

THE GLORY

Declaring the Glories of God!

AUGUST 2026

CONCERN

AROMA
OF
CHRIST

LOOKING
FOR PEACE

It's been fun with God

THE FINGER OF GOD

ENCOUNTER THE GLORY

VOLUME 21 ISSUE NO. 13

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Editor's Note



She who comes in the name of The Lord!

Happy Birthday to all born in this glorious month of August!

Dear Readers,

As I sat down to write this editorial, the Lord placed a song upon my heart—and I would love to share it with you. It is the opening verse of the beloved early 20th-century hymn "In the Garden" (sometimes called "I Come to the Garden Alone"), written by C. Austin Miles in 1912.

I come to the garden alone,
While the dew is still on the roses;
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
The Son of God discloses.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own,
And the joy we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks, and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing;
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing. [Refrain]...

This hymn paints a beautiful picture of quiet, intimate communion with the Lord—a moment when His voice becomes audible to your listening soul. It reminds me of God walking in the garden in the cool of the day with Adam and Eve, as well as Jesus Himself seeking solitary fellowship with the Father in the garden of Gethsemane.

For many Christians, the "garden" has become a metaphor for our own prayer closet—that sacred, set-apart space where we go alone to meet God in the early morning hours. Some believers even literally visit gardens, parks, or green spaces for prayer walks, finding that nature itself helps quiet the heart.

The power of this hymn lies in the simplicity and sensory richness of its lines. You can see the dew, feel the solitude, and hear His voice, this sacred immersion transforms your soul into a timeless encounter, where you are free to come to the garden, tarry and enjoy an intimate period with Him and He with you. This is the place you can hear His voice, disclosing to you deep and unsearchable things you did not know. In this state, His identity as the Son of God becomes personally real to you.

The importance of the garden as a sanctuary of solitude and intimate communion cannot be overemphasized. Spiritually, it reveals a profound truth that encounters with Christ are most often born in private, hushed moments—in a fresh, dew-like stillness that always precedes divine communication.

When God's voice finally speaks, it arrives gently, yet with a penetrating tenderness that soothes and revives the very depths of your soul, where there is no more doubt, because you've come to recognize that Christ with you and in you is the hope of all glory.

Editor-in-Chief

*Sandra
Deladem*

EXPLORE

"IF NOT NOW, THEN WHEN?"



The Word

The Finger of God

By Sandra Deladem



Making of the Ten commandments by God may have seemed so easy and besides it was God at work doing His own thing.

Exodus 31:18 (NIV) – “When the Lord finished speaking to Moses on Mount Sinai, he gave him the two tablets of the covenant law, the tablets of stone inscribed by the finger of God.”

& Daniel 5:5 (NIV) – “Suddenly the fingers of a human hand appeared and wrote on the plaster of the wall, near the lampstand in the royal palace. The king watched the hand as it wrote.”

Yes no doubt we all love the "easy button." In our modern world, we want everything instantly—fast food, high-speed internet, and overnight shipping, and sadly we all often project this desire for immediacy onto God. We imagine that because He is God, everything He does must be effortless.

So, when we read about the Ten Commandments, we might picture a magical moment: a flash of lightning, a mighty voice, and suddenly, two stone tablets appear perfectly carved by the finger of God because again, He is God and He is doing what he does best CREATE!

However, the narrative in Exodus tells us something surprising that we may have all missed.

It took time. It wasn't a "snap your fingers" moment. God didn't just drop the tablets from heaven into Moses' lap. Instead, Moses had to climb a mountain of fire and smoke. He had to leave the comfort of the camp, his home and family.

If the Almighty God, the Creator of the universe, chose to use forty days to deliver His Law, then perhaps we need to reconsider our view of "easy." Why did it take so long?

It was not because God is slow. It was not because God needed time to think up the rules. It was because the recipient needed the time. The waiting was not for God's benefit; it was for Moses' transformation. Forty days of fasting, prayer, and solitude stripped Moses of his self-reliance. It purified his heart and recalibrated his spirit to receive something holy from the Most Powerful God.

Nonetheless my point here is even greater. The center of my August tune up isn't about waiting on the Lord. Rather, it's about the power of God.

So what happened on that mountain?

The finger of God.

Not the Consuming fire of God, or the whirlwind of God, the Bible says "by the finger of God". Yes just His finger, the smallest, most delicate part of the divine anatomy we can imagine. Yet when God's finger moved, the course of human history changed forever, Amen!

