

MSTP > 1 Marriage Research WORKING DRAFT

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I Stopped at Page: _____

Keep a note at where you stopped at in this PDF. So you can return to the same place.

Right now I am researching what to look for more in each Chapter? With Research:

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Section I

Chapter 1

Fall Madly In Love With Jesus

Research: RESEARCHING MORE ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How does He find out if He is In love with His self

How does she find out if She is In love with Her self

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Chapter 2

Invest in your Self

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

What is invested in you

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Chapter 3

Establish The Foundation Of God's Purpose For Your Life

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Foundation in your Purpose

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Chapter 4

Foreign Exposure

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Exposure outside of you

- - ----- < ^ ~ , , ~ ^ > ----- - -

Chapter 5

Become A Best Friend

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Know your best friend

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Section II

Chapter 6

Work Hard

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Chapter 7

Identify Your Temptations

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Identifying His Temptations

Identifying Her Temptations

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Chapter 8

Develop A Strong Relationship With Mentors and **Spiritual Parents**

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Relationship With Mentors

Relationship With **Spiritual Parents**

How do I find a good Mentors

How do I find a good **Spiritual Parents**

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Chapter 9

Become Interventient

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How do I become Interventient

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Chapter 10

Serve Your Local Church

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

She to Serve Your Local Church

He to Serve Your Local Church

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I've come to spend more and more of my time [volunteering](#), serving on various committees and people helping groups in the community. I am on a few local area towns and Church committees. It is hands-down the best thing I have ever done. Be a volunteer with your local [Lions Club](#) or other Non - Profit Org. and you will feel much better about yourself. Be only a volunteer – for a time - if later you wish, you may later to join this local [Lions Club](#) it is later and it is up to you. You'll be meeting other people who share your interests, which gives you an easy opener when striking up a conversation.

Meet many new people and also maybe meet the next Him or the next Her for YOUR life. This Web Blog is sponsored by a [Lions Club](#).

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Section III

Chapter 11

Acknowledge What You have to Offer

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

What do I have to Offer

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Chapter 12

Pray For Your Future Spouse

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Chapter 13

Financial Intelligence

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Marriage Financial Intelligence

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Chapter 14

Learn Yourself

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Marriage Learn His self

Marriage Learn Her self

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Chapter 15

Stay Healthy

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Section IV

Chapter 16

Examine Your Cultural Values

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Marriage Examine His Cultural Values

Marriage Examine Her Cultural Values

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Chapter 17

Deal With Your Chatter Box

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Chatter Box

A chatterbox is a person who tends to use a whole lot of words without having much of anything to say. If you're constantly whispering to your friend during math class, your annoyed teacher might call you a chatterbox.

The informal word chatterbox is the perfect term for the annoying, incessant talker you always seem to end up sitting next to on long plane trips. Chatterbox dates from the 1770s, a combination of chatter, an echoic or onomatopoeic word, and box, giving chatterbox the sense of "a box or container full of idle chatter."

Examples of chatterbox in a Sentence

That little girl is a chatterbox. My seat companion was a chatterbox who never once shut up during the whole trip

Synonyms

[babblers](#), [blabber](#), [blabbermouth](#), [blowhard](#), [cackler](#), [chatterer](#), [conversationalist](#), [gabbler](#), [gasbag](#), [jabberer](#), [jay](#), [magpie](#), [motormouth](#), [prattler](#), [talker](#), [windbag](#)

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Chapter 18

Spiritual Gift / Character Check

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How do I find my **Spiritual Gift**

How do I find Her **Spiritual Gift**

How do I find my **Character**

How do I find Her Character

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Chapter 19

Identify Your Negotiable and Non-Negotiable Qualities In Your Future Mate

KKKK. More will be added here.

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Chapter 20

Learn The Opposite **Sex**

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Learn about his Opposite **Sex**

Learn about her Opposite **Sex**

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Section V

Chapter 21

Marriage Intelligence

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How do I Find out his Marriage Intelligence

How do I Find out her Marriage Intelligence

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Chapter 22

Keep your Life Organized

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How do I Keep Life Organized

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Fifteen Things God WON'T Ask: - (Author Unknown)

1. God **won't** ask what kind of car you drove => but will ask how many people you drove who **didn't** have transportation.
2. God **won't** ask the square footage of your house => but will ask how many people you welcomed into your home
3. God **won't** ask about the fancy clothes you had in your closet => but will ask how many of those clothes helped the needy.
4. God **won't** ask about your social status => but will ask what kind of class you displayed.
5. God **won't** ask how many material possessions you had => but will ask if they dictated your life.
6. God **won't** ask what your highest salary was => but will ask if you compromised your character to obtain that salary.
7. God **won't** ask how much overtime you worked => but will ask if you worked overtime for your family and loved ones.
8. God **won't** ask how many promotions you **received** => but will ask how you promoted others.
9. God **won't** ask what your job title was => but will ask if you performed your job to the best of your ability.
10. God **won't** ask what you did to help yourself => but will ask what you did to help others.
11. God **won't** ask how many friends you **had** => but will ask how many people to whom you were a **true** friend.

12. God **won't** ask what you did to protect your rights => but will ask what you did to protect the rights of others.
13. God **won't** ask in what neighborhood you lived => but will ask how you treated your neighbors.
14. God **won't** ask about the color of your skin => but will ask about the content of your character.
15. God **won't** ask how many times your said deeds matched your words => but will ask how many times it **didn't**.

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Chapter 23

Deal With Your Past

How does He Deal With His Past

How does She Deal With Her Past

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

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Chapter 24

Live above Reproach

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

How does He Live above Reproach

How does She Live above Reproach

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Chapter 25

Die to I

Research: RESEARCHING ON THE SUBJECT LISTED ABOVE.

Researching on the subject listed above.

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Survey

On the Ruff Research five - years survey reports that both Boys and Girls and young men and young women in North America (**mostly in the US**) have a lot of outside same age people pressure. This survey ran from 2009 on for five years until 2015. Over 2,500 non-churched young men and 2,300 young non-church women were in their first two years of college. Over 2,500 young church men and 2,300 young church women were in their first two years of college.

