in to the king without being called by him (Esther 4:11-16). These are the lyrics:

*“I’ve made up my mind I’m going on.
I’ve made up my mind to surrender my all.
I’ve made up my mind to pay the price.
I’ve made up my mind I’m going on.*

*Chorus:
And if I perish, I perish!*

But I am going to see my King! (2x)

*Through hard trials, tribulation,
Persecution, troubles and all;
I'm going to see my King!*

That was my whole dilemma; I wanted to be with my King; but not with all the wood, hay and stubble that I was carrying around. I just didn't quite know how to do that anymore.

This congregation didn't give up! As we sang this song, the words began to wrap themselves around my heart. We had been singing for about 25 minutes, and I just had to put my autoharp down and get on my face before my King. I knew that I was at a crossroads and had to make a decision. I knew my King was asking me to "make up my mind!" He was asking me to keep going on and surrender everything to Him!

He was asking me to trust Him and to keep going on with Him. The congregation kept on singing that song until the Lord and I had made an agreement. I told Him how wounded I was about Henry taking the checkbook and complete control of the finances. I told Him how I wanted to give up and not hold this against Henry. I told Him that even though Henry gave me money anytime I asked him, I felt like a beggar.

He reminded me how in times past I had taken things like that right over Henry's head and asked the Lord about it all. I remembered how the Lord always took care of it—sometimes to Henry's dismay. The Lord reminded me that I had never looked to Henry to be my provider. The Lord was my provider.

In the meantime the congregation kept singing; and I began to take hold of this new position. Whereas I came onto the platform that evening feeling like a pauper; the Lord took my pleas, and in the twinkling of the eye, I went from feeling like a pauper to knowing I had all the riches of Christ at my disposal!

While the Lord and I were communing, one of the brothers in the congregation got up and began to speak words of deliverance to some seated throughout the room. It was a very precious time of the Lord's presence and intervention in our lives with healing and deliverance.

The conference ended and we stayed an extra day and visited before it was time to head for Louisville, KY and our next stop. I was still holding before the Lord the fact that I wanted to fast. I didn't know how long the fast should be or when I would start—just that He would let me know. I felt like He would maybe start the fast after this trip ended. And I thought it would be a long one, since I had fallen so far short in my walk with Him.

The Fast of the LORD

CHAPTER NINE

(Continuing, now in early July of 2004, in Louisville, KY)

We stopped just before the border of Kentucky and had a fast food supper. We were about 20-30 minutes from the home where an evening meeting was scheduled for 7:00 p.m. It was about 6 p.m. when we left the fast food restaurant and headed across the river into Louisville and Exit #1 on the freeway. Somehow, between an accident and construction we missed the exit and just continued on up the road. We called to get specific instructions because Henry hadn't been there for a couple of years. We didn't realize that we were already long past Exit #1.

After 7 p.m. we got a call. They were going to start praising the Lord while they were waiting for us to arrive. About forty-five minutes later we got a call that they would have prayer time until we got there. We finally realized that we were about 30 miles off course

and turned around, arriving at the home about 9:45 p.m. Some people were eating the snacks that had been prepared and others were leaving or already gone.

There were still some who could stay late and wanted to hear Henry. I was tired; I visited a little and then went off to the guest bedroom, where I tucked myself in and thought I would sleep the sleep of the blessed. As soon as I was fully established to go to sleep, sleep vanished! The Lord wanted some time. He was very clear in His desires for me. So, I turned to the book of Esther and started reading it. I practiced (quietly) the song, “If I Perish, I Perish”, and I talked to Him about fasting, and everything and everybody that came to mind. After an hour or so, Henry came in to go to bed. I put my Bibles and study aids outside the room and we both tucked in and slept the sleep of the blessed.

It was a short night. I wakened at 4:30 a.m. fully refreshed, and quietly got out of bed. I went into the anteroom where I had left my Bibles and study aids. The house was quiet and I took up where I had left off in the evening. The Lord’s presence was so precious as I continued reading the book of Esther and talked to Him about fasting. About 7:30 Henry came out of the bedroom. Again, I thought, *“I’m tired, I think I’ll go back to bed for a while and sleep.”*

Yes, Dear Reader, I got all tucked in and ready to sleep; and sleep fled. It was a beautiful summer morning and this home had a simple screened in summer room. I got dressed and brought the laptop out and set it up out there. I worked on a Bible study from Psalm, Chapter Two. In the meantime, Henry had breakfast and was sharing with the hostess and another lady who had come to stay with her while we were there. In the back of my mind, I gave fleeting thoughts of eating breakfast, but I simply was not hungry, and those thoughts didn’t get very far in my conscious thinking. I had bottled water with me and drank from that every once in a while. Since I wasn’t eating, I didn’t take any of my prescription medicine, or any of the hands full of the vitamins, minerals and supplements that I carried with me.

The morning turned into noon. I was still very content and not at all hungry as I continued communing with the Lord and working on Psalm Two. Henry and the ladies ate lunch.

Afternoon turned into evening and it was time for dinner. Still, I was not hungry. My stomach felt full and satisfied. Our hostess planned to take us out to dinner; however, I was still absorbed in the Bible study and not at all hungry, so I bowed out and urged them to continue without me. There was a planned meeting at her church that we would go to after they had dinner. Dinner time came and went quickly. I got ready for the meeting and when they came back from dinner, I was ready to go with them to the meeting.

