
STORIES
TO TELL TO SHOW
HIS GREATNESS

God working through the highly educated

E u n i c e A n i t a



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INTRODUCTION

Highly educated people have the tendency to believe that all they have achieved in their life is only because of their hard work. I have to admit that I used to think that way too. Of course you consider the effort your parent has made to help you, the fellow students who once helped and so on. I am not referring to the underdogs that people think of that with a lucky hand they made it. There is a lot written and filmed of those stories. I am referring to the middle and upper class family that supported their kids; send them to the best schools they could pay and so on.

The Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development, shortly OECD, uses the classification of education level in accordance with the International Standard Classification of Education (ISCED) as the basis for her researches and publications on the education sector¹. In accordance with the ISCED the education system has three general levels being the primary, secondary and the tertiary level. The tertiary level, which is split up in the three subsections type A, type B and advanced research qualifications, is described as the level that provides the necessary occupational, practical, technical or theoretical knowledge that is required for the professional to be able to function in the area chosen. The advanced research program has a focus on original research and advanced study.

So in short, highly educated people are those that have completed a tertiary education level. According to the OECD publication Education at a Glance 2014² was the percentage of highly educated people for the period under review and in the age category twenty five to sixty four, for the OECD countries equivalent to thirty three percent, twenty nine

percent for the European Union countries and twenty seven percent for the G20 countries.

What do all these highly educated persons and I have in common? We were all taught during our studies that for everything in life there is an explanation in the natural. Whether it is an issue in the field of natural sciences, engineering, technology, health, medical science, agriculture or social science it can all be analyzed or explained by the several theories that we had learned. Tendencies like immigration or migration, inflation, devaluation of currencies, “El Niño” and “La Niña”, and several other situations are analyzed by the natural. Do not get me wrong, there is nothing erroneous with all those analyses and explanations. The question is rather where did all of the wisdom of all the developers of all the theories come from? Where did your own wisdom come from? Maybe, inheritance of soft skills? If so, where did your parents or grandparents get their wisdom from? Have you considered all the knowledge and wisdom in your family as a blessing? Ever wondered what the purpose is of such a blessing within your family?

A lot of questions, isn't it? These questions and the answer to those questions are to lead you into the topic of this book, Adonai^A working through the highly educated.

Adonai has been working through you and me, the highly educated ones, without you or me being aware of it. It may sound very silly as you read and reflect on these words, but that is the reality. Now that we are approaching the end times as is described in the bible in the book of Revelation, that revival was on the way and has arrived, Adonai is calling on his people to come out and proclaim His word. One time a fellow of mine asked me: “Do you believe in Jesus?” Upon my affirmative answer, he continued with the statement “*Well, that is unusual. Most people that I know with your level of knowledge and experience, do not believe in Jesus.*” My response at that time was a simple “*Ah, it is their choice*”. Later on I realized that I was wrong. It was not their choice, on the contrary, the time had not come yet for them to be activated for the kingdom of God. I was once part of the group that believed in a God that was only written in the

^A Adonai: Hebrew name for the God of Israel

bible, but now I know that He is alive, and not simply alive actually alive and kicking among us.

Sadly enough a lot of families in the middle and upper class and not to forget the highly educated people, have forgotten the essence of life. They have forgotten Jesus.

In this book I want to illustrate the way the people in the middle and upper class live and think about life and based on some real life experiences I want to share with you why we, as highly educated people with roots in the middle and upper class society, should go back to Adonai, to Jesus whom had saved us too. You will read my story. What happened to me? How did my views on life change? How do I perceive the Almighty God nowadays?

I dedicate this book to Adonai, my Savior, my Healer, and my Deliverer as HE and only HE has inspired me to write this book. The plans and will are of Him and the experiences are mine. One thing that I know now for sure is that HE has created me for a purpose and send me to write this book for a reason.

May Adonai bless you all.

Eunice Anita

CHAPTER 1



The beginning

1.1 Introduction

Ever wondered why things happen in your life? Why everything seems to go wrong when you are trying at utmost to do what is right? Or everything is going well, however you still feel emptiness in your heart and your soul? You have the perfect family, perfect job and hobby, but still something is missing? I can tell you that those were some of the thoughts I had. At some point in my life there was a turning point. What happened to me, was not what I ever had expected or imagined. I was born in the late seventies and I grew up together with two brothers, my older sister, mother and father. I had, what many would call, the perfect childhood. No worries for food, clothing or transportation. All were arranged by my parents. My father had a good job and my mother took the decision to stop with her job to stay at home and look after her children. As a family, we had a lot of activities that we planned and executed together. We travelled regularly, so you would say nothing to worry about.

