

By CQ
10/08

(happened in 6/'02)

Our house in Mexico was quite a ways out of town. We had a big red pick-up truck, which only one driver was legally permitted to drive it. Needless to say, we couldn't just pop in a car and drive off whenever we wanted to. And gas was expensive for it too.

On our property we had mother, father and puppy dogs. They were a smaller size breed. One day as I was in the house reading stories and giving Word time to the four young boys I taught, we heard the loudest yelping from a dog you can imagine. It was loud and continuous. Her crying was of extreme pain and wasn't stopping.

We looked out the window and saw it was the young dog, and she was sitting bent over and her hind legs totally immobile. The big pickup truck had run over her, while trying to park better in the garage. The boys and I stopped and prayed a fervent prayer, calling on the keys for supernatural healing—that no damage had been done, and she'd feel completely well, miraculously.

The result: Within seconds, her crying completely stopped. Within the hour she was walking again. By the end of the day it was as if nothing has happened. If we had had the means and time, as well as the resources, we could have taken her to the vet then. But that really wasn't possible under the circumstances that day. Later on she did see a vet, and there was never any signs of this incident. Jesus really had done the miraculous. When sizing up her small bones, and that huge and heavy truck comparatively—only Jesus could keep her like that! "Power to the children with the keys!"

My first key miracle

10/'01

In our cozy communal living, it's very needed and important to have plumbing that works, and especially toilets that flush!

I was attempting to fix a clogged toilet, using all the tricks I could think off, and it just wasn't working. This was before we were so accustomed to using the words, specifically in our prayers, "call on the keys". But in a desperate attempt, as I was short on time, I used these words for the first time in prayer, for that toilet to flush.

What happened amazed me. I had already tried using the plunger and poured a bucket of water in it, and nothing happened. There wasn't any sign of success. The toilet bowl just being fuller than it previously was.

However, the second I prayed, calling on the keys, right before my eyes, without lifting another finger to do anything, the toilet flushed, on its own. That moment I saw the reality and power of the Lord available, if we'll step out and call for it, even if we don't understand exactly how it works. PTL!

25/10/08

It's so hard to come by good toys that don't break easily—at least within our price range. The infamous "made in china" seem to be the most abundant kinds. The other day I was longing for the good old "Fisher Price" kind that kids like and are durable. Even the toy I invested in for my 3 year old's birthday broke in a day or two. Thankfully He'd supplied a good bicycle also, so that one wasn't the only thing he'd gotten. But when he saw the bicycle, our son's first words were "Wow! It's not broken!" Ha! But pitiful, and sadly frustrating. Anyway, then around the same day I put up the request or wish to heaven, my son also gets the idea that he wants to play "shop". A few days later when looking through boxes of donated clothes, shipped from over seas, I see this one bag in the corner with some stuffed animals in it. Within the bag is another plastic bag. One wouldn't have even been interested to see, it looked all tacky and old. I wanted to be able to bring something back home that afternoon, but there wasn't toys in this shipping. Then lo and behold, in that old plastic bag there was none else but a Fisher price cash register toy! Complete with the coins and all. I was thrilled. The date printed on it was the year I was born. The kids all enjoy it, and especially William. It's mechanical and you have to think a bit to figure out how to make it do the different things it can do. Jesus gives love in such individual, special ways! How long that miracle must have been in the making. Certainly "before I called" He was working on the answer. PHN!

Written 7/'03

For as long as I can remember I've had a problem with dandruff on my scalp. It's been bothersome, and more than anything, embarrassing. I feel it makes me look dirty and like people would be put off, not wanting to be intimate with me, and would be a real turn off.

Once someone gave me some dried nettles to boil and soak my head in the water, once cool. It did wonders and I was fine for a few weeks. But it just came back again. I always wanted to try it again, but they are just not around in some places. When I moved to a new country, with a very dry climate, for some reason my condition began to get worse. I didn't know what to do or try. I'm careful about using strong shampoo, as my hair is fine and dry and splits easily. So I try to be gentle with it. I'd rather try something natural, that would be better overall for the rest of my long hair.

When combing my hair one morning, and looking at the state my scalp was getting into, I spontaneously prayed, claiming the keys for my dandruff to be gone. It was still pretty new at that time for me to exercise the key power, so it was kind of a new step of faith to ask for something so down-to-earth and personal. In the back of my mind I thought it would be something that He'd choose to use to keep me humble.

But my sweet Love astounded me. From the time I prayed that prayer the dandruff completely vanished. It just didn't exist any longer. I didn't do anything special to get rid of it the next time I washed my hair. It was just gone the next time I looked in the mirror. And every day I look in the mirror I just stand amazed at the supernatural miracle of His love and mercy.

10/08

His Love, and key power

As a going away gift, my dad had given me two little crystal hearts to go on a necklace. I wore them often. Now, to explain, our housing situation was less than ideal, in the new home I was in. We had too small of a house and hardly any furniture or closet space. The girls' room, where I stayed, had too many people, and virtually no place for us to keep our things, except for under the bunk beds.

As one might imagine, our room continually looked like it literally had been hit by a tornado. Thankfully this situation didn't last too long before He opened the doors for a change and people to move on. It was my time to go as well, and I had a few weeks left. But to my disappointment I noticed my necklace and both hearts had gone missing from beside my bedside. I prayed for a miracle, through the power of the keys, for me to find them. A few days later I see someone swinging a chain around—and find it's mine! They'd found it in some other part of the house. PTL!