Sing unto the LORD a new song

It was now early July. In June I had held a ladies' meeting in Oregon. While Henry and I were still in Phoenix, I called back to the lady who was the leader of this group of women and asked her if she had any particular theme in mind. She replied, "Just the Bride." I thought, "That's pretty broad." I had asked the Lord for a new song for this meeting, and immediately the scripture from Song of Solomon 2:16-a came to mind, "*My Beloved is mine, and I am His.*"; with verse 4, "*He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love;*" and Chapter 1:2, "*Let Him kiss me with the kisses of Thy mouth; for Thy love is better than wine.*"

That's a lovely scripture, Lord, but someone else has composed a song with those lyrics. He said he would give me a new melody with the added lyrics. And He did:

My Beloved is mine! (Echo)

And I am His! (Echo)

(Repeat)

Oh, let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth

For His love is better than wine!

My Beloved is mine!

And I am His!

He has brought me to His banqueting house;

And His banner over me is love!

My Beloved is mine! (Echo)

And I am His! (Echo)

After He gave me the song He led me to a word study of, "He brought me to the banqueting house; and His banner over me is love."

It was most informative and transformed the whole word picture that I had in my mind. I studied the words, “banqueting”, “house”, and “banner”, and I used Strong’s Exhaustive Concordance. (#3196, #1004, and #1714 with its primary root #1713.)

I was really surprised to find that the word, banqueting, does not convey a picture of a table (which is the word more modern translations use instead of the word, house), but rather the word, banqueting, comes from an unused Hebrew root, and it means, *to effervesce*, as *wine* (fermented); thereby implying *intoxication*. So, this verse is not picturing a table laden with the choicest of foods. It has rather to do with an atmosphere.

The word, “house”, is rendered in English as “beth”. You know, as in “Beth”-lehem, (House of bread), “Beth”-el (House of God), etc. This particular word in the Hebrew is open to a very wide application. It is applied to the Temple, the tabernacle(s), a house to live in; family, as in the House of David; or, something as simple as, a place.

The Hebrew word for “banner” gave me more food for thought and a completely focused word picture. The word means a *flag*. It comes from its primary root word meaning to *flaunt*, in other words, to *raise a flag*. Figuratively, the word means, to be *conspicuous*, or, more literally, *outstanding*.

When it all came together I found this: “*My Beloved brought me to an intoxicating place of love that was outstanding, conspicuous, and for all to see.*”

No, we’re not talking of lascivious or lustful actions. We’re talking about the change in a person’s walk, talk, and countenance. When any one is regularly being loved, it shows. It isn’t about sex. It is about intimacy. It is about knowing your Beloved and seeing your Beloved blossom and flourish, not from wine; but from intoxicating love! It’s love that stands out in a crowd!

Well, those thoughts and memories of that meeting in Oregon were fresh on my mind. But now I was in Louisville, KY and on my way to the church meeting that had been planned. There was a charge in the atmosphere when we arrived. The meeting started and the pastor got up to share a little bit. She was so excited about this night. They had had wonderful meetings on the Sunday before. This

was the Wednesday night meeting and she was excited because Henry and I were there. It had been a while since Henry had been there; and it was my first time in that church. She was also excited because seventeen people from a sister church in California were flying in that night. Their flight had been delayed and they were expected anytime. They would be ministering Thursday through Sunday in worship and deliverance.

Then the pastor started to share about her devotional time on the previous Monday morning after the wonderful meetings on Sunday. She began to explain that she had gone to Song of Solomon and found a nugget. She began to share about Song of Solomon 2:4 as she casually dropped the information that the banqueting table was *“really a wine cellar”*. I chuckled and said, more to myself than the congregation, *“I know, I just studied that myself not too long ago!”*

She had a handheld mike and meandered over where Henry and I were sitting. She repeated herself as she was standing right in front of us. *“Really, folks, it’s a wine cellar.”*

This time I looked right at her and said, *“I know; I just did a study on that.”*

She looked at me and then did a double-take as she handed me the mike, saying. *“You go, girl; you go!”* So, I took the mike and shared what I just shared with you. From that point to this day, I found that I no longer needed a home for burnt-out minister’s wives. My Beloved is mine! And I am His!

Then the order of the service changed. Henry said, “Judith, you take your liberty.” It was time to take my autoharp and minister in word and worship to the congregation. Time just slipped away as the presence of the Lord drew near and wooed our hearts and spirits. Sometime in that time the people from California slipped in; Henry ministered to the congregation; and then we both ministered in prayer to the Californians.

By then it was 11:00 p.m. We were all whisked away to the back fellowship room, where a banquet had been spread before us. Tables were filled with the choicest of meats, salads, fruits, vegetables and desserts. The smells transported one’s taste buds to pure delight. The sights caused mouths to start watering.

But I was full! My appetite was gone. My delight was for fellowship, not food. All day my stomach felt full; my appetite for food was quenched. I had full energy, as though I had eaten three square meals that day. I also had not taken any of the five prescription pills I carried with me, nor any vitamins, minerals or supplements. Most of them called for, “take with a meal”. Since I didn’t have any meals, I didn’t take any of them. And that banquet spread before me, didn’t tempt me, either. I fellowshipped with everyone and then the evening ended. It was lovely!

