

Christian Assembly Church

Booklet
of
Testimonies
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My name is Joshua Metzler of Industry, PA. Early on the cold morning of February 18, 2004, a scary thing happened a block away from my house. I was in a terrible car accident. In a moment, my life flashed in front of me. I awoke in the dark environment of the hospital. I had a broken pelvis, broken ribs, broken tailbone, collapsed lung, hole in my diaphragm, bleeding in my brain, broken collarbone, and bad pain in my back. I was hooked up to numerous tubes. I would like to share some of the things that happened that took more than human powers.

My cousin came to visit me and cut my hair. He was getting married in May and never thought that I would walk in to the wedding. But I did it. I bounced back!

One time I had to take a test with a feeding tube. If I did not pass, they were going to insert a feeding tube into my stomach. I believed for the small miracle that happened – I could swallow again.

I had been having a hard time sitting up in a wheelchair. Actually, I began by sitting up for only ten minutes at a time. Suddenly one day, I sat in my chair the whole day!

Another really cool thing that happened was when men named Brother Larry and Jay found the path when I needed a visitor and prayed over me.

I want people to know that God did wonders in my life during this time. During those months, I lost 60 pounds. But I know that God was with me the whole time.

If you are a nonbeliever, I would like to meet you, because I am a walking miracle! Two years later, I am back to myself. Thank the Lord! And that is my testimony.

--Joshua Metzler

I became a Christian in the fall of 1989 at the age of 29. Five years later, after attending denominational churches, my husband, our children, and I began to attend a non-denominational church that emphasized an extreme form of dying to self and denying self. At first, the teaching of the Pastor and teachers sounded right. They even used Scriptures to back up their claims. However, I have learned by experience that Satan is called a deceiver for a reason. He also knows Scripture and is good at mixing enough truth with the lie to make it palatable.

The Pastor and teachers taught that God puts Christians through many trying situations, including sickness, to do a work within our hearts. Satan was rarely mentioned. The few times that Satan was mentioned, I was told that he could not do anything unless God permitted it. I was encouraged to endure whatever trial “God” put in my life because He wanted to use the trial to perfect me and change me into the image of Christ. If I did not endure the dealings of God, and allow Him to sanctify me through them, I would fall short and not qualify to be the Bride of Christ. Those Christians who did not qualify to be the Bride of Christ would still be saved, however, they would be cast into a place in heaven called the outer darkness where there would be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Rather than seeing myself righteous in the eyes of God because of my faith in Jesus, I believed that my heart was desperately wicked and full of iniquity. God still needed to purge the dross from my heart. Apparently, the suffering of Christ on the cross was not enough to cleanse me. The dross was removed by enduring the dealings of God. The childlike faith that I had in the Lord when I first became a Christian slowly transformed into a religion that was based upon my performance. Somehow, I missed the scriptures that asked,

Galatians 3:3

Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh? KJV

Rather than focusing on the completed work of Christ, I became focused on my performance and myself. Every time I looked within myself, I saw failure. I knew that I failed to meet the standard of God. No matter how hard I tried, I missed the mark. Over time, the “fruit” of the church’s teaching manifested itself in a feeling of hopelessness and depression.

By 1996, the depression was so overwhelming and I actually contemplated suicide. I feared that out of desperation I would lose control and slice my wrists or down a bottle of pills. That scared me enough to go to the doctor because I did not really want to kill myself. I had two small children. I did not want them to live their lives with the knowledge that their mother had killed herself. The doctor put me on Prozac. That numbed the symptoms and I no longer thought about suicide, but it did not alleviate the depression completely. I felt like such a failure because I had turned to medicine rather than endure the “dealings of God”. After about six months, I stopped taking the Prozac. I felt ok but not great. I no longer feared that I would lose control and take my life. However, I also did not care if I lived. I actually told the Lord a few times over those years, “You can ‘take me home’ anytime you are ready.” I felt hopeless because I believed that I had failed God and would never measure up to His standard. I felt as if I had no purpose in life and just existed. Nevertheless, God had not given up on me. He reached out to me in a most astounding way.

Around October of 2004, I was having many physical problems in addition to depression. I went to my family doctor who diagnosed me as having fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue syndrome, and sleep apnea. He also said that I needed to go on an antidepressant again. He set up an appointment for me with a specialist to treat the sleep apnea. The specialist sent me a six-page questionnaire that asked questions concerning my physical and emotional state.

Six months before this, my husband and I had been drawn to the teaching of a man by the name of Andrew Wommack. Tom heard him on the radio and we found his website on the Internet and began to listen to him daily. The words he spoke encouraged me and watered my thirsty soul. During this time of waiting (about three weeks) for my appointment with the specialist, we had been listening to Andrew’s teaching about “Believer’s Authority”. It lined up with Scripture, but I was having a hard time receiving it because it was so different from what I had learned. He taught about healing and how as a believer we have authority over sickness because of Christ. He taught that God always wants the best for us and wants us well. Physical, mental, spiritual health, and deliverance from bondages, as well as salvation, was already given to us 2000 years ago at the cross. However, I learned that the reason that many Christians walk in sickness or in bondage is because of unbelief. I had believed that God could heal, but maybe it was not His will to heal. I did not realize that I thwarted the power of God because of unbelief. About three days before my appointment with the specialist, I went into my room to be alone with God. Andrew’s teaching of God’s word concerning “Believer’s Authority” was bringing me to a crisis in my faith. I was beginning to doubt the teaching of my church, yet I was not sure what the truth was. Still, I did not trust myself. I was taught that because the heart is desperately wicked, it tries to escape the “dealings of God” and it naturally gravitates to what it wants to hear. I desperately desired to know the truth. Deep down, I wondered about the abundant life that Jesus promised. I wondered, “Where is the joy?” I prayed, “Lord, show me Your way. I do not want to walk in error. Is the truth what I have learned at my church or is it what Andrew

Wommack has been teaching? I love you and want to follow you. Please, Lord, show me the truth.”

Finally, the time came to see the doctor. I took the questionnaire with me to my appointment and handed it to him. He looked at my answers on the questionnaire for a few minutes and asked me, “What is in your life that has made you so despondent?” I did not know how to answer him. I think I responded with, “I don’t know.” As I sat there, he continued to look over my answers – all of a sudden, he blurted out, “You’re a Christian!” I responded with a surprised, “Yes.” At the same time that I answered yes, I remembered that there were no questions on the pages that asked about religious background. The Holy Spirit had to have revealed this to him. The next question out of his mouth stunned me and I became speechless. He asked me, “Do you believe in believer’s authority? There was the phrase “believer’s authority”, the very subject that I had taken to the Lord 3 days earlier. Because of my unresponsiveness, the doctor asked me again; He said, “You’re a Christian. You do believe in the believer’s authority don’t you?” I stammered, “I’m beginning to believe in it.” He said, “Beginning? How long have you been a Christian?” I answered, “About 15 years.” He replied, “You should be well established in understanding believer’s authority” by now.” Immediately a certain Scripture came to mind:

Hebrews 5:12

In fact, though by this time you ought to be teachers, you need someone to teach you the elementary truths of God’s word all over again. You need milk, not solid food! NIV

The doctor looked me straight in the eye and said, “The person on these pages is not you. You are not this person.” When he said that, I knew it to be the truth. I felt a weight lift off my heart. I received and believed that I was not the person on those pages. I knew that was not who I was in Christ. All of these things that I had been learning from Andrew Wommack over the past six months became a reality to me. I knew in that instant that I was an accepted child of God, a member of the King of the King’s family, and one with the Father because of Jesus. I started to cry tears of joy and appreciation for Jesus. The doctor asked me, “What else besides sleep apnea have you been told that you have?” I said, “Fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue syndrome and depression.” He asked, “Are you on any antidepressants?” I answered, “Yes.” He said, “Stop taking them. You do not need them. You are not depressed.” The words he spoke broke the bondage of depression. I just knew that because of Jesus I did not need to suffer with depression! Jesus paid the price on the cross for my complete wholeness! The doctor ordered the sleep apnea tests because the back of my throat looked swollen upon his examination. (Probably because I had been crying tears of joy!) I walked out of the exam room and into the waiting room where my husband was sitting. I had been crying and my husband grew concerned and asked, “What is the matter?” I said, “Not a thing. In fact, everything is great. Wait till I tell you what just happened!” I now knew the truth and the Truth had set me free!

I called the specialist’s office about three days later and cancelled the sleep apnea tests. I no longer had sleep apnea! I slept deeply and woke refreshed every morning. All of the aches and pains within my joints and muscles were gone. I felt energized. The end-result of my belief was total health to my body, deliverance from depression and becoming filled with joy. I had finally found the abundant life that Jesus promised!

Soon after this experience, the Lord led my husband and I out of the church we had been a part of for eleven years. The Lord had set me free and wanted me to remain free. I had to leave behind the teaching that was partly responsible for my wrong belief. That is how we came

to Christian Assembly. Because of my experience, I wrote a poem called the Gospel of Grace. It is included at the end of this testimony.

The remnants are those who hold fast to their Lord.	{Rom. 11:5-7} {Heb. 3:14}
They come up out of the desert leaning upon Him.	{Song of Sol. 8:5}
In the dry place they learned, self-effort could never afford	{Rom. 9:16} {Rom. 9:30-32}
His perfection, or earn a place in His kingdom.	{Heb. 7:19} {James 2:5}
Their foolish attempts at self-righteousness and purity	{Gal. 3:3}
Brought failure, depression, fear and condemnation.	{Rom. 8:15} {I John 4:18}
Simple childlike faith in their Lord appeared lost,	{Mark 10:15}
And that brought deep soul-searching contemplation.	{2 Cor. 13:5}

What is the Good News that the New Testament declares?	{Rom. 1:16-17}
What price did Jesus' sacrifice really pay?	{Heb. 9:28},
{Heb. 10:10}, {Heb.10:14}	
What is the full story of Calvary's cross?	{Col. 1:19-23}
Answers needed to be found and without delay.	{Matt. 7:7-8} {Acts 17:11}
Justification comes freely by His grace, not by works.	{Gal. 2:16} {Acts 13:39}
We enter in by faith alone and not by works of the law.	{Eph. 2:8-9}
His blood washes clean, sanctifies, and glorifies!	{I Cor. 6:11} {Rom. 8:30}
Trusting Him is the narrow way! Their eyes opened and they saw!	{John 14:6} {2 Cor. 4:4}

What others sought so earnestly yet could not acquire.	{Rom. 9:16}
The remnants obtained only by faith in His Grace.	{Rom. 5:17}
Coolness has been replaced with passionate fire.	{1 Thess. 5:19} {Rev. 3:16}
Endless joy floods their heart and shines on their face.	{Luke 2:10} {Rom. 15:13}
	{1 Pet. 1:8}
They will stand by faith on the grace of God.	{1 Cor 15:1} {2 Cor 1:21-22}
They'll rejoice in the hope of His glory.	{Rom. 5:2}
Because of His promise, they'll inherit all things.	{Gal. 4:6-7}
And that is the wonderful news of this Gospel story!	{John 19:30} {Acts 20:24}

--Madeline McNary

God has done many great things in my life, but here are a few of the testimonies He has given me.