From 2,331 young men that claim to be **not** raised up in any kind of church family home reported that 92.7 percent lived with a young woman and had a joint living space and from a three - years later follow-up that they did **not** marry those young ladies.

From 315 young men that claim to have been raised up in some kind of church family reported that 12.6 percent lived, had a joint living space a young woman and from a three years later follow-up mostly they did **not** marry.

From 2,187 young men that claim to have been raised up in some kind of church family reported that 87.4 percent had **not** lived in a joint living space with any young woman and from a three years later follow - up they did marry their college sweetheart.

From 2,300 women had young church going women that claim to have been raised up in some kind of church family reported that 18.2 percent (**418 out of 2,300**) lived, had a joint living space a young man and from a three years later follow-up that they did **not** marry.

From 1,881 young church women that claim to have been raised up in some kind of church family reported that 81.8 percent (**418 out of 2,300 from 2,300 young women**) that claim to have been raised up in some kind of church family reported that 87.4 percent had **not** lived in a joint living space any young man and it is at 21 percent from these they did **not** marry as their college sweetheart. From a three years later follow-up that 82.4 percent **DID** marry their college sweethearts.

This survey indicates that church going families have a big influence on their kids when they go off away from their home and on in life and to college.

Young church family women and young church men in North America (**mostly in the US**) have a lot of pressure when it comes to their present time living their life ideals and for others it's affecting and lowering their **self-image**. The statistics prove what we already know is **true**:

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It's a Miracle - God Hears Your Prayers - Amazing Testimony

It's a Miracle

One of the many ways that God shows HIMself is through miracles. In fact, miracles happen every day around the world. Miracles especially happen to God's children when they pray. This miraculous story is a miracle that modern medicine cannot explain, because this miracle happened through the power of the **Holy Spirit**. It's a Miracle

Please Share this Video: <https://youtu.be/3uZjuK2ItTw>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3uZjuK2ItTw> **6 min**

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Volunteering is a great way to meet new people, get some exercise, and involve yourself in a **positive** project that can lift your **spirit**. It also comes without a cost (**or very little**) to you and can provide a lot of entertainment and a fulfilling day when you're in the right mindset.

I've come to spend more and more of my time **volunteering**, serving on various committees and people helping groups in the community. I am on a few local area towns and Church committees. It is hands - down the best thing I have ever done.

Be a volunteer with your local **Lions Club** or other Non - Profit Org. and you will feel much better about yourself. Be only a volunteer – for a time - if later you wish, you may later to join this local **Lions Club** it is later and it is up to you. You'll be meeting other people who share your interests, which gives you an easy opener when striking up a conversation. Meet many new people and also maybe meet the next Him or Her for YOUR life. This new Web Site is sponsored by a **Lions Club**.

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Supernatural Stories: **First Encounter with a Demon!**

I promised some friends of mine that I would start a new series, where I gave testimonies from my experience of supernatural experiences in my life. This spins off of the Reminiscing posts from last year. For those who may want to read them, go [here](#), and [here](#). They detail how I got exposed to the Spirit's work, and then baptised in the **Spirit!**

Anyway.... Coming off of my deliverance series, I thought I would start of this supernatural series with the account of my first encounter with a **demon!** (Actually this is a **two for one**

special, because I can't tell you that story without telling you the story of the first miracle I physically witnessed!) So strap on your seatbelts!

If you have read the Reminiscing posts, you would know I grew up in a completely non-charismatic church. I was a young firebrand who was in love with Jesus, but had never seen a literal miracle first hand, had only thought of **demons** while reading the Bible, and the presence of the **Spirit** was relegated to weeping at the altar rail...

By the time of this story, however, I had been a part of the Universities and Colleges' Christian Fellowship (**UCCF**) for a couple years and so was accustomed to seeing the **Spirit** fall upon the gathering, especially in passionate worship. This was one of those times. There were close to 40 young people gathered in this house for a weekend retreat and we were having a glorious encounter with the Lord! We had started singing without regard to time or schedules, and after around an hour or so of unadulterated worship, those who spoke in tongues were starting to break out as the Presence of God became thicker and thicker.

One guy, who we'll call Alex, started to speak in tongues along with others. Ok, **no** issue there. Suddenly however, his voice changed.

It became low, and guttural – even although he seemed to still be speaking tongues at that point. I heard it first, and I whipped my head around and shouted, “What the hell was that????” (Not to offend, for those sensitive....)

I was shocked!) The others who then heard him were as shocked as I was – and then there was a mass exodus away from him! And then, there was me – and a young lady who had been filled with the Spirit the night before! All the people who knew what demons were because of coming from some sort of charismatic background were fleeing, and this girl and I – babes in the faith compared – were running toward him.

By this time Alex had manifested completely (was taken over, for the uninformed) and was climbing on the lattice wall at the back like an animal.

A couple others gained some measure of courage and we wrestled him to the ground and started to command this spirit out of him! For a while he grunted and growled while six of us sat on him to keep him down. Then, out of the blue – one of the demonic entities spoke up... in a cultured English accent!

“I’m not coming out,” he said.

“In Jesus’ name, identify yourself!” One of the others, more experienced than I, picked up.

“My name is Nathan.”

So we tried and tried to cast out Nathan and he wouldn’t go. He was resolute and defiant.

At one point I got so frustrated I jumped on Alex’s chest and started thumping him!

“Come out!” *thump* “In Jesus’ name, come out!” *thump*

Nathan said, “You’re hurting Alex!” But I knew that demons are pathological liars – so I just continued, saying, “You’re lying!” *thump* *thump* (It was later when I realized that Natan was probably telling the truth..... OoPpSs!)

(Disclaimer -For anyone who is reading this who is concerned that I am currently in the deliverance ministry – it was my first time and I was frustrated! It was also over ten years ago! Since that time I have had numerous experiences – and have been reputedly trained as well – so no physical beatings will be employed to get the demons out of your life! Now – back to the story...).

While this was going on, the girl who was with me tried to call her pastor, but – surprisingly – he didn’t seem interested to help!

Like I said, there were about six of us trying to minister to Alex, and the others were all outside in another room. They were helping as best they knew how by praying and lustily singing songs about the **Blood** of Jesus. One girl had a small bottle of baby oil, and she had the idea that she wanted everyone to be anointed and prayed over for protection.