Then a few days later, I spot in the middle of our bedroom floor one of my hearts! A total miracle. I was amazed and very grateful. I would have been happy with at least just one, but I prayed again, with the keys, just in case He wanted to bring the last one to me. A week later, heart number 2 is on our floor! He's so sweet and does these personally inspiring miracles just to show His love. It really touched me.

Milk supply miracles

2003 (written 22/10/08)

One morning in Mexico when struggling financially and facing the "we don't have milk for breakfast" situation, I prayed an unusual prayer. We had only enough money to get one carton of milk at the corner store. We had 15 people (mostly teens and children). Today as I prepared the breakfast I thought how nice it would be if for today, as an encouragement, everyone would be able to have a glass of milk. Just one cup meant so much to each one of the growing young people. So I lined up 15 of our big cups, opened the carton and prayed. I told Jesus how nice it would be for the one carton to fill the 15 cups. I told Him it wasn't something that He had to do to show He could do it. And I wouldn't doubt the power of prayer or the keys or His love were He to not choose to fill this request. But I told Him I knew He could do it, if He wanted to. And if it was His will, with the power of the keys, to make it stretch to give a portion to each one in the home. And so I poured, and poured, and poured some more. Each cup

was filled. Everyone had milk that day. Praise God! What a wonderful treat and surprise. It didn't happen again. But in time things changed in the home. The large family moved on to a better situation; I moved on as well. But it was a sweet gift of His love to encourage us when we really needed it.

2003 (written 23/10/08)

A banana and a glass of milk

I had just arrived a day or two earlier, to my new home in Mexico. There were six lively children needing care and attention. We weren't that well off, and food wasn't super abundant. But we had some provisioned goods. We got by. It was the afternoon and the kids were hungry for snack. I had to come up with one for them. What could I use to make one? I located a banana and there was one cup of milk left. I looked further and found a small portion of leftover oatmeal, maybe half a cup. Then I prayed. I put them in the blender with water and ice. And somehow it made a tasty thick milkshake that filled 7 cups. Kids liked it and were off to play. Praise the Lord. A miracle snack. It was an encouragement that with the keys, as we obey, He can help us do whatever we need, and fill in what we can't.

29/10/08

National Geographics

A couple years ago I had next to nothing in the way of CC material and teacher items for my growing baby. There was one thing that I really wanted—pictures, from magazines, so we could look at them, put them into scrap books, make picture facts, etc. They seemed hard to come by where we were—good nice colored photo pictures. I had wished for something like National Geographics, but even good shopping-mall catalogs would have been great too. During the war in 2006, we went on the evacuation with our then nearly 1 year old and stayed with my parents in Canada for a few months. I was fulltime with him, while Michael was tight with his deadlines in a music project for the Feast, and my parents were house hunting and trying to move, within a short amount of time. Then one day a miracle happened. There was a garage sale within a few minutes walking distance of the house. I was able to walk out to look at it. And what could it have but several years worth of National Geographics. And they were all for free, because I wasn't able to get there till they had ended and it was just in the "take it" pile. Wow! I looked through several, but later we took the whole box. I was able to eventually look through them all and pull out neat pictures and make a file folder on all types of themes, to bring back home. It was such a neat and personal gift from my loving heavenly Husband. Such a great teacher tool I now have on hand. It's just amazing to think about the factors that had to be in place to make that miracle happen—the location, the day they had it on, the fact I was able to go, what they decided to sell that day, and the fact that I didn't make it on time till it was in the "give away" pile. PTL! These kinds of things make me realize and remember how He knows my heart's wishes, and also how much He loves and cares for the children.

Wedding Supply Miracles

29/10/08

The day of our wedding was set, it was to be October 18, 2004. The outdoor site had been chosen. It was the place where we had our first kiss, on a woody hill. (And these aren't too common in the mid-easy country where we were living.) We were putting together our scripts and things to read and say, the music, the schedule of events, timing it right with the sunset and all. Time was running out till the wedding date, and I still needed something to wear and the wedding rings and a pendant on a chain I was planning to give to my husband, as part of the ceremony. Money to get these things was a factor too. We usually got about 5-10 dollars worth each month for personal needs. Some of which I would give to Michael to help pay for the taxi of coming to visit me each week (as he lived in another home). Some of it I would set aside to eventually add up to a small gift to give to someone in need, once or twice a year. What was left I used for either myself, or gifts for people's birthdays, etc. So when the day came that I was going to go out to get the things needed for my wedding, I looked in my wallet and there was

about 12 dollars or so. Don't know where it was from. Just seemed to be there when I needed it. And now for the next miracles—to get a dress and ring and pendant and whatnot with that amount—and to even find the needed items, and in the short amount of time I had that day. I really prayed and claimed the keys.

I had this “wish” type of dress that I wanted. My mom had a dress for years which she gave to me. It was of a certain type of material, and creamy white, spaghetti straps, etc. She'd given it to me a while back, but I had to forsake it, sadly, cause I had to really cut down to travel over seas a few times. Just wasn't a “have to have”. I was sad I hadn't somehow held on to it.

