

TESTIFY

By Maria Barkel

Copyright Maria Barkel

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

(The text on the coverpage comes from the New King James 2000 edition)

"Scripture taken from *The Scriptures*, Copyright by Institute for Scripture Research. Used by permission". Institute for Scripture Research, P. O. Box 1830, Northriding 2162, Republic of South Africa

Table of Contents

Preface

Chapter 1 – Used and abused

Chapter 2 – Marriage and drugs

Chapter 3 – Found

Chapter 4 – White bones

Chapter 5 – The yellow rose

Chapter 6 – Testify

Chapter 7 - The big break

Chapter 8 – The Rose of Sharon

Chapter 9 – Jedidja, house of hope

Chapter 10 – Forgiveness and Restoration

Chapter 11 – My God of miracles and wonders

Dedicated to:

JESUS, my Messiah, may every tear that is shed of everyone who reads this, fall on the feet of my Saviour. (Luke7:38)

Preface

Some of the content in this book may upset sensitive readers, but sadly in our day and society, many children from a very young age are being abused and are subject to the drug scene in this country. During my travels I learned that children even in Primary school are already involved in drugs and are subject to more cruelty than what is written in this book. Most of the time, parents are unaware of these issues and this book is firstly written for the children to show them, they are not alone and there is a way out. Secondly it is for the parents and public who wants to make a difference, to inform them so that they might reach out their helping hands to help save this generation.

You will find that I have decided to use the Scriptures Bible as text, as it lies very close to my heart. God's name is written as יהוה (*Y^ehovah*) and Jesus' name is written as יהושע (*Y^ehoshua*). Other than that, you'll find it comes very close to the NKJV.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 1 - Used and Abused

One of "those days"?

Today is one of "those days"

I can see it.

It is if nothing works like it should

As if around everything there's a dark shadow

And with longing you think of yesterday,

When all was easy, and different.

With your mind you know things will get better-

But the storm inside keeps on raging,

The thoughts in your head stays dark

I know that there are a lot of empty words

But I also know that comfort without content

is meaningless.

That's way I only want to say:

I understand

I know what you are going through

And I'll be praying for you...

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

"Are you afraid when I touch you Alice?"

Gawie Barnard's eyes are full of compassion for the girl sitting opposite him. He pulls his hands away from her shoulder. The pain and suffering in her eyes are more than anyone can

bear. If only he can reach her, help her, comfort her, take her pain upon himself, but he can't. The only one who can do this miracle is Jesus Our Messiah, but will she give Him a chance?

A soft voice in between her crying answers his question.

"Yes..."

"I'm sorry Alice. What did you say?"

"Yes."

"Why Alice? Is it because you are afraid of all men? I want you to learn how to say 'no' Alice. I'm going to touch your shoulder again and I want you to say 'no'."

Gawie's hand reach out to her shoulder, but before he could touch her, the young lady in front of him started shaking uncontrollably, raw cries tares through her small body.

"Please, don't, please..."

She pulls up her legs and start swaying back to front, back to front.

"That's a start. I want to help you Alice, to shout out to them not to do it. They don't have a right to do with you what they want. It is your body. Do you understand Alice?"

"Yes... I understand."

It is a pathetic little figure that sits in front of him. He himself has got two young daughters who still have to go through life. "O Lord, please keep them safe. Please don't let something like this happen to them, please Father."

I put down the red exercise book. The pages inside are loose, and are already starting to fall out. My sister brought it back from holiday when she went to visit mom. This is what I wrote in my matric year, just after the July holidays in 1994. It seems such a long time ago, but thinking of that little girl of 5 going with her grandma to grandma's brothers' house, brings tears to my eyes again. My body starts to shake as old tears make their path into the present.

"Dear Lord, I have forgiven, but clearly not forgotten. Now and then it still hurts and the only comfort is You, Father."

That is where it all began, when I was five years old, but my name is not Alice, it is Maria. How strange that the meaning of my name described what my childhood was like: a woman of sorrow and bitterness. Your childhood should be the happiest time of your life. Something fun and good, and which you could one day tell your children and their children about, but what have I got to share?

Remembering how I often used to go with grandma to her brothers' house cuts like a dagger into my heart. Overwhelming, forgotten pain starts penetrating my body. It feels like I'm watching a movie playing before my eyes as I saw myself as a young child, scared to the brim, knocking on grandma's brothers' door. I never wanted to go along when she went for her weekly visits, but I just couldn't think of a good enough reason to stay at home without upsetting grandma. I couldn't tell her the truth. He would hurt me very badly if I did.

As soon as we would arrive he would take the first opportunity to get me outside. To give me some fruit was the usual excuse, and we would head straight to the fruit trees. But the real reason for him was for forbidden fruit. He touched me all over and forced me to touch him. Afterwards he would make me pick some fruit off the trees, and inside the house in front of

everybody he would give me a R1.00 coin to buy myself sweets. I was a cheap little whore in his service, even though I didn't ask to be one. I thank God he never raped me.

Years of shame and humiliation went by. One day we were visiting again, but he wasn't in the lounge as usual. A sigh of relief went through my body. Then his wife came running from outside. He was laying in the garden - dead, a heart attack. His garden of deception and lies became his final resting place. He was blue and grey all over. I saw him laying there and I was happy...

At the church service everybody was crying, but I couldn't. A smile of joy and relief covered my face. I didn't care what the family might have thought. Nobody talked to me about it anyway. Another few years went by and I learned to live with my secret, but soon another one would take over.

I was fifteen and becoming a real woman, when my aunt's husband started where the other uncle left off. The difference was that now I had boobs and he loved it. He even French-kissed me, yuck! He didn't even care if my aunt should find out by accident. What is it with men and their lust? It sends gooseflesh down my spine just thinking about it. It is ugly. I tried to tell her, as I was scared that my niece might get the same treatment from him. She felt that for their kids' sake we should do nothing, as they needed a father. Yeah right, what kind of a father? In my eyes he wasn't much of a father. Isn't a father supposed to set an example to his kids? What kind of an image is he sending to his two sons? "It's okay, you can use and abuse women as much as you can, it's an awesome sign of manhood!"

Mom didn't believe me either, and replied: "But he is such a good man my child, he would never do something like that." I choked on her words and disbelief. I had to do something for me, to save myself from this monster. I told mom I wanted to take Art as a subject. Since our little school didn't have Art as a subject, I had to go to a nearby town and live in the hostel - any excuse just to get away from him. I even tried to not go home on weekends, so that I wouldn't have to see him. By this time I was sixteen. I thought everything went better, and I even gave Jesus a chance. I thought that reading my bible and praying is enough. I didn't know anything about having a relationship with Him.

Then something else happened in the hostel, something totally unexpected. Besides the fact that my uncles touched me all over and kissed me with force, they still left me a virgin and I was thanking God for that. At least when I get married someday I would be able to do so with a clear conscience, to give myself to my husband unscarred as far as that goes. But the fact that I was a virgin brought another predator to the fore.

One of the girls that was with me in the hostel started following me the one day. Her eyes had a dead and glassy look to them. Her breath stank like something out of one of our Science experiments at school, almost like asphalt. She kept on following me and I started to get scared. My only hope was the two girls whom I knew served Jesus wholeheartedly, something I couldn't say of myself. I burst into their room and told them what was happening. They told me to rebuke her and to tell her that in the Name of Jesus, she was not allowed to enter the room. I did and the most amazing thing happened. She stood still in the doorway and didn't come in. It was as if a force field of some sort was keeping her out.

She then turned and walked away. The girls thought that she was demon possessed, and we went to the phone booth that was in the little room with all the suitcases. At least we could close the door behind us. She followed us to the room, and was pounding on the door while the girls phoned their pastor. A little while later the pounding on the door stopped and we heard a commotion outside. We slowly opened the door and saw that she was gone. We made our way towards the noise outside and saw her being taken away.

Later that evening they brought her back and I went to her room. She looked and smelled like a normal person again. I asked her why she acted so strange but she didn't answer me.

A few days later she brought me a letter in which she explained everything, but begged me not to mention anything that she told in the letter and to burn it afterwards. This is the reason why I don't mention any names of people or any other details, such as town names, etc., it is to protect everybody involved in my journey. In the letter she explained that she was the sister of a high priest of a satanic cult there in our little town. It was time for offerings and they wanted me, a virgin, for their sacrifices. She feared for her life if she didn't give into their demands. This is the stuff that you only see in horror movies, and now it was taking place right here under our noses. This was unbelievable. Have we really lived such a closed life?

Years later I ran into her again. She looked good and said that she was happy, but I am still unsure, as there was something in her eyes that told a different story. Our ways parted too quick for us to have a decent conversation. I still hope and pray that she had found happiness through Jesus our Messiah. Only He can truly save her and cleanse her from her dark past.

Just after I turned 17, my mom decided to move to another town. I moved to another family member for the school terms, only going home on holidays. The first holiday of my Matric year came closer. I was on my way home, and thinking up plans and ways to go for smoke breaks. I started smoking and drinking during the time that I was living in the hostel, and now had to keep this fact away from my mom. She would have had a fit if she found out that I'm smoking, never mind the drinking!

It turned out to be easy enough to go for smoke breaks. The holiday passed by, day by day, with me wishing the school would start again. There was nothing to do in this small town. I spent my days reading, and going for smoke walks with a friend.

On the last day of my holidays, all the young people of the town decided to have a party. I begged my mom to let me go. This was the first little excitement of the whole holiday, and unbelievably she allowed me to go. Afterwards for the first time, I wished that she didn't give in to my request, but at that stage I was very excited.

It was a cold night and I decided to put on my black jeans with a black long sleeve shirt. I remembered what I put on and what happened on the way home, but what happened at the party I honestly cannot remember. It is as if the memories of the actual party were erased from my memory. Usually only the bad things get erased from the memory and you remember the good, but the opposite are true for me. I can't remember the good things, and only the bad seems to cling to my brain.

The night reached its end. Three of my friends said they would give me a ride home. The road they took me on was far away from where I stayed. They drove me to the outside of town, where no one can hear you scream...

It was a dark night with no one else in sight except for the four of us. The one guy pulled me out of the car and pressed me down onto the ground. He was very strong, and at that stage I was reliving the threats that my uncle made about what he will do to me if I do not go along with what he wanted. My body and mind were totally and completely filled with fear. I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs, but when I opened my mouth there was nothing, not a sound. The others saw what he was doing, but they didn't do a thing to help me. Did they get a kick out of watching? What kind of sick people do you get in this world? He started making comments about how I was flirting with him, and the way that I was dressed. Please, how much more clothes do I need to put on? Nothing was showing, but he went on and on. He pushed me down onto the ground, roughly pulled down my jeans and panties, and started

to have sex with me... no, he raped me! During this I got pushed up against the tree, with him going on, pushing me with force against the tree, penetrating me with brutality. I was numb; I felt weak and could hardly breathe. Like a wounded deer I got back into the car after he had had his fill. I could feel warm liquid running down the inside of my jeans. Luckily they were black and I won't have to tell my mom what had happened. I felt so ashamed. I got dropped off at home, and I was just in time for my bus to leave. There was no time to take a bath or change my clothes. I had to go on an eight hour bus trip, covered in blood and shame. My wrists started to swell and were red where he held me down. In a few days it would be blue and purple.

Back at my aunt's place I couldn't wait to get into a bath. It was the longest bath I ever took. My panties and jeans were covered in blood. I just wanted to throw them away, and along with them all that had happened in these 24 hours of hell. Why? What did I do wrong? I didn't flirt with him. I didn't even wear revealing clothes. What was wrong with me that all these sexual bastards get drawn to me? What is written on my face, slut and whore?

Back in school all my subjects had the same theme, namely "I hate men". My language teacher thought that I had copied someone else's work, when in actual fact I only wrote and described what had happened to me on that painful night. This was my cry for help, and the teacher gave me an "F" for the assignment. My art teacher also saw it in my art, but she understood, and referred me to a psychiatrist. Till today I do not know if that was such a good idea. Because of the counselling I went home the next holiday, which I didn't intend to do, and I then found out that the whole town was now seeing me as a cheap slut.

I had a bit more courage after the psychological sessions, and I laid a complaint against this guy at the local police station. Only further humiliation took place because of that, as I had to go for an internal examination at the local doctor. He couldn't write in his report that I was raped, and the only thing that he could write was that I wasn't a virgin anymore. I had thrown away the panties and jeans that could have been handed in as evidence.

The only witness I had was a friend from school who saw the bruises. The other two present that night were of course very close friends of his, and they stated that I had consensual sex with him, never mind that according to the law at that time, I was still a minor. There was too little evidence for them to go on with the case. It was my word against the word of one of the richest kids in the town. They threw the case out of court...

The talks just got worse, and according to the town the blame rested entirely on my shoulders. No one thought that "he" could ever do something like that. I must have initiated it.

I couldn't take it anymore. I was locking myself in my room to avoid everybody. I refused to go back to school, even though I only had about four months of school left. My mom decided that we needed a break, and we went down to the place where everything started so many years ago. This was my chance, my opportunity to get away from it all. I locked myself in the wendy-house at grandma's place when mom wanted to go back home, and I just refused to go with her. Eventually she had to go without me, and there I was, lost...

In the weeks that followed I searched for work far away from family. My mom made up the excuse that she didn't have the money to put me through school, just to spare me from the gossip of the family, but that didn't help. They knew something was wrong, but I wasn't about to share anything with them. I didn't need them to accuse me as well.

I got work as a waitress at first, and then as a bar lady. I started drinking heavily. I was trying to forget what had happened, trying to close the hole left in my heart, my mind, and my soul with alcohol, but it didn't work. I wanted revenge. I wanted to hurt them just as bad

as they have hurt me. Unfortunately the only way I knew how, was to try and beat them at their own game. This time I truly was a slut. I went out to clubs, flirting with the guys, telling them what they wanted to hear. I went back home with them, had sex with them and then left straight afterwards, never to see them again. I thought that if I gave them everything and then left them hanging for more, it would hurt them just as bad as they hurt me.