The others agreed and, while still singing, the oil was tipped over again and again while, one by one, people's foreheads were anointed and prayers were being sent up.

And then – disaster!

It was only a small bottle of oil – that was already less than half-full when the anointing started – and there were about 40 young people there.... so when around half the people still needed to be anointed, the oil ran out! We **didn't** know what to do! One girl grabbed the baby bottle, nearly empty, and cried out to the Lord.

“Father! We need more oil! We **haven't** finished praying for everyone, and the oil has run out! Please send as much oil as we need until we **don't** need any more!” We all agreed, crying out to the Lord in unison....

And then we looked at the bottle – which was empty... and we literally saw the oil reforming at the bottom of it!

The girl who had the bottle was wide - eyed as she poured out some more oil and anointed three people. This drained the oil that had been formed – but then it reformed again, to the same exact point as the last time! Every time she anointed three people, the oil reformed to the same point, until everyone was anointed! This miraculous provision of oil happened all night!

By this time, Alex had been able to come back to himself, with Nathan and the other **demons** dispatched.... or so we thought! (**That's another post!**) Then we realized that what he had been doing – which opened the door to his **demonization** – was playing to a heavy metal band record backwards (**yes, this was before cd's.**) This is called back masking, is defined by [Wikipedia](#) as a technique” in which a sound or message is recorded backward onto a track that is meant to be played forward.” He was testing the theory that heavy metal rock bands were using the technique to mask prayers and incantations to Satan. He had good intentions; he was trying to test it so that he could warn the students in his Sunday School class against it – but he found himself repeating the incantations and thus inviting **evil spirits** into his own life.

The oil continued to pour out. Even when we stood the bottle on its end to drain out the oil for over fifteen minutes, it would grow right back up to the same point... and only **stopped** the next morning when one guy decided to wash it out with soap! (**I wondered later, when I was more mature, if it should have been a sign that the demons hadn't left Alex's life even although they had seemed to have been ousted, and what would have happened had we used the oil to anoint him.**)

But there's the first story! Next, I guess I will let you in on the story when Alex did get set free, the next morning (**which is a Sunday**) when we assembled with the church. God is awesome!

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My Personal Testimony Of Supernatural Experience With God

My Personal Story and Testimony:

The following story I share with you so that you may know by what right I have knowledge of this world, and by what right I have understanding thereof, and by what right I know for a fact that God our Father is real and exists, for I do **not** nor have I ever had faith, I was never good enough to have faith, but God has shown himself to me and therefore I know of HIS existence as opposed to having faith only of HIS existence.

This by **no** means makes me better than anyone else, **no**, if anything at all it only means that I will be held to a higher standard since I have knowledge of the **truth**, and therefore when I do **wrong**, I have **no** excuses. And as Jesus said, "blessed are those who have **not** seen and yet still believe", and although I have **not** seen God with my eyes, I was in HIS presence and heard and felt HIS presence. So let me therefore explain my story and testimony of what happened to me when I was twelve years old.

One night when I was twelve years of age, I had just gone to bed and was at the point of just being asleep when suddenly an **evil** force came unto me, immediately I awoke and found myself paralyzed unable to move, unable to speak, unable to open my eyes.

Instantly I knew something horrible and supernatural was happening to me, I knew instinctively to call out to God for help and I said in my mind very quickly and frantically, "God help me, please God help me, God please help me!"

Instantly a person walked into my room and said three words to me which were, "It's your Father" and proceeded very quickly around my bed and leaned over me, as soon as this person came into my room and announced himself as "my Father", I immediately assumed it was my dad who had walked into my room, so I cried in my mind, "dad help me, please dad help me" very quickly and frantically knowing that my dad could **not** hear me because I could **not** speak, nor move, nor open my eyes. The reason I assumed it was my dad was because at the time I had **no** idea whatsoever that God was our Father, and even though I have never in my life called my dad father, still to my twelve year old mind I simply assumed it was my dad who had entered my room.

After this person leaned over me, the **evil** force was immediately gone, this person then quickly walked out of my room and I was instantly asleep. I woke up some 5-10 minutes later wondering what had happened to me, but **not** overly worried about it, just a mild curiosity.

I got up and walked downstairs where I found my dad playing Yahtzee with my stepmother, and I asked my dad, "did you just come up into my room a little while ago?", and my dad looked at me very strangely and replied, "no".

I knew immediately that my dad had **not** come into my room, for my dad has never in his life that I can ever **remember** come into my room, that is something he simply does **not** do. So I walked back upstairs and without too much more thought about it, I went to sleep. The only person I ever told at the time was my mother, and I quickly forgot the event since I could **not** begin to understand what had happened to me, and it is my belief that God himself put it into my mind that I would **not** dwell on this event, that I would forget about it, until a time when I would **remember** and understand what had happened to me that night.

That time came when I reached the age of 25 times around the sun, and once I realized who it was that came into my room when I was twelve years old I began to be taught many things by the **Holy Spirit**, and was baptized by the **Holy Spirit**. That was ten years ago, and since then I have learned many things, and many **truths**. I have told almost **no** one of what happened to me, but now I feel compelled to tell everyone of my experience, for I do **not** worry about what the world would think of me, the **truth** is the **truth**, and neither can anyone change the **truth** nor can they **stop** the **truth** from being spoken and heard by Gods chosen children. For the world would laugh at such a story, psychiatrists would seek to destroy me with the use of prolonged and constant drugs, and I would be ridiculed by the world as being nothing more than a weirdo cult leader. But the world also laughed at Noah too, the world ridiculed all the prophets in the Bible and **killed** them, the world **killed** Jesus Christ, the world has never had the **truth**, all the world has had is corruption, **evil**, **wars** and **killing**, **murders** and **sexual perversion**, **lies** and **deception**, for this world has always been corrupt, all the way back to the first sin of Eve, and thereafter Adam.

This supernatural experience with God was neither my first nor my last supernatural experience, but it was by far the most powerful and the most profound. My very first supernatural experience happened to me when I was maybe 5 - years - old, I was in my bed fully awake and as I was looking at my dresser, one of the dresser drawers opened and out popped a little person of maybe 1 foot tall or so, I did **not** get a good look at this little person because as soon as I saw him I panicked and flew out of my bed and out of my room as fast as a five - year - old can.