We found a silver ring for a good price and a pendant. That was neat. But in all the secondhand stores there wasn't anything that could be used for a dress. And the fun and fancy looking dresses were way, way too expensive—even the second-hand ones. It was getting late and we needed to go home. We just looked quickly in one last store. And oh! I found it! Almost the very dress I was dreaming of. Same material, color, cut, everything. Just a few little differences, that made it even more fitted and nice looking on me. It was very dirty looking and looked like it had stains on it. I put it on and just knew “this was it”. I was thrilled. The man came down even more in price because it didn't look that great. But when we washed it, everything came out and it looked beautiful. We took up the hem, as it was very long. Such a cool miracle and touch of His love. In all the clothes at all those stores, and being in a completely different part of the world, here was just what I was looking for. Nothing had even come close to it thus far. I'd never seen a dress similar to this type as my mom's had been. Then as we were going to get in the taxi, we stopped in a cloth shop, and there was a pretty, cream colored shiny cloth cut-off, just the right matching color, and the man gave it to me for free. To go over the shoulders, adding to the outfit. Jesus blew my mind again with this whole outing and supply! Oh, and earlier I had looked in forsake all and found the perfect, dainty creamy white shoes, that fit just great. TYJ!

7/10/2008

A cuddle called “boobie”

Such a beautiful invention, that shows God has a heart of love—to be able to give cuddles and sweet warm milk several times a day to the littlest and growing humans. Can you think of anything more cozy, gentling them into this lively and oft times harsh reality? Not that that's what it used to be—for it was ordained to be much more pleasant. But because of “man's” and well even our own choices day, things can be such.

He was picky at first, my first born, who had the challenge of teaching me how to nurse. He only would take the left side. Somehow this one-day-old knew what was what. By the time I was returning from the hospital I was desperate for him to get to use both breast—for his nourishment and my comfort too. As both were producing and needed relief and stimulation. I bought a “breast shield”, and it's basically an artificial nipple that is placed on top, to make it easier for the young one, as it's larger. One attempt to use it was all it took. My now 3 day old baby caught on to what was happening, and never complained again about nursing the natural way.

This was by far his most favorite activity. From the first day of birth he began teething, as well as showed signs of his stomach discomfort and trouble that he's had ever since. The relief that nursing gave was amazing. He nursed when he was hurting, or when hungry, or when tired, or when teething, or when sad. I thanked the Lord daily—and nightly—for this wonderful blessing of being able to help my young one in this way. He nursed to sleep, or when having a hard time eliminating. But one thing he always wanted was somewhere quiet and alone. He would not eat in the noise or action or around others. So I used this time to feed his spirit as well. I read verses, sang songs, prayed, or quoted poems. As a result, because of using the nursing time as the quality, listening time that I had with him, when he was able to talk—at over 2 years old—he knew nearly all the verses

October, 2008

Musical Miracles

One of our projects, that we re-started around the launch of the offensive, is helping to teach young men who are in a rehab program, recovering from being drug users. Besides being a neat witnessing opportunity, put simply it also helps towards our long-term visas here in this country—Michael's and mine. Michael goes there nearly every Saturday afternoon, and has a musical class and singing time with them for 2 hours. I bring the children from time to time. The guys there love to see them. Teaching the class is a challenge for Michael, however, as different young men want to learn different things. Some want to learn guitar, others drums, others want to sing mostly. But an amazing result of the proactive prayers for the offensive and God's set ups, happened one Saturday. We got a

phone call that neither the driver from the center, nor our friend could drive Michael and I and the kids up to the center in the mountains. We had to take a taxi. So the center hired a taxi to take us there, wait for the duration of the class, and then take us home again. As we drove and chatted with this man, it turned out he was a real good drummer! What a set up. He was a glad and inspired to then jump in and play the drums for the whole time, while Michael did the keyboard. An unusual and faith building answer to prayer. We got his number, and should we need a taxi there again, he's happy to help out with the class! You never know who the Lord will put in your path to answer the prayers for personnel and talent to fill a need in our offensive goals. –Even a taxi driver!

* * *

Another day a neat miracle happened. Autumn had arrived, and it was the first day of rain in a long time, here in Lebanon. But we had planned to take the kids in the car with a friend who often drives us to the drug re-hab center, and helps play guitar. We were going to go out and do some musical instrument research. In a place where rain isn't a constant thing or too often, it's then more dangerous to drive, as people are unaccustomed to it, and many accidents occur. The friend we were going with was soon to arrive for our appointment to drive out. But it was now raining so hard it was like a curtain or sheet of water, white, coming down. It was definitely not a good idea to take the little children out driving in this weather. But canceling at the last minute for the different reasons that this friend might not understand would have been equally not preferable, since working out time on his and our end to go isn't something easy with his and our work schedules—and trying to explain that we wanted to go “2 by 2”—and that the children and I were the only “partner” option on that day—might not be so understood either. I looked out the window at the pouring rain and prayed. “Lord if You want us to go, You could stop the rain.” It seemed like there was a lot more where that rain came from looming in the sky. But still, all things are possible with Him. I walked to the next room to talk to my husband and ask the Lord about it. We walked back to pray and look out that window a few minutes later. And to our surprise we saw the rain was stopping! A minute or two more it had completely stopped, and stayed that way for the duration of our trip out for the next couple hours. Our amazing, wonderful Lord, doing it again for us!