When we returned to our host home I began to realize that I was already on the fast of the Lord. It was wonderful. I thanked him and felt Him telling me that on the third day, I would know how long the fast would last. We went to bed, and again, slept the sleep of the blessed! The next day was a repeat of the day before. I continued in the fast with full energy and a stomach that felt full. I didn’t take any medicine or supplements, etc., and I continued in the Word, as well as doing up our accumulated laundry. Henry continued to share with the hostess and her guest as the day was filled. At night she shared her home with a home meeting and when it was time, again, we slept the sleep of the blessed.

We were scheduled to leave the next day. Between 5:30 and 6:00 p.m. would be the end of the third day of fasting. I was excited to hear what the Lord would say about it ending. We continued our journey into southern Ohio and ministered to a precious saint who was battling the last stage of cancer. It was a warm and humid summer day and we were in her garden ministering to her. I set up my autoharp and sang and shared with her for about 45 minutes. Then her family brought out glass bottled water with a slight flavoring in it. It was refrigerator-cold and the bottle sweat as it was brought out into the warm air. They also brought a clear glass bowl filled with freshly cut cantaloupe and green melon. It also sweated. It looked so cool and refreshing. It was about 4 p.m. the Lord said to me, “*Your fast is over.*” Just like that. My hunger returned and I had some of the water and the melon. Henry was ministering to our friend in testimony and the word. By five o’clock we were saying our good-byes and were back on the road about 5:20 or so.

We arrived at a family restaurant and my appetite had returned with full zest. I ordered a 12 oz. T-bone steak, baked potato with sour cream, butter, and chives, salad, vegetables and a three-layer

chocolate cake with chocolate frosting. I ate every bit of it with delight and no ill effects. Since I hadn't had any food or medicine for three days, and I felt wonderful, I decided to stop it all—including the vitamins, minerals and supplements. The peace of God simply covered me. It was to be a covenant that was severely challenged by the enemy; but the peace of God was so strong that the covenant was never seriously debated again. It is now July 19, 2007, more than three years later and I am still completely medicine and supplementary free.

“THE WORD OF THE LORD IS TRIED.”

PART TWO

“Without faith it is impossible to please Him.”

(Hebrew 11:6)

“Whatsoever is not of faith, is sin.”

(Romans 14:23-b)

CHAPTER TEN

Peace and a Song

“If I perish, I perish; but I am going to see my King.” My determination has been to stay in faith. In order to do that I've learned that I must be ruthless about any fear that threatens me. Faith and fear cannot co-exist. Besides the two scriptures above, I would hear in my spiritual ears the definition of the Greek word,

“*pharmacopiae*”. It is translated as “*witchcraft*” in the King James Bible, and it is where we get the English word, “*pharmacy*”.

This was a new phase in my life. Henry was ecstatic about it; and that really helped me to stay the course. Two are better than one. (Ecclesiastes 4:9-a); and a three-fold cord is not quickly broken. (Ecclesiastes 4:12-b). I didn’t know what was ahead; but I knew that I never wanted to go back to that place I had been in. Once the challenges started coming, Henry became my biggest cheering section.

**DO NOT TRY THE FOLLOWING
UNLESS YOU KNOW
THAT YOU HAVE
ABSOLUTE DIRECTION
FROM THE HOLY SPIRIT!**

**YOU MUST NOT
THINK YOU HAVE
OR, HOPE YOU HAVE—
BUT KNOW THAT YOU HAVE
PEACE AND DIRECTION
FROM THE HOLY SPIRIT!**

The first trials came in the form of extremely high blood pressure, and off the chart blood sugar levels every time I testified of what the Lord was doing in my body. At first I would test my blood pressure and blood sugar levels. However, the Lord had given me great peace and a song to go with everything. I couldn’t keep looking at those natural reports; so I stopped testing; and believed the report of the Lord. Then, I had to stand, having done all to stand. Henry and some of the saints of the Most High God stood with me. I would get headaches where I thought my brain was just going to explode. Henry prayed for me.

Remember back somewhere in the early parts of this book, I told how Henry would fall asleep whenever he would pray for me? Well, that no longer happens!

At the end of this seven or eight week trip, we were in northern Indiana for the weekend. I sang and testified and a headache started to develop after church Sunday afternoon. We were at a restaurant

with a group from the church. This church was our last stop since we started the end of June. We had planned to spend the next day visiting with friends in the area. By the time we left the restaurant there was only about an hour and a half before the evening service would start. I told Henry that I simply could not go. I'd have to stay in the nice basement apartment the church made available to us most of the time when we came there. The pain was so bad I could hardly think. I just kept praising the Lord, rebuking the pain, and trying to sleep.

One of the ladies from the church was a woman of great faith. I prayed and asked the Lord to send her after church was over. Henry didn't get back from the service until about midnight, and my friend came with him. She prayed for me and I was able to get out of bed. She shared stories of her faith in crises, and exhorted me and admonished me, and shared with me in this crisis. We stayed up until 3:00 in the morning. I was in great pain during most of that time; but my heart was warmed and challenged. My God was real. He would work gold tried in the fire for me. It wasn't my job to worry about any of the details. My job was to maintain a position of faith and love, and let Him work out the dross in my life.