My second supernatural experience was more powerful and even more scary, I was about 6 years old or so, and I was watching television by myself, as I was watching a show; out of the **blue** I looked at this persons face and as I did I saw as clear as day his eyes light up yellow and shine very powerfully as he looked directly at me, and as he did I felt a terrible horrible cold **evil** feeling come over me, and I panicked, I can hardly **remember** what happened after that but I know I did **not** watch television again for a long time.

My next supernatural experience happened when I was about 10 years old, I had watched on television a show with Uri Geller where he showed how to bend forks by using

your own power. I thought this was very interesting and wanted to try it myself. So I got a fork from the kitchen and it was time for bed so I took the fork determined to do what Uri Geller could do. As I was lying in bed, I had the fork in my right hand and I did what he instructed by trying to call on all my power within my body into the fork.

I concentrated on this for some time, and when I felt the fork get warm in my hand I tried to bend it with one hand between my thumb and fingers. I tried this over and over for maybe 30 minutes or so, I could **not** bend the fork like he said. As I was trying to do this, I became very sleepy and I came to the point of being half asleep, a point in between sleep and awake, then all of a sudden I awoke and I still had the fork in my right hand, and as I awoke I had the thought that I somehow knew I could bend the fork, and without any effort whatsoever I easily bent the fork completely in half like it was made of butter, applying almost **no** pressure or effort.

Immediately after doing this I put the fork down and went to sleep, **not** thinking twice about it. This event did **not** accompany any **evil** feelings or presence, but I do **not** believe it was by my own power that bent the fork, although I suppose it's possible that I could have, but I know enough now to know **not** to mess with anything like this, for it only allows the **evil one** to enter into your life. Because I did **not** bend the fork with any faith, but I suppose it's possible I was able to bend it by a lack of unfaith in that in that very second of awaking I had **not doubted** that I could bend the fork, perhaps that was enough for me to bend it, but it is also possible that the **evil one** gave me this power, certainly I **cannot** say for certain, but I would never indulge in anything like this ever again, for I know this can bring **satan** into your life, for it is by **evil** that people seek power.

My next supernatural experience was the one I have previously described when I was 12 years of age where **evil** attacked me and our **Heavenly** Father saved me from this **evil**.

My next supernatural experience happened when I was about 14 or so, I had gotten curious about **Ouigi Boards** from watching them on television, so I went down to the store and purchased one, I brought it home and with a friend we tried it together, nothing

happened for us at all. Of course I thought of it as just a game so I **didn't** really expect anything to happen for real, so we put it away **not** thinking twice about it. A day or two later I was by myself and got the thought of taking out the **Ouigi Board** and trying it myself, so I went and got it and put it onto the table, as I was about to take it out of the box and still holding it, I got this overwhelming and very strong supernatural feeling of the same cold **evil** feeling that came over me and it was unmistakable, immediately I once again panicked and took the **Ouigi Board** and ran out of the house onto a deck where I threw the **Ouigi Board** as far as I could out into some bushes and trees, all I could think of was getting rid of it as fast as I possibly could, and throwing it away in the trash can was **not** good enough, I wanted to create as much distance from myself and this **Ouigi Board** as possible.

Since that supernatural event, I have had **no** others that would relate to **evil**, only one that saved me from injury. I was about 18 years old at the time, I had a little tiny glass vial with a cork on the top, and I had water inside the vial and for whatever reason I was heating the water with a lighter by holding the flame underneath it. As I was doing this I was holding the vial up to my face so that I could watch the water begin to boil, all of a sudden while the vial was less than a foot away from my face it exploded right in front of my face, and I felt the air hit my face very hard and my eyes were still open **not** having the chance to close them in time. After this happened I was left dumbfounded because not only did I **not** receive any injury to my eyes, nor my face in any way, but the glass had completely vanished, **not** one trace of glass could be found anywhere, **not** even the smallest little piece, it was as if the glass vial had completely disintegrated into thin air.

Since that time up until this day at 35 years old, I have had **no** apparent supernatural events happen to me other than when I was 25 years old and was baptized by the **Holy Spirit**, but when that supernatural event happened to me it was **not evil** showing itself to me, it was **not evil** attacking me, nor was it God saving me from injury, it was a time of great joy, great comfort, and great happiness and contentment. It was a time of the beginning of understanding, and it was a time of never looking back, for having been called I have only been made clean by the **fire**, rather than corrupted by it.

My friends, I tell you with the greatest sincerity and with all the love and compassion I have that these things are all **true**, and that I do **not** know why I have been chosen to know the **truth**, perhaps it is because God knows that I will share the **truth** with **no fear**, with **no** reservations, never **fearing** my own **death** or persecution in this world. For I do **not** have a family anymore, I do **not** have any personal friends, I do **not** have a wife or children, and I believe God has purposely kept these things from me so that I can be his messenger so to speak, a witness unto him, having **no** earthly possessions in which to fear losing.

So please, if you have an ear to hear with, come with me and I will show you all that I have learned, but be ready to take a journey like you have never taken before, for the **truth** is far stranger than fiction.

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Satan Gave Me Supernatural Powers, But God Was Greater! | Carol Kornacki

In this It's Supernatural! Classic episode from 1998: All Carol Kornacki knew was rejection, molestation and violence as a child. She thought she found the **truth** in **witchcraft**, until the **spirits** turned on her.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L3mClhtUK-M> 27 min

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A new Web Site: <https://marriagesecondtimeplus.org/>

Also: may like to visit: www.Tri-CountyRegion.US

Also: may like to review books: <https://tri-countyregionbooks.com/>

May E-Mail: LehrLionsClub@bektel.com

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True Stories of Gods Supernatural Protection

On today's BVOV broadcast, you'll hear amazing stories of God's protection. To begin, Kenneth shares how some believers followed God's direction to survive the terrorist attack on 911 and escape the destruction at ground zero, 15 years ago.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i4ZeCP5ZMQc> **28 min**

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2 Boys Taken to Heaven, Taught by God, Tell of their Amazing Encounter II VFNTV II

God **not** only loves each and every one of us, HE is the very perfection and fullness of love itself. HE has the ability to demonstrate how much HE loves us in such spectacular ways. What we think is an impossible situation is another opportunity for God to show HIMself mightily. This **couldn't** more applicable than when a mother shockingly realized that her autistic son was learning about God. It **wasn't** that he was learning about God, but that he was being taught this FROM God. Sid Roth recently spoke with Tahni Cullen, whose son, Josiah, has autism. On It's Supernatural, Sid Roth sat down with and discussed how these marvelous, supernatural encounters took place. While she had never taught him how to spell, she soon realized that he was able to spell and able to put together complete sentences. Cullen was shocked when Josiah began to talk about the things of God that many adults **haven't** grasped.