My oldest daughter was about a year old (over twenty years ago). I had her in church and she was lying in the pew, very hot with a fever. At this time I was a new Christian and new at the church. Someone sitting near me noticed that she was sick and asked the Pastor to pray for her (I didn't even have to ask). I took her home and she lay down on the couch for an hour or so. Then she got up and she was fine – the fever had left her and she was up and playing. I noticed that a rather large (about an inch) ugly mass of what appeared to be dried crusted blood had fallen out of her ear and remained lying on the couch where she had been. God had healed her of a NASTY ear infection!

I was a very poor single mother when I was saved, but I always paid my tithes without even thinking about it; it was the first thing I did when I got my paycheck. Now it has been a few years, but God has definitely lifted me up out of the ashes. I have an excellent position now, well paying, nice, pleasant work, good hours, my own office, etc., and couldn't ask for anything better. God has always opened every door for me. I KNOW it was God!

Several years ago, my husband badly injured his back. He had a double laminectomy and was in surgery for seven hours. Post surgery for two days he was still unable to stand without max assist of two therapists. I was beginning to think he was going to be on permanent disability assistance, because normally people are up and walking the same night after a laminectomy. It was not looking good. Someone in the church asked for the whole church to pray for my husband (I don't even know who it was). The next morning my husband was able to stand and walk on his own, and he was steadily improving. When he returned to his orthopedic surgeon for his post-surgical check-up, his doctor even said that he was afraid my husband would never walk again. He had not told him that in the hospital. I give all the glory to God. And the funny thing is, my husband doesn't even serve God, but God still had mercy on him!

--Carin Baker

I was happily married for thirty-one years (or at least I thought I was). We had three wonderful children together, two girls and a boy. Looking back, we did things that normal families did. After our son was born, my husband joined a lot of different groups and became really involved in the fire department and township. He had a lot of meetings and I fully trusted him and thought he went where he told me he was going. Well, after Christmas and before New Year's, he came home from work one day and told me he was leaving me. I just could not believe what I was hearing. He went on to tell me he was moving in with a woman. He left and I mourned as though a death took place. I was with his family and my family all that night. We all felt as if our whole world was blown apart. As the days went by, I threw myself into my work. I went from job to job in the company I worked for until I was transferred to another store as a front-end manager. I could not believe that I could do that and still be hurting so much. Well, how I did that was one night I was searching and calling for information about groups that might help me. When I called Christian Assembly, Chuck answered and said that there was a service that night at 6:30, so I went. When I got there, he must have known it was me and told me he wanted me to meet Cyndi the divorce care leader. She made me promise to be at the meeting Thursday night. I went and it was so hard at first, but as time went on and others came and we all hurt together it was getting easier to share our feelings. It took awhile, but through all the prayers and all the fellowship of one another, I finally let go and gave my life to God to work it out. I was tired and had no more strength to fight my emotions. I gave my life to the Lord, and from that moment on, He immediately took all the clutter and mixed up feelings and gave me a peace I have never felt before. I could feel the changes instantly. I can't put into words how much Cyndi and the divorce care with prayer has helped me to see that there is another life for me and God does have other plans for my life. It has been over three years since my husband filed for divorce. For financial reasons, I had to hold out as long as I could. God is still working it out and in His time the final end will come. I know I did all I could possibly do. My heart is healing and I am able to laugh again. Thank you for Pastor Bill's teachings and prayers and for the love and prayers from Cyndi, who has taught us that we are special in the sight of God and that He

cares for us and will never leave us or forsake us. I hope that someday I will have the words for someone with a broken heart as I know how special each prayer and each hug is. I know God sent Cyndi to council and guide us to trust in the Lord. He has also given me a true great friend. Thank you God for all you do in my life and my family's life. Thank you for letting the truth be known. Although it hurts now, I can see that I did not want to live in a lie and clutter as I am adjusting to the fact that things can never be the same. I give God all the praise and all the glory for providing me with a new job in which I love. God is good all the time. All my love and thanks to Chuck, Cyndi, and Pastor Bill. Without all of you I would not be where I am today.

--Mary Ann McHaffic

The Lord has worked in my life in so many ways I can't recount them all, but I would like to share this particular part with you.

A single mom feels the empty nest more drastically than a woman who still has a husband in the home. For me, I was also forced into an early retirement and felt useless. The Lord laid it on my heart to take in foster children.

My first experience did not turn out well, so I decided not to continue. I turned down several children when the agency called.

Then one day I got a call for a little girl and I said I would be right there. I could hardly believe that those words had come out of my mouth because I had not changed my mind about taking another child, but since I had agreed, I followed through. I fell in love with that little girl and adopted her, another move that I hadn't really contemplated, since I thought I was too old and too broke to be considered. But it came to pass, and just three months after the adoption was final, she began displaying symptoms of a problem with her health. No matter which symptom I described to the pediatricians, they assured me there was no problem. One night while I was praying for my little girl (I was still sure something wasn't right) the Lord told me to take action right away. The next day I insisted some tests be done and was eventually sent to Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh for a consult.

As is customary in such a case, the first thing that was done was a routine x-ray. The x-ray showed a large tumor in her abdomen. The prognosis was poor, but without surgery she had no chance, which is less than the thirty percent that the doctors agreed on.

It happened that Pastor Bill and his family and the church family were at the hospital when my daughter was there. They, in their Christian kindness, took me under their wing. They were there for every surgery (three in all) and every chemo treatment throughout the summer. They kept me focused and helped me to trust the Lord to heal my child and not lose my mind in the meantime. The Lord healed my daughter, to the amazement of the doctors, and I grew in my Christian walk thanks to the angels the Lord sent for me.

I praise God for all the things He has done for me, but this particular case brought me my precious child, saved her, taught me a greater faith than I had known, gave me the blessing of friends more precious than treasures and led me to a church that I only wish I could attend more regularly.

--Eileen Condice

It was February 1985 when I started to hemorrhage. My mom and dad prayed with me and I believed I was healed. I got up the next morning and went to work. I went to a doctor for a checkup. During the checkup, the doctor found that I had many polyps that had to be removed. He said I needed a D&C. I told him I would go home and pray and God would heal me. He said nothing including prayer would take care of the polyps except a D&C. I went home, still believing that I was healed. During the year, many people told me that I should get my problem taken care of. In December 1985, my husband left for work on the midnight shift. I was getting ready for bed, and I felt something strange. I knew that I had been healed. Since then, I have never had a problem. Every time after my annual checkup, the doctors find nothing. Praise God!!!

In October 1993, I felt a lump in my breast. I did not tell anyone but my husband. At that time, all kinds of thoughts go through your mind, but every day I would confess the Word. I had my mammogram and the nurse told me before I left, "Good luck." Dr. Burke examined me. He performed a biopsy and confirmed the same thing, that it was malignant. When I woke up in recovery, I was not in pain.

No one knew except my immediate family. I did not tell anyone so as not to make people nervous. I believed for the lump to be gone. Sometimes the more people you tell, the more outside forces you have to contend with, and it may bring your faith down. Nobody knew until the operation was over. The doctor told me that they had removed twenty-seven lymph nodes, and three of them had cancer in them. He suggested that I take chemotherapy and radiation, but they would set up an appointment with the radiologist and oncologist. He also told me my left arm would be numb, because they had to cut the nerves when they removed the lymph nodes. Until this day, my arm has never been numb. It feels just like the other arm. With the nerves cut, I think that is a miracle. I met with the doctors and they explained my options to me. They told me the final decision was mine to make. My choices were chemotherapy, radiation or tamoxifen for five years. I prayed and was at peace with what my decision would be.

When I met with the doctors, I told them that I would only take radiation. I told them that I had a great God and believed that He had taken care of everything. I started radiation treatments. I had twenty-seven treatments and five booster treatments every day, Monday through Friday. I would go to work, and then at 8:45 I would leave for my treatment. I would then go back to work for the rest of the day. I never got tired or lost my strength. The ladies in radiation always commented how well my skin was holding up. The last day I thanked the girls for being so nice and told them I would never see them there again.

I now have regular checkups, blood work, mammograms, and chest x-rays done. Everything is always OK!!! Through all of this, I have had no fear, because I know God gave me peace that I did not have on my own. When you hear cancer, everyone has fear. I think members of my family were more frightened than I was. I give all the glory to God, because it was Him, not me.

When I was six, I woke up one morning, sat up in bed, and I saw Jesus sitting on top of the cabinet at the foot of my bed. His blood was running down the side of the cabinet. I called my mother to come and see, but she did not see Him. I know that from that day until I meet Him in Glory His blood will always cover me. That does not mean that I will be exempt from the things of this world, but I know I can make it through with Him. When the Blood was applied to the doorposts, the Death Angel could not touch those inside. I am glad that my house is built on rock and not sand. I am able to stand.

At times Satan comes to tell me the pain I feel is the cancer coming back, but I stand on the Word of God. Nahum 1:9 says, "What do ye imagine against the Lord? He will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time."

--Jane Lamantia

I became a smoker at the young age of thirteen. In the early 1970's, smoking was the "in thing". Almost everyone, it seemed, smoked. My girlfriends and I would sneak cigarettes out of our parent's cigarette packs. By the age of seventeen, I was hooked.

By the time I was in my mid-twenties, smoking was no longer "fun". I had asthma. Every winter I suffered from at least a couple of episodes of bronchitis. One year, I also had a serious case of pneumonia that lasted over a month. I attempted to quit smoking on my own several times. Each time ended in failure. The longest period of time that I was able to keep from smoking was about six months. However, every day during those six months, I craved cigarettes. I even dreamed about them in my sleep. Because the craving never left me, I always went back to smoking.