This went on for a while, until one night. I was out partying again with a lady friend, and we bought two drinks. By this time I could handle my liquor quite well. It took a few drinks before I even got tipsy. But this night, after only two drinks I was out of it. I remembered dancing the one moment, and then the next moment waking up in a bungalow at the beach with a lot of guys and two other girls. What had happened? Was this that date rape drug everybody was talking about? I was getting used, again! When was this going to stop? I felt sick to my stomach, realizing that this time I probably asked for it the way that I was behaving at that stage of my life.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 2- Marriage and Drugs

Some information about drugs and their symptoms are given merely to educate parents and family members of the drug addict to assist them better in the road to the drug addict's recovery

I needed to get away, and decided to run away again. I went to visit my aunt whom I stayed with during my high school years. At this time I was 18 years old and worked for a private touring company. They organized tours from South Africa to Kenya. I had what was only supposed to be a weekend break. My boss still owed me a month's salary and he was going to pay it into my bank account that weekend, but he didn't. To top this off, I got a phone call which said "you're fired". Now what? My aunt allowed me to stay there for the time being, until I could get another job and another place to stay. Luckily, within a month, I found a bar lady job again as well as a place to stay.

My partying went on. During the day I was sober, but at night time I would be as drunk as a skunk, while still continuing my spree against men. This time I even tried to have a few relationships, trying to stay with one guy for more than one day. Then something happened which I didn't plan for. I met my husband and fell hopelessly in love with him. I saw him twice at a friend's house, and the third time it was tickets for me. We both broke up with the people we were seeing at that time, not knowing of each other's decision.

For obvious reasons he was sceptic of my intentions with him, seeing that a lot of the guys I saw before him warned him that I would just use him and throw him away like a piece of dirty laundry. I remember that the one night when we went out, he stopped me while we were walking home, grabbed me by the front of my shirt and demanded to know if I was serious about him or not. Of course I was serious! I fell hopelessly in love with him. He made me feel special. He made me feel worthy. I was eating, sleeping and drinking Raymond. I couldn't get enough of him. He was starting to fill part of the emptiness inside. He made me feel again, and I was not going to hurt him.

I moved in with him within a few days after we met. The same night that I moved in with him, I went out with a girl friend of mine. She introduced me to pot. It was very good stuff.

We played pool and the balls started jumping around on the table without me shooting them. We were also drinking a lot. When I got home, Raymond was waiting for me, furious, and understandably so. I just dropped off my suitcase, went out to party, left him alone and came back drunk and very, very sick. He probably would have kicked me out there and then if he didn't feel so sorry for me. I was puking my lungs out the whole night.

I learned that he was also into the drug scene and we started using together. I remember my first acid trip was on a micro dot. It was very potent, so we shared one. He was starting to ask a lot of questions about my past which I didn't want to talk about, as those things were best left in the closet. But he insisted. I became blind with fury and grabbed a pair of scissors lying nearby. He stopped my hand inches away from his neck. In shock I dropped the scissors. I would've killed him... I was totally insane, one sick puppy. This must've been it - he was probably going to leave me. Little did I realize at that moment that LSD gives you a totally twisted perception of reality, colours are intensified, and space and shape are distorted. Some people will hallucinate and rather see that as reality, than reality itself.

I thought that this must've been it. Who would want to stay with someone who wanted to kill him? I was going to lose the love of my life. Instead, a few weeks later he asked me to marry him. Of course I said yes. We met in June 1995, on 15 August 1995 we got engaged and on the 2nd of December 1995 we got married. Everybody was looking at my tummy. In great expectation everybody was looking for a new arrival which didn't come. I was not pregnant. We married because we loved each other; we had found our soul mates.

I got a decent job as a secretary and things were starting to look up for us. We bought a car and a house, but with the extra money, our drug spree also gained speed and momentum. With the drugs I could forget about the nightmares at night that didn't want to leave me alone. Sometimes it was easy to make love to my husband, and at other times I would see the many other faces, and it tore me to pieces. Those times it was much easier if I had something stronger than alcohol.

Now and then there was the occasional porn movies that we watched to "spice up" our sex life. Sometimes I was fine with it, but at other times it would freak me out. This was another piece of our lives that wasn't right in God's eyes. Of course at that time of my life I didn't really care what God said in His word, even though deep, deep down somewhere I knew that it was wrong.

Proverbs 6:24-28, 32

"To guard you against an evil woman, from the flattering tongue of a strange woman. Do not desire her prettiness in your heart, neither let her captivate you with her eyelids. For because of a whore One is brought to a crust of bread. And an adulteress hunts a precious life. Would a man take fire to his bosom, and his garments not be burned? Would a man walk on hot coals, and his feet not be scorched?"

He who commits adultery with a woman lacks heart; He who does it destroys his own life."

Now you might say that watching porn is not adultery. Is it not? What did Jesus say?

Matthew 5:28

"But I say to you that everyone looking at a woman to lust for her has already committed adultery with her in his heart."

But I don't lust after that man or woman; I lust after my husband or wife. Really? Does it not turn you on when you watch these things? You do lust after them. God intended the

marriage to be clean and something sacred, for sex to be a special covenant between husband and wife, but we make it into something ugly with porn and drugs.

Hebrew 13:4

“Let marriage be respected by all, and the bed be undefiled. But Elohim shall judge those who whore, and adulterers.”

We were leading a double life. Our friends knew one side of us, and family and work colleagues knew the other. I felt like an actress. Most of my life felt like one big charade. What was real and what was not? For one thing, I knew, Raymond's love for me was real and something that I could hold onto.

In 1999 we found out I was pregnant and I quit the drugs, cigarettes and alcohol. During my pregnancy I was clean, believe it or not. The baby's health was important to me. Four months into my pregnancy something went wrong. I almost passed out at work. One of the ladies at work suggested that I make an appointment at the gynaecologist. I couldn't shed the feeling that something bad was about to happen. I made the appointment immediately and contacted Raymond with the news. Would our son be ok? We had just found out a few weeks earlier that it was a boy, and we named him David.

Sitting in the waiting room waiting for the doctor felt like an eternity for us. What was taking him so long? At long last it was our turn. A sonar was ordered for me. Little David was laying with his back to us and everything looked fine at first. Then our worst fears came true... there was no heart beat. Our little David had passed away and the doctor had no explanation. The only thing that they could see fit to do on that moment was for me to give normal birth, with the help of an induction, so that they could establish the cause of death. This happened on the Friday and the birth was scheduled for the Monday.

The weekend was filled with heartache and a lot of tears. The worst was to tell friends and family what had happened. I didn't want to go to hospital on Monday. Maybe the doctor made a mistake. He was still inside of me, and maybe if I give birth he will be alive. Miracles do happen right? Wasn't Lazarus dead for four days before Jesus resurrected him from the dead?

A numb feeling got hold of me as I walked into my private room in the maternity ward. I heard babies cry and other mothers groaning with pain as their time to give birth had drawn near. This was supposed to be the happiest day of my life. We were going to have a son. The nurse showed me to the bed and gave me a gown to put on. An hour later the doctor came to insert two of the pills into me. An hour later he came back with another two pills. He told my husband that he might as well go home; it would take about another seven hours before the baby would be delivered. He talked as if this was a normal birth, as if we would have something to look forward to, but the look on the sister's face told me that the doctor was just trying to be polite. This wasn't an easy task lying ahead.

About half an hour later I felt like I wanted to go to the bathroom. Raymond helped me off the bed and I went to the toilet. Something felt wrong. I delivered my baby in the toilet. I started screaming and yelling, crying out for help. Raymond was there in an instant and called out to the nurse. She asked if I wanted to see him after he was cleaned up. I wanted to, but Raymond didn't. Eventually we decided to see him. They brought him in. He was a perfect and beautiful little baby, except for his head which was swollen. The cause of death was suffocation, as the umbilical cord was wrapped around his throat. He was a very active little baby, too active... He weighed 800 g and the hospital would take care of the necessary “burial” (if you could call it that). We weren't allowed to bury the baby if it was less than

1kg. I wish I could have held him just one time, but I couldn't. *Goodbye my little one, you will always hold a part of my heart, always.*

Back home another piece of my existence was torn away from my soul. How much more could a person take before a total breakdown? I blamed God for taking my son away. How could He? I then got lost in drugs. I wanted to get away from it all and the drugs were a welcome getaway. We got introduced to mandrax, and started to smoke "white pipe" (crushed mandrax tablets on top of a marijuana pipe).

I've picked up a lot of weight during the pregnancy and the mandrax were quickly getting rid of that excess fat. Despite the fact that it was actually destroying my body and immune system, I enjoyed getting my slim figure back. I believed the lies of satan of how beautiful I looked with the weight loss and the escape from reality he provided for me through the drugs, when he was actually destroying my body and self-respect.

Mandrax was originally manufactured in India in the 1950's as an anti-malaria agent, but was also found to be an effective sedative. The psychoactive ingredient in Mandrax is *Methaqualene*, a hypnotic sedative. This substance was available on prescription in South Africa and was used as a sedative. Mandrax is very addictive and causes chronic respiratory disease, neurological disorder, diarrhoea, nausea, severe weight loss, irrational mood swings, etc.

We decided to sell the house, resigned our jobs, take our pension money and to open up a tattoo and body piercing studio in another town. We moved to a farm which made it much easier to quench our drug thirst than what it would have been staying in town. Our life consisted of tattooing, metal, drugs and partying.

Our weed (marijuana) was part of our daily living, our existence. We would take the other drugs if we could get hold of it and if we had the finances for it, but weed was a necessity. Although some may say that it is not harmful for you, that God created the plant so it must be good, scientists have identified more than 150 chemicals in marijuana smoke and tar. Cancer-causing chemicals occurs 70% more in marijuana than in tobacco smoke.

Marijuana causes Euphoria (a feeling of extreme happiness and excitement), relaxed inhibitions, increased appetites, disoriented behaviour, fatigue, hoarse coughs and dry throats, slurred speech, respiratory problems like bronchitis and asthma-like conditions, low blood pressure, hallucinations and paranoia. Of course we didn't care about any of these, nor would we have believed any of it.

A more expensive drug entered into the scene. Cocaine and rocks (crack). This drug made us feel very good about ourselves while we were taking it, but as soon as the trip was over and the drugs were finished, you started searching for more and more. When this craving stops, you go into further depression about the amount of money you had just tripped out on.

Cocaine and rocks causes weight loss, respiratory diseases, liver cell damage, cardiac problems, severe paranoia, increase heart rate, severe depression, increase blood pressure, insomnia, erotic or irrational comments or ideas and tremors.

We started to have a little trouble on the farm. Our one Boer mastiff was attacking the sheep of the farmer. The one morning we came outside and found our whole garden full of sheep wool. We were forced by the farmer to put the dog on a chain or else he would be shot if they found him with the sheep. It was horrible, and we decided to look for another place in order to give the dog his freedom back. We moved from the one farm to another one closer to town.

During our stay on this farm we had another miscarriage, and I became even more discouraged. If anything got too much for me to handle emotionally, I would have an anxiety attack. I got some prescription pills for the anxiety attacks, and these would calm me down as soon as I have one of these attacks. Thoughts, heartaches and past memories started building up inside of me like a time bomb. The drugs however, brought relieve and a welcome getaway from my own mind.

Business slowed down a bit and we decided to move into town. We discovered a cheaper replacement for cocaine; cat (*methcathinone*). Cat we could use even during the day at work as it gives you a lot of confidence, but your heart would pound away like anything and your hands would start shaking. This tends to be a problem when you are a tattoo artist, so I didn't take too much at work. I would leave it for night time.

One of our clients at the tattoo shop introduced us to heroine. We chased the dragon, this is when the heroine is placed on a piece of silver foil over a flame so that the heroine liquefies. The smoke is inhaled through a tube which is made by another piece of foil.

Heroine causes vomiting, "tracking" on the veins of the arms and legs, Emaciation (when you get very thin and weak because of being ill or not eating enough food), drowsiness, depressed respiratory functions, constipation and rapid weight loss.

I didn't like the down feeling heroine gave me. Your whole body starts to itch, and if you move or drink water you want to throw up. I personally don't know how people could like it. This was definitely not my drug of choice. Some people said that it is different when you spike (inject yourself), but I'm glad that I never went that far. I'm glad I got disgusted in the drug from the beginning. Heroine is your most addictive drug out there.

"The love drug", ecstasy made his way into our lives. Although this drug was suppose to give you an excessive sex drive, it just did the opposite for me. I would distance myself if we took it, and freak out completely if someone should touch me. In the beginning one or two pills were enough, but as you get use to the drug two just don't do it for you anymore. At times we would take between 5 and 15 pills to really have a "good trip". The warmer we would dress up the better the trip would be.

Ecstasy causes general fatigue, depression, blood clotting disorders, general muscle pain, dehydration, hypothermia (serious illness caused by someone's body being too cold), sweating, dry mouth, increased blood pressure, loss of appetite, a tightening of the jaw, loss of co-ordination and a constant thirst.

The business was coming to a down fall. We couldn't afford to keep it open anymore. We moved back to the town where we came from, and moved in with friends. We took our tattoo business on the road, mostly on weekends. Some of our dedicated clients would come to us and would be tattooed at home. This money would mostly be used for more drugs. The friends we moved in with were also druggies. We were like one big happy druggy family.

During this time something else was driving me crazy. I had an outburst of tears that lasted for almost two full days, and I had a desperate need to be baptized. This may sound silly and crazy, a druggy who wants to be baptized? It was if someone was calling me. Three times I heard someone call my name audibly. Was this God who was calling me home? There was an unexplained urgency inside of me. I went to one church, and was given a book and told to come back in six months time. Didn't they understand? Six months is too long, this has to happen now. That Saturday night I went to another church. The preacher's wife was there and she urged me to come to Sunday service and talk to the pastor himself.

That Sunday after service I explained this urgency inside of me to the pastor, and told him that I knew what this meant. I had an urgency to come clean, for Jesus to wash away my sins with His blood. I couldn't explain it. He wanted to say something, and I saw him looking at all my tattoos. "I know what this is all about Pastor", I said. "Jesus went to John and asked him to baptize him, not tomorrow, or the day after that, but right away. God is not a respecter of persons (Acts 10:34) and He sees me for who I am." The pastor agreed, and my husband and I were baptized on that cold winter's night in April 2004 in ice cold water.