The way that God works cannot be analyzed or captured by our worldly ideas. He has his own way of operating. As human beings, we must accept this and give him the place that he and only he deserve in our lives. You may think now that this is an overreaction. I encourage you to continue reading. When you're done with this chapter, ask yourself if

you still feel that the words in the introduction are due to an overreaction from my part.

1.2 The start

As indicated in the introduction I had a perfect childhood, what you could say like most highly educated. From my childhood, it was noted that I had leadership skills that had led to my appointment as child leader in scouting. On the other hand, at that time I was accused of being bossy and commanding by some adults. I have heard that so much that I decided to become more subtle and not interested in leading or taking charge. Now I know that children do show the qualities God has given them at a young age. It is up to the adults to guide them in the proper use of the gifts they have received from God. Unfortunately, as was in my case, adults have the tendency to stop the children from doing what they are good at, in the sense of behavior, instead of stimulating while giving guidance for appropriate habit.

Do you remember what you have thought yesterday on any particular subject or situation? Most probably your answer is yes. What if I ask you if you remember a thought from a year ago or from your childhood? Now that I'm walking on the path that God has put for me, I have started to look back at my life and my experiences from another perspective. I did not know that what you speak becomes life. In Scripture, specifically Proverbs 18 verse 21, it is clearly written: "The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit."

I will illustrate you how true these words have been in my life. One thing I can assure you of and that is, that do not take for granted what a child says or think. When I was in the second grade at a certain point I was tired of waiting so long for the teacher to mention my name when she is passing through the attendance list that is sorted on last name. I thought one day, when I marry it will be with a guy whom last name does start with an A. This way, my children will not have to wait that long for their turn in the classroom. Do I remember any other specific inspiration that I might have had from that period in my life or as a teenager? NO. This is the only and I emphasize the only thoughts that I have had that

I remember from my childhood and teenage years. The funny part is that around my eighteenth birthday, this thought had passed through my mind. I laughed at myself kind of saying, what a wish for a girl of seven. Years later I got married and some years after I had my first child, a beautiful daughter. One day while filling a registration form for my daughter, the idea of the seven year old girl came to my mind and then, just then I realized that the thoughts of a child could be more than just feelings. You guessed it right, the last name of my husband starts with an A, meaning that my children will always be in the upper section of a classroom attendance list sorted by last name.

I want to go back with you to my education as it will turn out later that the path I have walked was the path God had chosen for me. My school career went on without major problems. At the high school I had some problems with language lessons as I was not much interested in all the technicalities like punctuations, accents, etc. Later on when I realized that those lessons are needed in order to graduate, I changed my mind. My favorites were accounting, economics and mathematics what has lead me to choose to study Accounting and later on Auditing. As a student, I combined my studies with some extracurricular activities at the university what brought me knowledge and skills in several areas. Little did I know at that time that all those knowledge and skills would be of great use for the ministry(ies) where God would send me to assist. After finalizing my bachelor studies, I started to work at a Big-5, nowadays a Big-4, audit firm^B. Later on while working I achieved my Master degree. Up to this point life was as many would say normal. Before I continue, it is necessary to give you a picture of my spiritual life up to that point in my life.

On the spiritual level I grow up in a family bound to the Catholic Church. The primary school also was associated with the Catholic Church and provided several teachings and songs on biblical topics. My

^B Big-5 audit firm was a reference used in the late 1990's for the audit and consulting firms Arthur Anderson, Deloitte & Touch, Ernst & Young (E&Y), KPMG, and Price Waterhouse Coopers (PWC). After the split up and sale of Arthur Anderson audit practices in 2002, the group is referred to as the Big-4 audit and consulting firms.