Friends, during this trip and always since, I never had any bells, whistles, Holy Ghost goose bumps, heat, or any other manifestations from prayer. The Lord has held me to a simple faith in His Word:

His Word is true.

His report concerning me from His Word is true.

Manifestations of healing are in His timing.

**They that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength;
they shall mount up with wings as eagles;
they shall run, and not be weary,
and they shall walk, and not faint.**

(Isaiah 40:31)

Time is not the essence of the contract. Faith in His Word is the essence of the contract. I've learned to simply ignore symptoms and pain. The Lord has literally said to me, *Put a smile on your face, joy in your heart, and a bounce in your step.* He would also add, *"There is no law against joy; and it won't kill you!"* As I have obeyed, He has made the smile real with His true joy in my heart, and the bounce in my step, to be real, as well.

**No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper;
and every tongue that shall rise up against thee
in judgment thou shalt condemn** (*declare to be wrong*).

This is the heritage (*or, inheritance*)
**of the servants of the LORD, and,
“their righteousness is of Me,” saith the LORD.**

(Isaiah 54:17)

This scripture is personalized in my mind. There is no doubt in my mind or my heart that there is NO weapon that is formed against me that can prosper. NO weapon, means NO weapon. Is that clear? None, nada, zero, zip, zilch, The Lord, Himself, states that this knowledge is my inheritance from Him; and, doing the right thing is something that He, Himself works into me.

The headache exploded again when I went back to bed. I simply praised Him for His goodness and His Word, while drifting in and out of sleep. When I stopped drifting and just stayed awake, I knew that I could not visit with friends that day. I was so very weak that I couldn't even walk up the stairs out of the basement. I had to crawl in order to get upstairs. I just wanted to get back home to Iowa. Henry had to pack everything up, carry it up the stairs, and pack it into the van.

Usually it took us 15 hours to get from northeastern Indiana to southwestern Iowa. We did it 12 hours. No stops, except for gas, bathroom breaks and drive-throughs for food. I could barely manage bathroom breaks and I couldn't eat anything. I sipped on a 7-Up with lots of ice and mostly I just laid on the bed in the van. Henry prayed pretty much nonstop for me. (It wasn't until a couple of years later that I found out he had a headache the whole way, also.) When we got to the Iowa border and crossed the Mississippi River, the power of the headache suddenly vanished. I still had a lot of pain, but not the kind that you want to leave your body and come back later when it is all over. We still had about 4-1/2 hours before we would arrive in Woodbine. In the last 45 minutes I was able to come up front and actually talk to Henry.

When we got home, our daughter, Becky, was waiting for us by the stairs going up to our bedrooms. Henry carried in the essentials (it was 11:30 at night) while she and I visited a little bit. I don't know

exactly when the headache completely went away, but before I went up to bed, it was all gone.

**Bless the LORD, O my soul;
and all that is within me, bless His holy name.
bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities,
Who healeth all thy diseases,
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction,
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies,
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.**

(Psalm 103:1-5)

I'm fully convinced after more than three years that my physical battles are really spiritual battles. The Word of God has stood the test over and over and over. The peace of God and His songs have stood the test of time and trial. For so many years I sang the songs that God had given me; but I mostly sang them for the Church. I could rarely incorporate them into faith for me. Now, they come to my rescue in the midst, or better yet, in the beginning of trials of faith; and because they are the word of God, or clearly based on the scriptures, they are alive and carry life and hope and the promise of God. I can bank on it. The currency is gold—gold tried in the fire.

*Jesus, You said, "My peace I give unto you
(as your inheritance). My peace I give unto you.
I don't give you peace, as the world gives peace.
My peace I give unto you."*

*So, I will not let my heart be troubled.
I will not let my heart be afraid;
for You gave me Your peace, as my inheritance.
Your peace, You gave to me.
(Song based on John 14:27)*

Peace and a Song

Henry wrote about it in his "Prayer Walking Manual". Walking with God in peace and a song has stood him well for closing in on 50 years. You don't have to be a professional prayer walker to follow God with peace and a song. It works in every day life, as well.

*Let God arise!
Let God arise!
Let His enemies be scattered!*

*Let God arise!
Let God arise!
Let them that hate Him flee from before His face!*

*But let the righteous be glad!
Let them rejoice before God!
Let them rejoice before the face of their God!*

*Let God arise!
Let God arise!
Let God, let God arise!
(Song lyrics from Psalm 68:1 & 3)*

Let God arise and let the righteous rejoice! This Psalm has several imperative sentences. They are commands and imply that someone or something is stopping God from arising; someone or something is stopping His enemies from scattering; and someone or something is stopping the righteous from being glad and rejoicing before God.