Everything went well for me at first. I really tried to not take any drugs anymore, and to focus on Jesus and a new life in our Messiah, but it didn't last very long. Only now, there was another pressing on my heart every time I would take anything or did something I wasn't supposed to. This led to me just taking more drugs to suppress this new feeling.

My anxiety attacks became more frequent. I found a job in a bookstore, and we decided to move in with my cousin. Our drugging continued, but now I would personally drive with a friend to the main dealers in the city and pick up a minimum of 10 packets of cat, consisting of a gram each. We became such regular customers that the packages were increased to 1,2 grams and we would get a free packet for every 10 we took. Of course we would then make the packets smaller that we sold, and in this way got another two packets out of the deal for ourselves.

By now we snorted at work too. The one day totally freaked me out. We had very little sleep and finished a few packets the night before. I had the shakes of the worst kind ever. I had to sign some papers and could barely hold the pen, never mind signing the document. I'm sure my boss must have notice something, but she didn't say anything. Despite all of this, I was still doing my job.

I was very sensitive to what people would say to me. The one day my boss blamed me for something I didn't do and started shouting at me. I couldn't take it and had another anxiety attack. This was it. I went to the local doctor and he declared me unfit to work based on medical reasons. He put me on anti-depressants. Yeah right, give more drugs to a druggie. He didn't know of my drug abuse. Two of the anti-depressants would knock me out seriously. I would do stuff like making three cups of coffee for myself; put the kettle in the refrigerator instead of the milk, etc. After doing these things, I would realize what I did as there was no one else with me who could've done it, and I then decided that this medication was not for me. What else would I do unknowingly? I quit the medication. By this time my soul was completely torn in pieces.

Through all my dramas and mood swings my husband, Raymond, stayed by my side. We had our ups and downs, such as with any marriage, but he never left me to cope on my own. We love each other very much. God has really ordained us to be together right from the start, and even if we didn't want to see Him in our lives, He was always there. I couldn't have asked for a better husband than Raymond. Thank You God for letting my path cross with his.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 3 - Found

"Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now I'm found, was blind, but now I see."

It was the weekend of the 10-12 February 2006. Strange things were happening in my soul which I didn't quite understand. I was reading a book which I got through the post, "The Great Controversy". Amongst other things it talked about God's warriors in faith, people who weren't afraid to stand up for their beliefs, who truly were followers of Jesus, who gave their lives to Him. Something started to stir inside of me. I had a hunger and thirst for something more, something real, something to fill this hole inside of me which nothing else could fill. Neither drugs nor marriage could fill this hunger. I started getting restless, searching and praying for a miracle to fill this void. In spite of all these feelings in my soul, my body was aching as well. My lungs were hurting, I had trouble breathing and all the drugs had left me skinny, which I didn't think was such a bad thing. I liked being skinny, but not at the cost of hurting muscles, bones and back pain that kept me awake at night.

The next weekend a friend invited me to go to a women's camp with her in Pretoria. I went with an expectancy to find something to fill this hunger, this empty void inside...

On the 17th of February 2006 at the age of 29, I finally found the filling for the void, the space, and my soul. His name is Jesus, our Messiah, the One and Only true Son of God. I learned that I was more than just His creation, I was His bride, because now I truly belong to my Saviour. I gave myself, all of me to Him and suddenly that space was filled with peace, with love, with Jesus.

Dear Jesus, my Bridegroom

A husband most of the times, tells his wife, I love you so much, I will die for you. But You gave a new meaning to this concept. Not only did You die for me, but You suffered more than anything imaginable for me. How honoured I am to be part of Your bride. Humbled I stand before You my King. Take me and lead me, wherever You think we must go. With Your love, strength and guidance I know I can conquer anything that comes my way with You by my side. Thank You, dear Saviour for deeming me worthy of Your love.

Isaiah 54:5-6

"For your Maker is your husband, יהוה of hosts is His Name, and the Set-apart One of Yisra'el is your redeemer. He is called the Elohim of all the earth. For יהוה has called you like a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, like a wife of youth when you were refused,' declares Elohim."

People say you remember the day, the time and place when you got saved. This day was not the day of saving for me, this day was rather the day when Jesus called me back, his prodigal daughter. But the day that He *saved* me, was the day He delivered me from drugs, and healed me from lung cancer.

It was the 18th of February 2006. Dr Jan Botha was giving a lecture that afternoon about emotional baggage. How all the emotional baggage of the past, like bitterness, unforgiveness, phobias, anxiety, low self-esteem, stubbornness, addictions, depression, lust, etc. could cause different illnesses in your body. I could see the ones applicable in my life, as he went from baggage to illness. As he was talking about the symptoms and the different places of the body that it affects, I felt my aching body and knew where all the pain came from.

After his lecture he invited all the ladies who wanted to quit smoking to stand up and come forward so that he could pray for them, so that with the help of Jesus they could quit. A lot of ladies went forward, but I was stubborn. I didn't need Jesus to help me quit smoking, I could do it on my own if I wanted to, besides the doctor said my lungs could still heal if I stopped before I was 36. I was only 29 then, and I've still had 5 years of smoking left.

A strange, serious look came upon his face. He said that God was showing him something about one of the ladies that were sitting there. She was going to die of lung cancer, but Jesus wants to heal her. She must come forward. I felt my seat burning underneath me. You know the feeling when you know you have to go forward, but are afraid to. After his third call out, I stood up and went forward. Walking down the aisle, his eyes met mine and he said:

“Jesus said, you won’t die of lung cancer anymore.”

All the ladies were standing in line, waiting for prayer. As he started praying for all of them, and me waiting for my turn, I saw myself lying in a hospital bed with pipes inside my nose helping me to breath. Family was standing around my hospital bed. I knew that was the truth. In my heart I knew that my lungs were filled with cancer. It would explain the pain in my chest and the trouble I had breathing, as well as the constant pain in my back.

It was my turn. He started praying for me, and I prayed softly inside:

“Father, don’t just take the cigarettes, but please take the drugs as well. I can’t take it anymore.”

I started crying uncontrollably and Dr Jan looked at me, saying:

“Father, this is a pure heart... You will one day go back to the place where you’re from now, back to the druggies and work with them telling them about Jesus.”

I didn’t tell him about what I had prayed. He prophesied this, and said that God will give us three children. *O God, could this be true?*

I left my drugs and my cigarettes there. Outside the hall I took out most of my 12 piercings. You know what, for the first time in a very, very long time, I could breathe! My lungs were healed, Jesus HEALED me. Amen! Thank You Jesus. Jesus filled my soul, He saved my soul and He healed my body.

Here I am Father, I am Your vessel, use me as You please. Jesus, let Your scriptures be my fuel, ‘cause without it no vessel can move. Holy Spirit, be my navigator, ‘cause without You I might get lost.

*Dear Heavenly Father, please put Your finger on my vessel’s horn, so that the words will flow from my mouth of Your magnificence and grace, and that **I will not be silent.***

But this weekend was far from over. There was still the Sunday. I thought that I have cried it all out by then. I was so grateful. God showed me mercy, He forgave me, He showed me Love, He healed my body, but my soul needed healing, and our Father, the gentle Healer, knew just how. On this weekend I’ve already experienced the prompting of the Holy Spirit, His conviction on my soul of my sins, so that I may turn my eyes to Jesus. I got to know Jesus, the Lamb that was slain, the One who heals if you merely touch the hem of His garment, the One who wants to claim me for His bride, who gave it all for me.

There was one more... the Father. Henk was another one of the speakers, and his turn was on Sunday. He spoke to plenty of the women. As he gently talked to the ladies, my heart welled up with emotion again. He stopped at my chair. “Father says that He picks you up on his lap and gently brushes over your hair and says to you: I know your earthly father disappointed you, but I want to be your Father and I will never disappoint you. I love you my daughter...” I broke down. How did he know about my father? How did he know that the last time I saw him or had contact with him was thirteen years ago? *It’s been such a very long time Lord. I don’t know what it means to have a father.*

Slowly during the course of that weekend I learned that Abba Father loves me and that He was not waiting with a lightning bolt to strike me down for all that I did wrong. He cared for me and wanted to be my Daddy.

The first one I saw when I got home was my husband. The first thing I told him was:

“Sorry my love, but you are not my first husband anymore, Jesus is and you are now second in my life.”

I thought that he would push me away; I knew he wasn't a believer, but he didn't push me away. Instead he kept me close to him and held me more tightly than ever, as if he felt he was going to lose me. I couldn't stop talking about all the things that happened on the camp, it was like a fountain that burst open for the first time. I was truly happy.

John 7:38

“As the Scripture said, out of His innermost shall flow rivers of living water.”

The next morning when we woke up Raymond said he felt something strange upon him during the night, as if something flowed over from me to him. I knew what it was, the Holy Spirit. I was so full of His presence, it couldn't stay inside and it touched everyone I got in contact with.

I had a hunger for God's Word. I did the necessary things at home and spent all my spare time going through His Word, every word and every sentence was lighting a fire in my soul which I couldn't quench and didn't want to. I felt alive for the first time in my life. I felt whole. I could walk along the road, sing songs of praise, talk to Jesus and not care if people thought I was going crazy or not.

In this special time of my life I felt like Mary (*Miryam*).

Luke 10:38-42

“And it came to be as they went that He entered into a certain village. And a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Miryam, who also sat at the feet of יהושע and heard His word. But Martha was distracted with much serving, and coming up she said, ‘Master, are You not concerned that my sister has left me to serve alone? Speak to her then, to help me.’ And יהושע answering, said to her, ‘Martha, Martha, you are worried and troubled about many matters, but one only is necessary, and Miryam has chosen the good portion, which shall not be taken away from her.’”

I couldn't get enough of my Saviour and every day I just fell deeper and deeper in love with Him. It was a special and wonderful time in my life. I started seeing things in my spirit and learned that they were called visions. This was overwhelmingly wonderful, especially the ones in the beginning with Jesus.

Numbers 12:6

“And He said, ‘Hear now My words: If your prophet is of יהוה, I make Myself known to him in a vision, and I speak to him in a dream.’”

God is the same, yesterday, today and tomorrow. If He spoke to His children in such manner in the days of old, how much more will He not speak to us in this manner after His Son came to make it possible for all of us to have a personal relationship with Him.

Sometimes in these visions Jesus and I would meet underneath a willow tree and other times by a beautiful lake. In these times I started to get to know Jesus as the Lamb. Remember that hour you first started to believe. When you cried your eyes out from deep within your heart, how you couldn't take any more of that heartache that burned so feverishly inside. Then

Jesus came and said that He will carry it for you, by the endless blood that He spilled when they tortured Him until He gave His last breath upon the cross, and after three days conquered death by being raised from the dead, all just for you. After being washed all over with His blood He comes and comforts us for as long as we need it. He showers us with His wondrous Love and compassion. He shows us the serenity, sensitivity and kindness of the Lamb.

He also revealed the Bridegroom to me. He showed me how He adores the bride and wants to clothe her in the finest apparel. How He gives her garments of praise and takes away her garments of sorrow. It felt like He was courting me. I felt the love that He had for His bride first hand and it was amazing.

I held onto these special days when it didn't go so well. I more than often had my down days as well. I was quitting on a ten year hard drug abuse and my cigarettes. This wasn't easy. I went through hell. My body was shaking and I was so frustrated that at times I could climb out on the roof. I took long walks, ate sweets and talked to Jesus. He sacrificed His life for me so that I could live. What was this small sacrifice on my part? But my body didn't experience it as a small sacrifice, it was huge, and I craved for drugs more and more every day. In those days I would pray that Jesus would take both hands and keep hold of them so that they won't be able to take anything.

The first few weeks were the worst, but it eventually got better. I praised myself for every day that I got through without taking anything. *"Well done, you've made it through another day."* The days turned into weeks and the weeks turned into years. The fourth year had just passed by the grace of God, and I can say, *"Well done, you have made it through another year."*

Psalms 40:1-3

"I waited, waited for יהוה; and He inclined to me, and heard my cry. And He drew me out of the pit of destruction, out of the muddy clay, and He set my feet upon a rock, he is establishing my steps. Then He put a new song in my mouth; Praise to our Elohim; Many do see it and fear, and trust in יהוה."

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 4 - White Bones

In March 2006 I went to another "Eksderde" woman's camp. On the Saturday night, very early, it must have been 3 or 4 in the morning, Jesus woke me.

"Stand up and go outside", the still voice I learned to know and trust as the voice of my beloved Saviour, spoke to me.

"But I still want to sleep Jesus."

A mosquito started buzzing around my head and irritated me so much that I eventually stood up.

How quickly did I forget, *"...wherever You lead me."*

He led me to just beside the swimming pool on a wooden bench and there I sat listening to all the night music of the different insects. Very upset with the Messiah for bringing me outside

for seemingly no reason at all, again forgetting my own prayer, “... *here I am Father, Your vessel, use me as You please.*”

Then, all of a sudden I saw a woman walking towards the swimming pool, but when she saw me she turned around and walked away. I heard the soft still voice again.

“...*you can go back to sleep now.*”

“*I don’t understand Jesus,*” but His will is not always clear to us.

“*Here I am my King, Your servant, I will obey.*”

The next day we had a chance to go into the field to have some quiet time with God. I was walking and praying, asking Him where the road with Him leads to. Hoping and searching my heart for answers while also hoping to hear that still soft voice again, I walked further into the field. The soft breeze brought different fragrances of different kinds of plants to my nose. If I couldn’t find answers I could still enjoy His creation, but the lovely smell of field flowers disappeared and made way for a horrible smell, the smell of death.

There in front of me underneath a tree, was a dead wild buck. Blowflies were flying around it. Its glassy eyes looked watery and the skin was still intact. It couldn’t have been dead for too long.

“*Why are you showing me death Lord?*”

Deeply troubled in my spirit I walked further into the field, searching for answers that I didn’t find.

The next week I went through emotional torture. I was searching the scriptures for answers and all I could find is death, death and death.

“*What are you telling me God? Am I going to die?*”

I didn’t tell my husband about this whole episode. No use getting us both upset with things that I’m not certain about.

That following weekend Raymond went to the men’s camp. That Sunday when he got home he told me this very interesting story. It happened that Sunday morning when they had the chance to go into the field for quiet time with Jesus.