I became a Christian in 1989. I knew God wanted me to quit smoking when I read the scripture that said: Don't you know that you yourselves are God's temple and that God's Spirit lives in you? If anyone destroys God's temple, God will destroy him; for God's temple is sacred, and you are that temple. I Corinthians 3:16-17, NIV

I knew that God wanted me to take care of this body that He had given me. I was also a nurse and had witnessed what a lifetime of smoking did to a person's body. I saw first-hand what the effects of emphysema and lung cancer were. I knew that I was slowly killing myself.

I decided one fall day in 1989 to quit smoking again. I woke up in the morning and threw away my cigarettes. By noon, I was pacing the floor, wanting a cigarette. I prayed to God and said, "Lord, I know You want me to quit smoking. I know it is not good for me and You want me to take care of my body, but I am weak. I want a cigarette so badly. If You don't take away this craving for cigarettes, I know it will only be a matter of time before I light up again. Please, help me." I heard the Lord answer me in my spirit. He said, "Madeline, if you will just get through today, fight it today, I promise you that when you wake up tomorrow morning the craving will be gone forever."

I took God at His Word. I said to Him, "Alright. I can endure anything for a day." I did everything that I could think of to avoid lighting up. I went to bed early that night because I wanted morning to come quickly.

I woke up the next morning and lay in my bed waiting for the craving to hit me. However, the craving for a cigarette never came. God had kept His promise to me! I had no desire to smoke and have never desired a cigarette since that time. I know that I experienced a supernatural deliverance. I have spoken to other people who have quit smoking. I am amazed that some of them, after many years of not smoking, still have to fight the desire to light up from time to time. I praise God that He delivered me completely!

--Madeline McNary

He is faithful in all my house. (Numbers 12:7). As many hymns and Christian songs say their words, the voices of a million angels could not speak what God, Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit

have done for each of us. Each of us is unique and God has a special plan for each of us. I could write my entire life and still would not be able to praise God for all that He has done in my life. I was born into a Christian family and asked Jesus into my heart in April of 1952. During my teen years I attended Youth for Christ and in November of 1959, I rededicated my life to Christ. During 1979, I started seeking to know God more and on July 4, 1980, while attending a tent meeting at Fisher of Boys in Darlington, PA, I became Spirit-filled.

In the fall of 1980, I attended a meeting at Sheepfold Ministries in Pittsburgh to hear a guest evangelist from Canada. I have always had a quiet nature and have preferred to be in the background. While I was sitting there at the service, I was praying that the evangelist would ignore me; however, he pointed at me and called me out to the aisle to pray over me. This was the only time in my life I had ever seen this evangelist, but when he prayed for me, God showed him that I had problems with my throat. He told me that I had this condition for years from fall to spring. He told me that God told him that as of this day I would never have this condition any more. As he prayed for me, gentle warmth went through my throat. That was 27 years ago and God has kept His word. I have never had any problems with my throat since that evening. To God be the glory.

At Beaver Valley General Hospital, New Brighton, PA, while one of my cousins was giving birth to her daughter, God spoke to me. He told me that I would be the mother of children. I believed God, but thought of Hannah and wondered how old I would be. Many years later on June 29, 1983, I gave birth to our son, Jonathan Dean Hoegle, and like Hannah, (1 Samuel 1 & 2) gave her son Samuel to the Lord. I too thanked God for allowing me to be the mother of Jonathan, but I knew that he belonged to God.

The next year, August 27, 1984, I gave birth to our son Kevin Joel Hoegle. When I married my husband, John Hoegle, September 4, 1980, I also became a stepmother to Elizabeth Jean (Hoegle) Tudor and Gregory Sean Hoegle. With each child, I have seen them grow spiritually and I have seen the faithfulness of God.

During my pregnancy with Jonathan, I was hospitalized twice, but I always remembered God's promises to me.

On April 10, 1995, Jonathan was in a bike accident and had to be life-flighted to Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh. After discharge from the hospital, we had to go back to see surgeons. At that time, they asked me to make an appointment in the fall. I told them by faith that Jonathan would not need the appointment. They insisted I make the appointment, and if I did not need it I could cancel. Jonathan is a senior at Geneva College, and is studying Electrical Engineering. He has run in several marathons. Jonathan and his brother, Kevin, are both on Geneva College Roller Hockey Team, and this year they won the college championship. He rides bikes and currently enjoys going on bike trails with our church group and friends. God has totally restored his health.

In May 1984, while walking with Jonathan along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean in Rhode Island, I had a vision. God showed me a little boy and girl walking hand in hand ahead of me, the boy being older and taller than the girl. This was Jonathan's first time to have his feet in the ocean and I was pregnant at the time. The medical staff at Sewickley Hospital told me that I was having a girl. When I remembered the vision, I thought God was showing me Jonathan walking with his sister. When Kevin was born on August 27, 1984, I thought I was just daydreaming the vision. Just recently, Kevin's children, Liam and Sophia, were walking together ahead of me holding hands. At that time, I realized that that was what God showed me when I was pregnant with their dad. Twenty-five years after the vision, I saw it in reality. Both Liam and Sophia

were born in May also. Liam D'Artagnan Hoegle was born May 1, 2005, and Sophia Lynn Hoegle was born May 18, 2006.

In the fall of 1988, I was asked at the last minute to attend a National Aglow Convention in Phoenix, Arizona, to replace a lady who was in an automobile accident and unable to attend. I did not have the money. I had four children, a home, and pets to care for. I told God that I was willing to go as long as He met all of my needs. I also told him that I would fast the entire trip. God supplied all my needs. My airplane trip was paid for by a total stranger, money for the entire trip came, and I even had money for eating. If we are willing, He is faithful to do His part above what we expect or ask. God bless each of you as you read this.

--Martha Hoegle

It was September of 1969. I had grown up in the Methodist Church. I was very proud of the fact that my great-grandfather was a missionary to China. Funny I was sure that would give me some clout. And, after all, I was a good person.

This didn't mean a thing. I had lost a considerable amount of weight and had grown worse as time passed. After having many tests done by the doctor, I still grew worse. I was not able to climb a set of steps (crawling up), and I couldn't press down the top of an aerosol can. I weighed 69.5 pounds.

I had heard Billy Graham say many times, "Open your heart, let Jesus come in." I would weep and wonder how I could ever open my heart.

It was September as I've said, and I came to the point when I thought of suicide. My parents were spending a good amount of money for my care, and I was getting worse. I had gone into the bathroom one day, and when I looked into the mirror, I heard the words of Billy Graham again. Not knowing what to do, I went into my bedroom, knelt by my bedside, and asked the heavenly Father to be over my life from that point on, and do with it what He willed. I finally began to read the Bible that my dear mother kept putting on my nightstand. The beautiful Word of our Father came alive to me. I devoured the Word and couldn't (and still can't) get enough of it! I saw how the Lord healed the sick. I got to know our Lord. I knew He loved me and only wanted good for my life.

One afternoon when I was communing with our Lord, the room became so still, and I knew that I wasn't alone. When I opened my eyes, I saw Jesus at the foot of my bed. He told me that He would never leave me or forsake me. He would be with me forever. (Can you imagine how I felt when I read Hebrews 13:5?) I belong to Him, He belongs to me, and I am His!!

As time passed, still going to the doctors, they decided to send me to Presby in Oakland. I was at peace. I knew God would heal me. The doctors found that I had Crohn's disease, a pulp the size of a man's thumb. It was taking all nourishment from me and they had to do surgery immediately, as trying to build me up for surgery wasn't working. They expected me to be in intensive care for ten to fourteen days, and home after four months. (That was back when they kept you in the hospital.)

Family and friends came back to my room that same night after nine hours of surgery. I went home in ten days! Each day was a graduation for me. Out came the nasal gastric tube, catheter, ventilator, I.V, and I began to eat solid foods. I had no need for pain medication after surgery – my pain was prior to surgery. They called me their miracle. My case was in "The

Medical Journal of Medicine” by Dr. Charles Watson. The greatest fact is that my name is written in the Lamb’s book of life! He has proven Hebrews 13:5 over and over. There have been times when circumstances have tried to rob me of Nahum 1:13. He broke the enemy’s yoke off of me, and burst the bonds in sunder. He has never left me and proves himself faithful. I love Him and He loves me! 1 Corinthians 6:19, 20; 7:23.

--Cheryl Biasucci

About nine years ago, our daughter Stephanie prayed for a cat. People kept trying to give her kittens, but we already had a dog that hated cats. So we had to say no. One night, my husband Alan came home from work at midnight and a cat followed him into the house. The fur went flying, the cat ran up the curtains, scared, but she would not leave our house. Finally I got her out of the house. The next morning, she was still sitting outside our front door, so we kept her.

A year or so later, Stephanie came into my room and said, “Mom, there’s a bad smell in my room!” I thought that maybe the cat had an accident. Well, her whole room and the rest of the house were filled with smoke. Her brand new electric blanket was smoldering and left a big hole in her mattress. The cat always slept in her room, at the foot of her bed. This particular night, the cat jumped on her until she woke up. If not for waking up, she could’ve died from smoke inhalation. She suffered no ill effect from the smoke. Before she went to bed, we always prayed for her to be well through the night. God used that cat to show us how much He loves and cares for us always.

--Becky Somogie

Our son, Aaron, was about one year old when he was diagnosed with anemia. The doctor prescribed liquid iron for him to take every day. After the diagnosis, we prayed and asked another couple from the church to agree with us that our son was healed from anemia. Following the first quart of iron, his blood was to be retested. The blood test showed no change. We continued to stand fast on the Word that 1 Peter 2:24 said, “...by his stripes we were healed.” We continued giving him the iron each day as directed. As we were getting ready to give him the iron one morning, we knew that he didn’t need it. We would never jeopardize our son’s health, but we knew that he no longer needed the iron. We poured the bottle down the drain and continued standing on the word that he was healed and thanked God that he was healed. It came time for his next doctor’s appointment. The doctor asked us if he was still taking his iron and we told her that he was not. We explained to her that we knew that he didn’t need it because we knew that he had been healed. She asked if we would take him for a blood test and said that she would call me if there was a problem. We agreed, and were rather excited, to have the test. She reminded us that she herself would call if there was a problem, but the office girl would call if everything were okay. Later that evening, she called to tell us that his blood was normal and wanted to know what “that thing” that we did was. We were happy to explain to her what we believed and still thank God that Aaron, now 25, is healthy and free from anemia. *We would never encourage someone to stop taking medication. You have to be led by God and not a testimony to make such a decision.

