

## **Power with the Keys of the Kingdom—True stories**

17-SEP-2018 --By Koriane

We know God can prove Himself strong and available to help anytime and any place. We may think He is more likely to show up in life and death situations in some wild mission field, but what if your place of service is primarily sitting or lie down in bed, with little more than a laptop to use in service for Him, can He show Himself just as near and dear and ready to help?

### **Keys of retrieval**

Last night, I had to plug in my little screen device to the computer, so it could recharge. I was going to read off of it in the early morning. There is only one port on this device—it could be used to recharge the device by hooking a long wire to it and plugging it into the computer, or a little wire could be plugged that held a port for a USB to attach to it. I was concerned that in the dark I would have a hard time finding the little wire with the USB holding my reading files on it, when I then would need to replug it in the dark night/ early morning. But if I didn't hook it up to be recharged I wouldn't be able to use it anyway.

When I woke rested while it was yet dark I was ready to get reading some messages from the Lord and have time in His Word. It was a bit later than I would have like to wake, and it was a tiny bit light by that time, so I could visually make out some things on the shelf beside me with the computer and the device plugged into it. I looked around, and felt around and couldn't find the little wire with the USB on it. It seemed very likely that it had fallen down behind the shelf, and would not be possible to reach/ crawl and find it until the morning.

I wasn't going to give up having my special time. I told the Lord I'd be willing to use the computer and sit up and read on it, if that is what would work out best—though it would make more noise and light in the room, and it was cold to be sitting up out from under the covers. Either way I was going to have time with Him. But after feeling and looking around on both the two shelves I couldn't find the wire. I gave one sincere prayer, "I claim the keys of retrieval if it's Your will Lord for me to read the material on the USB and use the little screen." The moment I said "Keys of retrieval" my fingers that were trying to feel on the bottom shelf that was totally in the dark, touched on something. Of course it was the wire with the USB on it! Happy, encouraged, but not shocked; "That's just like Jesus" as the song says. So within seconds of claiming the keys according to God's will, I had what I needed and was reading the Word.

### **Keys of Discovery**

There were some Christian comics stories that I had a digital copy of, somewhere. I had tried to look for them before, but couldn't find them. This morning I was going to have a little time of reading with one of the children and wanted to read some of them with him. There are many external hard drives that they could be on, and each one of those containing many folders. I didn't even remember the name I would have called the folders or the files. I didn't want to waste our time together just looking for these files.

I selected a few of the external drives to look on. The first one I looked on didn't produce the files. I wanted fast action to save time, or I would move on to read something else.

"I claim the keys of discovery" I said to Jesus in prayer. Then I immediately got a leading to plug in a certain hard drive, and then again the nudge what folder to open. Bingo! There were all the files of the Christian Comics!

It hadn't been more than several seconds from the time I prayed and the Lord activated His Keys of the Kingdom, that I received the answer.

God's way saves time—in His time, in His way, in His place, while doing what pleases Him. Glory to God!

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### **A Praise Testimony**

A few weeks ago I got very flustered and pressured about something that I felt I was being pulled in both ways and centre. I lost my cool, and felt very bad afterwards. Then that was an opening to the enemy's attack. I had let myself believe the lie that some things were "too hard" for me, rather than having faith that with Jesus helping I could manage anything. I got hit hard with not just emotional attack, but physical. I felt like the life was taken out of me and I could hardly even move—and had not desire to either. I felt incredible drowsy and was good for nothing for the rest of the day.

The next morning when I woke, the first visions that flashed to me was my angelic warrior-trainer that helps me know how to fight, and corrects me too so I say on track said joyfully with a smile: We won!

I didn't know it was going to be a long hard battle for them in the spirit, because I had let the enemy in through lack of faith and praise and letting the Lord do the work and take the pressure of life. When I went to sleep that night I honestly didn't know what condition I was going to be in that next morning. I had no strength or will for anything. Sometimes a night sleep helps to reset thing. But I thought it went beyond just physical weakness. And apparently it did. That morning I felt rest and fine spiritually, and it was because the angels had fought for me. Just seeing that smile in my mind gave me courage to get up and face the day—and face the Lord too, as I needed to get things right and get back on track. I knew I had sinned in the reactions I had, which meant I needed more time with the Master. So I took good long time with Him, and also I asked my angelic fighter-trainer what I did wrong, why did I react that way, what had happened.