He asked Jesus that he wanted something special that he could bring back home for me. He thought that he was returning home empty handed, as he couldn’t find anything for me out in the field. Unaware of the impact his next words will have on me, he continued his story.

He said he walked through the field searching for something special and walked straight into a big spider’s web. Just above his shoulder he saw the occupant, a big garden spider. He should’ve known right there and then that what he was about to find was for me. At that time I suffered from *arachnophobia*. I thank Jesus that this is also something of the past. Who the Son sets free, is free indeed!

Jesus led him through the field to the place where I saw the wild buck. Underneath the tree he didn’t find the smell of death, but instead found the bones, all intact, unbroken and as white as snow. Just underneath the rib cage he saw a perfect fruit, unscarred.

I started crying. He brought back the perfect gift...

1 Corinthians 15:55

“*O Death, where is your sting? O grave, where is your overcoming?*”

Colossians 2:9-14

“For in Him dwells all the completeness of Elohim-ness bodily, and you have been made complete in Him, who is the Head of all principality and authority. In Him you were also circumcised with a circumcision not made with hands, in the putting off of the body of the sins of the flesh, by the circumcision of Messiah, having been buried with him in immersion, in which you also were raised with Him through the belief in the working of Elohim, who raised Him from the dead. And you, being dead in your trespasses and the uncircumcision of your flesh, He has made alive together with Him, having forgiven you all trespasses, having blotted out that which was written by hand against us – by the dogmas which stood against us. And He has taken it out of the way, having nailed it to the stake.”

Isaiah 1:18

“Come now, and let us reason together,” says יהוה, ‘Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’”

We have laid down our old lives, the fleshly nature and have been stripped of our old ways into a new, pure, clean creation. Above this there was a promise, a beautiful fruit and a promise.

Isaiah 54:1

“Sing, O barren one, you who did not bear! Break forth into singing, and cry aloud, you who have not been in labour! For the children of the deserted one are more than the children of the married woman,” said יהוה.”

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 5 - The Yellow Rose

On one of these special days with Jesus He showed me this vision.

I was dressed in a white dress. We stood on the soft green grass, watching over the lake. The water was sparkling in the sunlight, clear cool water. Jesus was standing next to me. He was so beautiful, so full of grace and so humble. He was smiling at me. “Go” He said, as if He knew I just wanted to dive into the water.

Dress and all, I dove into the water. When I stood up out of the water, it was up to my waist. I stretched out my arms, with my hands touching the water. All of a sudden white doves came from all around me out of nowhere and flew to Jesus. The doves surrounded Him, making a circle around His waist and then circled around His head, before they disappeared up in the sky.

I stirred when I saw something had moved in the water. It was a blue serpent dragon, swimming under the water and circling around me, but it did not scare me. It seemed peaceful.

“Write what you saw,” Jesus said.

I wrote down what I have seen and then closed my eyes again.

I started feeling uneasy, something was wrong. I saw a frown on Jesus’ forehead. “Come”, He said. I climbed over the dragon’s neck in the water, making my way to the side. I heard rolling thunder and turned around. My wonderful sparkling lake was starting to turn black at the far edges and drew closer. What was happening? Jesus didn’t want to tell me. He

just took me, locking His arm in mine and led me away, covering my face so that I couldn't see behind me.

He lead me to our weeping willow tree, sat down and put my face against His chest and covered my head with His arms.

"You're not ready to see yet", Jesus said.

Do you remember that urge that you had to be baptized? That driven feeling you had to go under the water with all of your sins so that you could rise out of it being cleansed with the blood of Jesus our Messiah?

Acts 2:38

"And Kepha said to them, 'Repent, and let each one of you be immersed in the Name of יהושע Messiah for the forgiveness of sins. And you shall receive the gift of the Set-apart Spirit.'"

I was already baptized with water, but not with the Holy Spirit. The Word says that the Holy Spirit came down on Jesus in the form of a dove. I started getting excited, expecting the baptism of the Holy Spirit to happen very soon.

A person experiences being filled with the Holy Spirit after being born-again when you're in worship or deep prayer or being prayed for, etc., but there is only one significant time when you are being baptized with the Holy Spirit.

This happened to me on the 23rd of April 2006. I was on the same camp where I met my Saviour just a couple of months before, and Henk was talking again. He said that God was going to do something very special for some of the ladies that day. They were going to be filled and filled and filled... As he was talking I felt being filled with the Spirit. I was so filled with the Spirit that it felt as if I could burst. Just as I thought that there really was no more place for any more, Henk said that God is giving these ladies wings of eagles and will make them as light as a feather. All of a sudden the heaviness of the Spirit gave way to a lightness, as if I could fly, soaring in the wind with eagle's wings. Now I truly understood the vision Jesus showed me about the doves, but there was still the part of the dragon which I didn't understand.

The Bible tells us in Revelation 20:2 that the dragon is the devil. But why didn't it scare me? Then the Holy Spirit revealed it to me. See, Jesus already won over the serpent, the beast, the dragon. That is why it was peaceful around me. As long as I focused my eyes on Jesus the devil can't do me any harm. So how can we be afraid of the devil when the Son of Man is with us and our eyes are fixed on Him? By climbing over the dragon's neck, I have overcome the devil. My old ways was now completely behind me.

After receiving the baptism with the Holy Spirit, God gave me a vision while I was sitting in a lecture on the same camp. Henk's wife, Sandra, was speaking about God's loyalty and how He wants to pledge His loyalty to us by giving us a yellow rose – yellow meaning loyalty.

While she was talking God showed me the High School where I went to in my matric year. He showed me how I talked to the Principal telling him what had happened to me in my past and how Jesus saved me, and that I thought his kids needed to know this and how much Jesus loved them. Then God showed me the school hall with kids inside and how I was standing in front of them talking to them. "Me, God?" I thought, "I'm a Moses, I'm not a talker. If this is what You want me to do my Lord let that woman who had just received the last yellow rose give it to me, and I will know it is from You and I'll go as You had asked me to."

That lady looked me straight into the eyes, but didn't give me the rose. Then the lady who gave the lecture talked again saying: "Jesus is standing in front of each of you and giving you an imaginary yellow rose, pledging His loyalty to you.

"Jesus this isn't good enough, I want something physical, something I could hold on to..."

I was still busy asking this when a lady stood up from her chair and came and give me a white armband with a piece of paper inside, *"purity of heart"*. I started crying.

"I will go Jesus."

The next day, at the end of the camp, it was time for testimonies and I shared my experience that I had the previous day about the yellow rose and my prayer to Jesus with the ladies. Coincidence would have it that I had a yellow sweater on, and in front of ± 200 ladies I stretched out my arms and pledged my loyalty to our Messiah. After this at lunch, the lady who had received the last rose came to me with the rose in her hand.

"Jesus told me to give this rose to you while Sandra gave it to me, but I didn't want to offend her by giving the rose away. Here is your rose."

"Thank you Jesus, how great You are."

That Monday morning after the camp I went to that High School and spoke to the Principal, telling him of my vision at the camp, that Jesus has sent me, and that the kids needed to know of my past and of my new life in the Messiah and how much He loved them. He thought it was a great idea and knocked the wind right of my sail. He sent me to another teacher who made an appointment with me for the Wednesday to speak to the grade 11's.

On my way back, God showed me another vision.

I was walking into the hall that Wednesday morning. The children were sitting on the floor and a young woman with blonde hair; tied back in a pony tail, sat there with a sad face looking at her shoes. "Give her a yellow rose and tell her that I pledge my loyalty to her also."

All my new-found friends in Jesus were praying for this day, for Jesus to be received with open arms, for hearts to open, and for hearts be receptive to the prompting of the Holy Spirit. What else could it have been then, but a success?

That Wednesday morning I walked to the school again, and for the first time noticed that two beautiful eagles in flight were painted on the gates (*He gave me eagle wings when I was baptized with the Spirit*). WOW!

I walked into the hall and there she was, the girl that I saw in my vision. I started talking to the kids; it wasn't even that hard, as the Holy Spirit spoke through me. These kids who were in the loudest standard in school sat dead quiet while the Holy Spirit talked to each and every one of them. I could see on their faces how what was said went straight to the heart and it felt good to see how Jesus worked in their hearts. Then I told them the story of the yellow rose and the vision I had of the girl and called her to the front, and gave her the message.

Afterwards she came to me and told me this amazing story. She was on a camp once and a prophet told her that she would become Head Girl in high school. She thought that it wouldn't be as she hadn't been in that school very long, but now Jesus has confirmed this to her through the yellow rose.

I got word later that she was elected Head Girl for the next year. Praise God. He is always true to His word.

Isaiah 55:11

“So is My Word that goes forth from My mouth – it does not return to Me empty, but shall do what I please, and shall certainly accomplish what I sent it for.”

I also received a message from one of the boys that were there that day of how his life had been changed by that day. It is amazing how God works. One step of obedience and a step of faith and Jesus becomes a lifeline for someone. This first step opened a door for other speaking engagements and miracles that would follow.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 6 - Testify

Ever noticed that God will throw challenges in your direction regarding the things that you struggle with the most? Like Moses who struggled to talk, but became an awesome leader of his people. I had the same problem. I would avoid speaking to people and was really shy.

Another school invited me to come and give my testimony, and Jesus laid it on my heart to sing “Amazing Grace” to the kids. It is one thing to talk to people, but it is a whole different story to sing. Jesus must be joking. That morning when I went to the school I took a CD with to play to the kids, but guess what, they didn’t have a CD player at that school. Can you believe it?

All the while in telling them about how I was a drug addict and how Jesus had changed my life, the only thing that went through my mind was, I have to sing, I have to sing. The Holy Spirit took over, but instead of that boldness the Bible talks about that will come over you, I got emotional. Compassion, mercy and grace stirred in my heart as the first notes of Amazing Grace hit the silence. My soul remembered His grace for my own life and tears ran over my cheeks. My voice became so broken up that I couldn’t sing the second verse.

My brokenness broke two other hearts that day as well, as the Holy Spirit pulled on their heart strings, begging them to let Jesus heal them. One was raped and the other one addicted to cocaine. My heart went out to them. I understood and if circumstances didn’t allow me to walk a path with them, I will still be praying for them to walk a path with my blessed Saviour.

My prayer was answered and the one girl got the courage to tell her father about her drug habit. He phoned me and made an appointment to come and see me together with his daughter. I had no experience in helping these kids. All I could do is to share what Jesus did for me, pray with them and be a friend to them. I was counting on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for Him to take full control of the situation.

Throughout our conversation I could see my old way of life in the girl that was sitting in front of me. But what was new to me was her father’s heartache, the shock of the reality that hit him about his child, and the frustration of not knowing how to handle this. His searching and hoping eyes when he looked at me for answers left me searching within myself. Was this how my loved ones felt about me when they found out or suspected something? I didn’t have the answers, only Jesus did. I suggested that she go on a women’s camp with me. She was almost 18 and not a child anymore. Maybe if she could meet my Saviour where I met Him, experience the miracles of people’s lives that are changed overnight, people who get healed, things might change.

Hopeful and with great expectations we went to the camp. Uncertain and a little frightened she started the camp. Slowly I could see a little change in her, but when the healing service started and she saw how a girl's one leg grew back to where it was suppose to be, she got a fright and ran out of the hall. I thought that we lost her.

Back home her father kept contact with me for a while. She was recuperating well and even gave her testimony to a magazine and I thought the victory was won. After that we seldom kept contact until one night when I had a disturbing dream about her needing a blood transfusion to get rid of the drugs. I contacted her father. She was using again and didn't want any help. I got sad and depressed. I realized that we didn't have the power to save someone and that we don't have the power to make people's decisions for them. Each and every one of us has received a free will from our Creator and which path we choose to take is everybody's own decision to make. Maybe one day we'll meet again and I'll see a beautiful daughter of God coming to greet me.

Now that the ice was broken to talk in front of people, Jesus threw another challenge my way. I was invited to give my testimony at a small church in one of the nearby towns. We went with a friend, my brother and cousin that weekend of the "world prayer day of 2006" to the church. They had a biker's service. The people attending the church that day were a mixture of old and young, bikers, the status quo and the local folk. I was faced with another challenge. I was asked to speak for half an hour but eventually was told I had five minutes. *"Holy Spirit, today I need that boldness."*

And that was just what I received, boldness. The Holy Spirit took over. I knew I was standing in front of the church, but it didn't feel like I was speaking at all. I remember telling them that they had to leave the porn and drugs, and I asked them that if Jesus was to come that day if they were ready to meet their Maker. Half of the church stood up and a powerful AMEN was heard. A tinkling feeling covered my body and goose bumps covered my skin as I felt the presence of God in that place.

After church a pastor from a biker's church in the mountains invited us to come visit them and also to speak at their church. I wanted to give more than my testimony and asked Jesus to give me dreams or visions with its interpretations especially for them. I didn't realize that these dreams would be an adventure on their own.

I dreamed that I had a baby, but that I didn't give birth to her. She was beautiful, and only a day old. I had to feed her every two hours. The second day I was a bit tired and drifted off. It was feeding time and the baby started to cry. I picked her up and went to the kitchen to make a bottle for her. Then this baby started saying words like glasses, cupboard, etc. How did she know the glasses were in the cupboard and how was she able to speak in just two days?

It turned out that this girl would grow up very fast. She would reach puberty within a month, talking fluently. I remember sending her off to school, but she would be a bit spiteful to the kids. There was one incident where she was borrowing a little boy's blanket and he wanted it back. I told her to give it back to him, because she was dressed nice and warm and he only had shorts on, he needed it more than she did. She gave him the blanket back but went and fell on him on purpose, head first. He really got hurt.

I woke up, but when I got back to sleep Jesus carried on with the dream, but the scenery was different.

Now she was all grown up, an adolescent, working with her father on a farm. The people on the farm were all busy building little cottages with grass roofs. Some would be in the field

cutting the grass and making bundles for the roofs and others were laying the roofs on the buildings, which were already built.

Her father showed her that she should take a bundle, see where it fits on the roof and then cut off the excess pieces and lay it firmly next to the others on the roof. She fooled around a bit, then went inside the house, took her bag and went off to meet some friends in a nightclub. Obviously the father was heartbroken, but he couldn't stop her.