Our son, Jared, was 4 years old when he got the chicken pox. The other children had them, but he had the worst case out of all the others. We did all the suggested chicken pox remedies, including bathing in Aveeno and applying Caladryl lotion. Our mistake was to take the chicken pox for granted, assuming that they would go through the normal process and then go away. We didn't pray seriously about them or take authority over them. As the pox healed, one day we noticed Jared had a couple of bruises on his leg. We were a little surprised because he had not been outside playing during this time. The next day he was covered with bruises. Some looked like baseballs cut in half under his skin. The only place he was without bruises were his face and his bottom. We took him to the doctor's and had blood tests for leukemia. He did not have leukemia, but he had a blood disease that was caused from the chicken pox virus. The virus attacked his platelets (clotting agent in the blood). We were told that he could die because he was bleeding internally. He was given a blood test one morning at seven and it was still bleeding at 1:30 in the afternoon.

We refused to believe that he would die. We prayed and stood on the passage about the woman with the issue of blood. We read it to Jared and also stood on Romans 8:11 that says "...if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Jared had platelet transfusions, and gamma globulin therapy. We spent a year getting his blood checked and Praise God he has never experienced a problem with his blood again. He is 22 years old and healthy.

Our daughter, Lauren, was hit in the nose with a metal baseball bat when she was three years old. Her nose was badly swollen and it was bleeding profusely. We took her to the emergency room. The doctor examined her before having an x-ray, and said that it was obvious that her nose was broken and the x-ray would confirm it. We laid hands on her and prayed for complete healing. The x-ray technician took her to x-ray, and when she returned her nose was normal size and she had no swelling. She had no bruising and no black eyes either.

--Rick and Lisa Smith

When I was six, I contracted meningitis. A number of complications went along with this battle as my parents prayed. I went into a coma, which lasted for three months. For some reason, scar tissue started to grow in my throat so that I could not breathe. A tracheotomy was done. Then with all the stress my body was under, I developed bleeding ulcers. My stomach was grafted, along with precautions to keep this from happening again. The scar tissue scraped from my throat, and I remained, according to the doctors, brain dead, for three months. Needless to say, I came out of it with most of my brain intact. I went through multiple surgeries until the age of twelve to scrape the scar tissue from my throat. That is the time when it was decided that I didn't seem to be outgrowing the scar tissue as the doctors thought, so they were going to cut my throat and remove the roots to this problem if it grew back one more time. The scar tissue never came back.

My latest battle has been rheumatoid arthritis. The problems started in 1993 or 1994. I have one wrist totally fused together, and one knee completely replaced. The last x-ray of my other knee showed bone to bone, no cartilage left, and my shoulder was giving me problems. Since then, I have recommitted my life to the Lord and was baptized in October of 2006. As a result of prayer and faith, my shoulder no longer bothers me and my knee is getting better.

There are other smaller blessings since I recommitted my life as well. If we look at our income, it seems to be smaller this year, but we have the money to tithe, help out a few people with small gifts, and still have more under the Christmas tree for our son than we have had in the past. Now, none of this makes any sense but for the GRACE OF GOD.

--Tom Simcox

I have had many blessings over the years, even when I was not walking with the Lord. I had a very rough childhood, so as a result, I went into adulthood making a lot of very poor choices. There were many times that the Good Lord saved me from death. Some times I remember more than others. One time, God helped me to get out of a very abusive marriage. I was very young and stupid and did not listen when I heard the Lord say to me on my wedding day, "Do not marry this man." I look back on it now, and I will never forget it. I heard it as loud as if God was standing in the same room with me. I thought I was imagining it, and ignored what I heard, and got married anyhow. I found out the day after I got married that I was not imagining it. That was when the abuse started.

Praise God, he pulled me out of that, sent me to Reno, Nevada and helped me to find myself, and Him again. I had to start from scratch with nothing, including a place to live or a job. My son and I went into a safe house, and it was there that Our Father started me on the right track in life. God put Christian people in my path to show me the way. My son and I were there for a few years when I got hurt at work. I drove a city bus and hurt my right foot very badly. I have had degenerative arthritis in my knees and lower back my whole life. I never let it stop me from doing what I wanted. But when I hurt my foot, it seemed hopeless. I was off work for a year. According to the Doctors in 2001, I would never be able to walk again without a cane or crutches, and within five years, or so, I would be confined to a wheel chair. Here it is six years later, and I walk better than I ever have. Praise God I am not in a chair!

But I will back up a bit. When I first got injured, the doctors had me on 1000 mgs of Vicoden ever four hours for nine months. I had never taken them before, so I did not know the dangers of that medicine. Needless to say, after nine months I had become addicted. When the Doctor realized he was over medicating me, he cut me off cold turkey. No rehab, no help, just cut me off. I would have to say that was the worst feeling in the world coming off of them. I was sure I was going to die. God helped me get through it.

While I was off work, I was bored and bought my first computer. Some friends advised me to go onto the internet personals. I did not expect to actually meet my soul mate, but I did. He lived 800 miles away from me. When we first started "chatting", I was convinced that I was going to heal and go back to work, and this guy, all be it nice, was too far away from me to get serious about. After about a couple of weeks of chatting with him via the internet and on the phone, I found out that what I had was a permanent disability. My world came crashing down on me. I had been praying for God to bring me another husband, a Christian man, and a good father for my son. I did not realize that man was Tom. Though he was 800 miles away, he helped me to cope and to get through everything. We met in person and as soon as I saw him, God told me that he was the one. God has taken two very stubborn people with two very different lifestyles, and molded us together as one person. We moved to this area in August of 2002. I had gone to many different churches close to where we live, but could not find one that was home, and Tom refused to go to any of them with me. We were then told about this church in Industry. Tom agreed to go there with me. There is this wonderful Pastor there, Pastor Bill Anzevino, who refused to give up on Tom. As Tom mentioned, he got saved. The incredible work God has been doing in my

marriage, and with my family, is truly a miracle. This church and the church family have been a Godsend to us. I feel truly blessed that God has brought us to such a wonderful, God-loving, anointed Pastor, church staff and church family. Thank you for all you do, and thank you for being faithful to the Lord!! The blessings have not stopped. Praise God, He has been so very good to my family. God Bless you!!

--Pam Simcox

I was delivered from depression, anti-depressants, and anti-psychotic drugs after being on medication for years. (Man's way, doctor's false reports.) Then God's Word came alive to me. 2 Timothy 1:7 says, "God said I did not give you a spirit of fear, but of love, power, and a sound mind".

Later, I was also delivered from the spirit of grief by finding the true Word of the Living God who shows His care for me here and now.

My Father God loves me and delivers me daily. Through His love, He has freed me from man's religion and traditions, which were limiting and binding me. But now I am free! He is real in me!

--Luann Morelock

I was saved when I was 16, but I did not understand about healing. I had a heart attack. I had angioplasty. I had stints put in. I had the stints cleaned out. Finally, I had open-heart surgery – a double by-pass. One of the bypasses collapsed and I had another heart attack.

This all happened in less than a year. I was forty-seven years old and I thought my life was over. I was suffering from major angina. I couldn't walk up a short flight of stairs without enduring major pain.

My sister brought me to Christian Assembly and I learned the truth about healing. I learned that Jesus did not die on the cross just to save me, but also to bear my pain, suffering and disease so I wouldn't have to (Matthew 8:17, 1 Peter 2:24).

I accepted my healing and the pain was gone. My next heart catheterization showed that both bypasses had collapsed, but the original arteries that were blocked were open and the blood was flowing freely. The doctors were unable to understand or explain how this happened, but I know. It was divine healing! I thank the Lord continually! He is awesome.

--Sally Bender

I had been experiencing some pelvic pain for about a month. I decided to see my primary care physician. He sent me for several tests which all came back good, showing nothing abnormal. I was still having the pain so he suggested I see a gynecologist. On December 16, 2005, my gynecologist told me that he believed that I had ovarian cancer. He suggested that I go to a specialist in Pittsburgh. This doctor told me that there definitely was something behind my pelvis but I had none of the symptoms of ovarian cancer, one of which is extreme weight gain. I was losing weight!

I was scheduled for surgery at the end of January. The doctor told me that he had no idea what he would find when he operated. He referred to my surgery as "very extensive". He

removed a 3.5-pound cancerous mass that was wrapped around my colon and my bowel. Parts of those organs had to be removed also to get as much of the cancer as possible. Before the surgery, I also developed a collapsed lung, which made the surgery a little more complicated. Little did they know I had God on my side!

I was sent home after ten days in the hospital. I was home for eleven days when I woke up one morning not feeling so well. I was extremely tired and wasn't breathing normally. My friend, Ruth, stopped over just to check on me and insisted that I call the doctor. His office said that I needed to go to the emergency room in Pittsburgh right away. Bless her heart, Ruth drove me there and stayed with me until my husband got there. I was admitted again. This time I was completely dehydrated and they found a blood clot in my lung. I believe God sent Ruth to me that day, because I wouldn't have called the doctor myself and may not be here today. I spent four days in the hospital this time. Each morning I reminded my doctor that my daughter and her family were coming to town over the weekend so we could celebrate a belated Christmas, and I was going on a cruise at the end of February, so I needed to go home. I had my Christmas and I also went on that cruise.

I went through chemotherapy from March to June and did what the doctors told me to do because I chose that route. The whole time I remained focused on Jesus and continued to thank Him for my complete healing. Both my oncologist and my gynecologist have pronounced me cancer free. I no longer take any medication.

It is so important to be a student of the Word and daily confess the Word over ourselves. You can't wait until something happens to start praying. With God on our side, we can overcome anything that tries to come against us.

--Patty Bruno

On September 27, 2006, I injured my back when I neglected to bend my knees while moving an awkward and heavy object. Immediately, I knew that something terrible happened to my lower back. I was forced to my knees. The enemy brought many bad thoughts to my mind, but I knew that it was necessary to shout the name of Jesus out loud to overcome fear. I did receive nearly ¼ of the healing necessary towards 100%. I am not one to be sick or injured, so this was terrible for me.