In late March of 2007 I awakened in our home in Arizona, on a Sunday morning at 4:30 a.m. to a pain level that I had never experienced before. It literally took my breath away. I sat up and attempted to get out of bed. I fell to the floor and couldn't even cry out. The pain was in my back on the right side, where my kidney was located. Like a siren going off in my head, I heard, "*Kidney failure! Kidney failure!*" The pain came in waves that threatened to bring me to unconsciousness. Finally, I started claiming, "*The Blood of Jesus! The Blood of Jesus!*" I did that until the peace of God returned to my heart, replacing the sudden terror that had paralyzed me.

As peace returned to my heart, I was able to think and pray. I had heard the report of kidney failure in my mind; but I really didn't know what was happening. So, I relied on Ephesians 5:11—"*Have no fellowship (or, affiliation) with the unfruitful works of darkness; but rather reprove them.*" Henry and I were scheduled to leave the following Tuesday for a ministry trip back north and east; so I added words that never failed to bring me back up to a level of faith. I learned these words from hearing them come out of my son, Robert.

He would tease (I was serious) that he, “*had places to go, people to see, and things to do.*”

Yes, it is an old adage; but a time came when they were words I could say with confidence back into the enemy’s face. “*Yes, pain, you are an unfruitful work of darkness; you are a ‘weapon formed against me’, and I will claim no affiliation with you. I have places to go, people to see and things to do*” Henry’s words would be, “*I will not take these thoughts and symptoms personally! I will take them to the Lord and ask Him what my responsibility to them is.*”

As I prayed I was able to get into my easy chair. From there I was able to collect peace and faith; and from there I was able to go back to bed and fell asleep. However, I awakened to the same pain about forty-five minutes later. I repeated this scenario every half hour to forty-five minutes or so, until about 8 a.m. when Henry woke up and came into my room. He was getting ready to go to the early service at Skyway Church. He had some obligation of prayer or testimony for both services. I had already planned to just go to the late service.

I told him what had been happening to me, and asked him for prayer. The Lord reminded me that I had the responsibility to actually receive the prayer for healing. So, Henry prayed. As I reported earlier, there were no bells, no whistles, no Holy Ghost goose bumps, no heat or any other manifestation of healing that took place. I was still in pain; but the Lord said, *Put a smile on your face; and a bounce in your step; and, there is no law against joy. Rejoice in me, it will not kill you.*”

Then I got up and did that while Henry went out to the back patio to put some plants back together that high winds had overturned during the night. I went into the little living room where he had turned the stereo on with a good praise CD. I just kind of entered into worship and then I started dancing and then I accepted my healing. The pain greatly subsided.

Company was coming the next day in the early afternoon, so that we could have good visiting time and then have an early dinner at about 4 p.m.. (Us older folk in Arizona—locally known as snow birds, tend to eat earlier as we age. 😊) And, remember? We also had to plan for an early evening so that we could start packing to leave Arizona for several months. We would be leaving on Tuesday. Our

guests had a few more days before they would close up their Arizona home and return to Oregon until late fall. I started working on the dinner and got ready for church and felt very good.

Praise and worship were so very precious that morning. All pain subsided as I danced before the Lord. As soon as I had gotten in my car to go to church the pain had threatened me again. After worship the pain was still at bay and continued as Henry and I both went back home. I had a huge agenda to work on if we were going to have the dinner the next day. Henry helped me as I prepared the salads. He had put on a Paul Wilbur CD and he was singing his version of Psalm 68, "*Let God Arise.*"

I was standing in from of my refrigerator and battling pain; and the Lord spoke to me, sweetly and softly. He said, "*I will; if you will.*" I will arise if you will let me. I said, "Yes," and started dancing again! Henry and I worked long into the night and went to bed. He slept the sleep of the blessed. I also slept the sleep of the blessed; and I also kept waking with intense pain. It simply didn't matter about the pain. I knew that God would arise, and His enemies would be scattered.

My only job was to rejoice, with gladness, before His face. On Monday morning I got up and continued with the plans of getting ready for our company. When they arrived, we a wonderful and blessed time of eating and fellowshiping and praying together.

Henry tends to get stressed when it is time to get on the road, again. But this get-away morning was different. I'd had a great Monday; I was determined to "let God arise"; and I knew we would make it through. In spite of all those positives, I'd also wakened in great pain several times through the night. I was also very weak; but this time, instead of asking me on regular intervals, "*Are you about ready?*" Henry asked, "*What can I do next?*"

He kept praying for me and encouraging me; and this time he did those last minute things that I usually do. We finally got on the road and we made all our appointments on time. We got out later than we had hoped; but we also missed a huge accident that happened about an hour up the road from out home. By the time we reached it there wasn't much of a backup or anything.

*This I know; this I know,
this I know; this I know
the Lord is on my side
and I put my trust in Him.*

*This I know; this I know;
This I know; this I know
God is for me.
I will not fear.*

*For He makes all things work together;
He makes all things work together;
He makes all things work together for my good.
To those who love the Lord
To those whom He has called
He makes all things work together according to His plan!*

Our God is so very good! He truly does make *all* things work together for our good—even the timing of our departures and arrivals—by vehicle or by plane. To quote Henry: “*How much is all?*” Selah—pause and think about that.