After explaining to me what I needed to learn, he said that the physical feeling that had come over me was no natural but from the enemy and the only way to fight that is through praise. He said what I should have done was to start praising the Lord and not stop until the strength came back to me. He said this kind of attack could go on for days, weeks, or months, if allowed to and not fought against, making one completely useless. I remembered that.

It wasn't long later until I got to put it into practice. A week or so later I felt that "gutted" feeling, and could hardly move or desire to. My spirit had gone from me. I had all power gone. I can't remember what brought it on, but I knew what I was meant to do. So summoning every bit of strength I could muster, I nearly crawled to my suitcase on the bottle shelf and rummaged through it to find a book of written praises to the Lord. That was the only thing I was focusing on—I was going to praise, all day if need be. I managed at last to find the book and make my way out side and sit on a chair in the sun.

The children were, thankfully, happily playing outside there too. I opened the book and was going to read all the way through it—and go on to the next and the next if that is what it took. I really wasn't going to do a single thing but praise and praise. I read the first praise page, then the next, obediently just doing it. When I got to page 20 I felt a slight bit of strength come to me, enough that I could walk back to the room and get my hand held device that had files of God's word on it. I returned outside and began to take in the Word for added strength. With the little bit of added strength I felt, I could then go and put some Bible audios on my mp3 player and listen to it while I hand ground the grain to make flat bread and some lunch for the children.

With the flat bread I was able to part take of a nice nourishing meal, including a simple communion between me and the Lord. But the time the meal was over, I was back to normal again. Praise had pulled me through! It gave the strength to take in the Word, and the Word gave the strength to help others and keep on going.

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### **Testing—the testimony of Hearing from departed believers:**

I had read a prophetic message in a mag that said those who have gone on to be with the Lord would like to speak to us on earth and help and encourage us.

If that was a true prophecy, then it should hold up to the test. If it proved true then it was good. The best way to find out was to test it.

So I said to the children, “Who would you like to hear from?” and they said about two names each, people like Moses, Martin Luther, King David, Leonardo Da Vinci, Adam, etc. I wrote the names down and added a few of my own. There was a list of nine to start out with. I told them I wasn’t promising them anything. I didn’t know if I could get messages from them when I prayed today, but I would give a chance to put it into practice and test it out. If the Lord wanted them to speak to us, then it would happen.

When I said that I didn’t know if I could get the messages, my youngest said, “Then tomorrow you’ll get them?” To him and his faith it was either today or tomorrow, or the next day—but “not hearing from them at all” never crossed his mind. They all had faith and desire. He was really wanting to hear from someone he loves—because his favourite book in the Bible is the book of Psalms. He really, really wanted a special personal message to him from King David.

Then all that morning the boys were really quiet, not wanting to disturb in anyway, so that I could type the messages. And type I did. They hungered and thirsted after righteousness. I stepped out on their faith and knew the Lord would not want to disappoint them.

It was supernatural what happened. I typed so fast and so much, trying to keep up with all they each had to say. The messages were really interesting, and just what the boys enjoyed hearing about, or needed to learn about. The brought smiles and heart warming moments, and had good things for us to learn. It was like I’d just tapped in to the best way to education the children—teachers from heaven as guest speakers. It was amazing.

I’m not a writer, and if I have a blank page I don’t know what to say, unless the Lord or His angels puts the words in my mind and fingers. But in the course of a few hours there were twelve pages of small text filed with interesting, informative and inspirational words from these men of the past. More came later until all of them had been heard from. (We now have a new list.) I don’t want the education of the children to suffer and be beggarly by missing out on teaching them the real and interesting things that matter. It’s a wonderful new source of training made available.

When I read the message from King David that was given as a personal message to the boy who wanted it, ever part of it was very personally touching. He felt so happy and loved, like only the Lord’s love does for Him. Nothing in the world I could say would make him feel the way he did when he heard from someone in heaven that loved the Lord and love him, and who his heart had a fondness towards through building a relationship based on the words in the Bible.