During one specific session of teaching Josiah about Jesus, Cullen talked about Jesus **healing** the blind man. "What did Jesus do? Did he **H-E-A-L**, **heal** the blind man, or P-L-A-Y, - play with the blind man?" He then chooses **HEAL**.

But, he goes beyond her expectations when she places an iPad in front of Josiah so that he can then spell the word **heal**. He then writes out, "GOD IS A GOOD GIFT GIVER". By the way, this was his first complete sentence! Continue reading description below...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1KQQocTJVae> **37 min**

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Dinner with an Angel - It's a Miracle - 6033

Stories filled with hope and inspiration! Each riveting story includes dramatic real - life accounts of remarkable experiences, miraculous **healing**, divine interventions, and personal transformations.

These extraordinary stories told by ordinary people from every culture and religion are unique and provide the viewers with an enduring source of encouragement, inspiration and empowerment.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s6BTvsQbWxw> 8 min

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[PAUL O'CONNELL, MIRACLES AND SUPERNATURAL ENCOUNTERS BROUGHT THIS SUICIDAL HEAVY DRINKER TO GOD](#)

Paul was certainly a miracle baby. His mother had a **blood** infection when he was born and although this did **not** cause her any harm, it had such a devastating effect on baby Paul that he **died** twice on the day of his birth. The following day he was given a full **blood** transfusion and so he amazingly survived infant hood.

Yet just two years later. Paul was in trouble again. He was taken into hospital for a tonsillectomy, but there were complications and his heart **stopped** three times during the operation. The third time he was unresponsive for two and a half minutes. Another thirty seconds would have meant serious brain damage. It seems that this little boy was destined to live in spite of all that was being thrown at him.

As he grew, Paul was sent to Catholic school in Whanganui and Napier in his home country of New Zealand. Life was hard in the Catholic boy's schools where discipline was often harsh and compassion was **not** in big supply! After beating a popular bully at tennis, Paul was beaten with tennis rackets as a 'reward'. Another day he was beaten around the head with a baseball bat, and on a different occasion with a cricket bat. The school told his parents that both of these incidents were 'unfortunate accidents', but this was untrue. On both occasions Paul was deliberately beaten by bullies and the **truth** was covered up.

As a result, he suffered serious head trauma. The once average student now struggled with academic work.

Not surprisingly, Paul experienced a crisis of faith. He began to **question** the 'Christianity' at this particular Catholic school along with the morality and lack of compassion in the only exponents he knew, the teachers and 'brothers' whom he looked up to.

The suggestion was strongly inferred that the ‘faith’ presented by this school was the only ‘true’ church, and yet he found the behavior so hard to reconcile with the compassion of Jesus and the teaching of the New Testament. He also **questioned** why the priest should be called ‘father’ and why confession should be made to a priest and **not** directly to God, but he was **not** given clear answers.

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Heavy Drinking and Supernatural Encounters.

At the age of just 14, Paul started drinking. Within a few years he had become a heavy drinker and was in at least a partially drunken state much of the time. He spent two years working with his father in the wool industry, followed by five years working in ‘foodstuffs’. Then in 1988 Paul moved to Kambalda, Australia to work in the mining industry. The drinking got worse. But in 1989, an extraordinary experience marked the beginning of a change of direction.

One evening, Paul got very drunk at a **Fire** Brigade party. He fell asleep at the wheel of his car, narrowly missing a pedestrian and a tree. Waking up in the evening of the next day, Paul felt terrible both physically and psychologically. He stood by his bed and cried out to God, saying,

“Lord, I **can’t** live like this anymore. Please send someone to talk to me!”

Instantly there was a bright flash of light outside the window, clearly visible even through the **blue** blind. It seemed strange, even eerie, but Paul did **not** immediately recognise the origin.

The very next morning whilst in the works canteen, Paul’s Australian friend Adam said, “Hey Paul, there’s a guy over there who wants to talk to you.”

Paul went over to the ordinary looking man. The man looked straight at him and asked, “Did you call for me last night?”

Paul was bemused. He replied, “Pardon?”

Again, the man asked, “Did you call for me last night?”

Paul **didn’t** know how to answer. It was then that he looked at the man’s eyes. Everything else about him was normal, ordinary, but his eyes were a bright **blue** and it looked as if there were literal **fires** in them! Shocked, but surprisingly **not** afraid, Paul **didn’t** answer.

So, the man asked a third time, “Did you call for me last night?”

This time Paul knew that something extra ordinary was happening. He sat down and talked with the man who said that God had sent him to tell Paul about the Christian faith.

He asked Paul if he had seen the bright light outside his window and told him that the light was a bright **red**, signifying the **blood** of Jesus Christ.

Paul had **not** noticed the color due to the thick **blue** blind, but he certainly knew the light was very bright and came in an instant after his prayer.

The man talked to Paul about Christianity on a number of occasions over several weeks. He seemed to be employed at the mine as Paul kept bumping into him at unexpected times, but other than that nobody knew a great deal about the ‘man’. Eventually, Paul asked him his name. The man replied giving a long difficult Greek sounding name that was difficult to pronounce.

He finally said to Paul, “You can call me Philip.”

Philip could **not** drive a car and so he persuaded a young couple to take Paul and himself to a lively church meeting at Kalgoorlie. At the end of the meeting the pastor announced that ‘somebody here needs to know Jesus.’ He prayed a general kind of prayer and then everyone except Paul fell to the floor!

This was something Paul had never seen before, but Philip laughed and said, “It’s **not** like the Catholic Church is it!”

