

I remember the time and place in January 2015 when the physical affliction began. I couldn't read a paper because my vision was spotty. I called the doctor who advised me to call my eye doctor. While speaking with the eye doctor, I felt all feeling in my legs leave. I fell forward on my couch and called 911. I felt like I was going to die. When the ambulance arrived, my blood pressure was extremely high and they took me to the ER. While in the ER, they did the standard testing work up and sent me home with no diagnosis. I thought it was just something odd that happened and would never happen again. After all, I was a strong independent woman who never had need of help from anyone. Little did I know that it was only the beginning. I began having weird sensations daily, like I was being pushed down and stretched out like taffy. I shook violently for hours, my head felt like it was spinning, I couldn't sleep, I felt like my toes were being bit by snakes, I couldn't walk in a straight line (I called that being wonky), I was weak and exhausted, couldn't feel my limbs, to name a few of the symptoms. My blood pressure kept spiking and I returned to the ER at least once a month with these symptoms. No one could help me. It was so bad that I stopped driving, shopping, cooking, cleaning and singing. The fear of doing any activity gripped me so much that I would get in bed for the night in my clothes because I didn't want to die in my pajamas. I was afraid to sleep, get out of bed in the morning, take a shower and go to the bathroom. My husband began to get very frustrated and angry with me because the doctors could not find the source of this illness and he thought I was just crazy and faking these symptoms. I was alone.

During the affliction, I racked up thousands of dollars worth of tests, doctor and ER visits, sinus surgery, pills, etc. None of these things provided solutions.

I tried to explain my issues to the church that I was attending, but they could not provide prayers or help. I am certain that they didn't know how to help me. In March 2015, I was on my way to the church that could not help me and I was hit with severe shaking and dizziness. I thought I was going to die right there. I was so scared, I asked my husband to please drive me the 30 + miles to MZRF church for prayers. I was one of the founders of this church but had left it and we had moved farther away, so I hadn't thought of making this my home church again. When I walked in, Pastor Leon didn't recognize me as I fell into him asking for

prayers. I was a mess thinking I was going to die right there in the chair. My husband and daughter stood by helpless.

Pastor Leon and the church prayed for me week after week for hours at a time. While sitting in church every week, I felt that I was going to fall over and die in the middle of the service. I felt a force pushing me down in my chair and I felt like I was going to faint. Sometimes my vision would go in and out. Gradually, through prayers, the symptoms lessened, but were still strong. One night during severe and prolonged bodily shaking on my couch at home, I called Pastor Leon desperate for prayers. He commanded the shaking to cease in Jesus Name, and it did right there. It never came back. There were many nights where the symptoms kept me awake all night. Desperate, I would call Pastor Leon who stayed up all night talking and praying for me. I could never repay him for those times.

It was at MZRF that the Lord comforted me and spoke to me. He told me to pray 3 times per day and read my Bible. I was once a vibrant, energetic person. The only thing I could do at that time was sit and pray and read my Bible. I could not just get in my car and drive somewhere. The Lord allowed my life to just stop.

I spent each day on my front porch praying and reading my Bible as the Lord had instructed. For the first 3 months, I made my case to the Lord as to why I didn't deserve this affliction because I had spent over 30 years serving Him and loving Him. I was comforted during those months, but the Lord was quiet. Until one day when the Lord showed me the sins in my life. Now, I was a commandment keeper, but inside of me lived anger, rebellion, rage, resentments, unforgiveness, envy, and pride. I wasn't really aware of how those things were sin. Like, that was just part of my personality and it was ok. Then there was the still small voice of the Lord asking me if I was willing to listen to Him now. Over the next 6 months I began to repent for these sins, and more. I felt myself soften. I felt my heart change. I even felt grateful for affliction so that I could have these wonderful times with Jesus. I began to run to my place of prayer and Bible study. I began to pray endlessly for other people and I could see the Lord answer these prayers. I had never felt such joy, and yet the symptoms were still there. The

next few months were warfare, and I began to get less afraid. God was for me! Wow! I stopped going to the doctor for help and went to Dr. Jesus!

In the second year of affliction, the symptoms became manageable because I decided to trust Jesus and what He said. "No weapon formed against you shall prosper." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." "If God be for us, who can be against us." "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." And so many more! His promises towards us are great and unending!

I began to drive again in that second year. I had to pray continuously as I drove but I made it to each destination. I started to feel brave enough to go to the grocery store to buy food for my family. Previously, I couldn't make it through the store without running out for fear that I was going to fall down and die in there! I started to cook. Previously, I could not cook the simplest meal for my family without sitting down before I could finish. I could clean my house again. That made me really joyful and I would sing and thank God as I did it. It was a joy to live again while spending those precious times with the Lord.

End of second year of affliction, after endless prayers from MZRF and endless prayers on my porch, symptoms are gone. I am no longer fearful and that is huge! I used to check out the internet posts to find people who were having similar struggles so that I could find hope. I found the posts, but those people suffered for years with no help or hope. I am here to say that there is help and hope! Jesus is the answer for everything. He may be calling you to a wonderful relationship with Him, if you will just seek Him and decide to sit still until you find Him. I never thought I would be free of those symptoms, but Praise the Living God, they no longer have power over me! I will never forget what the Lord saved me from. I will always be grateful for Pastor Leon at MZRF who lead me through the darkest time of my life. And of course, thank you to Jesus my Lord and Savior for deliverance and freedom!