At the nightclub she and her friends started drinking and the hostess, dressed in red, Jezebel, came to their table. With a smooth voice she lured the girls into her web. She kissed the girl on the cheek and at once she was under her spell.

This is what happens to a Christian when the foundation is not laid properly. We grow up too fast and when temptation comes we are so easily diverted again. Jesus is our root and foundation. We have to strive to build a lasting relationship with Him. It is important that our eyes always be kept on Him, no matter what. Sometimes it might feel as if everything is going too slow, but if it goes too fast we might just stumble and fall and hurt other members of the body of Christ in the process. We must also remember that we are part of the church of the Messiah. We are all part of a bigger picture, a bigger design. We must work together with our brothers and sisters in Jesus to achieve His goal for our lives.

A week later I got the second dream for them.

I dreamed that Spar was giving away pizza tickets every time you buy something. Every time you have 10 tickets you can exchange it for a pizza voucher. All through my dream we collected the tickets, until we had enough tickets for a pizza voucher. We then exchanged the tickets for a pizza voucher. We could choose from three flavours: mince chili, chicken chili or bacon chili. I remember Raymond, myself and Van was standing at BP garage at the pizza place deciding which flavour we wanted.

Jesus revealed the meaning of the dream to me. The tickets were the Word of God and the Truth of Jesus. We would learn a little bit at a time, from the Bible, from books, and from people until we come to realize a specific part of Truth. But there are a lot and we have to be patient with the little knowledge that we receive each day, so that at the end we can have a nice tasting pizza (TRUTH) and not just half a one. Although there were three different pizzas, all of them had one ingredient that was the same, chilli, which is Jesus. You might ask, but why chilli? It was just Jesus' way to make it personal and special for me. I love tobasco sauce or chillies on my pizza. Pizza without it, just doesn't taste the same. Life without Jesus just won't do at all.

Another dream followed shortly behind this one:

I dreamt that I was on a farm with a big harvest that had to come in. It was huge. I couldn't see the end of it. It looked like wheat (golden tan, yellowish – ripe and beautiful).

There was a woman talking to a man with black hair. She wanted to buy the big silo, for herself and was bargaining for it. There were two, but not round, these were huge, square, white steel ones; one smaller than the other.

This little girl, about six years old with long blonde hair, and I were looking for a bathroom. We really had to go. There was only one in the smaller silo, but we had to be careful so that the woman didn't see us. We found one. The top looked like a toilet, but its base was soil and a piece of grass with a little flower was growing out of it.

I remember that the little girl didn't really want to go there, but it was the only toilets around so she had to. I woke up, and after telling my husband my dream this song went through my head, one I haven't heard in years.

"All over the world, the Spirit is moving; All over the world as the prophets said it would be; All over the world, there's a mighty generation of the glory of the Lord as the waters covers the sea."

(Habakuk 2:14)

It was as if Jesus wanted me to know that this song didn't have meaning when it was written, but that it does have meaning now. God's harvest is ready to come in!

The Church, and with it the Bride of Jesus, is to get ready for her Bridegroom. The woman who bargained for the silos is the devil who wants to bargain for the souls of God's children. We can be sure that he will try everything in his power to seduce the children of God in these times to come. We have to stand strong in Jesus. We must make sure that our foundations are strong enough!

Matthew 9:37-38

"Then He said to His taught ones, 'The harvest truly is great, but the workers are few. Pray then that the Master of the harvest would send out workers to His harvest.'"

Matthew 13:30

"Let both grow together until the harvest, and at time of the harvest I shall say to the reapers, 'First gather the darnel and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my granary.'"

Matthew 13:37-43

"And He answering, said to them, 'He who is sowing the good seed is the Son of Adam, and the field is the world. And the good seed, these are the sons of the reign, but the darnel are the sons of the wicked one, and the enemy who sowed them is the devil. And the harvest is the end of the age, and the reapers are the messengers. As the darnel, then, is gathered and burned in the fire, so it shall be at the end of his age. 'The Son of Adam shall send out His messengers, and they shall gather out of His reign all the stumbling-blocks, and those doing lawlessness, and shall throw them into the furnace of fire – there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the reign of their Father. He who has ears to hear, let him hear!'"

John 4:35-38

"Do you not say, 'There are still four months, and the harvest comes'? See, I say to you, lift up your eyes and see the fields, for they are white for harvest – already! He who is reaping receives a reward, and gathers fruit for everlasting life, so that both he who is sowing and he who is reaping rejoice together. For in this the word is true, one sows and another reaps. I sent you to reap that for which you have not laboured. Others have laboured, and you have entered into their labours."

Revelation 14:15

"And another messenger came out of the Dwelling Place, crying with a loud voice to the One sitting on the cloud, 'Send Your sickle and reap, because the hour has come for You to reap, because the harvest of the earth is ripe.'"

The last dream Jesus gave me before our trip to the church was about the bride of the Messiah and had a little twist and adventure which went along with it.

I had a white cloth on my head, covering my hair. On top of this was a golden embroidered cross which I stitched on myself.

We wanted time in the house. There were two clocks. The one was purple and the other one was white. I battled to get the nail into the wall. I had to put pollyfilla around the nail to prevent it from falling out. I then hung the purple clock on the wall. A man wanted to set the time on it, but I got irritated with him. "It doesn't work," I said. "You have to hang the other clock on top of that one."

He did and then he kissed me. I kissed him back at first and then pushed him back, feeling guilty at the feeling I just had inside of me when I kissed this stranger. My heart was yearning for him, but I'm married...

There were a few symbols in the dream, which had the following meaning:

White: Pure (without mixture, unblemished, spotless, righteousness).

Revelation 19:8 "And to her it was given to be dressed in fine linen, clean and bright, for the fine linen is the righteousnesses of the set-apart ones."

Gold cross: High Priest – Jesus.

Exodus 28:5-6 "And they shall take the gold, and the blue and purple and scarlet material, and fine linen, and shall make the shoulder garment of gold, of blue and purple and scarlet material, and fine woven linen, the work of a skilled workman."

Hebrew 6:20 "Where יהושע has entered as a forerunner for us, having become High Priest forever according to the order of Malkitsedeq."

Purple clock: Past time – Jesus's crucifixion.

Mark 15:17 "And decked Him with purple. And they plaited a crown of thorns, put it on Him,"

White clock: Jesus's blood washes us clean.

Nail: Word of God – covenant, wisdom, vows, steadfast, permanent, and unmovable.

Ecclesiastes 12:11 "The words of the wise are like goads, and as nails driven by the masters of collections – they were given by one Shepherd."

Isaiah 41:7 "And the craftsman strengthens the goldsmith. He who smooths with the hammer inspires him who strikes the anvil, saying of the joining, 'It is good'. And he strengthens it with nails, so it does not totter."

Kind stranger: Jesus – a minister of mercy, helper.

Kiss: Agreement, Covenant

I've asked Jesus that if it was Him that kissed me in my dream, He must please let me open at a scripture talking about Him and I would know that it was Him. I opened at:

Acts 14:3 "So they remained a long time, speaking boldly in the Master, who was bearing witness to the word of His favour, giving signs and wonders to be done by their hands."

Then Jesus started talking to me through the Spirit.

"Only I can set time. It was right for you to push Me away for your husband, because I gave him to you. He is your earthen husband, but foremost you are My bride. You will not be married to one another in heaven, because you will be married to Me, but you will be like brother and sister to one another. I want you to make your bridal headpiece, which I've

shown you. Like the covenant I made with your husband I want to make one with you. Go and buy the material."

A little uneasy I took our last money for the week which I had set aside for milk, bread and meat and went to buy the material. This in itself was a step of faith. After I bought the material Jesus told me to go and have a look in my bank account. My UIF were paid into my account that day. Once again He provided and shown that He is in control of every situation.

On my way back I crossed a parking lot. There was an old lady in a wheelchair. Jesus wanted me to pray for her, but I didn't want to. There were a lot of people and I was shy.

"*Strike two*", I heard Jesus said. Strike one was in my dream when I didn't recognize Him. I felt like Peter. Then we walked passed three young men. If they greet me I will tell them Jesus loved them, maybe He wouldn't be that angry with me. They didn't greet me, so I didn't say anything.

"*Strike three*", I heard Jesus said. But they didn't greet me.

"*It doesn't matter. You could've still told them I loved them.*"

I felt so ashamed. Like a dog with its tail between its legs I went home and made the headpiece. Afterwards on order from Jesus I went and prayed in my room. When I had finished praying *I saw Him put a bunch of yellow roses in front of me on the bed.* Wow!!! I love you to my King! He gave me this scripture:

Isaiah 54:5-10

"For your Maker is your husband, יהוה of hosts is His Name, and the Set-apart One of Yisra'el is your Redeemer. He is called the Elohim of all the earth. For יהוה has called you like a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, like a wife of youth when you were refused," declares your Elohim. For a little while I have forsaken you, but with great compassion I shall gather you. In an overflow of wrath I hid My face from you for a moment, but with everlasting loving-commitment I shall have compassion on you," said יהוה your Redeemer. For this is the waters of Noah to me, in that I have sworn that the waters of Noah would never again cover the earth, so have I sworn not to wroth with you, nor to rebuke you. For though the mountains be removed and the hills be shaken, My loving-commitment is not removed from you, nor is My covenant of peace shaken," said יהוה, who has compassion on you."

Thank You, my Lord!

Revelation 19:7

"Let us be glad and rejoice and give Him praise, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife prepared herself."

About a month after I have made the headpiece it was time to go to the biker's church in the mountains. Jesus told me before that if I was going to talk to the people I should wear the headpiece I made. I wasn't sure if I should and asked Him.

"Take it with."

Arriving at the church, I was glad that I have asked Jesus to give me dreams and visions for this church. After the praise and worship, the pastor introduced me and I had the floor. He wasn't going to preach that day. *Lord you really have put me into deep waters today.*

With the headpiece on my head I went through my testimony and all the dreams. After my talk the pastor extended an invitation for others to bring their testimonies as well. An old lady came to the front to tell us her story. She had gone for an operation and was scared to go

to sleep. She asked God to please show her how He had seen her in a dream when He first created her. He showed her herself and another girl trying on a beautiful party dress. It was so beautiful that neither of them wanted to take it off when they had it on. Then I heard Jesus again:

“Give her the headpiece.”

I stood up and gave the headpiece to her. She started crying and in between the tears started kissing me on the cheeks. She looked up and said *“Thank you God. Now I know I’m special to You.”*

No matter what He asks of you, always obey God. You may never know how your obedience could touch someone else’s life.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 7 - The Big Break

I was serving Jesus and I was a tattoo artist and enjoyed my work, but the clients were getting fewer. Some of my friends urged me to quit the profession. I thought that I was good at what I did, and thought that they were just jealous. They said that I should rather start painting again. Confusion struck deep in my heart with a little rebellion as well. That night I laid it before Jesus.

“Jesus, if You want me to start painting again, You have to give me paint. You know I don’t have much paint left. If it is Your will I want Winsor and Newton acrylic paint and a canvas that is already prepared, like the ones you get at the art shops.”

This was between me and Jesus and no one knew of this prayer. The next morning at 7 am there was a knock at the door. It was one of our friends who had a present for me. He opened the bag to reveal *Winsor and Newton acrylic paint, a canvas still wrapped in plastic like the ones in the art shops, other acrylic paints, oil paints and lots of paint brushes in different sizes.*

“O Jesus, You’ve given me more than I’ve asked for.”

With tears in my eyes I told him about my prayer the previous night. Was Jesus trying to tell me something? Was the tattoo business coming to an end? Has He got other plans for my life?

There was a new season dawning in our lives. My cousin moved out and my brother moved in with us. With me being out of a job we decided to look for cheaper accommodation and found a beautiful flat that met our needs. The flat was filled with light from all the windows and this gave it a much lighter atmosphere than our previous home which didn’t have one window in the sitting room, which in contrast gave it a dark and gloomy atmosphere. In that part of the house you wouldn’t even know if it was night or day.

There was light shed on our home, and now it was time for a different light. Jesus felt that it was time for another vision. He wanted me to know what was happening to our beautiful lake.

Jesus took me by my elbow and led me to the lake. The darkness that was at the end of the lake had spread right to the front. The beautiful crystal clear water was now covered in darkness. Jesus turned me to Him.

"You'll have to walk through the lake to the other side. I won't be going with you, but I will be waiting for you on the other side."

I had to walk through this darkness alone? Jesus wasn't there anymore. I knew He was already at the other side, but I couldn't see Him, it was too far away. I gave the first step and saw my foot on top of the lake. Even with the next steps my feet didn't penetrate the dark water but I was walking on top of it just like Jesus did a long time ago.

With my head held high, sturdily, I walked in grace through the darkness. On either side of me were demons that sprang up and scratched at me. They tore and scratched pieces of flesh out of my face. Blood was running from the wounds and pieces of flesh were hanging from my cheeks. The worst part of it was that all my friends were between these demons, jumping up with them tearing at my face with angry faces. It hurt so badly.

I closed my eyes and imagined my Saviour waiting for me on the other side. I walked with steady strides, steadfast in Jesus. Close to the end I felt His warmth and opened my eyes. There He was waiting for me with open arms. The closer I got to Him the more the wounds on my body started to glow, first only a little, and then more and more brightly. It shined with the glory of God. Bright yellow-white lights were bursting out of all my wounds. With love and compassion He locked me into His arms.

I felt the prompting of the Holy Spirit in my heart. I had to break away from all my old friends and their habits. The drugs were still playing too big a part in their lives. One can't serve two gods. As long as something still got control over you and you can't let go, you are a slave to it, serving it. I had to give up everything for Him, even my friends. He wanted to be number one in my life. He gave me these verses:

Isaiah 62:2-3

"And the nations shall see your righteousness, and all sovereigns your esteem. And you shall be called by a new name, which the mouth of יהוה designates. And you shall be a crown of comeliness in the hand of יהוה, and a royal head-dress in the hand of your Elohim."

This was going to be one of the hardest things to do, but I remembered that Jesus was standing at the other end waiting.

Psalms 26:3

"For Your loving-commitment is before my eyes, and I have walked in Your truth."