Paul could see that this was different. He did **not** interpret Philip’s comment as a criticism of all things Roman Catholic, but as a clear point being made that the form of Catholicism he had been brought up with was lacking in **true spirituality**. The ‘faith’ he had seen as a child was more like a club, a belief system with rules. regulations and many words, but nothing that tangibly attracted him. This meeting was different. It felt somehow so very real.

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The Angel and the Prodigal

The following week Philip took Paul to a Baptist church. Again there was something very real and alive about the faith of these people. Three days later, Philip came to Paul outside in the mining compound and asked him a straight **question**, “Paul, the Lord wants to know if you are going to give your life to him now or **not**?”

Paul replied a curt ‘**No.**’

Philip looked sad and said, “The way you are going is **hell.**”

Paul **didn’t** know what to say. He turned and started to walk away, but deep inside he began to feel convicted and so he turned around to say sorry.

But Philip had vanished.

It was at that moment that Paul realised Philip was **no** man.

From the **fiery blue** eyes he had noticed at their first meeting, Paul began to think about all the encounters he had had with Philip. There was the fact that Philip **didn’t** seem to know how to drive, the fact that it was **not** clear what job he had at the mine, or whether he was even employed there; the fact that he **didn’t** ever talk about his life, family or past. Then there was the unequivocal fact that Philip had vanished when they were in an open space with nowhere to hide.

It had obviously been a supernatural encounter, but Paul was stubborn and still **didn’t** become a Christian. He rebelled and went back to drinking heavily.

In 1990, Paul left the mine and embarked on a bus tour of Australia. He had some scary moments, including an encounter in Melbourne with the Irish Community who were raising funds to buy weapons for the IRA. With an Irish family background, Paul was happy to be involved in the partying, but when it turned sinister he realized that he was in danger. Again, something beyond the natural happened when a man whom he had only just met told him to get out of the city and get the train back to Sydney. The money he gave Paul was the exact money needed for the train back to Sydney together with accommodation. The man could **not** have known the amount needed. It was just too perfect to be coincidental.

Paul knew that God was looking after him, but that **wasn’t** enough to get him out of his drinking habit and destructive lifestyle.

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Attempted **suicide** and a Miracle on the Road

Eventually, Paul returned to New Zealand and to a job with a large communications company in Napier. Things were going ok until the company made him redundant. Paul was distraught. He had had enough. He got in his car and decided to commit **suicide** by driving off the 98 - meter (**321 feet**) cliff at a place called Nuhaka on the way to Wairoa.

Taking his hands off the steering wheel, Paul closed his eyes and waited to plunge into oblivion. But it **didn't** happen. Realising he should have been off the road and heading for the cliff by now, Paul opened his eyes to find that the car was back on the road!

Immediately, he heard God speaking to him, "Get out of the car and think about what you are doing."

Paul took note and chose **not** to try again.

Two weeks later, he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he was staying at Bill Cosby's ranch in America. In the dream, God spoke to him and said, "Now is the time to give your life to me."

God also told him that he would soon see many people he **hadn't** seen for a long time. He woke up to find the room was unnaturally **hot** and realized that this was **no** ordinary dream. God really had spoken to him.

Very soon afterwards, Paul started seeing people whom he had **not** seen for many years. Meetings happened in various places and he realized that the words God spoke in the dream were coming **true**.

It was now 1999, and Paul decided to go to the ordination of a Catholic friend from the past who was becoming a priest. He was shocked when he went to speak to the 'friend' afterwards only to be greeted with the words, "What the f * are you doing here!". He was shocked both by the attitude and the words of the response. Again, it seemed that somebody was showing him that the 'religion' he had experienced whilst growing up was **not true** Christianity.

Soon after this shocking encounter, Paul's friend Peter invited him to go to an Assemblies of God church. Paul was shocked again, but this time it was more pleasant. Walking through the door, he looked around and realized that he knew approximately two thirds (66%) of the people there! Moreover, they were people he had recently seen whom he had previously **not** seen for many years. It was another aspect of the dream being fulfilled. One friend came to him and said that she had been praying for him for the past nine months. They joked about giving birth, but Paul saw the irony and understood the Biblical imagery of being 'born again'. He attended the church for a few weeks and on one occasion found his arms shaking violently.

Paul noticed that most people had their arms raised in praise to God, but he still wouldn't give in. One of his newfound Christian friends just laughed, realizing that Paul was nearly there!

Finally, two months later, Paul's stubborn heart gave way to the prompting of the **Holy Spirit** and he gave his life to Christ.

He realized afterwards that it was exactly ten years (to the very day) after he first prayed to God for help and saw the bright light outside his window.

In recent years Paul has been on mission trips to the South Pacific Islands and has been instrumental in many healing miracles. He has also shared his extraordinary testimony in numerous Christian outreach meetings in New Zealand.

Paul now knows that God had an amazing plan for his life and has used him to bring healing and help to others in ways he once never dreamed possible.

God tells us in the Bible that those who seek him will find him. Paul's story, strange but true, is proof that God always keeps his promises and always reaches out to those who seek him.

“Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and the one who seeks finds, and to the one who knocks it will be opened.” (Matthew 7:7 - 8)

Story by Ralph Burden

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Enlightenment Legacy vs. God's Legacy

If you go to church and pray regularly, do you ever wonder if there's supposed to be more than you're experiencing? What does God really intend your faith and life to be like? I'm not foolish enough to say that every day ought to be a parade of miracles. Most of the time, even in the Bible, life is as normal as normal can be. Yet both then and now God breaks into our normal world. Biblically that's normal too. But for too many of us it isn't.

Enlightenment Legacy

Beliefs and expectations of Christians in wealthy modernized nations like America tend to be as influenced by the legacy of the Enlightenment Period as much as the Bible.

The Enlightenment was primarily a philosophical movement in the 1700s that bridged the Western world's transition into the modern age. Enlightenment thinkers largely rejected previously held social, religious, and political ideas, and instead emphasized rationalism. Human reason, especially anything scientific, was emphasized as the primary way to gain and test knowledge and truth. This propelled the rise of modern science. Unfortunately, this thinking was unfriendly toward faith in general, especially the supernatural — including prayer, the Holy Spirit, and spiritual experience. Because of this I think the era might equally be termed the “Endarkenment Period.”