My son wanted to call an ambulance, but I was not in the mood for long-term care. I needed the quick fix – supernatural healing. I decided, with the advice heard of the Spirit of God within, to attend the evening service at church that very evening.

It was very uncomfortable and difficult to make the trip to church. But with God's grace, I did manage to drive the car. The service was good, and as I sat there, I thought about the table of blessings that God has prepared for them that come by faith in Jesus' name.

When this teaching concluded, Pastor Bill had the ordinary altar call. When this started, I pulled myself to my feet with my arms, holding on to the pew in front of me. I was the first one to the front as the need for healing prayer was announced. I explained to Pastor my injury and the need to be healed this evening. Pastor asked me if I believed to be healed when prayed for. "Yes I do," I answered. Then he laid his hands on my lower back and prayed the prayer of faith. I did not feel or notice anything different or peculiar as he prayed. I spoke aloud and confessed to receiving this healing in Jesus' name. As I thanked God and Pastor, I turned and walked away.

Immediately, I noticed that there was no pain and no difficulty walking. I knew that I must go directly outside to test. I felt real good about this. When I got outside, I began to shout, "Thank you Jesus!" I walked fast, then I jogged, then I ran, then I sprinted as a young man.

I came back inside the church and told Pastor Bill to come outside and see. I repeated my maneuvers as before and we both were full of joy and continued thanking God.

I am still completely healed to this day, six weeks later! It is wonderful! Thank you Jesus! We do worship and believe in the only eternal, true, wise, and faithful God! Amen!

--Art Weymers

Approximately 16 or 17 years ago, from the months of May to November, I was experiencing pain in my right side. During that time, I went to see a specialist. They were not able to successfully identify the problem. By November, the pain was so intense that I could not put pressure on my right leg. I developed a high fever and was rushed to the emergency room. As they were wheeling me down the hallway on a stretcher, I remember whispering "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus". That's all I remember. I later found out that I had appendicitis. It had burst and the substance had gathered near my intestines. They performed surgery and repaired the intestine where the poison had gathered and removed what was left of the appendix. The poison could have killed me, but I am alive! Praise God!

Another testimony happened about five years ago. I had a headache so bad that I had to go to the doctor. I was also having heart palpitations so intense that I could not sleep at night. Knowing that I was going to see the doctor, Becky Seccutti, my friend of encouragement and mercy, reminded me not to take on the things the doctor said. I drove myself to my family doctor in Beaver. She examined me and sent me to the hospital in an ambulance to the Medical Center. They performed a stress test on me, suspecting that there were problems with my heart. All the while, I continuously spoke out loud "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine" – speaking words of life over my heart. My mother had heart problems, and I claimed that it would not come upon me. As the tests were run, the results were odd. The doctors thought that I was on medication, but I was not. Eventually, I was diagnosed with a thyroid disorder. The doctor said that this was only the thirteenth such case that he had ever seen. He also said that a virus must have attacked my thyroid. In this particular disorder, suicidal tendencies are common due to extreme hormonal imbalance. After hearing this, I called my sister to talk with her about what was going on. She reminded me of the time that I had called her and told her a story. One day, I was driving, praising God when the devil showed me how to drive my car off of the road and kill myself. I recognize this as a suicidal attack, and praise God for his hand of protection over me.

Though the doctors said that there was nothing they could do for this condition, over a period of time, blood tests have proved that I have a clean bill of health! I am healed! Through my studies, I have learned to specifically pray that the chemical and electrical frequencies in my body work together in peace and harmony.

--Patty Sokol

Word of Faith, November 2003

"A Complete Miraculous Overhaul"

"Why is my baby so blue?" Krista asked the doctor. He had no answer. Mark 5:36 came to Bill's mind, "Be not afraid, only believe." Bill and Krista Anzevino began to speak only two words, but they were words full of absolute assurance: We believe! These parents knew, with a certainty based upon Jesus' words, that their newborn son would live!

The hurried effort to clear little Andrew's air passages for more oxygen to reach his lungs began in the delivery room, but to no avail. Eventually, Andrew, within his first few hours in this world, was life-flighted from Beaver, Pennsylvania, to a children's hospital in Pittsburgh. Doctors there discovered Andrew was born with a condition known as 22Q11 (a genetic abnormality in which a portion of the 22nd chromosome is lost). He was subsequently diagnosed with Di George Syndrome. Associated with this syndrome are multiple irregularities (potentially up to 185 of them), often present at birth. "Andrew was so bad off," Bill said, "the doctors wanted his last rites to be read to him before he left for the children's hospital." As tests were done, more complications emerged. His chances of survival were slim to none. But Bill and Krista remained solid, resisting the emotions that rose up as they watched their precious son go through the discomfort of his condition and the necessary medical procedures. They told the doctors, "Do whatever you need to do" and "we still believe."

Before he was one day old, Andrew's known complications included tetralogy of Fallot (a heart condition) and a partial thymus gland, resulting in an almost non-existent immune system, much like that of a person with AIDS. He had no left pulmonary artery! He could not suck, swallow, or breathe at the same time; therefore, he could not eat and had a feeding tube in his stomach. On top of all that, at 16 hours old, Andrew had his first open-heart surgery.

From the first minute of Andrew's life, in the midst of a most treacherous storm, Bill and Krista spoke God's unfailing Word to each situation as it arose! God faithfully met them with His healing power every time! On and off in his first year of life, Andrew spent 4 months in the hospital. "When he contracted chicken pox and it spread to his lungs, we spoke the Word over Him," said Bill. "We looked at the X-rays again and there was nothing in his lungs. He was fine. At first, Andrew had no left pulmonary artery. The next echo-sonogram showed it was as big as a thread. Then later it was 2.5 centimeters, and by the time Andrew was 9 months old, it had grown to normal size. We spoke the Word to that artery and over his heart condition. Then at ten months, the doctors tested Andrew's once terribly weak immune system and discovered it was completely normal!"

Andrew was born June 25, 2001, and is just over two years old now. He takes no medication. He runs and plays like other toddlers. He goes back to the doctor once a year just for a checkup. Andrew's is a remarkable story of triumph over a myriad of health complications followed by bleak prognoses. His medical history is documented by his doctors, who are amazed! His dad calls it a "complete miraculous overhaul!"

--Bill and Krista Anzevino

Approximately two years ago, I went to my family doctor for a routine check-up and cardiogram. The cardiogram showed a lot of activity. My doctor said that I had a heart attack in the past. He felt that the heart muscles would have been weakened. He ordered another cardiogram, then an echocardiogram. Two weeks later, he reviewed the results with me. He told me that I had a

heart attack before, and that he was ninety-five percent sure that there was significant blockage. His suggestions were to either fix it with a stint or angioplasty. I told him that I was not worried about it, my faith and my trust are in God. When I got home, I called Chuck Cirelli at church. He asked me, "What do you believe?" I said I believed that when they operated, they wouldn't find anything. One Healing Sunday, I was standing in the back of the church, greeting people. Around 9:00 am, Rick Smith was standing there. He said, "The Spirit of God is all over me". I asked him for prayer regarding an upcoming heart catheterization. He told me to put my hand on his heart, and he started praying. I felt a strange feeling all over, and immediately I knew that healing was taking place. During the altar call at the end of service, I told Pastor what had just happened. I said I believed healing started then, and that it would be finished.

The day of the heart catheterization, Pastor Bill and Chuck came to the hospital. The nurse said, "I see you've brought your prayer team!" I believe it was around thirty minutes, I was done – everything was fine. The doctor came to visit me afterward. He said he was ninety-five percent sure that I had some big heart blockage. He blamed it on a malfunction in the machine, but I had just had cardio & echocardiograms. I said that I didn't believe that he misdiagnosed me, but that God healed me. I had been confessing that they wouldn't find anything. I even told my friends that I knew that I would be healed.

About a month later, at a follow-up appointment, the doctor said that he was sure of blockage, but I am in good shape. "Come back and see us when you're an old lady!"

Pastor Bill has since shared this testimony at church. I just applied what I had learned from Pastor to speak and believe positive confessions!

Another testimony happened sometime around 1983. My daughter Pam and I were involved in a car accident. A pick-up truck hit my car from behind. The impact was so great that it bent the frame of my car. Pam and I both suffered severe whiplash, which was treated for two years with several doctors for the intense pain. I was having constant headaches and muscle pain. I went to see a neurologist who recommended surgery. They did the surgery to remove the damaged disc. They fused pieces of bone taken from my hip to bones in my neck. As a result, I had limited mobility and flexibility. This type of surgery locks the joint, resulting in extreme pain in the muscles. I underwent traction therapy. One Sunday morning in church, Pastor didn't call for people to go up front, but said that we could be healed right where we were standing. I prayed and received healing instantly. Since then, the flexibility in my neck has returned, and I have had no more neck pain!

--Barb Tuno

Well, we do have an awesome God who is faithful to His Word. I am so grateful that He is the God who healeth me - and mine...and you and yours too!!

Several years ago I was not feeling well at all. In fact, I was hardly able to move. I was in tremendous physical pain and emotionally depressed. My limbs felt so heavy I could barely climb one flight of stairs. My brain always felt foggy too. In fact, I had virtually no memory of the first two years of my son's life (I have prayed and I know that God is restoring those memories to me). My husband and I had also "mysteriously" lost two babies to miscarriage. I was not able to take care of my husband, my children or my home at all. The blood work showed the cause to be lupus.

At that time we were attending a local Assembly of God Church. This particular church was not strong in the faith arena. They actually taught that it is not God's will to heal everyone while they are on Earth. But I thank God because He knew what He was doing - and we were getting the Sunday teachings from Christian Assembly mailed to us. I thank the Lord that we had the opportunity to hear the uncompromised Word of God taught. I fed on that Word. It is the truth of the uncompromised Word that makes people free. Thank you Lord!

I had gotten the January 4, 2004 teaching from Christian Assembly called "Your Faith Can Change Your Destiny #2". While I was in my kitchen listening to it, Pastor Bill was talking about the woman with the issue of blood. She had come up BEHIND Jesus to touch the hem of His garment - and He was not even aware of her doing this until the healing virtue went forth from Him. She had been speaking out words on the way to Jesus - saying that when she touched his garment she would be made well.