I told my husband about the vision and how I felt that we had to break away from all our old friends. He wasn't very happy about it, but accepted it. He too realized that if we really wanted to kick the drug habit, we had to distance ourselves from the substances too. If it is not freely available, and out of sight, there is less of a temptation.

One by one I told our friends that we had to be separated from them for an indefinite time. They didn't take it very well, as they were feeling that God would never ask one such a thing as to let your friends go, but they had to accept our decision. We felt very strongly about this and nothing would change our minds.

One of our friends frequently came over for bible study, but Jesus was insisting that I break the bonds with her as well. I learned that she was still using as well. She took it worst of all and tried to commit suicide. Her brother phoned my husband blaming me for what happened

to his sister. Raymond stood up for me and told him that no-one was to blame for her actions. Everybody makes his/her own decisions.

We just prayed for them all, especially for her. By the grace of God she pulled through. How sad this time was for us, and how torn our hearts were, but this was not the worst part of it all. I thought that this must've been the part where they tore my face into pieces which I saw in the vision, but this part was still to come.

I deepened my knowledge of God, studying His Word, reading books of different women and men of God and their walk with Jesus. During this time I got more and more visions, dreams and promises of things still to come and I got excited. *"There is never a dull moment with You, my King, is there?"*

I've never asked Jesus to stop giving me visions. Each one was special and left me in awe, until one night. This nightly vision was an exception; as it left me sweaty and sick to my stomach.

I saw two men taking Jesus off the cross. My focus was drawn to His side where one could see the insides of Jesus. His flesh was sticking to the cross. Why did we think that the cross was a smooth piece of wood? It wasn't. It was rough, unfinished wood. The two men had a hard time getting His flesh off the cross. I couldn't bear to look any more. "Please stop Jesus." I closed my eyes tightly, squeezing them together as to blind myself to what I saw, and then it disappeared and I heard His gentle voice.

"You are not only going to see good things."

For the first time these scriptures in the Bible became more than a reality to me.

Isaiah 52:14

"As many were astonished at You – so the disfigurement beyond any man's and His form beyond the sons of men – "

Isaiah 53:5-8

"But He was pierced for our transgressions, He was crushed for our crookednesses. The chastisement for our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed. We all, like sheep, went astray, each one of us has turned to his own way. And יהוה has laid on Him the crookedness of us all. He was oppressed and He was afflicted, but He did not open His mouth. He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before its shearers is silent, but He did not open His mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgement. And as for His generation, who considered that He shall be cut off from the land of the living? For the transgression of My people He was stricken."

Jesus took up His cross for me, now it was time for me to take up my cross for Him.

Matthew 16:24

"Then יהושע said to His taught ones, 'If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his stake, and follow Me.'"

Galatians 6:14

"And for me, let it not be that I should boast except in the stake of our Master יהושע Messiah, through whom the world has been impaled to me, and I to the world."

We wanted to come clean before God. Shortly after this we went to a Worship and Prophetic camp. We took all our metal CD's and Magic: The Gathering cards with. Sorcery and magic is wrong in God's eyes:

Deuteronomy 18:10-12

“Let no one be found among you who makes his son or his daughter pass through the fire, or one who practices divination, or a user of magic, or one who interprets omens or a sorcerer, or one who conjures spells, or a medium, or a spiritist, or one who calls up the dead. For whoever does these are an abomination to יהוה and because of these abominations יהוה your Elohim drives them out from before you.”

They had a big round stone where they made bonfires at night. We decided to make a statement and burn all our idols in front of witnesses and God, on an altar of flames. That first night of the camp everything got stacked on top of the burning wood and we burnt it all into ashes. The next morning when I opened our cabin door ashes were formed in the shape of roses from our door right to the place where we burnt everything. *Wow God! You are supernaturally awesome and romantic. Even now you shower me with roses.*

Back home more boxes were filled with things that God despised, including our tattoo equipment. My cousin joined us in our “cleaning spree” and together we filled a car boot and trailer full of our past bondages. We drove out to a farm where we organized two big empty oil barrels in which we burnt all the junk. As it all burned away we thanked Jesus for our new lives in Him.

We saw less of our friends and became more involved in a local church. One of God’s promises came to pass and I found out that we were pregnant. This was a miracle on its own, which deserves its own chapter. One of the ladies in our church was working as a journalist at the local newspaper and heard about my testimony. She wanted it written and published in the next issue, so we made an appointment. I told her in short of my past life and how Jesus had saved me, healed me and changed my life. The tattoos on my forearm are so obvious and always provoke questions. I told her how they were now just battle scars and of our expedition of burning everything. How I felt that according to God’s word, that it is wrong.

The story got published in the next issue and a few days later the angry mob came knocking on my door. The previous night Jesus gave me a dream to warn me about what was going to happen. They were angry, but through their anger they mentioned that they don’t want to upset me or the baby. They went raging on and I saw my flesh being scratched from my body in the spiritual. Through all this I could feel my baby kicking like a mad man in my tummy, and I prayed to Jesus to keep me calm, to give me peace not to verbally abuse them, and to guard my tongue. Miraculous I kept my cool and was friendly with them the whole time. They left. Even though I never mentioned any friends in the article, but talked about myself and my ordeals, and my feelings about tattoos according to God’s word, (Leviticus 19:2; 19:28, Hebrew 13:8, Ephesians 1:4) it was taken personally. They thought that I had bad-mouthed the whole tattoo business, and that people will now see them as bad people. My spirit was crying out inside of me, though not a word escaped my mouth. *It is not about you or about me, don’t you understand? It’s about Jesus, it’s all about Jesus, how He saved me, how He can save everybody if they just let Him. Jesus, make them see, please.*

At long last they left and I was tired and sad. I cried to Jesus to let them see the light, to let them understand, to show them the way He showed me. My husband and I felt sad and a little angry at them for the accusations that were made while I was pregnant, but realized that they were blinded by earthly things. *We are in this world, but not from this world.* We earnestly prayed for them and sorrow filled my heart for them.

Jesus saw my sorrow and gave me another vision.

I came out of the lake, dressed in shining armour with a grey mantle of meekness hanging over my shoulders. Jesus was standing there waiting for me. I kneeled before Him, my head resting against His legs. He put His hand on my head.

I was worried about my friends. Standing up He motioned me to look back. "Look", He said. "Don't worry about them. Angels are attending them." I saw angels with food going out to my friends. The food of TRUTH, soon they will be healed.

"Come with Me." Jesus took my hand and led me to a desert. In the far distance I could see lots of people. At first I thought I saw the devil's army. I thought I was going to run into a battle. Jesus wanted me to join them. I walked to them and all of a sudden realized that it was the Israelites.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Go away! You don't belong here." A man went off at me and started moaning to himself about the bad conditions and how they've been walking for days again.

Then I was with Moses on the mountain. He couldn't see me. He was looking out at the Promised Land. I could see that it was beautiful for him, although I didn't see it for myself. My focus was on Moses. His face looked so old and scorned. The Israelites had made him old before his time. What burdens he had to carry. My little ordeal with my friends that I had to go through all of a sudden felt like nothing compared to the sufferings of this man. Moses, O what a great man of God you were. I pray that I will meet you one day and give you a big hug. I have so much respect for you.

He took Moses away and an angel was there attending to me, wiping my tears away. "Are you ready to go on?" I heard the Holy Spirit ask. "Yes."

I was with Daniel in the Lion's den. He was sitting against the wall, hugging his legs with a smile on his face, eyes closed. What a brave man. Then I looked at the lions. An angel was holding a lion like a little kitten.

"No matter where I sent you or what I ask of you to do for me, you must have faith." I heard Jesus' voice again.

Jesus showed me two great men today to teach me to fully trust Him and have faith in Him. Thank you Jesus. I'll look with different eyes at these two men from now on. Have faith in God your Elohim.

Faith. This five letter word will play a very big role in our lives in the days to come. Long days and nights were laying ahead for us as a family.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 8 - The Rose of Sharon

Songs 2:1 "I am the Rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

Before the big break, one of our old friends brought me pink baby clothes. We struggled for 11 years to fall pregnant. After all the miscarriages I really didn't need this. I thought that she was very insensitive and my heart was braking in pieces. That night, I cried out to God. "Why are You doing this to me Father? Can't You see that I'm hurting enough? If You

really wanna give us a child, do You want me to get as old as Sara and Abraham? You promised us children, please don't let me get 80 before our child is born."

My heart was broken and torn apart. I went to see a pastor of one of the churches in town, asking him if he knew something I didn't. I was seeking answers I couldn't find. He told me a story of his brother and sister-in-law. They were struggling just like us to get pregnant. Eventually God honoured their request. During the pregnancy they found out that the wife had cancer. It spread to the baby. A very short while after the baby was borne; the brother lost his child and wife to cancer. The pastor said to me that maybe God is not honouring my request, because something like this might happen and He was sparing me heartache.

I left the pastor's house more confused and devastated. *"O Father I don't understand. Stop sending me signals if it is not in store for us to have a child. Don't give me one if only You are going to take my baby away again..."*

August 2006 brought more tears and heartache. My grandma and I became closer than before after I was borne again. I even prayed for her back and saw her foot grow in my hands almost 5 cm's. She was already in her 70's. Grandma was a beautiful women of God, humble and yet strong in Jesus. All those years she was praying for me to have a special meeting with my Saviour and shared in my joy finding Him.

The last day I saw her alive I was with a friend and couldn't stay for a long visit like I usually do. We would sit in the kitchen by the window with a cup of coffee, remembering the days of old and reliving the past as if it were yesterday. That day she stopped me and said: *"My child, my breath wants to leave me."*

"Nonsense," I replied. *"Next week I'm coming for a visit again and we'll spend some quality time together."*

Next week did come and the only quality time I spend with her, was saying goodbye, seeing her lying on her bed where her breathe left her in her sleep. I was strong for mom and her sisters, helping where I could with the necessary arrangements. After the church service when everybody was drinking tea, I just couldn't keep it together anymore. I ran out, dropped to my knees and let the fountains rip through my body. Slowly the pain was building a barrier between me and my Saviour and I lost contact with that still loved voice.

There was another woman's camp at the end of October 2006. I booked my place in advance. I needed to clear my head, concentrate on the things God has planned for me and try to forget this longing of loosing an all-in-one, friend, mother and grandma. The yearning in my heart of being a mother was also getting stronger. Jesus knows what is best for me. Even though I couldn't hear Him so clearly anymore, I was spending my days working for His glory. I made small little cards with His love letter and some powerful verses on them. Afterwards I would tackle the streets of our town and hand them out to everyone I see, telling them how much they are loved by our Saviour. Some people welcomed the gesture; others gave me the cold shoulder.

The time was getting near to go to the camp. I came home from the streets the one day with aching feet. They were swollen and I heard that still voice again. *"Go lie down and put your feet up."* Within minutes the pounding in my feet and ankles stopped. An urge to get a pregnancy test took hold of me again. I've taken so many before. Almost every month when I would be late with my periods for a few days, I would get a test. Why would this be any different than the previous ones? I tried convincing myself that if I was pregnant, I probably wouldn't be able to go to the camp. The dirt road going to the camp wouldn't be a healthy ride for a pregnant woman.

With a pounding heart I looked at the two stripes of the test in my hand. *"O Father, I'm pregnant!"* With shaking hands I dialled my husband on the cell phone. *"We're pregnant. There are two lines."* I could hear his disbelief on the other end of the line. We both had our doubts, but a blood test quickly cleared that up. With overwhelming joy we contacted family and friends with the great news.

11 October 2006, forty days into my pregnancy I got a dream and promise from God. The dream had 3 parts, each with a significant meaning to each of them.

I was a little girl. Mother and I were on Table Mountain. There were flowers all over the place, but in desperate need of water. Then superman came and watered the flowers and they got well again. Two verses were given to me:

1 Peter 1:24-25

"because 'All flesh is as grass, and all the esteem of man as the flower of the grass. The grass withers, and its flower falls away, but the Word of Elohim remains forever.' And this is the Word, announced as good News to you."

Songs 2:1

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."

Instinctively I knew Jesus was showing me the flower blooming inside of me, a beautiful daughter, a vision of beauty and He gave her, her name: Sharon-Rose.

There were two guys climbing a cliff. When they reached the top. Two ladies were waiting for them there. They were asked to jump with them, but the one lady said that she was afraid of heights. When the two guys reached the top, one bunged off the cliff to the bottom and the other Para-suited to the bottom.

Jesus is giving us a promise that He will be the baby's health line and parachute during the pregnancy. He will keep her safe.

I was a guy in the army. Together with another guy we were responsible for a lot of the killing that went on. We took the bodies of the diseased and loaded them into an ambulance. Then we took them to the local hospital. Next to a ward where injured people were treated, was a mortuary. We loaded them off there and got paid for each body. Everything seemed so unreal, like a computer game.

The Holy Spirit guided me to three verses explaining this last part for me.

Revelation 12:7-10

"And there came to be fighting in the heaven: Mika'el and his messengers fought against the dragon. And the dragon and his messengers fought, but they were not strong enough, nor was a place found for them in the heaven any longer. And the great dragon was thrown out, that serpent of old, called the Devil and Satan, who leads all the world astray. He was thrown to the earth, and his messengers were thrown out with him. And I heard a loud voice saying in the heaven, 'Now have come the deliverance and the power and the reign of our Elohim and the authority of His Messiah, for the accuser of our brothers, who accused them before our Elohim day and night, has been thrown down.'"

2 Timothy 2:3-4

"Suffer hardship with us as a good soldier of יהושע Messiah. No one serving as a soldier gets involved in the affairs of this life, in order to please only him who enlisted him as a soldier."

Psalm 55:21

"His mouth was smoother than curds, Yet in his heart is fighting; His words were softer than oil, But they are drawn swords."

Death showed termination, loss and sorrow. Satan didn't want this child to be born. Therefore we will be involved in a lot of spiritual warfare for the child. He is trying to make us believe that this pregnancy will result also in death like our other babies, but Jesus has promised (through the parachute and bungee chord) that this baby will be save! Besides this, Jesus promised that He will always provide for her physical needs as well.