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When traveling recently, Michael was able to meet up with a friend he hadn't seen in a long while. He offered Michael to keep his Arabic keyboard (worth \$ 1,000 new), or “give it away to a charity”. Michael tells him about his music ministry at the drug re-hab center, and how it's just what is needed. The friend is thrilled, and so is Michael of course. Now the guys have one they can keep up there and practice on during the week. We brought it up to them last week end. A big cheer was heard when Michael presented it to them!

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A mysterious miracle and a prayer

13-Feb, 2011

After the first 3 days and nights of holding, cuddling, praying for, trying to feed and get to drink water, my little 1 year old, I was ready for a miracle. He's teething 4 molars at the same time. Doesn't want anything to enter his mouth. He got a fever, and has constipation for days now. As I put him to sleep tonight, I sang aloud, “His eye is on the sparrow” and a mysterious happening occurred, telling us Jesus was indeed there with us. Let me tell the rest of the story first.

Maybe it all started mysterious with a prayer. Whether that is what brought this into our lives or not—an answered prayer in disguise—I don't know. Or whether it was a prayer just in time before I faced a long difficult situation and needed it more than ever. I woke a few days ago sincerely asking for a change in personality, in presentation, in communication with my children. I didn't just want to be happy and fun when I was feeling good and energetic and when the house was tidy and all was going according to schedule. And then short tethered when I was strained and stressed. I wanted to manifest all those wonderful fruits—love, joy, peace, longsuffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance—all the time. I wanted the “law of kindness*” to be in my mouth anytime I communicated with the children. This of course would be a miracle. (*She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. (Proverbs 31:26)

I've learned that He takes me at my word and answers prayer—though often in a new way. I believe that Jesus has all things under control, and is fully aware of every aspect of our lives and the needs of our little ones. I still don't know all the “working together for good” as it says in Romans 8:28, of the difficult situation my little one is in right now, for these days. But a haunting thought that it started on the day of my prayer, could be one of the many positive side effects of this time of discomfort that I'm expecting to see.

It's all I *can* do: show love, care, gentleness, faith that he'll be healed soon. I feel different. I'm not stressed and uptight about the disarray. I'm not weeping in despair. I know we'll round the bend soon enough. I'm using what little time I have for quality, enjoyable, educational and inspirational activities with the children. I can't "accomplish" anything. I can't wash the dinner dishes or even pick the dirty clothes up off the floor. I prepare something quick and easy with my left hand (that is becoming nearly as good as my right hand now) for the other young children to eat. Since my husband has been away for a few days for work, and with the vehicle, it's really all we can do right now.

When I have a few minutes I take time with the children, give them some school and input, read a Bible story, something to show that I care for them too—since nearly full time and attention is on littlest. I can't clean up what we do, since we usually can't even finish it before the next cry comes, and now the house doesn't have a spare spot left to do things, it seems! Today my husband comes home. Yay! We can find order again, and hopefully peace, healing and comfort for the little one will follow soon. Though, because of the prayers of others, he's handling it with bravery, just asking for cuddles most of the time.

So now for the mysterious. It's evening, 12th Feb, 2011. The lively boys are playing in the next room. I've just finished, once again, helping little guy to sit on the potty for awhile, while distracting him—sing on the guitar, give stories, play with toys, and so forth. It was a good attempt, but no victory yet, just more discomfort. He only wanted to nurse all day yesterday, not eat or drink anything else. Today he didn't even want a pacifier or to nurse, for the first time ever. Just wanted some water and juicy fruits and a few veggies. So I'm feeling painfully engorged, wishing he'd nurse, for his and my sake. I put him in my bed to cuddle him to sleep and hope for more.

The ceiling light was on in the room, blaring in our faces. He's too tired from the rough nights and days to care. I really wanted it off. But if I got up to turn it off, he'd toss, cry and probably fall off the edge of the bed. I forgo. I tell myself to just be content as is, with the blaring light. I sing softly, "His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me" as I pull the covers over us.

Blink! What? Did the electricity go off? I wasn't even all the way lying down yet. The light had been suddenly turned off. I could see the computer mouse light still on, the hall light on. Electricity was definitely on. Just our light turned off at the second I wanted it to. No one was there. I had full view of the place the switch was. The boys were in the next room. Ah the warmth I felt. He was near and watching over us. I froze halfway sitting up, and all I could whisper in my heart was, "Thank You, Thank You". Jesus showed me through it that He was here. And somehow I knew we were going to be okay, things were going to get better soon. Baby then nurses and goes to sleep. Beautiful moments.

(Update: The next morning victory came in one department. Another 4 rough days follow. But last night he slept well for the first time, and is nearly feeling his normal self. The house is cleaned up, and we made it! Thanks to all those who prayed us through!)

27 Surprise Miracle Eggs

11-Sept-2021 –

A friend kindly rented us a skip*, so he and we could clean out old things. The older boys and I finished cleaning the junk from the yard today. (*skip: Large metal container for trash that is delivered and taken away by a truck.)

The weather was perfect for this. They were happy, strong and willing. No one got hurt. Sweet miracles.

All the stuff got in—a miracle. Not too much; it all fit. Not too little—no wasted space. Perfect. (Jesus activated the keys of "perfect fit". It was really amazing to all fit in perfectly like that.)