A huge granite, hard and unyielding, you and I would certainly need couple months to try to carve ten sentences into solid rock, we'd need jackhammers, chisels, and weeks of back-breaking labor. But God? He used His finger like a pen on paper. The stone did not resist; because He made the stones and He Himself is the Rock of All Ages.

So with unmatched, effortless, sovereignty, God etched eternal, unbreakable truth into creation with just His finger —the permanent engraving of His holy being.

That was power demonstration A, of what the Finger of God did, now let's look at power demonstration B, The Wall.

Fast forward to Babylon, in the year 555 to 539 King Belshazzar, of Babylon throws a party, drinking from the stolen gold goblets that his predecessor, Nebuchadnezzar II, looted from God's temple. That fateful day, he felt so good, drunk on vintage wine and was even drunker on his own arrogance, he felt invincible and began to mock the Almighty without a second thought.

Ohhhh! Instantly—I mean instantly, the laughter dies. A single hand appeared—just the fingers—and wrote four words on the wall, which read, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin", Daniel 5:25.

No one could stop it, all were in terrible fear, no one living had ever seen such a wonder. Certainly no magician has ever seen such or could erase it. Just like that, the most powerful man on earth felt his knees knock together, and his kingdom was handed over to the Medes and Persians before sunrise according to the words the finger of God wrote which translated meant: "God has numbered the days of your reign and brought it to an end. Tekel : You have been weighed on the scales and found wanting. Peres : Your kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." Oh, The power of the Finger of God!



Today, you and I spend so much time trying to "force" things. We push, we plan, we strategize, we worry, and we wear ourselves out trying to get ahead, but friends, consider the mighty power of God as you read. God the Father is showing us something profound, that you do not need any brute force, all you need as you daily try to make all things work is just God's divine touch. Yes, all we need is God's finger. God's finger to write, is will, favor, blessings, protection, healing, etc.

So pray always that His hand (finger) will take charge of your affairs, because a single touch from God accomplishes more than a lifetime of your striving. Pray that God's finger will write the final word over every enemy that stands against you. Finally, you must allow God's finger to write His purposes for you and remember, Moses waited, and he received the power of what God was writing.