family attended on a regular basis the Sunday morning services at the Church and sometimes even the seven o'clock service on Sunday. I have to admit that I was not always happy on this fact, but what can you do as a teenager. Believe in God the Father, Jesus and in mother, Maria as is the practice in the Catholic Church, was common in the family. All was good in all sense of life till the moment that my father passed away in a tragic way. My family is left behind with questions that we believed will never be answered. Now that I am writing this book I have been able to put all that had happened into perspective. This may sound awkward to you, so let me tell you how I received this revelation. A couple of days ago I heard the testimony of the servant of God Ruben Hernandez, author of the book "*Herido pero aun Caminando*"³, who explained that he has lost his daughter in a tragic way while he has been a servant of God for years. He had gained many souls for God, but still had lost his daughter. He had asked himself how he will be able to tell his soul to not forsake God after the tragedy; how to continue gaining souls for God. He said despite all, he knew that God had not left him. He knew that a price had to be paid to follow God and this was his price. This testimony made an impact on me. I kept thinking about the way the servant had said how to tell his soul to continue trusting God. Suddenly, I went back with my thoughts to the tragedy within my family and I realized that, that was the price we had to pay. Why? The answer is simple. The almighty God is calling my mother, my sister, my brothers and me to serve him in spirit and in truth. I have to say that it took years for us to realize this. First, we had to deal with the tragedy. You might be thinking now that a tragedy must or will happen to you or a loved one, do not worry for you can shake that idea off. Have you considered someone in your family, you could go generations back, whom had already paid the price for your family? Please do not mistake the price paid by Jesus at the cross and the price to be paid to follow Jesus for Jesus had said to his disciples to leave everything behind and to follow him (Matthew 4: 18-22). The price to follow Jesus nowadays might be leaving behind what you have always known and/or is attached to for moving to another country or Continent in order to work as missionary, for example. It is also possible that the price that you have to pay is related to quit something that you are used to do or simply taking care of your fellow

citizen, open your house as shelter for others or provide help, financially or non-financially. Only God knows from whom and how He is to request a price to follow Him. One thing God has promised us for free and that is His presence that leads to deliverance of sickness and evil spirit, joy, peace and all that another human person cannot provide. All of this was unknown to me and my family at an earlier point in our lives.

My mother a strong woman of faith, encouraged us, her children, to trust God that all would be well despite the situation we were in. It is in these kind of situations that you notice how deep your faith in God is and whom really cares about you. In the first days there are a lot of attention and help however after the funeral, everybody goes back to their normal lives and you are left with your new situation. It was hard, very hard, but all we as family were able to see was the grace of God. Though the main breadwinner was gone, we had no financial need or other basic needs. People who have approached my mother, my sister and me in the later months told us that we look good. We took a look at each other and asked ourselves why is there the expectation that while going through such an experience all that you can do is be pissed at life and at God? Are we that different that we have not been sitting in a corner just to mourn for days, weeks, months and years? The mission of this book is not to elaborate on the situation when a family member is gone, but it is worth mentioning that, it is never easy. As family more than ever we have put our trust in God, not knowing that what happened was the beginning of the road on which God would call us, each one of us, to serve in His house.

In order to understand the developments in my spiritual life, it is necessary to understand the process my mother went through as she is the first one out of the family that God called and she obeyed. Why I am saying that she obeyed I will be explaining in the next chapter. My mother was several years active in a prayer group that had meetings every Monday morning. It was for her one of the moments to speak about God and pray to God. The prayer group was bound to the Catholic Church. After the loss of my father, my mother continued to attend the meetings of the prayer group. A year and a half later, I got married and left my parents' house to start a life with my husband as a couple in The Netherlands what is approximately nine thousand miles from my birthplace. We

married in late December two thousand and three and in January two thousand and four, we took the plane to The Netherlands. It was bye, bye, summer and hallo winter; oh what a cold. In the meanwhile, my mother started to adjust at her life with her daughter living so far away. Due to the technology of this decade, we stayed in close contact with each other while being attentive to the time zone differences. The months went by and the year had changed. At some point in time, a cousin of my mother tells her of a Pastor that has a program every morning at a local radio station. The Pastor is a new Pastor that just started with a (new) Apostolic Prophetic Church. Her cousin tells her that the way this Pastor explains the gospel is different and that does inspire her. My mother, who has gotten the information, makes the decision not to do anything with it. Later on, due to a difficult situation mother encounter, not caused by her, but by an acquainted, she takes the decision to attend a service of the Pastor her cousin had told her a long time ago about. She went to the service together with the acquaintance, not knowing that God is calling her not her acquaintance. The experience is one she will never forget. This is the start of the family moving into the path that God had prepared.