When I was clearing a last old chair from the yard, a surprise was discovered!

The Lord can supply free food for us, if we ever were to need it. As if the weeds growing under the chair were a nest, I found in this place 27 large chicken eggs laid there! These would be free-range, healthy, organic, eggs.

The number of them was a special number—27. (The number equivalent of the name "Jesus".)

None of the eggs were broken or stepped on. I didn't know they were there when I moved the chair, tromping around there with my boots. The Lord kept all of them safe.

A chicken regularly comes to our yard, for some reason, from our neighbour's yard. I don't know why or how, really. I never saw it laying eggs. It comes bravely too, as the magpies don't want it around. The Lord could keep supplying that way, if He wants to! I did want to have chickens so that we could have healthier eggs, as the Lord said it would be healthier than store bought eggs. That hasn't happened yet, so the Lord has let a chicken come to us to do it. (Also others share free eggs with us from time to time from their personal house chickens.)

The old chair had already been demolished when I found the eggs, so I quickly moved another one into its place, in case the chicken wanted to come and keep giving to us in this way. Praise the Lord!

(Note: We gave them back to the neighbours, since it was from their chickens. It helped to solve the mystery of why this chicken hadn't been laying in a while!)

P.S. Then! Before the day was over, the neighbour handed me, over the fence, a carton of a dozen fresh eggs from their chickens. They've only given a few to us, on a couple occasions over the years we've lived here. And not for a long while. Never this many. And why suddenly on this very day! Jesus can and does supply!

The Last Apple

We have an apple tree in our yard and it's mostly a bird feeder, really, as the apples that grow on it are filled with bugs and worms. It has been this way every year. However, something special happened this last year.

All the apples were gone—eaten by the cockatoos as usual. But there was one last apple left on the tree. It grew and grew, and no birds ate it. It was fully ripe, and growing in a low spot where we could pick it.

So one day we picked it and cut it open. To our surprise, it was a very good apple with no bugs at all. That was the only apple that had fully ripened without the birds eating it, and it was without bugs. A special apple treat for us! We knew God kept it for us.

Divine Droplets of Dew

Help from Heaven

Manifestations in my life that God—His Son Jesus, are alive and well, and actively wish to take part in our lives. When you cringe and hold your breath, expecting yet another blow; when your inner resources are drying like a desert, and you desperately need refreshing, and suddenly to your pleasant surprise some droplets of dew from a divine and unseen source are sent to you, you are given that bit of rejuvenation from the miraculous event, and can carry on with renewed vigour.

Glass cups smash or shatter when they fall on a hard surface. I remember one time we had some tough, dark brown glasses. I discovered that they would bounce once if they fell out of my hands, but the second time they landed on the floor they would break. One time I was putting away the dishes and saw to my dismay the glass cup falling from my hands. I determined to have my wits about me and not stand there stunned until it smashed. I fell and bounced and I was able to quickly catch it. Most glasses aren't that durable. We had a nice set of clear decorative glasses a few years ago, and all but one remain. When they fell on the tile floor, which covers most of our house, they wouldn't just break, but really smash and shatter. Loss of items and things getting broken was very hard for some of my boys to cope with. Big melt downs would occur, tears and loud displays of deep sorrow over the loss. One day I was with the boys, one of them with plenty of babycare needs. My husband was out, and we were doing the best we could to cope with our challenges. Then one of these glasses somehow was knocked off a shelf or low table and down to the floor it fell. I could imagine how hard it would be to get every bit of it cleaned up, while caring for a fussing little one. —And even just one shard left of glass could cause a whole new set of problems—if stuck into a child's bare foot as she walked there. But I needn't have fretted, that time. The glass fell a couple feet down to the tiled floor... and nothing happened. It was completely fine, without even a nick. Ah, sweet gift! The blow that was aimed our way never hit us. Shielded with God's merciful intervention, we were able to carry on with what we were doing.

Jan 2021

With the Keys, we are the heroes!

What's the next best thing to calling on the keys? Well if you don't feel you believe in them or are too uncomfortable using them, then know someone who does have Key access, and call on them.

So, I'm now the "hero" again and again lately. I think the Lord is making a strong point to me. He's honouring my obedience and active love to use the keys for my family, even when they don't want to use them themselves, or even hear me using them. I have to pray it all silently. It's between me and the Lord.

But I'm telling you, when my boys and husband reach the point of frustration, and need something to be found, after a long time of no success, they call on me, and it takes hardly a moment and the victory is there. I can't do a thing, so I just call the "heavies" the power of the keys, and help is instantaneous.

Here are some loving miracles that have happened:

--My husband couldn't find his reading glasses for a few weeks. He asks me. I pause and claim the keys privately and silently, and a few moments later he has them in his hands, as the Lord showed me where they were.

--To go on our trip we had to have our rabbit cared for at another family's home. We needed to bring over the mobile metal fencing for him. The boys and my husband were looking all over the yard for some time for it. They

needed it right then. They finally called for me. I silently claimed the keys of revelation, and seconds later I saw where it was and called out “It’s here!”

--The rabbit couldn’t be found late at night. The boys and my husband were searching all over the backyard and front yard, to no avail. I prayed in my bed silently, and the Lord showed me where he was. I walked out and show and tell where I think he might be, and there is the rabbit indeed.