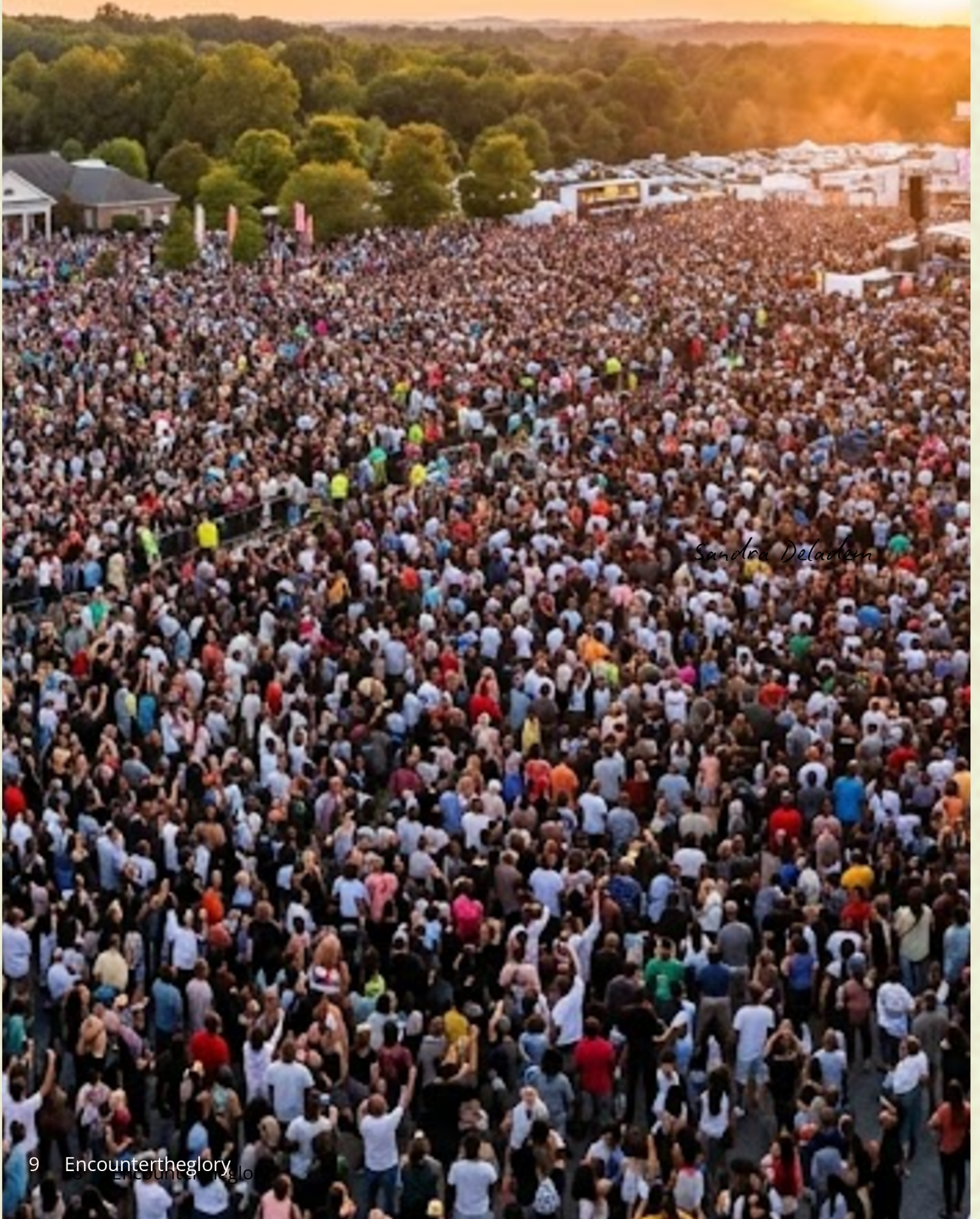
SUMMER HARVEST

"The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he who wins souls is wise"
Proverbs 11:30



The world measures wisdom by IQ, salary, and status. God measures it by the number of lives we point toward Him. If you want to be a "tree of life," do not just focus on your own personal holiness; open your mouth and share the Gospel. That is the fruit that lasts. That is true wisdom, the heartbeat of the Father.

“The harvest is plentiful” Matt 9 v 37-38



Sandra Deladern

LOOKING FOR PEACE



By: Jan Jordan

I was born on May 16th, 1947 in Fort Worth, Texas. I have one brother, Tom, who is three years older than me. Tom was closer to mother and I was to dad. We had a loving childhood and were raised as Presbyterians. In high school I quit going to church because I felt there were too many hypocrites. I went to Tarleton State College for a short while and then I developed mononucleosis and was extremely ill. I dropped out of school and spent several weeks in bed. The following September of 1967 I enrolled at Texas Wesleyan College.

We had a loving childhood and were raised as Presbyterians. In high school I quit going to church because I felt there were too many hypocrites. After a couple of months I fell in love with a young man named Ben. I got pregnant and in four months we were married. After Ben's pressure I gave the baby up for adoption. I sure would love to meet him someday. This adoption caused many problems. I believed I was doing what was right for the baby. My mother disowned me, and for the first time in my life I saw my father cry. I had hurt him so much. If all that wasn't enough, six weeks later I got pregnant again. Ben got me drunk and performed an abortion on me. We were married for close to two years and during that time Ben worked a total of five days. I was afraid of him and lived in fear. A good friend said if anyone was demon possessed, Ben was. It took me two years to get up the nerve to file for divorce, but I finally did it!

Six months later I met Richard. Several months after that I got pregnant again. This time my dad paid for an abortion. This pregnancy was twins. This chalked up three murders for me. Some months later Richard and I were married. We really loved one another.

Richard was a drinker but soon after we were married he decided to quit and asked me to help him. I was so proud of him. He did quit and we then decided to have a child. We had a beautiful little girl, Robin. After Robin was one year old we moved to Colorado Springs. We had been there for nine months when my brother's wife Judy was going to have a baby. My family wanted me to come back to Fort Worth to work at the family business "Joy Toy Company" while Judy took time off. I came back to Texas and this put too much strain on our failing marriage. I was having problems with sex and Richard had started drinking again. I went back to Colorado and got my things. Richard ran to booze and I just ran away. Once again I divorced making this number two.

It there were too many hypocrites. I went to Tarleton State College for a short while and then I developed mononucleosis and was extremely ill. I dropped out of school and spent several weeks in bed. The following September of 1967 I enrolled at Texas Wesleyan College.

