

Sitting in Church service one Sunday morning, I looked over to my right and saw what was like this golden ray shining down from the ceiling upon a man in a wheel chair.

This man was highlighted to me for some reason, but I continued to focus on worship.

I heard the Lord say, 'I want you to go pray for that man.'

I whispered quietly, 'Lord, IF this is really YOU, have the worship team play another song and I will slip in behind him and place my hands upon his shoulders discreetly.'

The music stopped.

As I attempted to sit in my chair, I felt the anointing come on me, a little shaky, jittery, restless and knew the Lord wasn't going to let me brush this off. On top of what was going on in my body, simultaneous with a conviction to pray for this man; my hands began to get red, hot, itchy, and began to swell like they were frostbitten.

I decided at that point I better obey the Lord.

I walk over and bent down to be face to face with him and his wife. He was in a wheel chair and she was seated next to him.

I asked her, 'Can I pray for your husband? I feel the Lord wants me to pray for him.'

She said, 'Absolutely', and was very eager for him to receive prayer.

Because the worship music had stopped, I asked if we could wheel him out into a more private and quiet area in the lobby.

Before I went to pray I asked her, 'Is it okay with you if I place my hands on him; his head, shoulders, knees, and feet?' She again very eager said, 'Sure, go right ahead.'

As I stood behind him and placed my hands on his head, his shoulders, I began to pray in the Spirit.

I could feel the healing power of God flow through my hands into his body. As I went to walk around him, I looked into his face and said, "'I hear the Lord saying to you, 'Do not fear, this shall not come upon you again, you will fully recover.'"

I proceeded to walk to the front of him, knelt down placed my hands on his knees, then his feet until I felt the flow of the healing anointing stop flowing through my hands.

I stood up to a man that stared at me stone faced. His right hand curled up under his ribcage and I said to the wife, 'If you don't mind my asking, what happened?'

She responded, 'He had a stroke that left him paralyzed on the right side of his body and he lost his speech.' So we hugged and she wheeled him back into service.

As for me, I was upset that the Lord would put me in that position. Seriously.

I didn't go back into the service. I left mad at God thinking, great, if he doesn't get healed, I'm going to look like the biggest fool. 'Why did YOU have ME do that?' Being upset at God, I went home.

A couple of weeks later, I went back into Church. I went to use the ladies room and there was a long line so I waited patiently. As I got near to going inside the restroom (finally), in comes this little blonde woman who I barely recognized. She pointed up at me, looked me in the face and said loudly in front of everybody, 'YOU'RE THE ONE THAT PRAYED!'

She grabbed me by the arm and dragged me out of the bathroom.

At this point I realized she was the man's wife I had prayed over in the wheel chair and to be perfectly honest, I had no idea what was coming next, or why she was dragging me out of the restroom-perhaps to give me a piece of her mind. I thought to myself, 'Holy crap he must have died!'

She pulls me out into the lobby and what do my eyes behold (and I choke up to this day even mentioning this), I saw this very tall man, the one in the wheelchair I had just prayed for- WALKING into the Church. The right arm that was crippled up under his right ribcage was now steadying him with a four-legged cane. I was in shock. She was jumping up and down, tears of excitement and he, still

seeming a little weak leaned forward for a hug. She was thanking me like I was God or something and I, still being in shock at the sight, eyes-welled up with tears said, 'Don't thank me, it wasn't me.'

I had such torn emotions, so many mixed feelings as to the miracle I saw and witnessed and that the Lord practically made it impossible for me to keep sitting in my chair that day when He wanted me to pray for this man. Thoughts run through your head knowing where you've come from like why me? There were so many more people in that Church that were more holy, pure, I mean... me?

About two months later in between services I saw this couple again. Again, this little blonde woman dragging her husband across the room to see me. This time, it was just as the Lord had said. He was fully recovered. She told me he had fully recovered. Didn't need the cane any longer. The Dr's said it was a miracle. He was taken off all medication and had received his speech back. He leans into hug me only this time he said, 'Thank you.'

To hear him speak brought tears to my eyes. To see the Lord perform a miracle before my very eyes was just what I always knew about the Lord. It's what I have always longed to see and not just sporadically, I long to see the Lord move like this ALL the time. Such excitement to see a miracle of that magnitude.

All of these years I had attended and volunteered in Church; I would say around the time of this occurrence; it was close to about 9 years of consistent attendance, volunteering, serving in every area of ministry and consistently meeting with Pastor's on a weekly basis to be discipled, but also to hold my life out for accountability.

Upon sitting with a female Pastor of this Church, at my very next meeting, I had shared with her what the Lord had done. I have craved and yearned so long to see miracles performed by God Himself that I guess my excitement was misunderstood. When I shared with her what God had done she said this and it crushed me to the core, 'Sounds like you're boasting Jen. I don't know why God would use you, many of us Pastors and Elders had prayed for that man. God doesn't like boasting Jen.' I was crushed.

She affirmed what I already thought of myself; unworthy, unclean, WHY did He use ME? I wasn't good enough. I wasn't holy enough. Pure enough. Religious enough.

It was that conversation that was the nail in the coffin for my Church attendance. I felt I didn't belong among the great. Among the Church elite. I never returned.

It took some time for the Lord to cause me to realize this: He could have used any one in that Church. He doesn't look for ability, He looks for availability. He uses broken vessels and uses those who would never and could never take the credit for what He has done. God is a jealous God and will share His glory with no one. I just happen to know as much as I fail forward; this gal isn't taking credit for anything He chooses to do in me, and through me.

I know where I've come from and He uses me inspite of me.