--The little allen key went missing and was needed right then (it’s a very small screw driver with a hexagonal head). “We just used it—where is it?” The boys and my husband had reached frustration, and time was a factor. It was needed. They reached the “ask mommy” stage. I silently “Claimed the keys for the allen key”. A moment later my husband walks in the house with something he just “happen to find” right then, that worked perfectly to do the job.

So, is it just “coincidence” that the answer to their need happened then, or is something going on? It seems that those with the keys are going to be the depended on heroes—like for bigger things later on, of course. But these times of practice and faith building on small matters and concerns are good.

Two more notable Keys miracles from yesterday:

28-Jan-2021

*Last night the pacifiers were going missing. I couldn’t find them in the dark and needed one to put the baby back to sleep, immediately. I felt all around but couldn’t find one. I claimed the keys. As soon as I did, my hand reached under a cushion and pulled out a pacifier. I wouldn’t have thought to look there. It was magical almost. The keys are fast and effective and bring immediate results the more I call on them.

*In the afternoon, while playing with Callum, Jamie hit his head on some hard wood logs, and starts a big cry. The edge of the logs are sharp. I didn’t know what to expect. I lay my hands on his head and authoritively and desperately claim the keys aloud. The crying stopped right away, as if nothing happened. Nothing on the head. He then was happy and distracted with looking at the rain. That was fast and effective.

It’s so moving, so sobering to think how very sophisticated this warfare is now; how very closely thoughts are monitored under heavy Heavenly surveillance. And the speed of action when the keys are claimed, wow! I nearly start shaking and crying to think of it.

I think a few words, and then big action is taken—when those few words are “I call on the keys of...”. Just think how many thoughts we have in a day. But as soon as that phrase is used in faith, boom, instant action is taken and granted by the King to work a miracle. It nearly makes me tremble to see what’s going on.

Just think from the time of swords and spear fighting, in physical war in the old testament, to now just silently, secretly thinking a few words and boom the enemy loses. These guys are skilled and fast and on target, and certainly on the ball. No one helping on the Keys service is spacing out.

On sen si and sensitivity, and Keys of Submission, like Lisa was talking about on the audio:

I realised something neat. It clicked. See, to take the baby took huge, huge submitting. But since having him I’ve noticed something amazing. There are things that I was sensitive to before, that caused me health issues, but now they totally don’t affect me. Maybe that’s to do with that, total submitting to Jesus—Keys of submission-- and He eliminated some of those “sensitivities”.

--too much sun doesn’t make me unwell

--smells and scents and perfumes and all doesn’t make me unwell

--fruit and foods that used to spike my body sugar level and make me feel unwell, don’t faze me

--foods that I couldn’t eat before aren’t troubling me

--things that the boys couldn’t eat most of their life, suddenly aren’t a problem—and is now fun for them, and makes things so much easier (since I can’t cook for them now anyway)

It’s made me so much more “capable” to do the job, feeling all strong and well, and less needing to pamper my self, or be out of commission for a day or more to recover. Cheers and hurray for submitting and giving Jesus full access to all of us.

6-OCTOBER-2020

A kookaburra flew to the grass near us, outside by our tent, then to the tree branch above us. We had been praying against Mike’s headache (he had a bad one through the night, wrestling in prayer in the spirit for the success of this mission). When I saw this bird I thought of angels coming. I figured I was to pray for angels of joy—since their bird call is a “laughing” sound. It was so usual for him to be there that close. As soon as I prayed for angels of joy while looking at the kookaburra, he suddenly turned and looked me right in the eye, with his right eye and kept looking. “Who are you?” I said. And before I knew it I was laughing and laughing aloud and could hardly stop.

We were hiking and had run out of drinking water and the kids were thirsty. One boy had just drank the last sip, and as he was doing so I prayed for the Lord to supernaturally refill it. We were then by a stream, but we never ever drink natural stream water. It's so rare to find one really clear anyway. But I noticed that the stream there was actually unusually clear. Mike said he'd test it: if when he filled the clear plastic water bottle it was clean looking, we could consider it.

We filled the bottles, and it was crystal clear! Not a speck of natural debris of any kind was floating in the water, and the colour was the same utter clarity as that of bottled water that is sold. It looked so good. We prayed over it, and were not ill affected in any way. The Lord had supplied! It was good we had that water too, as it was a long hot walk we still had to do to take to make it back.

We were safe so far: Safe on the long drive to the Sydney area; and safe on the wild bush hiking and rocky climbing. I stayed on one side of a pond, while the boys and their daddy went through the juggle area up the other side to check out the cave they saw. At one point I heard my oldest saying, as they were trying to make their way back, "Don't follow me here, I think it's a drop off." I looked and sure enough he was right at the top of a sheer rock drop off of many meters. He couldn't hear me yelling back, confirming that indeed it was. All I could do was pray. Thankfully no one slipped and went that way. They moved over to the side and descended another better way.

An interesting feature of this mission and lesson time was that it seemed those keeping "watch over us" in the spirit had the permission from the Lord to make things disappear and reappear again, according to what we or I was to learn. They were not bound to material matter and the laws of this world. Things, materials, were at their disposal. I had to get use to it and learn quickly what I was to learn, and then it would appear again.