Our new trial and endurance of our faith and trust in Jesus began. The 23rd of October I went for my first visit to the clinic. With all the previous miscarriages I was classified as a high risk patient and was send to the genealogist section of the government hospital. The sonar indicated that I was 6 weeks and 2 days pregnant. A lot of tests were done and my next appointment scheduled for a week later. Back home I wrote my first letter for my baby girl.

My little Angel

I was at the hospital today and had such a fright. I was thrown from the sisters to the doctors, all concerning that I'm a high risk with a possible miscarriage. It broke my heart. I couldn't stand loosing you. God has promised you to us and He has promised to keep you safe. I trust in Him and pray that the blood of Jesus will keep you safe. Daddy and I already love you deeply, although it's only been seven weeks.

Love

Mom

30 October 2006

With the previous miscarriages, my progesterone levels where very low, more than two thirds less than what it should've been. Our main concern was for this test's outcome. The test results came back and everything looked normal. Praise God, so far so good.

2 November 2006

I started bleeding late that night. Raymond phoned our sister-in-law, Michele, who took us to the emergency ward in the hospital immediately. Satan had started his evil plan to take our child.

Firstly a sister came to my side, saying, *"Don't worry, God sometimes picks His most beautiful flowers first. You will get pregnant again."*

She just assumed that I was about to loose my baby. I was getting hysterical. *"No, He promised her to us, He won't take her away."* Although I was proclaiming life over our child to this woman, fear crept into my heart, and its cold hands were closing in around my throat. I was twelve weeks pregnant and at a very critical stage of the pregnancy.

The doctor came and did an internal examination. I thought this to be very strange as well. Another woman who also was there for something that was going wrong in the pregnancy was taken to the sonar room. Wouldn't the doctor just make it worst doing an internal examination? He said that everything was still in place, but on my card he wrote; possible miscarriage. *"No, not again. Jesus, You promised."*

I was submitted into the hospital to be monitored. Slept forsake me that night as one scary thought after another raced through my mind. Terrified I even woke up my cousin in the early morning hours to seek some comfort, re-assurance and prayer in my distress.

Two days went by after which I was released and placed under strict bed rest for at least 3 weeks. The only place I was allowed to walk to, be the bathroom. The only trip I was allowed to make was our now weekly visits to the doctors.

6 November 2006

The bleeding had stopped and I could hear Sharon-Rose's heart beat for the first time. Thank You Jesus for Your parachute. The doctor's were all calling her a "precious baby".

11 December 2006

We still continued with our weekly visits. Although I was not on bed rest anymore, I still wasn't allowed to do my normal housewife duties. The men had to do their own washing and cooking, but at least our baby was safe. The doctor's assured us that we were over the danger of a possible miscarriage. God is bigger than the devil who tried to take our child away. We were thanking Jesus for His protection and treasured our growing love for a person whom we haven't even seen yet.

18 December 2006

Jesus gave me another warning through a dream.

I was in labour. I knew I lost too much blood and was getting weaker. Our baby girl was born and laid in my arms. I felt too weak to hold her and gave her to Raymond. "She's beautiful, look after her," I said as my soul left my body to be with God. God showed me how Raymond was praying for me to be revived and God granted him his request.

I asked Raymond to intercede immediately for me for that day when our baby girl would be born. We both prayed for God's protection and that not too much blood will be lost.

31 December 2006

My dear daughter

It is New Year's Eve and your aunt took us to a penthouse she was looking after for friends while they were on holiday. As we stood outside on the roof which forms their front porch, we watched God's masterpiece unfolding right in front of us as He painted the sky with the most amazing colours. Right now He is forming your countenance into a masterpiece of magnificent splendour and beauty. I can't wait to see what glorious masterpiece He is forming here inside of me. I'm certain you will be the most beautiful masterpiece what I ever could've asked for or imagined.

26 February 2007

As the weeks went by, everything looked normal, except for the doctors who thought it was going to be a boy, but a later sonar on the 6th of March proofed that God's Word is true and that she was without a doubt a little girl. We got word that she will be a Godly leader, loved by God, like Joshua and David.

For Sharon-Rose:

Joshua 1:9

"Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid, nor dismayed, for יהוה your Elohim is with you wherever you go."

The 25th of March 2007, we received another word for Sharon-Rose that already from a very young age; she will be blessed and walking in all the nine gifts of the Holy Spirit. Less than two weeks later another prophecy was spoken over her life, that she will turn this rainbow nation of our land around. God has bestowed a huge favour upon our child. It's

overwhelming. We truly are blessed to have been chosen to be parents to such a remarkable child.

A month before she was born I got extremely sick and was diagnosed with tick fever. Again her life was threatened. Doctors had to decide whether they should give me the antibiotics, which was not yet proven safe for pregnant woman, or not. Not giving me the antibiotics turned out to be more dangerous for both of us than the antibiotics. Through prayer and God's grace, we survived this ordeal as well.

On the 10th of June the birth pains started and we rushed to hospital. There was only skeleton staff at the hospital. Doctors and nurses were on strike, demanding more salary. The pain was getting worse and doctors and nurses were getting less. Military personnel with machine guns were starting to enter the hospital. Great, just what I needed. I learned from a cleaner, who took a change coming to work, that there was a bomb threat and that hospital personnel who attempted to come to work that day's lives were being threatened. Is that roaring lion, the devil never going to give up!

24 hours of intense birth pains passed and I was only 3 cm's unlatched. The possibility of our baby's life being threatened was becoming more of a reality by the minute. According to the doctor on duty it would be another 72 hours. An emergency caesarean was scheduled. During the operation I lost a lot of blood just as God showed me in the dream. After Sharon-Rose was born, Raymond took her and I was pushed back to my room. Family who was waiting for us made a remark that I was pale. I felt very weak with all the blood loss, but when she was put in my arms I thanked Abba Father for pulling me through this ordeal. Truly her name gives her justice; Sharon-Rose: a vision of beauty.

The 1st of July 2007 it was her dedication service. Pastor Bill acquired of Father something especially for her. Jesus told him to share the birth of Moses with us. How appropriate. Moses' life was threatened but God kept him safe, just like he kept Sharon-Rose safe during the pregnancy. Moses became a very powerful leader and this was just a confirmation to us of the prophecy that went out over her before she was even born.

The scripture that was given was Exodus 2:1-2. In those verses it says, "*... and she saw that he was a lovely child.*" Isn't God amazing? God, Elohim of Hosts, Creator of the universe and of all, takes so much care and time to make us feel special. He showed me that beautiful flowers right in the beginning and gave her name to me, Sharon-Rose, *a vision of beauty*. It is so special and wonderful to have a personnel relationship with Him. I feel so honoured that He shared these things with us, like to a close friend. "*O Majesty, grace has found me just as I am, empty handed, but alive in Your hands.*"

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 9 - Jedidja (House of Hope)

Isaiah 61:2-4

"to proclaim the acceptable year of יהוה, and the day of vengeance of our Elohim, to comfort all who mourn, to appoint unto those who mourn in Tsiyon: to give them embellishment for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. And they shall be called trees of righteousness, a planting of יהוה, to be adorned. And they shall

rebuild the old ruins, raise up the formers wastes. And they shall restore the ruined cities, the wastes of many generations.”

Before I started to write this book, I was going through all my journals to put together the most important things to write about. Writing the “big break” chapter, I came across these verses of Isaiah 61:2-4 and didn’t realize up until now that God was already preparing me in May 2006 for my meeting with my Jedidja family.

Near the end of May 2008 a lady gave me a call. She and her husband got my number from a guy who was hitchhiking whom they in return, gave a lift. Apparently a good friend of mine, Van, also gave this guy a lift a few days before them. Van and this guy, who called himself Servant South Africa, a servant in the service of our Saviour, Jesus, started talking. Servant RSA, as he like being called, told Van that he hitchhikes to different places, working in between the gangsters, hobos and druggies. Van told him my testimony and gave him my number.

This lady, Sonja, told Servant RSA how they had a son who was addicted to heroine. They felt pressed to help parents in similar situations, but had no idea how to help the kids or what went through their minds. They wanted to come and see me that day. I felt the Holy Spirit come over me and knew this was Jesus’ working. Who else could orchestrate such a meeting? I’m just amazed by His working more and more each day.

That morning when I opened my front gate for Sonja and Org I felt like I’ve always known them. It was as if I was welcoming back a long lost brother and sister. It was an indescribable feeling. How do you feel you have known somebody your whole life when you only meet them for the first time? I knew, the same Spirit that lives in me, lives in them.

We started sharing our live stories with each other. In front of me sat two good parents who went through hell and high water with their son’s drug addiction, the pain, the lies, the deceit, being robbed to quench his drug thirst, etc. I started to understand and see from the parent’s point of view. They had a vision to help and Jesus gave them Isaiah 61 to repair the broken hearted and brake the chains of addictions. Vision 61 was born. They thought that they will be used in helping the parents, but God had more than that in store for them. They invited us to their holiday resort next to the Vaalriver that following weekend.

We got introduced to the Pastor of their church and the youth group who were there. We gave our testimonies and were invited to join them in an anti-drug campaign in a nearby town. The High School where the outreach was held marched with us through the streets with anti-drug posters and posters of Jesus setting captives free. Back at the school the Pastor cornered me to give my testimony to the kids. I was on the program for the next day. An overwhelming shyness and fear came over me. This was much bigger than just a few kids from a single class whom I spoke to before. I declined and told him that I would just rather give my testimony the next day as scheduled.

The next day very little people arrived for the campaign. There was so much effort that went in for the day. Stalls were erected on the rugby field containing all kinds of information about drugs and more importantly JESUS. We bought my little baby daughter a necklace with a cross on. If you turn it, the lights inside was suppose to light up and flicker, but it didn’t. I thought the batteries must be either very weak or dead, and put the necklace in one of my pockets in my pants to look at it later.

Besides the fact that only a handful of children showed up that morning, I woke up without a voice. I couldn’t make myself heard and immediately I felt so guilty not listening to one of God’s shepherds. I went to the bathroom and closed the door behind me. Dropping on my knees I cried out to Jesus. My heart was broken. It felt I disappointed the One I love so

deeply. With tears running down my cheeks I begged for His forgiveness. *“O Jesus, I’m so sorry. Please give me another opportunity to make it up to You. Please give me my voice back when I need it today for Your honour and glory.”* My eyes were drawn to a flickering in my pants. The cross of my baby girl which was turned off, was flickering in my pants. It was working! *“Jesus, my Saviour. Thank You. I’m forgiven by my Saviour, by His working on the cross, by His grace.”*

Immediately I ran out of the bathroom to my husband, filled with wonder and awe. In a soft voice I told him of my miracle. I was called for my testimony. With shaking hands around the microphone I opened my mouth to another miracle. My voice was given back to me to give my testimony. Afterwards it was gone again, but better than before. I could let myself be heard with a little more than a whisper. No words can describe the greatness of our King.

A new friendship was kindled and Sonja and Org started off with a new vision from God. Jedidja, House of Hope, was born. New contacts from all over were made and Jesus send them some of His children in His season and timeslots.

More kids were sent to them, beautiful people who was robbed by satan from their blessings from God. All of a sudden I found myself involved in these kids’ lives with a compassion and desire to show them the love of our Messiah. My weekends would now be spend with my new family and the words of a prophet two and a half years ago rang in my ears: *“You will one day go back to the place where you’re from now, back to the druggies and work with them telling them about Jesus.”*

For more than a year Jedidja became our second home. I was honoured to have been part of the birth of such an awesome working of our miracle working God. When a drug addict comes in, you see a lost soul, beaten and bruised by satan’s lies. Physically and emotionally they are broken down to nothingness. Their eyes are dead and emotionless. They had no care in the world. Is this how I looked like?

Slowly as their body detoxed from the drugs, their spirit became acceptable to the working of the Holy Spirit. I can understand why there is a celebration in heaven for every prodigal son and daughter who returns home to our Heavenly Father. It is an incredible sight to see a dead face the one moment, and a face lit up like a candle the next moment, as Jesus are made Saviour of their soul. It is then that all the tears, heartache and sorrow are being washed away by the blood of the Lamb and the captive are being set free.

“Not all are chosen.” This I found out with much sadness as well. As much as everybody on the team gave a helping hand and led them to the Living Water, there were still some who didn’t want to drink from the Fountain of Life. They preferred to go back into the snares of the devil and his manipulating dealers and their lies. It hurts more than I thought it possibly could when you walk a path with someone and then see him rejecting the King of kings. If it hurts me this much, how must it hurt my blessed Saviour every time one of His children chooses to reject Him.

Through this time I was in God’s learning school. I met so many people with so much wisdom and knowledge in the things of God. I don’t think that these mighty, humble giants of Jesus even know what a huge impact they have on people’s lives.

To the team of Jedidja, everybody who started off with the vision and the ones who are now part of the team; thank you for your obedience in answering to the calling Jesus laid on your lives. You are making a difference and are appreciated.

Being part of the learning school I came to realise what magnificent power there is in prayer and the power of proclamation. I asked the children to each write down a prayer to Jesus and

hanged it on a wooden cross in the corner of the hall where church was held. Every time I entered the hall and didn't have any other obligations I would go to the cross and pray over each prayer and the one whom it was from.

A new guy arrived. He was very manipulative over the others and it looked like he was controlling some of them like puppets on a string. I had a session with him in the hall. Immediately when I started talking about Jesus I could feel an invisible hand closing in around my throat, trying to silence me. I started proclaiming who Jesus was, the Living Son of God, the Word of God who became flesh, Who through the Holy Spirit was born of a virgin, who at the end died for our sins and on the third day rose again. I proclaimed how every knee shall bow and tongue confess that Jesus Our Messiah is the Great I am, He is the Lord of lords, He is the Son of God and the Messiah who was to come! With every word I could feel the clinging around my throat getting weaker and eventually disappeared. I could see the recognition of what just happened in his eyes as he confessed to me that he had a very powerful demon inside of him whom no one can get rid of.

Throughout our session I caught him looking in disgust to the pieces of paper and saw his discomfort and immediately knew as the Holy Spirit revealed it to my heart. *"There is a canopy of prayer which you can't penetrate around that cross, isn't there?"* He looked furious and confirmed my thought. Even though I knew that Jesus could set him free, the decision was still his to make. He enjoyed the power and control over others that the demons gave him more, in spite the fact that he knew what the consequences of it were.