Pastor Bill was talking about reaching out and receiving by faith God's healing. So I did. And God was faithful! Praise His holy Name.

Right there in my kitchen...the Word of God just penetrated into my very heart and I KNEW that when I reached out and touched His garment that I would be made well. I told Jesus that I believed that He was right there in my kitchen with me - and that His garment was available for me to touch, and "I believe that when I touch Your garment whatever is wrong in my body will be made right". And then I could see Him there, right in front of my washer and dryer! I'm not sure if I saw Him with my standard sight - but yet I did see Him in some very real way. It is hard to describe. But I knew He was available to me and I reached out, touched His garment, and that was that. It was finished! Within two weeks the doctor confirmed that my blood work had changed--Negative for lupus! Virtually all of the symptoms were gone by that time as well. I felt great! PRAISE the Lord forevermore! He is so awesome!

There was one minor symptom that tried to persist for a time, but I literally never thought twice about it. My physical body felt it, but I just knew that I knew - what the Lord had done in me.

The Lord then also started (and still is) leading me on a path towards better care of my body and my family's bodies: less white sugar and white flour, more water, more fresh or frozen fruits & vegetables, more whole grains, Omega 3 fatty acids (Fish Oil supplements) and B vitamins (for women) along with consistent stretching and exercise!!! I must discipline myself to obey these things - and I am working on that part! But the Manufacturer of the machine does know best how to care for the machine.

Praise the Lord, our family has had so many victories over sickness, injury, oppression... through the precious Blood of our Savior, through a covenant that we did not deserve, but that our Father freely gave. The way I figure it is this: Jesus paid an absolutely horrible price on that cross for us - the likes of which no other man has ever endured. In order that we may be redeemed from all the works of darkness, from all the effects of man's fall (sickness included). It would be simply ungrateful of us to not receive from Him that which He paid an incalculable price to purchase for us.

"For I AM the Lord who heals you" (Exodus 15:26)

--Holly Anzevino

It was July 23rd 1997, the day of our annual church picnic. I always look forward to it because it provides the opportunity to talk to people in more depth; people you normally just say "Hi!" and

“Goodbye!” to before and after church. It also gives you the opportunity to meet new people. It is not unusual to meet someone who has been attending church for a couple of years, but, because they sit on the other side of the sanctuary, toward the back, we have not met. This is one of the disadvantages of larger churches. I think though, that the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. In any case, it was a great day. The weather was beautiful, I had a great time fellowshiping with my brothers and sisters in Christ and I was able to play volleyball for a couple of hours and even played rather well. In fact, the captain of my team called me his MVP. About 7:45 p.m. the people remaining began gathering their things and heading for their automobiles. We had just had a short praise and worship time and I was standing with a couple of guys from the singles group. I asked the two of them if they would mind helping me get my things to my car since I had brought several containers of food and other things and would have to make more than one trip. The three of us had gathered my things and were ready to go to the car when I stopped to get my keys out of my purse. They weren’t there! I stopped and emptied my purse on the counter. No keys! I called to Ed and Dave who were a few feet ahead of me. “I can’t find my keys.” They came back and started asking questions. Had I been back to my car during the day? When was the last time I remember having my keys? Did I get in my trunk for anything? Ed finally reached for my purse and emptied the contents on the counter just as I had done a few minutes before. I was right—I did not have my keys.

Word got around to the others who were still there and several people came to help. We located a cell phone and called the auto club I belong to and they said someone would be there within an hour. My car was locked, but the window was cracked a couple of inches. Dave located a coat hanger and was able to unlock the door. We still couldn’t open the trunk however, and everyone felt sure that was where the keys were. Since we had gained access to the car and help was on the way, the other people left feeling confident I would be on the road shortly. The auto club truck and policeman arrived sometime after 9:00 p.m. It didn’t take them long to tell me they could not open my trunk without possibly doing substantial damage. It was decided then that Ed would take me home to get my spare keys and Dave would stay with my car. I was so grateful that everyone was being so helpful and also thankful that I had humbled myself and asked for help because that is sometimes difficult for me to do. The Lord has taught me though, that being too independent can be a fault because if you are too proud to ask others for help, chances are you have a difficult time turning to God when trials come into your life. I knew that the Holy Spirit had led me to ask Ed and Dave to help me with my things earlier in the evening. It was about half an hour to my place and then I had to call the fire department to help me get in the house. That took another forty minutes or so. We got in through a window and I went right to my desk drawer and pulled out the spare keys to my house and car. We were on the road again, laughing at my predicament and pondering where my original key ring might be. When we arrived back at the park, Dave was still there waiting for us beside the car. We walked over to him and I handed him the keys. He went back to the trunk and put the key in and opened the trunk. We all three stood there moving stuff around and looking for my keys. Soon it became apparent they were not there. Dave walked up to the front of the car and as he slid into the driver’s seat, I suddenly remembered that I had had the ignition replaced and this was not the right key. I felt sick—and embarrassed—and stupid. I explained what had happened. They kindly acted as though it was no big deal. Ed said he would take me back home and I could pick up my car the next day.

The next morning, I called my brother Bob, and asked if he could take me to the park. He assured me it was no problem. He said he would be over in about half an hour. I hung up and

started getting ready. I was hurrying because I didn't want him to have to wait on me. I was walking across my living room when a voice said, "You need to stop and pray for traveling mercies." I knew immediately that the Holy Spirit had just spoken to me. I can't describe how it made me feel. I was in awe I guess and I just stopped in my tracks and began praying. Then I began wondering what was going to happen to put me in harm's way. I finished getting ready and my brother came shortly thereafter. I went out to his car and got in. I knew I wasn't going to say anything to him because he would, without a doubt, think I was crazy. I wasn't sure if he was saved or not but even if he was, I knew he could not comprehend the idea of our Heavenly Father speaking to me and warning me of danger.

We arrived at the park and I went to my car. When we were ready to leave I wanted to get in front of him and take a different route home because the way he had taken was longer. But, he pulled out and I just decided to follow him. We went a few miles and came to a four-lane highway we had to cross. He stopped and looked both ways and then pulled onto the highway. When he got across, he stopped and waited for me. I pulled up to the highway, looked to my left and then to the right. There was a string of cars coming on the right but I knew I had plenty of time to cross so I pulled out. I just reached the center of the highway when I saw a green tanker truck approaching. It was traveling fairly fast and I knew it would be a close call. I stepped on the gas and shot across the two remaining lanes and as my rear end left the highway; I glanced in my rear view mirror just in time to see the semi whiz by. I had stopped behind my brother and my heart was pounding. I was shaken but I knew without a doubt that I had just seen the danger the Lord had warned me about. That truck had not been in my field of vision when I had glanced down the road. I motioned for my brother to go on. I followed him until we got back to our town and then he went his way and I went mine.

Later that evening, I called my brother Bob, and after exchanging a few niceties, I asked him if he had seen the green tanker truck. He replied, "I swear to God Nancy, I didn't see it or I never would have pulled out because I knew you were going to follow me." I then shared with him the warning I had received that morning from the Lord. I wished then that I had shared it before we picked up my car because it would have had a greater impact on him when the incident occurred. I must admit that the rest of that day, I wondered why the Lord had let me experience that terrible fear when I saw the truck bearing down on me. A couple of days later though, I shared my experience with a Christian girlfriend and she helped me see that the experience had a much greater effect on me than it would have, had I not been aware of the danger I faced. I also realized that the Lord gave me this experience because He knew I needed a demonstration of His presence in my life. Although I believed in His omnipresence, I must admit it was difficult for me to imagine that I would ever receive His individual attention, because I had always suffered from low self-esteem due to my childhood environment. Here though, was indisputable evidence that He indeed was with me, watching over me and protecting me, because I am His child and that He knew I needed this experience to strengthen my faith. Praise God!

I think it is fairly common for Christians to have strong faith in God but still have difficulty grasping that we are important enough for Him to be concerned about us as individuals and about our daily struggles. We continue to cling to feelings of unworthiness, even though we know that our salvation is not based on anything we have done but rather, it is based upon Jesus' work on the cross and beyond. His sacrifice covered all of us and our salvation is a gift, not something we have to earn. All we have to do is receive it. Since this experience, I am fully aware that He truly knows me personally and that His promise that "He will never leave me nor forsake me" is true.

--Nancy Locke

For some time, I suffered from extreme lower backaches. I had extreme pain and discomfort in my lower back. It would gradually get worse, not better. If I sat, the pain would intensify. My husband Dennis and I would talk and confess "you are the healed of the Lord". I often thought of different times at church when people had testimonies that their pain was gone over time. I always wondered how people didn't realize when the pain was gone. That thought left an impression in mind. I committed myself to praise God and not mumble and grumble every time I felt pain. I don't remember exact time pain left, but over time it went away. I give God praise because I am the healed of the Lord!

I have another testimony about the operation of angels in our lives! Dennis had to travel Midland Heights hill on his way home. This hill is steep and icy in winter. There was a time when we had an auto that did not travel well in bad weather. One night, Dennis had gone to another church to help out with a basketball game. It was very snowy and bad when he was coming home. I wondered how he would get home in a car that didn't travel well in snow. Looking out the window, I saw no traffic except a vehicle going up the road to Midland. I prayed that the Lord would send angels to bring my husband home safely. When Dennis came home, he told me about a strange thing that had happened. He said as he was traveling up midland Heights hill, he started up the hill and could not make it any further. Coming down the hill was a jeep traveling in the opposite direction of him. The driver of the jeep turned around in the middle of the road on the hill. He backed up to Dennis' car, got out and hooked his car up, and pulled it to the top of the hill. When he got to the top of the hill, they pulled over and the guy got out and unhooked his car. Dennis went to thank him, but the guy just waved and got back in his jeep and proceeded up the hill in the opposite direction that he came. We believe that divine intervention took place to get him home!

-- Mary Ann Cairn

A little over a year ago, I was drinking sixty to seventy cans of beer a week, and all the while taking prescription medications. The doctor was taking blood to check my cholesterol and found my liver enzymes were very high. They scheduled me for a liver scan. I went back in two weeks for the results and was told that I had sclerosis of the liver.

I had been saved about a month and a half before, so I called Pastor Bill and met with him. He gave me a book on faith and healing. On the following Wednesday night, he prayed for healing for me. Two days later I was out walking and the Lord let me know I was healed. Further testing a few weeks later came back clean. Praise the Lord!