Several years later, my mother tells me that now she understands the words that were spoken to her in the early 1980's. The charismatic season, which was in the seventies was experienced by a lot of people known by my mother. When I was about three years old, a lady whom was very active in the charismatic movement in the time that the Holy Spirit had been manifesting in that movement had told my mother that she is seeing my mother walking with three children towards Jesus. My mother at that time happy married with one child, considered that as a loose remark because she was not yet thinking of having more children and she found it very strange that her husband was not mentioned as part of the group walking towards Jesus. About thirty years later, my mother was a widow with three children, working on her spiritual life and her children had become aware of the special calling God had put on their lives. The loose remark of back then is now so real that cannot be doubt about it. Once more we realized that the way God operates cannot be rationalized by our human minds. This is not the end of our walk on the path God has designed; I assure you that as it turns out this is only the beginning.

Let me go back to when I started to walk on the path. I was living with my husband in The Netherlands and working at an audit firm having nothing to worry about. We had travelled around Europe, expanding our horizon and knowledge of cultures. Soon our family grows and a beautiful daughter and a handsome son are welcomed. At a certain point I started to feel the emptiness in my heart. When I looked around me, nothing is missing, still I had the feeling that something is missing. I neglected that feeling and continued with the here and the now until I realized that situations do not happen by chance. Up to that moment, I had looked at life situations like circumstances that happened by chance. Little did I know that God was paving the path, which He had already designed for me.

One day my brother called me to inform me that there is a vacancy at my former employer on the island of Curaçao. We talked about, but I told him sadly enough, the family is not ready to move. A couple of weeks later he calls me that the vacancy for manager Audit had been fulfilled and we agreed that it was indeed not yet the time. Three weeks had passed by and we received the information that my mother in law got sick. When you have children and all of them live far away, it is not easy for either party. While thinking what could be done, who could go to the island, I got a phone call from my brother that the function became vacant again as the hiring of the prospect candidate did not go through thinking that it is kind of a perfect moment to move and live closer to families, I applied for the job after consulting with my husband. I believed that God has given me a chance after all to be on the island and the timing is good as we will be able to be closer to my mother in law. The agreement with my husband was that I would move on short notice with the children while he would search for a job on the island and sell our house in The Netherlands so he can come over for us to be together again. With the expectation that in about a maximum of six months the job for my husband or sale of the house would be accomplished, I started a new chapter in my life. Later on it would turn out that the plans of God are totally opposite to what I had assumed for the Words spoken in 1 Corinthians 7:5 would become true in our life. 1 Corinthians 7:5 says *“Do not deprive each other except perhaps by mutual consent and for a time, so that you may devote yourselves*

to prayer. Then come together again so that Satan will not tempt you because of your lack of self-control.” At the end my return to the island was meant for God to start working visibly in my life and to send me back for His work in The Netherlands. I am grateful for the fact that my children had the opportunity to live some years nearby their grandparents what had a very positive effect on the health of the grandparents because they now had to throw balls, play games and read books for the grandchildren, isn't that wonderful?

To be honest, when looking back all the elements that God was working in my life were present nevertheless I was not aware of that. The opportunity for a job in my place of birth came to my attention and my mother in law becomes sick for a short period in the same timeframe. Coincidence?

1.3 The names of our children

Before continuing with the story, I want to go back with you to a period where God was already paving the pads for me still I was totally not aware of it.

My parents gave me the name Eunice. In nineteen ninety six we were as a family on a trip to the beautiful island of Puerto Rico in the Caribbean. There we had seen a store that was selling several items, displaying names and their meaning. We found it fun and I had asked my parents if I may buy an article with my name and meaning on it. After some searching, I got approval of the purchase of a keychain. I still have the keychain and from time to time I read the text written on it. The name Eunice⁴ has a Greek origin and according to the information the shop had it stands for victory and a character that does not avoid obstacles but rather enjoys reaching the unreachable. On itself a self-boosting text that when you are in your teenage years you look at it with other eyes than when you are in the thirties. I'm spending some time on the explanation of my name as it will turn out later that the link with the bible has always been as clear as water but we were never aware of it. The text of 2 Timothy 1:5 will become reality in my life in a way that I could have never imagined.