Please Meet Goodness and Mercy

From Psalm 23:6
CHAPTER ELEVEN

**Surely Goodness and Mercy
shall follow me all the days of my life...**

(Psalm 23:6-a)

Wonderful passage, isn't it? In my generation, every Sunday School child of almost any denomination could quote the entire psalm. In 2004, before the camp meeting in Illinois, the Lord had given me a perky little melody for this verse. The lyrics followed the King James Version. As time went on, I thought more and more of the Bible study I had heard about that verse. So, I looked it up in Strong's Concordance, and sure enough—it's gold!

The gold is found in the word, “follow”. It is Strong's #7291, and means to run *after*, with an intention of capture. Immediately I had the picture in my mind of giant personages, Goodness and Mercy, appearing at my doorstep every morning of my life. After all, the

verse starts with the word, “surely”, and ends with the words, “all the days of my life.”

*Surely Goodness,
Goodness and Mercy,
Goodness and Mercy shall pursue me.
Goodness and Mercy
Shall pursue me with the intent
of capturing me
every day of my life!*

*For every morning His mercies are new;
His compassions never fail;
And His faithfulness is great.*

*For Goodness and Mercy
rise up to pursue,
with the intent of capturing me—
every day of my life!*

If there is anything I need every day of my life, it is a new infusion of “goodness” and “mercy”. It is not hard to imagine Goodness and Mercy coming to my door every morning. It is easy to see that I don’t have to “hit the floor running” each morning in order to accomplish the day’s tasks. It is easy to let them catch me. If the Brownsville revival brought us nothing more than the knowledge that, “God is Good—all the time”; and, “All the time—God is good”, it will have accomplished much in the Body of Christ.

Often such words can easily become by words—words we frequently say, but have lost their life-giving meaning. It is an eternal fact that God is good! It is an eternal fact that His mercy is everlasting! It is an eternal fact that He will pursue me every day with the intention of capturing me and giving me a new infusion of His Goodness and His mercy. It is also an eternal fact that we all have great need for Him to capture us each and every new day of our lives.

Never let the enemy whisper a denial of those facts in your ears! That whisper will become a cancer of your faith if you listen to it, and take it to heart. Roll over and play dead, when Goodness and Mercy arrive each day. You will never regret it. It is one of the greatest tools to living an overcoming life in Christ Jesus.

“Ma’am”, the pilot said, “It is your call.”

CHAPTER TWELVE

**Surely, Goodness and Mercy
shall rise up to pursue me
with the intention of capturing me *today*.**

(Psalm 23-6, paraphrased from KJV by Judith)

“Ma’am”, the pilot said, “It is your call. He can land the plane and get you medical attention, or he can continue the flight to Tokyo.” It was the chief flight attendant who brought me the message. I was in first class on a Northwest/KAL flight with about 5-6 hours into a 10-11 hour flight from Portland, Oregon to Tokyo, Japan; and had fallen gravely ill.

The Lord has said that I could go to Japan in the fall of the year. (I’ve forgotten whether it was 2004 or 2005.) He had put it all together so that I could come for the last two weeks of Henry’s

ministry there. He would be in the greater Tokyo area and I would stay with a family and join him on day trips to different ministries.

But there I was 39-40,000+ miles in the sky. I had fought nausea, cold sweats, paleness of skin, swelling of my entire body, and utter exhaustion that made it difficult to even think. And I had been this way for 4 or 5 hours. I felt like I was losing the battle, and as though I was going to explode if I couldn't lie down where I could have my feet up and have a chance for the swelling to go down.

However, that couldn't happen in coach class—only in first class; and I was afraid to ask for help from the flight attendants in the back of the plane. I couldn't put it off any longer. I had walked around, exercised, used the bathroom, and washed my face with cold water. Nothing was working and I was feeling worse by the minute.

I put aside my fears, left my seat and went to the back of the plane. I didn't want to tell them that I suffered from diabetes and chronic edema (swelling), high blood pressure, etc., and that I had stopped taking medicine for any of those problems.

What would they say? Would they scold me for wanting to believe God? Would they refuse me the opportunity to lie down? Was this all caused by the altitude and cabin pressure? Would I ever be able to fly internationally again? All those thoughts and many more flooded my mind as I slowly progressed down the aisle to the flight attendants in the back of the plane.

They watched me coming, and as I approached them they asked, "*Are you alright?*"

"I don't think so." They offered me the jump seat, and I gladly sat down. Nothing happened like the scenarios in my mind. Mercy and Goodness had boarded the plane with me. When they asked about possible medications, and I replied that I don't take anything, they responded as if that were the norm. They called for a nurse or doctor for me. A nurse responded, who was very kind and tender towards me. It was determined that my blood pressure was high, my pulse was weak, and my complexion too pale.

Then, mercy and goodness upon mercy and goodness, they pronounced that I needed to lie down! I cannot express how relieved I was that I didn't even need to bring the subject up. There was one

seat in first class—and of course, it was fully able to be reclined. From then on, I just followed them and they took care of me.

Once I was settled in, the nurse followed me into first class and kept regular watch over me, taking my vitals and generally encouraging me. I knew that it was distressing for her that I didn't use medication. She asked, "*What do you do?*" I thought, "*Lord, please give me wisdom.*"

"I pray."

"Oh..." she said, "prayer's good."