I began dating again and met a guy named Jimmy. We moved in together for a short time. He was mean to Robin so it didn't last long. His sister was having a sex change. I talked on the phone with her many times even after Jimmy was out of the picture. It was during this time while working with dad at his business that I had learned he was having major problems with young girls at work

I had confronted him several times, sometimes he admitted it, and at other times denied it. I told him someday he was going to touch the wrong girl and she would sue him for everything she could get. At this time in my life I wasn't concerned about his sin, just the money! Dad had hired two women that were gay. They appeared to be happy enough and so I started thinking that perhaps I was meant to be gay. The door was opened and I gave all to this new experience and even felt loved and accepted immediately. I knew it was wrong, but went on anyway, after all I had already done so many bad things. I wouldn't let myself think about eternity. I began believing that God intended for me to be gay and I wasn't meant to be with a man. After all, if He put gays here He must have a purpose for them, right?

Looking back I can see the demonic activity in my life. I was so confused and something had control of my life and it wasn't me. I had messed up so bad that maybe I should just go with the flow and let something else run me. I met Susan during this time. She took me out to the finest restaurants, sent me roses and cards! She had problems at home, so I volunteered my one bedroom duplex for a "safe house" for her. She didn't go home for the next 15 years! I thought Susan was the rock of Gibraltar! I was at a place that I thought I couldn't function without her. I had never been much of a drinker, until I met Susan. I also tried to smoke pot, but I didn't like being out of control, so I quit.

Several years went by and I had put Robin into a private school. My parents suspected something was going on in my life, but didn't say much because they enjoyed getting Robin while I went out to party. As Robin got older, she started getting jealous of the time I spent with Susan. Susan and I never showed any affection to each other or did anything wrong in Robin's presence. Susan also was jealous of any time I spent with Robin, even the little that I did manage with her. Susan started ridiculing Robin and calling her stupid. She would drill Robin for hours. My heart broke for Robin, but I was submissive and my mouth stayed shut! And during this time dad was still going at it with the girls at work.

When Robin was about seven she came home from being at the lake with mom and dad. I found spotting on her underwear while doing the laundry. I took her to the doctor. Everything was okay, however, the doctor advised that Robin had to be protected from now on! Now what to do? I couldn't tell mother, she would absolutely flip out! My mother had been extremely ill. I gave into my desire for Susan's approval and continued to let Robin go to my parents.

I was doing well financially working at Joy Toy and Susan began working with me. I put Robin in public school and her grades bottomed out since she started drinking behind closed doors.

Robin and Susan were fighting daily and no one wanted to go home. Susan was drinking all the time till all hours of the morning. Robin and I did go to some counselors. My dad wanted me to go to a counselor and I really wanted my father's approval but never could get it. By this time we were yelling at one another daily. I was a wreck. I went to the counselor he wanted. He wanted me to answer questions, I filled out the form and mailed it back and never went back. I thought he would tell dad everything and I was too ashamed.

A young woman named Joanie worked with us at Joy Toy in the warehouse. She came to me and told me she was going to sue Joy Toy because of dad, unless I could get him to retire. I told dad and he didn't believe me. He told me I would never EVER inherit Joy Toy! So now I felt I had just thrown away my life for sure! Joy Toy was all I had left, after all my "Rock of Gibraltar" had just about turned into dust! It sank in that I was NOT going to get the company. So I decided to get what I could. I started stealing from the business. Robin got worse during this time and all the counselors we went to said that Susan and I had a better relationship than most marriages. Robin just needed to adjust. Robin ran away from home in 7th grade. We found her and I was about to crack. Susan was also going to the warehouse and loading her car up with merchandise and selling on the side. Satan was running rampant in my whole family. I only went to Joy Toy when dad wasn't there, I was horrible to him. Joannie's attorney did file and she did sue him and I even had to testify against my dad. She received \$40,000.

Another woman named Joan had come to work at Joy Toy during all this confusion. I didn't know her. All I knew is that she was a devout Christian. I thought, "I had better stay away from her." "She would quit if she knew I were a lesbian." My father had made it clear that no one would ever work for me, that only fine upstanding people worked for Joy Toy.

Things were not improving with Robin. She went to a Methodist school and my trips to see her were almost too much for Susan to handle and her drinking got worse. I was trying to figure out my life and I couldn't. I was a mess. I started believing that I had ruined everything I had ever loved. I decided to end it. I took out insurance and drew up a will. All I wanted was peace. I thought my .38 would give me peace. I had not slept in days.

My relationship with my parents and Susan were terrible. And I thought, "Robin would certainly be better off with out me." I am so thankful this was not God's plan. Some how I ended up at the emergency room, I received some medication and slept for three days. I went back to work, but now on tranquilizers. Robin and I went to visit Scott Fisher a minister in the Ft. Worth area. He came down on me hard, but it was good thing, because he planted some good seeds in me. Robin became angry with him. "Wow, maybe she does still love me after all." At this point Susan and I were having a flip-flopping around in our relationship, separating and then coming back together. I felt so hopeless.