Here are some I particularly noticed:

* I was in the car and I pulled out a key promise from my pocket. It was about desiring the Word above all other waters. Then it fluttered out of my hand and I couldn't find it on the car floor or in my bag. Later on in the trip I had a bottle of water there by my feet. I was thirsty and went to get it, but it wasn't there; not on the floor, not in my bag. However what I did find on the car floor somewhat tucked away was the vanished and now re appeared key promise. About what? Desiring only the water of the Word and none else. It was a great object lesson.

*On the 7th of October, I was making breakfast at the camp. I needed the grater to grate something I was preparing for the meal. It was no where to be found. There's not too many places for it to go; it's either in the small side tent with some of the cooking items, or it's in one of the boxes still in the car. My husband helped me to look for it, as I had looked and couldn't see it. He looked thoroughly in each of the few small boxes. It could not be seen. I was starting to flow with things. This new team of warriors seemed to be using new tactics.

Maybe it was a riddle to help me remember or think of something. So as I walked to the car to get something else, mentally I was saying the words, "No grater/greater.. no greater.." and then bing! It came, "No greater love hath any man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends." That was the verse for the day. A really good one to hold on to. I was laying down my life, what I thought my life was going to be like, and doing it—taking this baby--for my friend, for Jesus. It really helped me through the day and still now I hold on to it.

And of course, after quoting that verse, by the time I got to the car, there was the grater, in plain view in one of the boxes. Appeared again once I got the riddle or learned what the object lesson was for.

*This one is a whole longer story. It's about the missing wallet, that was sorely missed on the 6th of October, the even before our first morning to finally see the baby.

Here is what is written in my quick notes:

Tuesday, stuck at gas station for a long time, as couldn't pay. Michael's wallet was missing. At last was able to fill out a form that would give us 2-3 days to get the bill paid. "The police will come get you if you don't pay it," the toothless gas attendant said in parting as we were at last able to leave. (The reason we could leave at all was because, after starting our drive from the house, we turned around and went back for a few things we thought of after driving off. And while getting those things I obeyed a check to bring my driver's licence, even though I wasn't going to be driving. This was the ID needed to free us that late afternoon.)

Right before the wallet was discovered missing, with the bank card, driver's licence, money and all, I had this thought of depending on my husband to cover the costs, and all was well. But the Lord wants me to look to Him, not to trust in man at all. Because, as we saw, in a moment of time we could be penniless, stuck and unable to travel, without ID, and without a place to stay (as the campground was about to lock shut if we didn't get there very soon)—and most of all totally road blocked from doing what we came on the trip to do.

As soon as we got to the campground I really wanted to check the tent. I was holding out for the hope that it was still in there for some reason. I had had a thought when we were getting in the car to leave that morning, that when Mike was going back to the tent it was to get his wallet. But I said nothing. Maybe that was a check and I

should have voiced it. So as soon as we parked, I dashed to the tent and looked thoroughly in that tent corner with Mike's stuff. No wallet.

There was a very nice family camping next to us, also with three children, very well behaved and pleasant. In the night I heard the parents talking late into the night. I felt so comforted hearing them speaking beside the fire. I felt like the angels were encamped with us in that wild place, with no other people around—and some wild creatures around.

They were eating dinner at their camp and I walked up to them, to talk for the first time. I asked if they had seen a wallet around the campsite. I kind of laughed while saying we couldn't pay for the gas, as it was missing. The woman with blue eyes and blonde hair looked sweetly and compassionately into my eyes, with her very clear and clean eyes. They said, "We'll keep our eyes open for it."

Then I said something to the effect of how things could be worse. We were out hiking in wild places and didn't get hurt. "We could be stuck there..." I said. It was the equivalent of a praise. I smiled and walked away. I then see right then, Mike holding up his wallet, waving it triumphantly with a smile. I flung my arms up in praise! This was to tell the family that it had been found.

Where was it? Our youngest son had looked in the tent right after me, and looked in the very same small corner I had diligently looked. He said it was just lying there, right on the tent floor.

I guess their "eyes" had looked out for it. ("Eyes" of the Lord that are in every place.) So was I just blinded and unable to feel it either? Or was it there but temporarily vanished so that our son could get the joy of feeling like a hero and get encouraged? Was it actually lost somewhere else and the Lord's "eyes" searched for it and brought it here to us?

I don't know. But it was a good lesson to see how under attack we were, to stop us from going anywhere and doing anything. And a good reminder that it's the Lord that pays the bills, to look to Him as my husband most of all.

7-OCTOBER-2020

"We wake with you" my angels had told me while I was hiking the day before. So that morning I remembered it. I asked them to sing to me. They said to me, "You start." So in my mind I started the first line of a Psalm song. I only sang a short thing, and then in my mind and spirit I could hear them singing. It was as if that one line I sang was the first part of a praise song they knew. They sang to me the rest of a song of praise I'd never heard before.

Something else happened on that walk in the near rainy weather, but full rain never did it come, thanks to yours and other's prayers.

On this walk to see some nearby falls, Michael slipped and sprained his ankle. It really hurt and he couldn't walk. I called the boys over, "Here's an opportunity for the Lord to do a miracle" I said. And the pastor's teens were witness to it as well. I laid hands on his ankle and prayed, asking for the Holy Spirit to fill every part. Wonderfully, it was his left ankle, so that though walking was very difficult and painful, at least he could still drive. Praise the Lord! Again it was an attempt to hinder us from going anywhere and doing anything.