Now I had to give the chief flight attendant the answer to the Captain's question. I knew several things: the foremost, being that the Lord had told me I could go to Japan and meet Henry there. I knew if we set the plane down while there was still an opportunity to do so, it would be to receive medical attention when we had no health insurance. To put the plane down would also ruin hundred's of people's travel plans.

It was easy to say, "Thank you; but no thank you." I had already trusted the Lord for very serious issues; I didn't want to stop now. I had His word that I could go to Tokyo—not some stop along the way. I knew that a good friend, who spoke English—would be there to pick me up. I knew she would also pray for me. And that is exactly what she did.

Northwest Airlines took very good care of me while I was on their airplane. The nurse was caring and tender and took her responsibility toward me very seriously. I don't remember every one and everything that was done for me; but once I am so grateful for their time and attention.

Goodness and Mercy were still around. Once I was in a prone position and my fears were settled, I got better. However, one of my symptoms was being nauseous. I don't know who did what; but it seemed that the entire section of first class passengers were anesthetized, and must have had clothespins on their noses; because the moment came when I stopped feeling nauseous and unceremoniously threw-up. It was not a pretty sight, nor a lovely scent. No one seemed to move during the entire time and cleanup.

God bless the nurse. And a special thank you for the extra turtleneck top I had in my carry-on. ☺

The story doesn't end here. Yes, I got entirely better. I was wheel-chaired to the waiting van; and my friend prayed for me during the hour and a half ride to the waiting church family. By the time we arrived, every symptom was gone. They had a lovely soup supper for me and I was at home with my friend, showered and bedded down on the futon by 10:30 p.m. I wakened fully refreshed, with no jet lag at 5:30 a.m.

But...there was this nagging thought: *“All of that on the plane was caused by your being unable to adjust to the altitude and pressure changes. You will never be able to travel transoceanic flights again!”* Well, there we were. Would I have the same problem on the return flight in two weeks?

It took two weeks, lacking a day, but the Lord answered those nagging thoughts. The afternoon before I would be leaving the next morning, I started packing. As soon as I bent over to get into my suitcase, all those airplane symptoms began. Up until then I felt wonderful. Every day was a blessed day. Now, I had the headache, the nausea, the weakness, etc.; and no one was with me. My hosts had gone to a couple's retreat, and were unexpectedly late. I prayed, kept going as best I could and after a few hours they came home. However, she had a severe allergy attack and a secondary infection. I prayed for her and she got better and then she prayed for me, and I threw-up and felt better. To this day I do not know what was wrong, or what caused any of it. But I did know that altitude and air pressure had nothing to do with it. God is good; and He has ways of teaching us what we need to know, that we can only marvel at.

The trip home was the best long distance flight I ever took. There were no bad symptoms, no swelling and not even any jet lag! Since then, I've gone around the world with Henry in 83 days. (Actually, he went for the entire 83 days and I went for about the last 40 of those days.) I went to Mozambique and back; and I've been to Australia and Okinawa. The devil is a liar. God is good—even when bad things are happening. **And that is the end of the story!**

HELP FOR THE DISQUIETED SOUL

**By Judith Gruver
1996**

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PSALMS 42 AND 43

(King James Version, with modern punctuation,
Personal emphasis, and some Amplified Bible renderings)

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God! For I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance, and my God!

My tears have been my meat (*food*) day and night, while they continually say unto me, "Where is thy God?" When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude. I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise—with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down (Heb. *bowed down*"), O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God! For I shall yet praise (*or, give thanks to*) Him for the help of His countenance (*or, "His presence is salvation"*).

O my God, my soul is cast down within me; therefore will I remember Thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts. All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me. (*The Amplified Bible says: "Roaring deep calls to roaring deep at the thunder of Your waterspouts; all Your breakers and Your rolling waves have gone over me."*)

Yet, the Lord will command His loving kindness in the daytime; and, in the night, His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God, my rock, "Why hast Thou forgotten me? Why go **I** mourning because of the oppression of the *enemy*? As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reproach me, while they say daily unto me, "Where is thy God?"

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Judge me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly (*or, unmerciful*) nation. O deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man (Heb. "*from a man of deceit and iniquity*").

For Thou art the God of my strength. Why dost Thou cast me off? Why go **I** mourning because of the oppression of the *enemy*?

O send out Thy light and Thy truth. Let them lead me. Let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles.

Then will I go to the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy (Heb. "*the gladness of my joy*"). Yea, upon the harp will I praise Thee, O God, my God.

SONGS FROM THE SCRIPTURES RELATED TO THIS STUDY

From Psalm 42:1 (composer: jg)

Just like the deer pants for the waters
That's how my soul longs for You, God.
I'm thirsting in my soul for living waters.
I'm thirsting in my soul for the living God.

From John 7:37; & 4:14 (composer: jg)

In the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried,
Saying, "Come unto Me!
If any man thirsts let him come unto Me;
Let him come unto Me and drink.
For whosoever drinketh of the waters that I give him
Shall never thirst, shall never thirst
For the waters that I shall give him shall be in him
A well of water—a well of water springing up
Into everlasting life.
Springing up! Springing up! A well of water springing up!

Springing up! Springing up! A well of water springing up!

From Revelation 22:17 (composer: jg)

“Come!” says the Spirit and the Bride.