Not only do they learn things of earthly value, but they learn secrets and neat things about life in the next life. What a marvellous teaching aid.

I want to make messages from “Heavenly Guest Speakers” a part of their training program from now on. We read a few of these each week, and enjoy every bit of it.

18-SEP-2018 --**Heart Healing—Jesus is the Healer and has the balm for every hurt; His Words heal and praise protects**

The other day when having personal reading and talk time and prayer time with my eldest son he was reminded of something that was painning him. Some thing had happened nine months ago that was still bothering him. He said every time he thinks about it it's like thorn that pokes him again and again. He'd missed seeing something he really would have liked to see. It wasn't something we could do to make happen for him; it was by chance that he missed it, due to activity choices he made—to do this and then that. Never in his life could there be a repeat of it in this way. He cried lots about it.

Knowing recently personally how the Lord can heal anything in our heart and has the balm of healing for it all—each different hurt has a different thing that helps to heal, but healing can come for anything—I told him I knew the Lord had just the right thing to heal him. So I prayed for the Lord to show us what the balm would be this time—maybe it would come now, or later on down the line. We took time to pray and hear from the Lord about it.

The Lord told him a very interesting and eye-opening message, revealing things behind the scenes. It told him that that was the only thing the enemy was permitted to do to trouble this boy during our trip. That the list of things was long and debilitating and death-causing of all the enemy wished to do and tried to do, but the Lord would not allow it. He Lord said that from now on whenever the enemy reminded him of this thing he missed seeing, to laugh and mock the enemy at how weak he was and that was the only puny thing he was able to do. And to instead praise the Lord for all the good and miracles that happened to keep us happy and alive and well. (Indeed that trip this boy nearly got bit by one of the most deadly snakes in the world, but was spared wonderfully.)

So as I was reading this message from Jesus that told of all the protection on our trip and all the bad things that didn't happen—and exposing this one thread of a thing that the enemy was allowed to do and was gleeful because it was something he could use to keep poking and hurting the boy with—then a miracle of the heart took place.

I wasn't even through reading aloud the message that I'd typed up, to the crying boy, when he suddenly exclaimed: "I can't explain it! It's gone! The thorn is gone!" The pain of heart had been removed instantly at hearing the words of Jesus, that were on target, to heal and cleanse that pain and wound that had been inflicted. That was it! After months of never getting over it, bing, Jesus heals with His words and thoughts and prospective on the situation—when heard by a receptive and believing heart. Here is the praise fighting prayer the Lord gave that the boy could say when or if the pain came again—but it never will, because Jesus remove it. But it's good for any future attacks, to say to the enemy:

"You silly creep! Ha! That was all you could do. I praise Jesus for how powerful He is. He made none of the evil plans work out. Jesus, I thank You for the gift of life that I still have. I thank You for the family that I still have. I thank You for the hearing that I still have. I thank you for the gift of movement and use of my fingers that I still have. I thank you for the trips we can now still go on. Please forgive me for forgetting the big, huge gifts and protection and care that You have given, and for listening to the enemy who is trying to hit me and hurt me again and again. I now give him no place. Step on him Jesus, squish his pitiful voice so I no longer hear it. Remove his tools of pain that he uses to poke me with and use them back on him a thousand times for every one he has given to me. I love you forever and I know Jesus that you only allow what is going to be turned together for good and what will make Your plans work out best and in the fastest way. The enemy can't do anything to stop You, Jesus; because everything he tries, the things you allow, are only what will get us a short-cut to victory. Even though I don't see clearly how this even will work together for good, now with my carnal mind, I pray that with the eyes of the spirit you will show me and teach me and turn it to gold. Teach me whatever You know I need to learn. I praise you for all that comes, good or bad, right or wrong. I trust You and am on Your winning team. I rebuke any attempts of the enemy to hinder, and while fighting against him I am gaining strength of spirit and proving to You that I really am solidly on your side. It's like a test and when You see that I am willing to fight the evil one, then You know that I love You, Jesus. And those that love You, You will cherish and do extra special things for. I need You always. I need to hear Your voice. I need You to talk to me, to walk with me, and to take me safely and happily through this challenging life. (End of praise prayer)

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