When I was pregnant with my first child, I did the prescreening of names by searching the internet and books for the meaning and relationships with events that were coupled with the names. My husband and I wrote a list of names that we considered appropriate to give a child, so we agreed that when she is born, we will decide which name it will be and we did. When we had her in our arms and we went through the list of names, we both had the feeling that she did look like a Tiffany. When I got pregnant with my second child, we used the same procedure. When our son was born and we went through the list of names, I indicated my preference but my husband still had some doubts. We were at the hospital, a couple of hours after the birth of our son. I was in the hospital bed recovering from the hard work and my husband was sitting in the chair next to my bed with the list containing the prescreened names. He read from the top to the bottom and from the bottom to the top. He took some minutes to think before he looked up to me and said: “We shall name him Timothy for he will then have the same initials as his sister. When letters arrive at home addressed to T. Anita, we shall give them all to Timothy. If one of those letters turns out to be a love letter to the sister, he does know about it and he shall teach the sender that no one messes with his sister.” I looked up at him and I had to smile before I could reply that actually that is what my parents should have done with him, after all I have two brothers whom could have done the job. He looked at me and had a big smile on his face. To us, that was the reason why we named our son Timothy. We had laughed weeks about this and to everyone whom had asked in the first days why the choice, that was the story to tell. When my son was about two months old, my mother had decided to look up the stories in the Bible in the book of 1 Timothy and 2 Timothy for she had wanted to know the story of Timothy as written in the bible better. At that time she was at our house in The Netherlands. When she had read the text of 2 Timothy 1:5, she stopped reading and called me in order to ask me if I knew that according to the text Timothy is the son of Eunice. The text of 2 Timothy 1:5 says “I am reminded of your sincere faith, which first lived in your grandmother Lois and in your mother Eunice and, I am persuaded, now lives in you also.” To be honest, I did not know and my husband for sure had no idea. I told her that and I told her again of the reason why my

husband had decided to give the baby boy the name Timothy. At that time we were amazed by the coincidence, now we know that God works in different ways.

1.4 The Diamond

Diamond, the gem that people have given more value on this world. Diamond Source of Virginia, Inc. describes on her website what is a diamond, what it is made of and the diamond cutting process⁵. The diamond cutting process is described as follows: “A newly mined rough diamond looks more like a piece of glass washed up on a beach than like the polished loose diamonds and diamond rings sold in jewelry stores. Bringing out their beauty requires the skill and art of a trained diamond cutter. While incredibly precise, computerized machinery is now used in some parts of the cutting process for some diamonds, most of the work is still performed by hand using meticulous techniques passed down over the generations”⁶. The essence of the process is that a raw material is cut and shaped in order to become a sparkling, valuable piece. You might be wondering why I’m telling you about diamonds and what the link is with my spiritual life. Before I tell you the connection with my spiritual life, I want you to pay attention to the diamond cutting process in relation to the way God works. The Word of God tells us in 1 Corinthians 7:20 “Each person should remain in the situation they were in when God called them”. These words are repeated in verse 24, so it is very important. When I related this verse with the diamond cutting process, I realized that indeed God is calling me to come to him as content, happy, silent, dirty, dishonest and unhappy or in whatever situation I was. He will mold me, cut me spiritually and shape me spiritually in order for all the good He has put in me can shine. So far it sounded nice and looked nice till I realized what the cut, mold and shape represented in my life. I can surely affirm that I was cut, mold and shaped, nonetheless throughout all this trial, God was by my side or was even walking in front of me. He had never led me alone. For you to understand, and be able to relate back to your personal situations, I will be telling you about my walk with God.

As I have indicated in the previous chapter, I moved early two thousand and ten together with my children to my place of birth with the expectation that my husband would follow soon. Despite the economic crises and the fact that sale of houses was at a low point in The Netherlands, I kept the positivity that we would be able to sell the house. The alternative plan was to rent the house, if my husband found a job at our place of birth. The days passed and no change in the situation. The days became weeks and the weeks became months. I was still optimistic that all would be well. In the meanwhile, my mother invited me to go to the church services with her. I, in turn, responded that I did not consider it necessary. I was happy for her that she has found new strength through the new church, but for me, I would continue to visit the Catholic Church. My mother respected my point of view and so she went to her services every week while I visited services when possible, let us say when I was not busy working overtime. The turning point in my life came in the month of May. As May is the month in which my mother celebrates her birthday and Mothers 'Day is celebrated almost worldwide, I decided to join my mother on Mothers 'Day to her church service. I thought it was my decision, now I can say, it was God's decision.