I haven't had any alcohol or nicotine for over a year!

--James Lambert Sr.

I was born a blue baby. There was something wrong with my heart and I also needed a blood transfusion. I had to be constantly monitored, my parents did all that the doctors said to

do, but I was still not functioning like a normal baby – and nobody knew exactly what was wrong with me. My grandparents then heard of a faith healer who was holding meetings in the small town of Warren, Ohio. They told my parents that they were going to take me someplace where I would be “all better”. So they took me there, the lady laid hands on me and prayed for me, and I was completely healed.

In November of 1989, I fell thirty-five to forty feet from a tree. I broke my back, my right shoulder, and two fingers on my left hand, and I cut my right knee down to the bone. I don't want to give Satan credit for anything, but I am telling you this so you know how badly I was hurt. I had to get fitted for a brace to keep my back perfectly straight, and I was supposed to wear it for eight weeks. After only five weeks, I was starting to move around, so I went for my doctor appointment without wearing it. I wouldn't do anything foolish, but I hadn't been wearing it for three or four days. I just moved around very slowly and very carefully. Anyway, the doctor took three x-rays that day because he couldn't believe what he saw. In that five-week period, the two vertebrae that were completely crushed were now restored to normal. He even commented, “If I wasn't the doctor who treated you, I'd have a very hard time seeing where the problem was”. Now there's more to this than you would think, for many people told me that my back would always bother me and that I would probably never be the same again. I was never ignorant to anyone, but in my mind, I would put down all those words and I chose not to receive any of them. I confessed and stood firmly on Isaiah 53:5 and 1 Peter 2:24. Every time I would pray, I would not only thank my Father for my healing, but I would also thank Him that there would be no after-effects in the years to come. It's been seventeen and a half years now, and nothing has ever bothered me.

I was diagnosed with cancer in 2002. After a tumor was removed from me, I thought that all was fine, but a spot was found on a lymph node behind my left kidney. I underwent chemotherapy for three and a half months. I am now cancer free, and only have two more scheduled checks. During this time, I confessed and stood on numerous scriptures. I still do every single day and I will gladly share them with whoever is interested.

It was Easter weekend of 1982 when our house caught fire and burned. We lost everything, but when all of my family got out safely, that was all that mattered to me. Pastor had just taught a series of lessons on faith and we learned that John 10:10 was the dividing line in the Bible. If it's good, it's from God. If it kills, steals, or destroys, then it is from Satan. We also stood on James 1:17. This wasn't a good or perfect gift at all, so we knew it wasn't from God. No lesson in faith is complete without Mark 11:23 & 24, and we had to stand on that scripture many times for different reasons. Our Father has restored everything to us, and we could never thank Him enough.

In April of 1996, I lost my job, which I had held for twenty and a half years. I could see no reason for it, as I know that I did a good job for the company, and in all that time, I never reported off a single day. Patty and I immediately stood on Philippians 4:19, thanking our Father for a job, as it was a definite “need”. It has been almost eleven years now. There were a few periods of unemployment, some trying times, but we have never gone without or lacked anything. We serve a loving, caring, and faithful Father God.

Father, I stand on Your Word and I come against that sickness, disease, that cancer which tried to come against me. I stand on and confess Your Word over my life.

MATTHEW 8:17 Jesus bore my sicknesses and carried my diseases, therefore, I don't have to and I won't because Jesus already did it for me.

ISAIAH 53:5 & I PETER 2:24 By His stripes, by the stripes on Jesus' back, by the whippings, the beatings that Jesus took for me, I am healed.

JEREMIAH 30:17 Father, you have restored health unto me, and healed me of my wounds.

DEUTERONOMY 30:19 Father, you've put before me life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore, choose life... Father I do choose life, I do choose blessing, that my descendants and I may live a long, healthy, happy, and prosperous life.

PSALM 91:16 With long life, you satisfy me and show me your salvation.

PSALM 103:1-5 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless your holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and forget not one of (all of) your benefits. You forgive every one of (all of) my sins, you heal every one (all of) my sicknesses and diseases. You redeem my life from destruction, you cover me with good things (give me my needs & desires at my own personal age and situation), so my youth is renewed like the eagles'. (strong, soaring, overcoming)

PSALM 107:20 You sent your word and healed me and delivered me (I receive that healing and deliverance into my spirit, soul, and body)

PSALM 118:17 I shall not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.

NAHUM 1:9 Affliction will not rise up a second time within me. Cancer will not rise up again in or on my body. According to Galatians 3:13, Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law: that curse included all sickness and disease known to man and those not known to man: therefore, I have been redeemed from any and every sickness and disease that there ever was, that there is now, and that there ever will be. So, I can and do boldly say that cancer cannot and will not live in or on my body.

ROMANS 8:11 The same Spirit who raised Christ from the dead dwells in me, and that same Spirit is quickening my mortal body, is causing my mortal body to be healed, healthy, and whole. Every cell, every tissue, every ligament, every muscle, every joint, every organ, every single part of my body is full of life, health, vigor and vitality. Father, I THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR WORD!

--Gary Bruno

“When Thou Walkest Through the Fire”

--by Gary Bruno

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At 4:00am of April 11, 1982, our ten-year-old son, Shawn, awakened us, “Dad! Mom! There's smoke in the house.” My first thought was that it was smoke from the wood burner.

However, as soon as we were fully awake, we could hear crackling and see leaping red flames through the cold air register, while thick swirls of smoke hung over us.

Patty and I jumped out of bed. Quickly she and Shawn went to his room to get his friend, Matt, who had come to spend the night. I ran to our daughters' room. Picking up Rhonda with one arm and Shannon with the other, I began feeling my way along the wall with my back, trying to get to the living room. By this time the smoke was so heavy and thick I could not open my eyes.

Patty and the children stopped by the front door to slip on their shoes, while I tried to phone the fire department. Through the haze I couldn't even see the phone! Choking and coughing, I followed the others straight out the door.

It is important to point out that there was no panic or fear in us or our children. We knew this thing that was happening was not of God and that He would deliver us. The instant we realized the house was burning, these verses rose up in our spirits: "The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10 "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." James 1:17

Once we reached the front patio we prayed, "Father, thank you for our lives, and the angels who were there to protect us from the smoke and the flames. We put this behind us and claim your blessing on the future, in Jesus' name."

When we finished our prayer, Patty said, "I'll run over to Val and Nadine's and call the fire department." While she hurried to the neighbor's, the kids and I got into the car, but we couldn't go anywhere because I had no keys. No sooner had I shut the car door, when the front picture window exploded with such a force that it threw glass all over the car and driveway, and the whole floor collapsed into the basement.

Soon after, our neighbor, Val Kuebel, showed up in his pick-up truck and took the children to his home.

As the Ohioville Fire Department arrived, the garage door blew off and flew across the street. Then the basement door blew off, knocking down three firemen in the back yard. Finally, the inferno was subdued, but everything was a total loss.

We were offered temporary shelter in the home of Ruth and Chuck Cirelli. As we all sat around together, discussing the fire the next evening, I asked my son, "Tell me, Shawn, how were you able to see through the blanket of smoke in a dark house, find our room, and later lead everyone to the front door?"

He replied, "Dad, the lights were on!"

"Shawn, you know we don't leave lights on at night, and besides, there was no electricity because I tried to turn on a light," I contended.

"But Dad," he exclaimed, "it was just like someone was holding a light in front of me and was showing me the way!"

My wife and I just looked at each other knowingly, for we knew in our spirits that it was an angel of the Lord. We also believe that the angels held up the floor until we got out because it collapsed shortly after.

Later, we were asked why none of us were overcome by smoke. Then our friend Dennis answered with a question, "Do you think God put a shield around you?" That is exactly what we believe because God's word says, "His truth shall be thy shield and buckler." Psalm 91:4

Even though our house was burning down around us, the presence of God was very real and very strong that night and in the days that followed. The love of God was shown to us, not only in a miraculous rescue, but in the hearts of our friends, neighbors, and loved ones who gave of themselves and their possessions to help us.

It has been a year and a half since that night, and God has answered the prayer that we prayed on the patio for He has restored “seven fold” that which “the thief” took away.

Isaiah 43:1 and 2 has become a reality in our lives.

Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.”

My mom and dad came from Italy to America, settled in a little town called Bessemer, PA, where they started a family of two boys and one girl, another girl, boy, three more boys -- eight children all together. My mom said to my dad, “time to quit – no more kids!” Through the witness of a neighbor, my parents got saved, started attending Christian Assembly in New Castle. They both received the Holy Ghost, tongues, and got on fire for God. They held prayer meetings in their home in New Castle and many got saved.

Mom got sick one day, thought she had a cold, and went to her doctor who was a friend and also came from Italy. In his Italian dialect, he said, “You don’t have a cold; you have a cold of nine months!” My mom was 43 and she thought she was going through the change of life, so she called me her change of life baby number nine.

By this time, my mom was more knowledgeable in the Word and started confessing the Word and praying in tongues over me even while I was being born.

In the next few months, I got very sick. It seemed I got everything that came along. My mom got so weary that one day she laid me on the bed and said to God, “I don’t need to have a sick baby. You gave her to me, now you can heal her so that I can raise her and give her back to you.” From that day on, she said I grew very healthy and never gave her any problems.

I was seven when my dad passed away and times got tough. But my mother was a woman of faith and learned how to trust God even in hard places. She had nine children to feed and clothe. So she asked God to show her what to do. She had a green thumb and decided to grow and sell plants. She made her own hot-beds and started her own business. From the plants that didn’t sell, she raised her own vegetables and started her own stand. With this money, she bought coal for the winter. My mom taught us the important things of life including faith in God and survival. My brothers and sisters quit school to help out at home and work at a young age.

Tragedy strikes – my brothers were all in a little shanty that was struck by lightning. My one brother had cleats on his shoes. Lightning hit the cleats. He died instantly. My brother Billy was left deaf in one ear. Two years later, Billy went to check his traps for animal furs and didn’t hear the coal truck coming. It hit and tossed him 50 feet before running him over. My mom grieved, never doubting God, never wavering. Instead of running from God, she ran to Him knowing she was in His loving care, and so were her children.

My life was easier than my siblings. Some were married by then, but I was always protected and cared for. They always watched over me, kept me out of trouble and provided a bubble-like atmosphere that helped me do right.