“Come!” says He that hears and He that thirsts.

Whosoever will let him come, let him come;

And freely drink from the waters of life.

From Psalm 42:2 (composer: jg)

I had gone with the multitude.

I went with them to the house of God.

I went with them to the house of God

with a voice of joy and praise.

Singing, “Alleluia!” to our God.

“Alleluia!” to our God.

“Alleluia!” to our God, with a voice of joy and praise!

From Psalms 42 & 43—selected (composer: jg)

Why art thou cast down O my soul?

Why art thou disquieted within me? (2x)

Hope thou in God; for I will yet praise Him

For He is the help of my countenance and He is my God

O, send out Thy Light and Thy Truth.

Let them lead me; let them lead me to Thy Holy Hill

And to Thy tabernacles.

Then will I go to the altar of God—

unto God my exceeding joy.

Yea, upon the harp will I praise Him. O God, my God.

So, why art thou cast down, O my soul?

Why art thou disquieted within me? (2x)

Hope thou in God; for I will yet praise Him;

For He is the health of my countenance and He is my God.

Yes, He is the health of my countenance and He is my God.

For the Lord will command His loving kindness

in the daytime and in the night.

His song shall be with me;

and my prayer to the God of my life.

So, why art thou cast down, O my soul?
Why art thou disquieted within me? (2x)
Hope thou in God; for I will yet praise Him;
For He is the health of my countenance, and He is my God.
Yes, He is the health of my countenance, and He is my God.

From Psalm 42:8 (composer: jg)

When life seems to fail;
and all the powers of hell seem to prevail...
There is still, "Yet the Lord!"
When your enemies are the only ones in sight
And your friends all seem to have taken flight...
There is still, "Yet the Lord! Yet the Lord!"
Never give up! Never give up!
Yet the Lord will command His loveingkindness
in the day and in the night.
And His song shall be with you;
and your prayer to the God of your life!
Yet the Lord! Yet the Lord!
Never give up! Never give up!
There is still: "Yet the Lord!"

From Hebrews 13:5 (comp: jg)

The Lord hath said; the Lord hath said,
"I will never, never, never leave you nor forsake you!" (2x)
So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper;
I shall not fear what man may do to me!"
So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper;
I shall not fear man!"

II Corinthians 4: 8,9 (composer: jg)

I may be troubled on ev'ry side; but I am not distressed.
I may be perplexed; but I am not in despair.
I may be persecuted; but I am never, never, never forsaken.
I may be cast down; but I am not destroyed.

As a Chorus: From Psalm 55:22-b (comp: unknown)

The Lord shall never, never, never
allow the righteous to be moved! (2x)
Just cast your burden upon the Lord;
And He shall sustain thee;
For the Lord shall never allow the righteous to be moved!

From Song of Solomon 2:10,11,13-b (composer: jg)

My Beloved spoke, and He said unto me,
“Rise up, My love—My bright and beautiful one.
Rise up, My love and come away with Me.
For, Lo! The winter is past and the rain is over and gone;
The birds have returned and are singing.
Can you hear the sound of the turtledoves in our land?
O, arise, My love—My bright and beautiful one.
Rise up, My love and come away, come away, come away
with me.

If I Perish, I Perish (composer: unknown)

“I’ve made up my mind I’m going on.
I’ve made up my mind to surrender my all.
I made up my mind to pay the price.
I’ve made up my mind I’m going on.

And if I perish, I perish!
But I am going to see my King! (2x)
Through hard trials, tribulation,
Persecution, troubles and all;
I’m going to see my King!

From Song of Solomon 1:2 & 2:4,16

My Beloved is mine! (Echo)
And I am His! (Echo)
My Beloved is mine! (echo)
And I am His! (echo) (2x)

He has brought me to His banqueting house;
And His banner over me is love!
My Beloved is mine! (Echo)
And I am His! (Echo)

Oh, let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth
For His love is better than wine!
My Beloved is mine!
And I am His!

He has brought me to His banqueting house;
And His banner over me is love!
My Beloved is mine! (Echo)
And I am His! (Echo)

From John 14:27 (composer: jg)
Jesus, You said, “My peace I give unto you
(as your inheritance). My peace I give unto you.
I don’t give you peace, as the world gives peace.
My peace I give unto you.”

So, I will not let my heart be troubled.
I will not let my heart be afraid;
for You gave me Your peace, as my inheritance.
Your peace, You gave to me.

From Psalm 118:6; Romans 8:28 (composer: jg)
This I know; this I know,
this I know; this I know
the Lord is on my side
and I put my trust in Him.

This I know; this I know;
This I know; this I know
God is for me.
I will not fear.

For He makes all things work together;
He makes all things work together;
He makes all things work together for my good.
To those who love the Lord
To those whom He has called
He makes all things work together according to His plan!

From Psalm 23:6-a & Lamentations 3:22,23 (composer: jg)

Surely Goodness, Goodness and Mercy,
Goodness and Mercy shall pursue me.
Goodness and Mercy
Shall pursue me with the intent of capturing me
every day of my life!

For every morning His mercies are new;
His compassions never fail;
And His faithfulness is great.

For Goodness and Mercy rise up to pursue,
with the intent of capturing me—every day of my life!