We arrived at the service of the church, which back then was known as *Iglesia Lluvias de Bendicion Curaçao* and we were welcomed by the people present. In chapter 4 I will explain the current name that the congregation has. I have to say that a few people were already familiar to me as they used to visit my mother at home. Upon arrival you feel a warm atmosphere, the care and love among the people was evident. The service started soon after we had arrived. The service would be led by Apostle Orlando Balentina and Prophet Xiomara Balentina^C. The musicians started to play and the music was flowing through the building. At a certain point I felt a strange feeling inside of me, even so I said to

^C Apostle Orlando Balentina and Prophet Xiomara Balentina were ordained in November 2006 by the servant of God Apostle John Eckhardt of John Eckhardt Ministries, founder of the IMPACT Network and the Apostolic Institute of Ministry (AIM).

myself, do not exaggerate, nothing is happening. The Apostle started talking to the public while walking around. I could not understand what I was seeing around me. A person upfront at my left hand started to scream, another was making strange movements, and then again another was touched by the Apostle and went down. I was looking and found it so strange. Suddenly, the Apostle stopped in front of me, took a look at me and said “*You think you are smart*”. After speaking, those words, he continued walking around the room. I was left with a lot of questions in my mind: What is this? Why did he say that? Why me? I’m smart, am I not? I mean, I completed a Master study? Does he do that with all first timers? I have to say that the questions continued to pop-up in my mind. A funny part is that right after the action of the Pastor, I turned to my mother with the look of *what is this* but I had not spoken a word. All she did was to smile at me. I think, I kind of missed a part of the service due to all the questions that were popping up in my mind. For my feeling that day, the service was very long, but finally it ended and we headed home. The moment we entered the car, I looked at my mother and asked her what had happen inside. She came up with a kind of sales story, by saying not to take it personally, to look at it as a new experience and so on. Of course, she was trying to make me feel comfortable, something I surely was not at that moment. I have to say that despite the statement the Pastor, I was still intrigued by the strange feeling inside of me. Curious and intrigued as I was, I decided that I would go another time again just to see if the things I have seen and experience the first time happen again, however not now. It took a week or three or five for me to get in peace with the statement made by the Pastor. In the meanwhile, I did not go to the service. Four weeks after my first visit to the service, the Apostle passed by at my mother to leave his children for babysitting. That week he came twice, to leave the children at my mother’s; something that does not happen often. On both days, he had asked my mother for me. The first day, when my mother had told me that the Apostle had asked for me, I reacted very chilly. On the second day, when my mother told me the Apostle was present, I decided to walk towards him to greet him. That is polite, isn’t it? We greeted each other and talked shortly. Then he asked me to join the prayer group on Sunday morning at 5 a.m. This group

reunites every Sunday morning to pray for the main service that would start around 10 am. My first thought was 5 a.m. on the Sunday? It must be a joke. To be polite, I said that I would think about it. He was happy with that answer and I was happy because after all I did not say yes. I went back inside the house and later on I told my mother what the Apostle had asked me. She asked me if I would go and I had said that I would think about. My brother, whom has always been keen on making jokes and a little bit of teasing, started to ask me, since the moment he heard of what had happened while he was not at home, everyday if I would go to the prayer group. We were making jokes about it and Saturday evening was the icing on the cake. He kept asking me every ten minutes Are you going, are going tomorrow? Then he had changed it to the statement “*Tomorrow, oh tomorrow is the big day.*” That was annoying, but I was able to keep my patience and not go into the provocation. You might be thinking that it was easy for me to make jokes together with my brother about the church and the prayer team. Deep inside of me God had been working for a while already. At that moment my children and I had been living about six months separated from my husband. My patience with the situation and the hope for my dream to have a united family started to shatter. As I had already lost the perfect family, what could I lose by going to the prayer at 5 in the morning? With that in my mind, I told my mother that I would go when she asked me just before going to sleep. Waking up early is not my best friend, except that Sunday I was awake around ten passed four in the morning and prepared to leave for the prayer session. My mother had set her time clock for 4.15, yet found me awake when she had woken up. She called the Apostle 15 minutes later to remind him to pick me up. We called three times, but sadly enough we could not reach him. At last my mother decided to call the Pastor, Pastor Renny, as she explained to me that he leads the prayer group for men that reunites nearby my mother’s house. So actually, every Sunday morning there are two prayer sessions. Initially I wondered, joining the man prayer team? On a second thought, as I am in need of prayer for my husband, for him to get a job on the island, joining the man prayer team as representative of my husband did seem as an excellent idea. My mother reached the Pastor on the phone and explained the situation to him and he then said that it would be fine