Matthew 12:43-45

"Now when the unclean spirit goes out of a man, he goes through dry places, seeking rest, and finds none. Then it says, 'I shall return to my house from which I came'. And when it comes it finds it empty, swept and decorated. Then it goes and takes with it seven other spirits more wicked than itself, and they enter and dwell there. And the last of that man is worse than the first. So shall it also be with this wicked generation."

Working with these kids you have to be fine tuned into the Holy Spirit channel. It's only by His guidance, these children can be saved.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 10 - Forgiveness and Restoration

Luke 6:37

"And do not judge, and you shall not be judged at all. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned at all. Forgive, and you shall be forgiven."

I've travelled; it seemed such a long way with my Saviour, in such a short time. I've discovered and learned so much and still it feels like only a drop in a bucket. Jesus has given me my self-respect back. Slowly I was beginning to feel good about myself again. Step by step Jesus had build up my faith and trust in Him.

Isaiah 38:16-17

“O יהוה, by these do men live, and my spirit finds life in all of them. Restore me and make me live. See, for peace I had what was bitter, bitter. But You have lovingly delivered my being from the pit of corruption, for You have cast all my sins behind Your back.”

I felt content in the presence of my Saviour, abiding in His unending and undying Love. As my heart and soul grew stronger, I felt a tuck at my heart from the Holy Spirit. Something was up, something I haven't dealt with yet. We have such a Gentle Healer. First He had built me up so that I would be strong enough to face the next challenge.

Matthew 12:20

“A crushed reed He shall not break, and smoking flax He shall not quench, till He brings forth right-ruling forever..”

2007 was my year for forgiveness (*to pardon and show mercy*). I realized that I've never forgiven those who hurt me. I thought that now that Jesus was in me, and I in Him, that it would be easy to forgive. It is one thing to *say* you forgive someone, but another to ask God to bless them and then to love that person like Jesus.

I put my uncles at the feet of Jesus, forgave them and ask Jesus to forgive them also and to bless them. More opportunities would arise where Jesus would put me in my uncle's presence and slowly the hate and self appointed judgment I had towards him would make way for forgiveness. Let's face it; before Jesus changed me, I had a reservation for him in the hottest part of hell.

As Jesus filled my inner man, I found myself praying for my uncle's salvation. Although we never openly discussed what happened in the past, a new relationship between us was born. Talks about Jesus would fill our conversations. The days when that old uncomfortable feelings around him will arise Jesus would give me an open door to politely be excused. At these times I would pray that those demons of lust would leave him alone and that the Holy Spirit will show him the truth.

As the months went by, it looked like a part of him was searching for Jesus. Even in our conversation it sounded like his trust was put in our Saviour but his physical body looked like he was deteriorating and he was in constant pain. Two years later he committed suicide.

The next two people I had to forgive were my mother and father. My mother I blamed for not doing anything to help me and my father for not being there all those years. It was easier to forgive them, especially my mother. I loved her dearly and the blame didn't drive us apart. After the newspaper article we became closer than before. Jesus had healed the pain and now it was easier to open up to my mother about certain things without a knife cutting through my heart.

My father I had forgiven, but still had no contact with him. Around June 2009 I had a desperate need for my father. My mother gave me his and his sister's number. I tried to phone him a few times but didn't get any answer. Eventually I left him a few sms' and send him a few photos of his grandchild with no reply.

I remain in contact with his sister and not only begin to found out what a wonderful aunt I have, but also that she is also part of my new family in Jesus. Together we prayed for me and my father's restoration. My heart filled up with love for my father and a longing to be a part of his existence again.

As 2009 neared its end, I asked Jesus to let me feel what love is. I didn't know if the feelings I had towards Raymond, my daughter and others, were really love. I wanted to know and feel for certain what love really means and really feels like. Is this the same way Jesus loves us?

A few days later I had a disturbing dream about my father dying of cancer. I heard the voice of my Saviour prompting me to phone my father. As the phone rang in my ears, I felt my heart beat in my neck. As he answered the phone, I heard his familiar voice in my ear even though it's been 17 years. There are some things in life which you just don't forget, like the sound of your father's voice. I told him who I was and of my dream I had and how worried I was about him.

I didn't get the answers I wanted. I got rejected once more as he didn't believe I was his daughter and didn't appreciate the fact that I called. The tone in his voice wasn't very friendly either. My heart was broken into a million pieces, but I couldn't get myself to hate him. My heart was filled with love and compassion for him mixed with this heartache. It felt like a whirlpool of mixed emotions inside of my tummy, in my chest and in my throat. It felt like someone took a knife and was twirling it around in my guts. How could you still love someone after such rejection and still feel the need to pray for him, to hold him and long for his presence and fellowship. As a familiar scripture came to mind, I understood.

Jeremiah 31:20

"Is Ephrayim a precious son to Me, a child of delights? For though I spoke against him, I still remembered him. That is why my affections were deeply moved for him. I have great compassion for him, declares יהוה"

My mom and aunt had a talk with him afterwards, but still I didn't hear from him. Knowing that he was ok stilled my heart for the moment.

January 2010 I received a phone call from my sister who was still on holiday with my mom. She and my mom were having lunch with somebody who lay close to my heart and wanted to talk to me. I couldn't imagine who it might be.

The familiar voice of my father greeted me at the other end. He wanted to patch things up again. He went to visit my mother and she got him up to date of what happened in my life these seventeen years. He ended the conversation with a simple "I love you". How I longed to hear those words for so long.

Although we haven't had the chance to meet each other face to face yet because of circumstances, we keep in contact with each other over the phone. Jesus is slowly restoring our relationship and I thank Him for that. One day, when the time is right according to God's timeline and not ours, I believe we will meet face to face and I will be able to put Sharon-Rose on her Grandfather's lap.

[back to the top](#)

Chapter 11 - My God of Miracles and Wonders

Psalms 37:4

"And delight yourself in יהוה, And let Him give you the desires of your heart."

I think the biggest miracle everyone could receive is the miracle of Salvation. Jesus has performed so many miracles and wonders in our lives and I wish I wrote them all down, but then we probably would've had to have a book for that on its own.

I'll try not to repeat everything that I've already written.

In March Jesus woke me up in the early morning hours at a camp to go outside (*Chapter 4, white bones*). It was cold and I didn't want to, but Jesus was persistent and a mosquito irritated me so that I stood up and went to sit on a chair a few feet from the swimming pool. It was quiet with no soul in sight. I sat there for about ½ an hour.

Quite frankly I was grumpy with Jesus. A lady appeared on the staircase by the swimming pool, saw me and turned around. Jesus told me then that I could go back to bed.

A month later I heard that that lady wanted to commit suicide that night but didn't because Jesus placed me outside. Isn't He awesome!

Then there was that precious gift from God, Sharon-Rose. She turned three in June this year. Not only have we experienced miracles during the pregnancy, but also when she was born.

She was only 6 days old when my husband and I were playing with her on the bed. The word "*Pappa*" (*Abba* or *Father* in Afrikaans), came from her mouth as she looked to the ceiling. My husband and I looked at each other in disbelief as we both heard the same thing and knew instinctively she must've called out to our Heavenly Father. No, she didn't start talking. We never heard another word, except for baby sounds, for yet some months to come.

One day, a few months after her first birthday I was standing in our kitchen and Jesus suddenly spoke to me in His still voice, telling me to pray for my and Sharon-Rose's protection. I did. After my prayer I heard running feet over our rooftop. It sounded like at least seven men that were running over our roof and then it disappeared. Jesus spoke to me again telling me His sending an angel to protect my baby girl.

Later that day, forgetting about Jesus' words, Sharon-Rose was sitting in the lounge looking at one of the chairs. When she saw me coming towards her, she pointed her finger to the chair saying: "*Mighael*". Could it be that it was Michael whom God has send for my child's protection? I didn't see him, but one day I will know for certain when we meet in heaven.

Sharon-Rose was asked to be a flower girl last year at my sister-in-law's daughter's wedding. The morning of the wedding she was playing outside in our garden. A friend of ours took two photos of her on his cell phone. On both photos there was a rainbow around her waist. We were amazed with these photos, seeing that there weren't a cloud in the sky nor have we wet the garden that morning or the previous day.

About a week later she got terribly sick and I couldn't break the fever with the medicine I got from the pharmacist. I was listening to a pastor on one of my cd's talking about how we must remind God of His promises He made to us. I had that picture of her with the rainbow around her on my computer screen and saw the promise, just like the rainbow was the promise to Noah and us all.

Immediately I went to her bed where she was lying, hot with fever. Out loud I reminded God of His promise of being a parachute for her and told the devil to leave my child alone seeing that she was under the protection of the Almighty. Sharon-Rose opened her eyes, smiled at me and drifted off to sleep again. The fever broke and a few days later I had my energetic child back again.

Just after the birth of our daughter my heart was longing for a bigger place. The two-bedroom flat was getting to small for us. My brother had the one bedroom and my husband, me and Sharon-Rose was sharing the other one. Earnestly I was asking Jesus for a three-bedroom house with a garden. I asked Him to have the back part of the garden closed off safely for my baby girl to play, away from the busy streets. I asked for a double garage for my husband's work pickup truck and my brother's car. I also asked for the home to have high enough fencing around so that we may get a big dog again. We only had a certain

amount available for this dream home which I also laid before Him. *O and PS Jesus, I would love a shower.*

A few weeks later I got a call from a friend of mine telling me of a beautiful home opposite hers. The people had to move and didn't have anybody to take over the lease. We went to look at the place. Coming up the drive way I was met with a beautiful little yellow rose bush in full bloom as well as one big one curling around the fence. The double garage was there and the front yard was separated from the back with a brick wall and steel gate. It was a lovely three-bedroom house with two bathrooms, the one with the shower, being in the master bedroom. Going to the agency I found out it was precisely in our price range and we got the home my heart longed and desired for.

In September 2008 I got invited to speak at a Primary School about two hours drive from us. The school was huge and they had assembly twice on a Monday morning because of the large group of kids that were in the school. I only talked to the grade 4-7's who filled up the whole school hall. At the end of the talk I made an altar call and all 150+ kids stood up to receive Jesus as their Saviour and I remembered a prayer in a bathroom with a flickering cross...

On the 22nd of September 2009 it was my 33rd birthday. It was such a special day and year for me. Jesus was crucified when He was 33 and this year reminded me of His Amazing Grace for me. This turned out to be the theme for my birthday from my Saviour.

The day before, I started cutting yellow roses from the rose bushes. It should've been still a while before they bloom, but there were roses in abundance. The morning of my birthday, I went to pick some more and eventually filled up 13 pots of beautiful yellow roses.

A friend brought me a heart shaped cake his mother baked for my birthday. It was not iced yet and had a little dent in the middle. I iced the cake and searched for something in the garden to put in the dent. In our back yard we had a small little red rose bush. There was one single red rose on the bush and I picked it to put on the cake and made an icing cross around it on the cake.

This reminded me of the story about the little blue hummingbird my husband once told me.

There was a boy who had a little blue hummingbird. They were best of friends. In the morning the hummingbird would wake the boy with its lovely singing and at night he would sing him to sleep. The two of them were inseparable.

Time went by and the boy met a lovely young lady which he fell in love with. The boy wanted to ask her out to the school dance, but the young lady told him she will go only if he brings her a red rose.

Depressed and extremely sad the boy came home that night after searching the whole town for a red rose which he couldn't find. In his own back yard he only had white roses.

The boy didn't even notice his dear friend the hummingbird as he was trying his best to cheer him up with his singing. Heartbroken the boy fell asleep that night without saying good night to his friend.

The little blue hummingbird loved the boy very much and couldn't bear seeing him in such agony. That night when the boy drifted off to sleep, he flew to the top of the most beautiful white rose just outside the window. He started to peck at himself until small drops of blood fell on the white rose.

The next morning when the boy awoke he saw the red rose outside his window. With joy he went to pick the rose and didn't even notice his friend lying dead on the ground underneath the rose bush.

On his way over to his lady friend some of his friends were playing football and invited him to play with them. At first he didn't want to but after some persuasion from his friends agreed. The red rose withered away on the bench where it laid the whole morning. When the boy went to pick it up, it withered away so much that it was no good to his lady friend.

It reminded me of His Grace and undying love for us. How Jesus was our hummingbird. The presents (books, dvds, cds, etc.) I received all had the same theme; *Amazing Grace*.

The 18th February 2010 at 04:30 the morning I walked into the kitchen to make my husband a cup of coffee before he goes to work. My eye caught a flickering on the refrigerator door. We had little magnet crosses on it, which if you turn it, flickers. Surprised I went back to my husband telling him what happened. He was even more surprised because the batteries died a long time ago.

After I've seen my husband off to work, I went to our room to pray. During my conversation with Jesus, I realized what day this was. It was our fourth anniversary! *Thank You, Jesus. I love You too.*

But this morning had another surprise in store for me. In my post box I found that there was a package for me at the post office from overseas. I was expecting something, but didn't quite know what my free gift was going to be.

Opening the parcel at home, tears welled up in my eyes as I held the book in my hand, *"The Last Call – a revised edition of The Great Controversy"*.

There were so many things that happened. I witnessed how Jesus healed people. How He changed lives from dark and gloomy personalities to the brightest shining stars. How hundreds of people were saved in one night. How He provided rain for my plants when I wasn't able to care for them. How He sent us blankets in the winter for the cold nights when we were only thinking of the cold winter laying ahead. How when I read the Bible, He would let songs play on the radio to mark special verses with the same meaning out to me. How He showed me the gratitude of a couple that received a Bible and an old lady out in the cold who received a hot meal.

Every day in everything we see, where ever we go, there's a miracle about to happen, whether it is a life threatening disease healed, a man or woman giving their life to Jesus, a baby being born or just a new flower that blooms.

I remember one day I asked God to let me be like a bright shining star for Him and that same night a friend came, picked us up with his car, and drove out to the edge of town and showed us how beautiful the stars were. Bright shining stars, dancing in the Milky Way....



Sharon-Rose surrounded by the covenant of God, a reminder of His promise.
back to the top

Connect with me Online:

Smashwords: <http://www.smashwords.com/profile/view/testify>