By this time dad decided to retire and I was taking an abundance of tranquilizers and pain pills. I had back surgery during this time and again made me dependent on Susan. Joan was there the whole time. She was the first person I had ever met that was not the stereotype Sunday morning Christian. There was definitely more to "HER JESUS" than I had ever known when I was younger. But could He be my friend? Why would God want me for a friend?

After one year of struggling with my emotions, I saw I no longer had control over my choice of lesbianism and wanted to end it. I realized I had tried so many methods to find happiness. Through Joan I saw there was hope. I saw in her what I wanted. I wanted peace. I wanted love. She had love in her eyes and in her actions. GLORY BE! THAT LADY HAD REAL PEACE! She knew all about me and yet still loved me! The Jesus in Joan's life drew me to Him. Oh how important it is to live a godly life before others. It may be the only Jesus they will ever see.

Joan had told me I had to learn to take my thoughts captive and yield my emotional idolatry to Jesus Christ. My pride kept me from asking her to explain that so I trusted the Lord to teach me. The began to teach me and give me His peace. He showed me through peace that He would carry me through to end this lifestyle. It was during this time I had received a small booklet written by a lady named Geri McGhee, called "Clearing The Land." I spent a weekend with Jesus and believe it was during that time I was truly delivered. All the pain and demonic bondage of 40 years was leaving and Jesus was setting me free. I am not giving glory to the booklet, it's a tool. I am giving all the glory to Jesus Christ and through His love He set me free.

The Lord restored my relationship with my parents prior to their deaths in 1991. My dad died of cancer and my mother lost her will to live. As my dad was dying he would tell me that he loved me as I was stroking his hair. I believe that was a kiss from the Lord. When you think you have lost everything and nothing else matters, Jesus rises above all of it and carries us through, even in death, what unexplainable joy Jesus gives us in that time! We must trust Him! I chose a rebellious life of lesbianism and bondage to sin. Now I choose HIM! I finally found the freedom, joy, and PEACE that I had spent most of my life looking for, to Him be all the Glory!

Note: Some names were changed in this testimony for confidentiality.

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Dear Reader - are you at peace with God? If not, you can be. Do you know what awaits you when you die? You can have the assurance from God that heaven will be your home, if you would like to be certain. You can even have that assurance RIGHT NOW! Either Jesus Christ died for your sins, or He didn't (He did!). Are you prepared to stand before God on the Judgment Day and tell Him that you didn't need the shed blood of Jesus Christ on the Cross to have your sins forgiven and get in right-standing with God? We plead with you...please don't make such a tragic mistake.

To get to know God, to be at peace with God, to have your sins forgiven, to make certain heaven will be your home for eternity, to make certain that you are in right-standing with God right now ... please [click here](#) to help you understand the importance of being reconciled to God. What you do about being reconciled to God will determine where you will spend eternity, precious one. Your decision to be reconciled to God is the most important decision you'll ever make in this life, because in Christ, it is impossible to put a value on the worth of your soul in light of eternity.

PLEASE HELP US HELP YOU SHARE THE BEST NEWS GOD HAS FOR EVERY PERSON BECAUSE...
JESUS DID IT!

STEADY

"LET US FIX OUR EYES ON
JESUS, THE AUTHOR AND
PERFECTER OF OUR
FAITH, WHO FOR THE JOY
SET BEFORE HIM
ENDURED THE CROSS,
SCORNING ITS SHAME,
AND SAT DOWN AT THE
RIGHT HAND OF THE
THRONE OF GOD." —
HEBREWS 12:2

AS SHE

GOES

"Steady as she goes" is about keeping your eyes on the horizon and not looking at the stormy waves around you.

This verse commands us to fix our gaze solely on Christ, ignoring the distractions and shame of the world, and just keep going toward the destination. Jesus Himself modeled this perfectly—He endured the cross because He fixed His eyes on the joy set before Him, knowing it would secure His rightful place at the right hand of the throne of God. Every earthly throne we desperately chase will eventually crumble and fade. So steer steady, and pursue that which never perishes.