for me to join the group, so I took my mother's car and went to the prayer session. Later on I would get to know through my mother that when the Pastor had seen me arrive at the prayer location, he separated himself from the group to ask God what he is supposed to tell me. He told my mother when the service of that day had finished, that in the morning he had received on his heart to tell me that when I'm home, to go into my room and pray to God and God himself shall answer me. To be honest, I cannot recall exactly what the Pastor had told me that morning. What I do remember is that the essence of his saying was that my questions would be answered. At that moment, those words uplifted me. The Pastor finalized by motivating me to attend the main service later that morning. I went home with the feeling that I have to go to the service. I arrived home and my mother, as she told me later, consciously did not ask me what had happened at the prayer session. She noticed that when she was preparing for service, I started to prepare my children too for leaving home. She thought that something had happened, but still did not ask. While we were preparing for the service, it suddenly started to rain. Not a light, a short rain cloud passing by, on the contrary it was a heavy rainfall that was accompanied with lots of wind. As suddenly as it started, it stopped. That day the service had to take place in a building that was semi-opened, consequently due to the rainfall, the place was partially under water. Knowing that, my mother said that she would take some materials to help clean up the building and therefore she had to leave earlier. Therefore, my mother went to the service site without us. Later on I went to the service with my children and what a service it would turn out to be.

1.5 Attending a second service

That day I went to the prayer session in the early morning hours and later on to the main service, the second time that I would attend the main service. Well, there is one thing I can tell you about that day, my activation for the work of God took place on that day. When we had arrived at the service, the worship was already ongoing and I was just in time to let my son, of eleven months, go with the bus to the location where the children's service would take place. My daughter did not want

to go with the children and as she was so upset, she stayed with me at the main service. Later on my brother, whom had been teasing me at home, would join us at the service and have a seat next to me. That day there were about two hundred people present. We were sitting in the first part of the last section on the right hand in the room. The service went on and some of the stuff I had seen on my first attendance happened in this service. That Sunday, we had planned at home that as soon as the service would be over, we would leave in order to attend the birthday party of a niece whom just had turned five. The Pastor was busy in the front praying for a person when I had decided to leave as my daughter had fallen asleep in my arms. The service was almost reaching the end so I turned to my brother and told him for letting us go and we would ask my mother to wait for my son as the children arrive. Suddenly I heard the Pastor say in the microphone *"whom is talking about leaving?"* He started to walk straight to me by asking the persons sitting in the rows in front of me, to make a path for him by removing the seats. My brother and I looked at each other as we were astonished by the side path that the service was heading to. The way we had spoken to each other, a person sitting two rows in front of us could not have heard us. How is it possible that the Apostle knows that we were talking about leaving? The Apostle continued by putting the microphone in front of my brother's face and asking him what I had told him. When my brother answered, the Apostle told the audience, that the Holy Spirit knows everything and that the Holy Spirit had guided him to me. The Apostle took my daughter from me and she woke up immediately in his arms. She did not cry, scream or react as children are used to do when they just got awake and realize that they are not with the person(s) they are familiar with. Instead, she laid her head down on the shoulder of the Apostle like he is her father. Then the Apostle instructed me to follow him to the front of the room where he handed over my daughter to his wife. Amazingly, my daughter did not protest. Then the Apostle turned to me and told me that today is my day of change, that after this day, nothing will be the same. He told me that the answer I was looking for that God and only God would give it to me and for that I would have to go into my room, kneel down and ask my questions to God. All I could feel when I was standing up front was an urge to cry. Cry for my situation, cry for the

fact that I was standing in the front while I did not want to; cry, cry and cry. I was not aware that someone else was also crying at that moment. The Pastor, whom had told me in the morning that God would answer me, was crying as for him the words the Apostle had spoken to me were the same words he had received to tell me in the early morning hours. To him God was real, but up to that moment he had not experienced that the word he had received in the morning to be repeated by the Apostle on the same day just a couple of hours later. My experience was a revelation, or better said, another revelation of the greatness of God for a man of God.