I was noticing, before we left for our trip, on the last day we read the next chapter of Deuteronomy, how it was travel that the enemies were stopping. The children of Israel could only make it to the promise land if the people of the places around allowed them to travel through. It was armies and trouble makers that always hindered travel. And so it is today. Made me think of Mark 16:15, how we are commissioned to "Go into all the world" to preach the Gospel. So hindering travel really makes that commission difficult to do.

Once again the Key of Heavenly Transportation was really needed. Though an attack got through, so the Lord could do a miracle, it was only allowed in such a way as to not stop us all the way.

And on that walk, another very special miracle of "Heavenly Transportation" was to occur. I haven't told anyone about it yet. I wanted to tell someone who would believe, as it's very meaningful to me.

After praying, Michael's "ankle bones received strength" (Acts 3:7) and he was actually able to walk down to the waterfalls, though slowly, with a big rod to hold on to. The "Spirit of a man sustaineth his infirmity" (Prov. 18:14), and he so much didn't want to stop the boys from getting to go to the falls, so painful or not, he had the faith to get walking. It was a good testimony, and he was very brave. But that's not the most special part.

After seeing the falls and taking photos, we made our way up. I hiked up at a brisk pace with the boys and the teen girl of our friends. There were many steps to climb, and it was hard work and steep. We left Michael and the young adult/ teen way behind. Michael was making his way up very slowly. As I was walking I had no idea how he was going to make the climb. There was also the factor that the teen girl really wanted to get back to the house for something. At their pace, it would have taken a very long time until my husband and the girl's brother made it up to the top.

When we made it there, they were no where in sight, of course, as we peered down the mountain path we had just climbed. How long we'd need to stay there and wait, I didn't know. As soon as I got up there, I wanted to put in a

request to the Lord for mercy. I wanted Michael to not have to walk all the way up. I asked for him to get to skip some of the path way, or most of it. I prayed for a bit of a “Philip trip” (Acts 8:39-40) miracle for him and the young man to suddenly be on a higher part of the pathway, without them detecting it.

Hardly a moment went by after my silent earnest prayer, when I heard their voices. Yes! There they were, nearly at the top of the pathway. At the most it had been one minute from the time we reached the top, until they were there with us too. I was so very encouraged. Jesus had brought them suddenly up.

“How did you get here so fast?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” came the reply.

Praise God! Do what you can and God will do what you can’t.

On 13th of October 2020, I wrote:

I witnessed the biggest miracle of my life this week. And I’ve seen lots of miracles, I’ve seen and talked with angels, I’ve gone without much food for some time now—while fasting, praying and fighting for the baby’s deliverance, and still am not hungry—and am gaining weight. But the miracle of this baby boy, one year old toddler, taking to me right away, after just two half days of visiting. He’s made me his new mother, loves me, asks for me, wants to be held, trusts me now when I feed him, is outstanding. He never cried an emotional tear, that I’m aware of; because he never cried in days.

He loves the boys, they always make him smile. He likes hugging them and reaches out to hug them; he likes seeing them around. If they go out and he is still at home, they are missed. He takes to Michael, and willingly, happily goes up into his arms. It’s like he’s known us all his life, and is so happy to be with us.

He doesn’t always go to sleep right away, just because there is too much that is new and he wants to explore it, again. He’s not disturbed in the least to be somewhere new. It’s all fun for him. He wakes with smiles to see me or the boys looking at him. He’s just very happy with us.

Before driving to bring him home the Lord said to anoint him with oil and pray for his new start and to be cleansed and leave his old life and start a new one. That drive home was the happiest and easiest drive ever with a child. He was either sleeping or content and happy. We had good play time outside too for a picnic. He was totally restarted. It is such a miracle.

When I saw some of his first radiant smiles looking at him, or his endearing putting his forehead on to me, I knew it was divine. That’s the kind of smile I got after being a mother of my child for a while and caring for them day after day. I thought in some way I had earned it, that I had worked for that love and that smile. But now I’m getting it when I barely met a young child—the same smile, the same love and wishing to be with me. I see now that all along it was straight from Jesus; it wasn’t me that earned it. I had done nothing for this new one, but yet I get the reward of love through smiles and endearment. It always was from Jesus.

P.S. 16th of October. It’s been a week now of having this child. He’s radiant daily smiles and laughter is a beautiful testimony to the amazing miracle Jesus keeps doing. We are getting to know each other, but he showers us with love. He’s been completely healthy, happy, and accident free. Well, nearly, but Jesus won:

13-Oct-2020: We had his first accident yesterday. I left him with one of the children while I went to put on a pot of rice to cook. A big “thud” was heard, followed by a baby’s cry. That was his head hitting the floor. A tile floor covered by a thin carpet. I held him and claimed the Keys of the Kingdom to instantly heal and help. He cried hard at first and nearly lost his breath. I held him outside. He stopped soon. I got the whisper to cuddle him with a bottle of baby milk. He gratefully enjoyed it. When he had enough he gave the biggest smile and joy was back. He was healed and happy. This only took a few minutes. And mercifully Jesus made there be no mark or bonk or bump at all on his head. It was a very hard whack, but the Lord healed wonderfully.