—Sandra Deladem

Teen Voice

By Vikky Deladem



TEMPTATION IS REALLLLLLL

It may come as a surprise, but are you aware that Satan possesses an extensive knowledge of Scripture. This should not be unexpected, considering that he once resided in heaven as an angel of God. However, his pride led to his downfall, and he was cast out of heaven. Ever since, he has remained cunning, deceptive and evil. In fact, his familiarity with the Bible often surpasses that of many believers. Yet, he does not use this knowledge for good; rather, he twists and distorts the true meaning of God's Word to serve his own purposes.

This is exactly what Satan does, he always lurks around to mess with your head.

Right after Jesus spent those 40 days in the desert connecting with His Father, Satan shows up, ready to throw some major temptations at Jesus. Jesus didn't argue, scream, or lose His cool. He pulled out the ultimate weapon—the Word of God—and served Satan a serious 3-round knockout.

Now here is the account of what happened according to Matthew chapter 4.

First, Satan pointed at some rocks and said, "If you are the Son of God, tell these stones to become bread." But Jesus knew this was a trap to put His own desires above God's timing. Instead of obeying, Jesus fired back: "It is written: Man does not live on bread alone, but on every word that comes from the mouth of God."

Lesson: Your spiritual food is just as important as your physical food. Don't sell out your purpose, when Satan comes with his hunger temptation be careful, it may not be our physical meal but anything we hunger for.

Now this is what I call the real daredevil stunt. Satan was not done. You will think he would just back off but no he did not.

Immediately, he thought of something purely evil. This is the second temptation: He took Jesus to the top of the temple and said, "If you are the Son of God,"..throw yourself down. For it is written: "'He will command his angels concerning you, and they will lift you up in their hands, so that you will not strike your foot against a stone. So now he goes a step further to quote the Bible daring Jesus to jump because God will send his angels to catch Him. Wow! How stupid right? But he pulls this stunt on people every minute, asking people do just stupid stuff.

Notice how he twisted Scripture to try and trap Jesus? Sneaky, but Jesus wasn't falling for it. Jesus again said to Satan, "It is also written: 'Do not put the Lord your God to the test.'" Jesus spoke the Scriptures back to him, in the most rightful way not the perverted way as the devil used it. So the lesson here is that, having faith isn't about doing reckless stuff just to see if God will save you. It's about trusting Him without making Him prove Himself, God does not have to prove Himself, and God must not be tempted as Jesus rightly inform Satan

Lastly, Satan showed Jesus all the kingdoms of the world and all the nations and said he "All this I will give you," he said, "if you will bow down and worship me." Yep he said so and still whispers this lie to countless folks especially teens, just so he can steal your heart, your love and your allegiance to God. Beware! Don't allow him. That why Jesus called him a Liar and the father of all lies.

Jesus who knows Satan so well, He told him, "Be gone, Satan! For it is written, 'You shall worship the Lord your God and him only shall you serve.'" And he left Jesus.

Jesus won the contest by speaking the truth of the Word of God to Satan, this proves that the Bible is a powerful weapon against the Devil when he wants to come steal, kill, destroy or even tempt you in your vulnerable position.

It is important to remember; however, that all the power in the world belongs to God not Satan. So all of his promises are deception and lies to drag people into hell. So again beware and know that you can push him off.

James 4:8 says "submit to God resist the devil and he will flee from you. Yes that is the secret to overcoming temptations., submit to God first meaning be in line with Gods word and be obedient to them then you can and will be able to say NO Satan and all his stunts.





"O God. Thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come". (Psalms 71:17-18)

I think when God does something, it involves the very essence of newness. Like the time Jesus asked for new wine skins at the marriage at Cana..."else the old ones burst". That is why the necessity of being "born again"...so that the statement "old things are passed away, behold all things are new" could become a true reality.

When I had my "new beginning"...like most people, I was a little apprehensive...yet, curious enough to see if it really worked; that God would take me as I was, and re-create in me a new heart and a new spirit that He would look upon as He did at the creation of the world and declare it "good".

IT'S BEEN FUN WITH GOD

By: Mary E. Adams

How totally astounded I remain, that He actually did just that! And from that moment of time, He has privileged me to walk with Him along an incredible pathway of miracles, signs, and wonders. It is when I testify of them, that I relive them over and over again in an eternal freshness...like they had just happened today. How easy then, to understand what time is to the Lord..."one day being as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day".

Many have urged me to share all these incredible testimonies in a book ... Many have urged me to share all these incredible testimonies in a book...and as the years are going by so swiftly, I know it is a divine directive. So as I begin these testimonies, I pray our Heavenly Father will dip it all in the baptism of His Holy Spirit...anointed afresh and anew...and that it may challenge you to believe them possible for yourself as well. To God be the glory!