While the Apostle was praying, he lifted his hand, stretched it out to me and touched me on top of my head. The next thing I know is that when I opened my eyes, I was lying on the ground. The ushers helped me to stand up and the Apostle put his hand on top of my head again while saying *“I’m doing this for your own good, my child”*. If I’m not mistaken, this process was repeated three to four times while the last two times the Apostle did not even touch me. This would turn out to be indeed a turnaround in my spiritual life. When did the service end? I have no idea, but after this day, I did not miss a service. All what would happen after this day cannot be explained by our human mind. Even me, a highly educated person, had to admit that the human mind cannot explain nor understand all of God’s way.

1.6 The answer

My second attendance at a service of the church had ended with icing on top of the cake. If someone would have told me twenty four hours before or even two hours before what would happen at the service, I am sure that I would have laughed at them. That afternoon all I could do was wondering what had happened. Once the service was over, someone probably the ushers, helped me stand up and put me on a chair where I stayed for a while. I wanted to go home, but I was so dizzy, having a light feeling in my legs, in one word I felt different. What exactly was different, was hard to tell that moment, but something did feel as different. One way or another I got home, though I cannot remember how. That whole week we kept talking about the event at home. My mother in a compassionate

way while my brother was teasing me by reminding me how I had said the days before the service that if I would be called to come to the front, that I would refuse to do so. Well, I was not just called to come to the front, actually the Apostle came to me, to guide me to the front. That week I started praying to God. I started slowly with small and short prayers and as the days have passed, the prayer increased in volume nevertheless remained on the short side. Till then I had not asked God the question as the Apostle and the Pastor had told me to do. I think I was afraid at that moment to pop the question for the reason that I did not know what the answer would be. On the Saturday, I was alone at home in the late afternoon and I felt the urge to start praying, so I did. I went to my room, closed the door and started with my simple prayer as I had done the days before, but suddenly it was like the burden of the last months needed to come out and I cried out to God why has my life turned out the way it was. I asked him why, if I had the perfect family and I had moved to my birthplace with the perfect plan, things were not working out the way I had planned. When would my husband join us again and so many, many other questions I had asked. After all, my crying out and questions I had posted to God, I was able to calm down and to tell God that I just had learned about him in a new way and I was not sure how He would answer me but more important I was afraid for me to make a mistake. Then I made a last request and that was for God to answer me through someone that already knew Him well and that way I would not mistake His message with false messages that might have been sent by the enemy. When I was finished, I felt a big relief and went on with the work that I was doing before I started with the praying which was cleaning up the house. My mother and brother arrived later on but I did not tell them what had happened while they were out.

The next day, Sunday, I woke up and start to prepare my children in order to be ready in time to attend service with my mother. We went to the service and experienced a lot of what I had seen in the previous services, except for my role in the last service. The service was over and I went with my mother to pick up my children at the child section. While waiting at the door, a lady whom I had not noticed before (remember this was my third visit, so how many people could I be aware of?), called my

mother and when my mother turned to look at her, she asked my mother if I was her daughter by pointing out to me. My mother nodded to signal that I was her daughter. The lady turned to me and told me to come sit next to her. I had no reason not to respond to her request so I took two steps backwards in order to be able to sit next to her on a bench. Later on, I would be informed that the lady had been part of the ministry since the start and that before that she had been part of another congregation together with the Apostle and Prophet of the house. The first words the lady had said to me, made me sit straight. Her first words to me were: *“My daughter, I have a message for you from God”*. Then she continued with: *“God did ask me to tell you that it He has made it possible for your husband not to join you yet. The moment will come that you will be together again, but the time has not come yet. All will be well.”* The room where the child service was held was at that moment full of parents that also had come to pick up their kids but I did not notice that anymore. All I was able to do at that moment, after having heard those words, was to cry. I had seen the lady singing in the praise team without having an idea of who she was, even better she had no clue who I was as she had to ask my mother if I was her daughter, but she fulfilled what I had asked God the day before. I had asked God to answer me through someone that already knows him well. While my mind could not understand the message as it was still busy with the question how come the lady knows what I had asked God, my heart did. Can God really use someone, not the Apostle or the Pastor, but a regular person to speak to me? I went home that day wondering how God works and amazed by what had happened during my last minutes at the site of service.