My mom taught me well and showed me how to live for Christ by being a wonderful witness, and by age twelve, I purposed in my heart to live for God and follow Him all the days of my life -- never, never, to walk away – and I never did. I made a promise to myself that I would serve Him every day and do whatever my hands found to do for Him.

No matter who we are – young or old, rich or poor -- you and only you can choose what you want out of life (good or bad). God is a gentleman – the choice is ours.

--Rose Coratto

Jeremiah 29:11-14 “For I know the thoughts I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil to give you a future and a hope. Then you will call upon Me and go and pray to Me, and I will listen to you. And you will seek me and find Me, when you search for Me with all of your heart. I will be found by you, says the Lord, and I will bring you back from your captivity. I will gather you from all the nations and from all the places where I have driven you, says the Lord, and I will bring you to the place from which I caused you to be carried away captive.”

Having grown up in an alcoholic environment, I lived my life with many unresolved issues, unhealed hurts, wrong thinking and mindsets, wrong motives, unfulfilled potential, negative worldly thinking, wrong values, fears, generational bondages, shame, guilt, condemnation, and feelings of inferiority. What a mess, I felt like a failure in many areas – crippled emotionally. I was overwhelmed. I did not know God’s love, His caring and His compassion. I was not experiencing the over-coming life, even after attending Christian Assembly for many years.

When the emotional pain had gotten unbearable, I cried out to the Lord. I realized that without anchoring my mind in the Word and what God’s thoughts were about me, I would remain the same and never experience life any different. I was sick and tired of what I had become, and took responsibility for my thoughts. That was the turning point. I chose the pathway to healing with no compromise. I read a book by Benny Hinn entitled “Good Morning, Holy Spirit”. I learned about the person of the Holy Spirit who brings about the work of Jesus. The Holy Spirit became my counselor, guide, teacher, comforter, and friend. I invite Him in every morning of my day. Total dependency on His leading resulted in deliverance from a mind binding, blinding Spirit. My healing accelerated from there.

I bound my mind to the mind of Christ, and my will to the will of God for His plans, pursuits for my life, and loosened all the garbage that the Holy Spirit showed me. I totally surrendered. When there were altar calls for prayer, I went up for prayer of agreement. I praised God for His goodness and deliverance even before any manifestations. I confessed my sin of pride for trying to live apart from Him. God partnered me with a God-loving friend. Together we fasted, prayed, surrendered issues, sought the face of God, praised and worshipped for our healing and deliverance.

To reprogram my mind, I played a scripture CD at night and during the day. All of what the Holy Spirit taught came alive with our pastor’s teaching in church. God said “here a little, there a little for permanent change.” He will take me step by step.

My impulsiveness is slowly fading away. I have learned to wait on Him. Breaking bondages and changing behavior takes time. Behavior of a lifetime doesn't just go away. I'm still a work in progress, dependant on the God who loves me!

I have expectancy now for good and not evil, a hope and a future that I couldn't see before! Praise the Lord!

-- Loretta Torres

When I was little, probably seven or eight, I was very asthmatic. The doctors thought it might be cystic fibrosis because of the extreme nature of the case. I was on inhalers and had horrific asthma attacks in the middle of the night. When an attack came, sometimes I would cough so hard I'd vomit. One day my grandma, Barb Downer, brought me to church. As we were leaving, she stopped and talked to Pastor. They prayed for me right there. The healing was immediate. After that, everything was normal. The tests came back fine.

-- Candie Hendrickson

My husband Keith was going into the medical center for a routine throat scope to find out why food was getting stuck when eating. During the scope, the doctor accidentally cut his esophagus in two places, one small cut and one large cut. The doctor at the Medical Center just told us that she was going to send him to Allegheny General for a day or so for observation and then he could go home. I was not afraid because she made it seem like an inconvenience for us and not as life threatening as it was. He was taken in an ambulance to Allegheny General Hospital in Pittsburgh where a surgical team was waiting for him. The Head Physician told me that his chances of dying were far greater than his chances of living. I knelt down in his room and started praying and reminding God about the promises He had given us as believers, as a couple, and as parents. I quoted the scripture, saying that he would live and not die to declare the works of the Lord.

Then, not knowing what else to pray, I prayed in tongues. It seemed like twenty minutes or so had gone by and all of a sudden I had a peace on the inside that everything was going to be fine so I got up and started praising God. Within minutes, Keith was rolled back into his room and just looked sleepy. As I talked to the physician, he said, "I know from the x-rays that he had two rips in his esophagus, but when we went in to try to repair them, we couldn't find a single tear." They said that the x-rays showed that air had been escaping from his esophagus into his body, but they could find nothing now. Hallelujah! God is always faithful to perform His Word! Thank God that after ten days of observation in the hospital, we came home! We knew that the hand of God had operated on Keith before the surgeons ever tried!

--Tami Burke

In my son's senior year of high school, he was given a physical for basketball. The doctor said that he had an abnormal heart, that he had a heart murmur, and that he could never

play sports again. He could possibly be out on the court and have a heart attack. He had two tests done, and they both confirmed this. We, his parents, did not accept that report.

We prayed over him and stood in belief that he did not have a heart murmur. That Sunday at church, Pastor called out at the beginning of service that there was someone present he needed to pray over for a heart condition. Justin did not go forward, nor did any other person. At the end of the service, Pastor said he could not let anyone leave until the person with the heart condition came forward to be prayed over.

Justin stepped out and went forward and was prayed over. The whole congregation was in agreement with him. That next week, he had another test and there was no evidence of anything being wrong with his heart. The doctors were astounded because they had two other scans that showed a murmur just one week before. God's healing plan was and is upon Justin. For a young teenager, experiencing something like this firsthand has had an impact on his life.

Justin is now twenty-one and living healthy!

--Cathy Reed

About a year ago, I had an automobile accident that could have ended my life. I woke up that day feeling tired and still sleepy. I did my devotions and loved on my Lord. I read the 91st Psalm and rejoiced in God's Word. I prayed for my family — natural and spiritual. I then prayed for my safety and for traveling grace.

My mom was in the hospital and waiting for me, so I got on the road to Ohio. I spent time with Mom, ministering to her, and then started my return trip home. It was a chilly day, so I turned the heat on which was almost a fatal act. I set my automatic drive on fifty-five miles per hour. When the Lord woke me up, my car was hurling up a grade towards an embankment that went down to the railroad and beyond that, the river. I started to wrestle with the wheel and pump my brakes. The car was not stopping. Had I gone straight, I would have crashed down that embankment. But my angel slowed my car and turned it so that it rode across the edge, stopped, and slid sideways over the edge. Two small trees, no bigger than my arms, held my car, with my angel's arms holding all.

Two young men driving behind me saw my taillights disappear and stopped to help me. They came down and yelled for me to take my seatbelt off and unlock the door. I was hesitant to move for fear that my car would crash down that embankment, but I did as they told me, shaking like a leaf in a windstorm.

They looked down after they got me out and safely up on the top and said how lucky I was. I told them both how blessed I was!

I could hear in my spirit my God telling Satan that my God determines when I will leave this world. Satan does not. Satan thought that he had the victory over me, but in Christ Jesus, victory was always mine! Hallelujah! Amen!!

--Vera Sligh

Slippery Rock University, where I attended from the winter of 1992 until 1996, is infamous for being a party school. It is a name that is well earned. But also, there was an awesome fellowship there where I renewed my commitment to the Lord and became filled with the Holy

Ghost. One spring, I wasn't sure where I would work for the upcoming summer. God spoke to my heart, saying that where I would be working, He would put a song in my heart. I applied and was hired at a nursing home that is within walking distance from my parent's house. There were approximately twenty-four residents there at the time. Only one aide handled most of the care for an entire shift, and the pay was minimum wage. But I loved the job and the people. In fact, one day I found myself singing as I was working. It occurred to me that God had, in fact, put a song in my heart! One of the male residents called me "his angel" because he heard me singing! As I prepared residents for bed at night, I would lay hands on them and pray. Sometimes out loud, sometimes silently. One lady, Agnes, had had a stroke many years ago and hadn't spoken since. I sensed God telling me that she would speak again. So I prayed for her and told her that. By the time the summer had ended, I heard her speak a few words. Another resident, Frank, was a grumpy man. He couldn't walk without his walker. When it was time for a meal, I had to start helping Frank to the table at least half an hour early so that he would be there in time to eat. He would grumble the whole way down the hall, which was very long. Well, God spoke to me concerning Frank too. He gave me a vision of him leaping in a field and said that He wasn't done with Frank yet. I shared this vision with Frank. He was appreciative and a few days later, he told me that He called his daughter and asked her to mail him his Bible to read.

I returned to school in the fall, but stopped by the nursing home on occasion to visit the residents, all of whom I had grown to love. The workers there told me that Agnes had been speaking more and more! Frank was no longer grumpy, but was friendly and happy, and was the first to the table... without assistance! Praise God for his faithfulness to His Word, and for increasing my faith to see things happen!

At the time, I was attending Living Word Church in New Wilmington, PA. I was sharing this testimony with a friend, Edie. A few weeks later, she came to me and asked me to go to the hospital to pray for a friend of hers, Francis Rubicky, who had a stroke. Although I did not know the woman, I went and read scripture over her and prayed for her. I asked Edie how she was doing, and she said she was about the same. Later, I heard that the woman had passed away. Several years later, I was still single and praying fervently. You know how the Bible says, "for this cause, a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife"? I was praying for my "FOR THIS CAUSE"! A friend of mine from college asked me to come to lunch with her. She has a cousin, Chad, who according to her, is "exceedingly handsome, loves the Lord..." His parents had seen me at church and thought that I would be nice for Chad to go out with. I was excited at the thought of meeting a Godly man, so I threw caution to the wind and went. I met his parents at the restaurant first, and then Chad came in with those beautiful blue eyes of his. We talked and laughed. Right away, we began to date.

One day, months later, Chad and I were having lunch with his family and a friend of theirs, Edie-- the same Edie who asked me to pray for the woman in the hospital. She asked me if I remembered that. I said yes, I remembered. Her name was Francis Rubicky... and then I stopped and stared at Edie with my mouth open. By this time, I knew Chad's family well enough to realize that his mom's maiden name is Rubicky. That was Chad's grandma! I prayed for Chad's grandma before she died, and before I met Chad!

--Janet Marinelli