Chapter One - BLOOD RELATIVES

"And Joseph was brought down to Egypt...."

Here I was....stuck in Indonesia! I had come at the request of a pastor in Malaysia to minister at a pastor's conference. We had a good 3-day meeting, but afterwards I learned that I could not speak in any other meetings, as I needed a permit...and I could only get one in Jakarta, a long way off.

And so my travel companion, Melanie and I were housed in a large house waiting instructions from the Lord as to what to do. It was very hot, no fan, no air conditioning. I could not even go to the marketplace with Melanie because they would then charge us 4-5 times the price when they saw me.

"Why don't we go to Lake Toba?" Melanie suggested. "Lake Toba?" "Yes, it is a very popular resort place here on this island" she explained. I replied, "But Melanie...we have no money for that, nor any transportation." And so we quickly dropped that idea.

But the next morning, a car arrived with a man and his wife. "Mrs. Adams, would you please come to minister to a woman that is 100 years old?" "Of course", I replied. 100 or 10...it would not have made a difference. "But you must understand...this woman is the queen of the Batok Toba tribe here in Indonesia...very famous. Her grandfather's picture is on the Indonesian dollar bill. But she is a very bitter woman, and curses and swears. She hates the Dutch for killing her father, and her deceased husband for his infidelities. Her daughter and family are saved, but they are wanting to see her saved also, as she is getting very old" they explained.

And so the next day we went to the house. It was like a palace...beautiful. And as I walked along the walls looking at pictures of dignitaries, I wondered how God would use me here in this place. I was also bothered...how do I act in front of a queen? Do I bow?

She was a dried up old woman

Suddenly, they brought this woman into the room....in a wheelchair! She was a dried-up old woman, not at all as I envisioned a queen would appear. I was praying what to do. but as I sat down beside her the Holy Spirit prompted me to put my hand on her arm and say these words, "Let me tell you about my mother...."

My early years, when I think about them, were a traumatic time. Both my mother and father were dead by the time I was 3 years old, leaving behind four children. So I never really knew them as my parents, nor my sister and brothers as family...they were only a story I never got to read. But I knew this much; we were poor....dirt poor. America was still in the grips of a depression...and most families pooled their resources and made out the best way they could.

But I can remember that I never lacked for playmates with so many cousins around, and learned early to accept the floor as my mattress and beans and rice as my meal.

However, having not experienced anything better, I was content and felt the love of doting relatives who met their struggles with never a hint of despair (at least in my tender ears). In later years, I would always remember how it is possible to lose our joy when we have an abundance of material things...and how to be content "with such things as ye have."

But I was not long in this situation. An aunt of mine had married a man of great ambitions who had ventured into Texas as the oil boom of the 30's was in full sway. He soon was making some success in some of his gambles; but they would lead them both into a life of parties, drinking, and wickedness of all sorts. Another couple had been their best of friends, but the wife was a Christian and was not happy with her husband's drinking...even though he ended up making them millionaires. It was through her that I came to live in a small west Texas town. My aunt had casually mentioned how I had been orphaned, and she knew of a family in her church that was without any children.

That is how I became adopted and went to live in a most dysfunctional home.

Child, do you suffer over things in your past that were beyond your control? Have you pondered why you had to go through so much pain and sorrow in your life? I am sure Joseph did...taken from his home and sold into slavery, enduring an unjust thirteen years of imprisonment. Yet God was with him! And though we sometimes think of ourselves as abandoned...I am convinced that it is truly a plan at work in our lives; and when we can see His love through every trial, like Joseph, we can come to understand and know "God meant it for good."

There is a plan at work in our lives

I often felt like a stray cat someone picked up to satisfy a sudden whim. My adopted mother never had children of her own, and after a succession of miscarriages, she and my father had given up. Now, as I look back, I can see that perhaps the reason for that misfortune was deeply rooted in her bitterness. As a young girl about to graduate from high school, she had set her sights on college. The oldest of seven children, this would be her opportunity to escape the load on her shoulders of caring for the younger siblings, and running the household for her sick mother.

It was then that devastating news was announced: her mother was again pregnant! Now she must abandon her dream altogether...and when the newest baby arrived, he was not a welcome sight in her eyes..... Continue on page 20

CARRY THE ANOINTING WITH YOU!

NOW ON
SALE!