Christians unwittingly influenced by this thinking will often say they believe in the Bible yet ignore the implications and promises of stories and teachings from Genesis to Revelation. God is in **heaven**, we are on earth, and someday **death** will kick us off the planet and we'll take permanent residence in **heaven**. Until then God loves us and is somehow with us. And we're conditioned to assume our thinking is normal.

Another reason believers **don't** give more attention to the supernatural is that it **doesn't** work in real life the way it does in the movies. We **can't** manipulate or control it.

Sometimes we get disappointed with God, or **don't** see our prayers answered the way we hope. So, we lose interest. Who can blame a person for this?

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God's Legacy

I **won't** blame anyone. But I will say that if we're serious about following Jesus, we need to move past such thinking. When the Bible informs our expectations more than our cultural conditioning does, we can expect things to change. We'll see that the material world is only a part of reality; Angels and **demons** are very real and active; and God really does do supernatural works in our midst.

What if we let go of our conditioning and strove to be biblical in how we live our lives and how we do church. Read the gospels and Acts for what Jesus and the Christians do. The lifestyles of owning little or nothing and the activities of **healing**, casting out **demons**, and trusting God for miracles are so foreign to many of us that we **wouldn't** know where to begin. The New Testament clearly tells the church to function by **spiritual** gifts, but too many function by committee. We have book knowledge, but how much do we practice?

Jesus never taught his disciples to minister through programs; he demonstrated how to minister in the manifest power of God. The New Testament church exploded primarily because of God's presence and power. But nothing in the Bible or in history says God's presence and power ever evaporated.

I **can't** offer in this article a full course of how to make all these things happen. And besides, it's more a matter of giving our selves over to God than of taking another class. I'm simply appealing for more believers to take God's legacy seriously. Understanding will follow willingness.

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Being God's Hand

People in this postmodern age are often skeptical and jaded. They **won't** respond much to Christian claims, and I **don't** blame them. They want to see something work, **not** just hear about it. They want something real, authentic, that takes them beyond themselves, yet is practiced in a community of people who care about each other. This is exactly the model we see in the New Testament.

I hear a lot, and even teach, about how churches need to reach out in relevant ways to people in our changing culture. But I hear little about how churches need to operate in the supernatural and train people to exercise their God - given **spiritual** gifts. **Isn't** that part of effective outreach?

One of the hard things about operating in the supernatural (**and a reason a lot of us don't**) is that we **can't** control it. But we're **not** supposed to. We can only seek it and go with it when it manifests. This again is exactly what we see God intending in every story of the Bible. He intends that we humbly submit to him and live by faith.

Stepping beyond our conditioning can be hard. But if we're hungry enough for God, we will. We will have to overcome **doubts**, unanswered prayer, and testing. We will have to go against the grain of the Enlightenment - influenced church. And when we do, we'll increasingly live with something better: the life - changing presence and power of God.

Can God change your life?

God has made it possible for you to know HIM and [experience an amazing change](#) in your own life. Discover how you can [find peace with God](#). You can also send us your [prayer requests](#).

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'God stories' of divine intervention'

In "God Stories," journalist Jennifer Skiff shares the extraordinary experiences of people who have felt the power of God's presence in their lives and been forever changed. An excerpt.

Introduction

Why am I here?

Is there more?

Does God exist?

These **questions** nag at us incessantly throughout our lives. But the answers are elusive, always just out of reach. Today we are fact - driven people: we need evidence before we form opinions and often dismiss events that **can't** be logically explained. Yet we desperately want the security that comes with having a certain future. The search for that security has divided people into two camps: those who look for solace in organized religion and its promise of an afterlife, and those who consider themselves **spiritual** but **not** religious — they believe their souls are going somewhere, but they're **not** sure exactly where? Regardless of what camp you're in, we all want the same thing. We want confirmation that what we believe is **true**. We want proof of modern-day encounters with the Divine.

I've been offered proof of God's existence at regular intervals in my life through experiences so profound they've given goose bumps to atheists. These epiphanies have blanketed me with an inner peace, washing away my fears and giving me hope for the future. The intense joy I feel at these times eventually dissipates and I drift into a safe complacency. As time passes and life events take their toll, I start to **question** again until yet another unexpected collision with the Divine awakens me like a plunge into cold water and replenishes my faith. I know I'm **not** alone. Because the proof we're given is **not** tangible, it's often held tightly for a short time and then released. But our appetite remains insatiable. Like ants to a grain of sugar, we crave more. And that's what has brought us here.

As you turn the pages in this book, a chill may overwhelm you, your eyes may fill with tears, and the hair on your arms may suddenly stand as the answers to the **questions** you've always wanted to know become apparent.

My reason for writing a book of this nature is **not** the obvious one. I'm certainly **not** an expert on the subject of God or religion. The idea first came to me when a minister asked if I had any "God Stories." I asked her what she meant, and she explained that a God Story was a miracle like experience that proves God exists.

No one had ever asked me that **question** before. I did have stories. I **hadn't** dared to tell many people about them, but I definitely had had what I believed to be encounters with the Divine.

The concept piqued my interest as a journalist, and I wondered if many other people had stories too. To find out, I began to poll my friends, and what happened next surprised me most. I realized that a Divine intelligence that many call God is connecting with millions of people every day.

One of my own encounters happened when I was thirty - two years old. It was a time of overwhelming sadness and disappointment.

Professionally I was thriving — working as a correspondent for CNN, the biggest news network in the world. But personally I was very unhappy and felt like a failure. I was married for the second time, and for the second time I was planning to **divorce**.

It was at this time that I began experiencing a debilitating pain in my right leg. After months of consultations with doctors who **couldn't** determine what was **wrong**, I was sent to the chief of orthopedics at Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, where it was confirmed that I had a **tumor** in my bone marrow. I needed to be operated on immediately.

When I awoke from surgery, my doctor told me he had been able to save my leg temporarily, but I did in fact have bone **cancer**. And although it sounds terrible, I felt a sense of relief knowing I would **no** longer have to continue on with my life.