And the Anointing shall Break the Yokes

DIVINE DESTINY

ON FINDING YOUR GOD GIVEN DESTINY

What Destiny is NOT

- 1 **DESTINY IS NOT FATE**
Why is destiny not fate? Your divine destiny is bigger than just fate. Destiny is not a dot on a map that you are hurtling toward no matter what you do. It is not about what befalls you.
- 2 **DESTINY IS NOT STUMBLED UPON**
Whoever claims to have simply fallen into their divine purpose is like a cheater who skipped the journey. No! You must call out to the Lord God. He is the One who ushers you, who guides your feet, and leads you forward, guiding you into the beautiful, intricate plans He has already written for your life.
- 3 **DESTINY IS NOT STRAIGHT LINE**
Why? Because it is not a steady upward climb. The path to your divine destiny is full of loops, detours, failures, and seeming regressions. Often, what may look like a deviation from your destiny is actually the very thing ensuring and preparing you.
- 4 **DESTINY IS NOT YOUR WILL**
This phrase means that you are the participant, not the author of your divine destiny. God is the Author and Finisher of your destiny. So your will comes under your destiny. If your divine destiny is not your will, then your will is your response to destiny.



Photo caption. Lady trying to navigate her way

A spirit of extreme bitterness overtook her, to the extent that she never let any of her brothers and sisters forget how much they "owed her." "If it hadn't been for me..." was her favorite saying. She carried this to such an extreme, that some 50 years later, she would not even sit with the family at her baby brother's funeral...still reminding herself, "if it hadn't been for him!" And now I had joined the ranks...yet her pride would keep her from accepting me as anything more than a substitute for children she was unable to bear herself.

realize that there was nothing I could do to make her accept me as a daughter. Once, after inheriting a beautiful antique mirror, she called me to come look at it. "Do you know that you cannot inherit this mirror...it is a family treasure, and you do not have my blood...therefore it cannot be passed on to you." I was constantly reminded of my "bad blood"...as coming from a lower class of dirt farmers and poor workers. My sense of worth got lost in this jungle of circumstances beyond my control. Would I never have anyone to love and accept me? And as I approached my teenage years, I became so despondent, I withdrew into a shell...though outwardly I struggled with some success by acquiring friends outside her "approval."

Isn't this really the reason a lot of young people end up leaving home for acceptance elsewhere? Sometimes we are so busy with our own aspirations and selfish thoughts we forget what is going on in the hearts of those around us. Children, especially, can be cute and adorable as babes...but when they later become gangly "problems," the novelty wears off quickly. And they soon understand they were but a stray "kitten" that has become a cat with not much appeal anymore, especially when the litter box needed emptying.

As I grew up in this environment, I came to r When I was old enough to leave home, I wanted to go back to my roots...to find out about my real mother and father. And so, as many do, I drove back and looked up that aunt that had found me a home. I met other relatives and began to inquire about the circumstances of their untimely deaths. At first, no one wanted to talk much about my mother...and I was to learn why when I pressed for details. She had died of an abortion.

It Could Have Been Me She Destroyed

I was stunned. For immediately the thought came blasting through my pre-conceived hopes that I had been of some worth to someone. Perhaps, but then it could have been me she destroyed. I was devastated at this revelation and walked away, never to return again.

Oh dear child....do you think you are the only person to feel your kind of pain? The world is full of sad and tragic stories. Some people never get over them. Some walk around with bitterness all of their lives, never knowing how God sent Jesus to heal the brokenhearted...to bind up our wounds. But at that time, I did not know that could ever be possible for me, and embarked on a life of grabbing for anything that brought me the slightest pleasure...no matter how sinful it was nor how much it never seemed to satisfy for long. These were the dark years of searching....until one day I came to know Jesus.

Back to my adopted mother. One of my most precious memories is how she too came to know Him. My experience with Him had so dramatically changed me I so desperately wanted it to change her. All the bitterness and sorrow I had accumulated in my mind and spirit over these traumatic events had come crashing down in a pool of tears ... for you see, no matter how I might have justified my hatred, my unforgiveness ... I had become her "clone" and was more related in her spiritual bondage than I could have ever been as her actual child.

I had to look at ME...and to come to the Cross and repent. I had actually been given the same circumstances as her...a chance to develop hatred and live a life of bitterness...and fallen into the same trap. Joseph languished in prison for a long, long time. Yet we read where he used that time to draw near to God, to develop into a spiritual man that would soon come forth as the one to save his own family. And so it was, the stone was rolled away after my time of dying to self, and though it would be years down the road before I saw any changes...I began to pray earnestly for my mother.