And then something strange happened. Within forty - eight hours of my diagnosis, I began receiving cards, flowers, stuffed animals, and gifts of delicious things to eat. I had **no** idea how so many people had learned I was in the hospital. A person I **hadn't** seen since I was a young girl wrote to tell me how I had influenced her life. **Notes** arrived from different parts of the country from people I **didn't** know telling me they were praying for me. My friends and family cried and overwhelmed me with their affection. I was engulfed by a warm blanket of love.

Nearly a week after the surgery, I was in my hospital bed envisioning my funeral when my doctor rushed into my room, breathless. He looked at me and smiled a big, wide smile. "I never get to say this," he said, shaking his head and throwing his hands into the air. "Benign!"

"Benign? What do you mean, 'benign'? I thought it was malignant."

"It was," he said. "The slide we looked at told us it was malignant. The lab results have just come back, and they say it's benign. We're going with benign!"

The entire experience was all the proof I needed. I had been given signs before, but this was obvious. There was a God for me, one who made it clear it was important I continue on with my life — to work toward **positive** change in the world and to see and understand all I had been blessed with.

Some people spend their whole lives **questioning**, while others are offered what they believe is proof. The confirmation for actress Jane Seymour came while she was filming a movie in Spain. She was given antibiotics for a bronchitis infection and immediately went into anaphylactic shock. "The next thing I **remember**, I was panicking and then I **wasn't** panicking," she said. "I was very calm. I was looking down at my body. Then I realized that I was out of my body and that I was going to **die**."

So, I asked whoever was up there — God, a Higher Power, whatever one wants to call it — I just said, ‘Whoever you are, I will never deny your existence. I will never let you down. I’m **not** going to waste one minute of my life if I have it back.’ ” In this book you’ll find out what happened next that changed Jane Seymour’s life forever.

"God Stories" is a collection of such Aha! experiences. The stories are told by people from every walk of life — all celebrating that breakthrough moment when they received dramatic confirmation of the existence of a Divine Power. The result is pure inspiration: a compilation of extraordinary experiences that have renewed **spirits** and affirmed faiths.

In California, Senator Dick Mountjoy’s spiritual awakening came at a time when he was embroiled in a political battle and in the depths of professional despair. A stranger approached him, put her hand on his shoulder, and asked if she could pray for him. His life changed in that instant. He describes how a warm feeling quickly spread throughout his body and a sense of calm fell over him. From that moment on, he felt a continuous sense of comfort and all his worries slipped away.

In Maine, a young mother describes the chilling moment she realized that she and her children were going to **die**. She was driving down a country road when two drag racers came over a hill directly in front of her, taking both lanes. She **didn’t** have time to avoid a head - on collision. In "God Stories," she tells how God intervened and saved her life.

Shirley Blake describes a brutal **rape** as her epiphany. She was fifty - nine years old. In what can only be described as the most frightening moment in her life, she says she heard God’s voice reassure and comfort her. In this book you find out why, today, she says the experience was enlightening.

I realized the significance of this project when I started collecting stories. My goal was to be interviewed by the media in hopes that the publicity would direct people to my website, where they could submit their stories. At the beginning of this process, I was interviewed by a newspaper editor in his office. When he wrapped up his **questions**, I asked him if he had a story. He did, and as he told it, he cried. I was completely taken aback and **didn’t** know what to do. And then, as I listened, I realized how privileged I was that he was sharing his story with me.

Little did I know that this profound experience would be repeated every day from then on.

As the sun rose each morning, I found myself hopping out of bed and rushing to my computer to read the incoming stories. Some brought me to tears. Others simply surprised me, like the one my husband unexpectedly shared about the scar on his forehead.

When I began the search for stories, I said I was looking for one thing: the moment a person received personal proof that God or a Divine Power exists.

People of many religions, cultures, and races responded. The stories they provided are **true** to them. There will be skepticism in response to this book, and I think it makes for a healthy dialogue.

I started the collection process by setting up a website, www.GodStories.com, where people could submit their stories. I then worked with the media to direct people there. At [GodStories.com](http://www.GodStories.com) they were asked to provide personal details, declare that the stories were their own, and agree to their names' being used. Those who were **not** willing to verify their credibility by using their own names were **not** considered for publication.

<https://www.today.com/popculture/god-stories-divine-intervention-wbna28315721>

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How every Christian can be naturally supernatural

Too often the ministry of the **Holy Spirit** is limited to a few people on Sunday ministering to the many. Mike Pilavachi explains how the many can start to take the **Spirit's** power into their everyday lives

A week ago in our church service someone said they had a sense that there were people visiting because they were at a crossroads in their lives, and were **not** sure which church they should be committed to in their home town. Immediately a couple responded and some of our folk prayed for them. They approached me at the end of the service and told me with joy that they had come for the day from Gothenburg, Sweden as they were at a crossroads in their lives and were asking God which church they should commit to.

During one of our Soul Survivor events this summer, I sensed the Lord tell me there was a lad there called Brian who described himself as an atheist and had been cynical all the way through the festival, but had just prayed and said, "God, if you are really here, then speak to me." I repeated this over the microphone and said, "Brian, where are you?" A young man came forward within a few moments. Others gathered round him and led him in a prayer of commitment to Jesus. Afterwards, he kept saying, "HE knows my name! HE knows my name!"

I could recount many, many stories like this. Stories of times I've seen God turn people's lives around. Stories of people strengthened, encouraged and comforted when someone has spoken a word from the Lord to them.

In [Acts 10:37-38](#) Peter says, "You know... how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the **Holy Spirit** and power, and how he went around doing good and **healing** all who were under the power of the **devil**, because God was with him." We have received the same anointing from our Lord Jesus and this anointing remains in us ([1 John 2:27](#)). Through Christ we have also been anointed with the **Holy Spirit** and power. This anointing is so that we might go around doing good and **healing** everyone who is under the power of the **devil** because God is with us! But how can this happen?

It would take a whole book to begin to answer this. I've tried in *Everyday Supernatural* (David C Cook), but I want to point to two vital keys.

The great commission

First, we have to understand that the scripture teaches clearly, persuasively and unequivocally, that it is God's will and purpose for his Church to move under the anointing of HIS Spirit. For this reason, signs and wonders are meant to accompany the preaching of the word. But the task of sharing God's word is **not** just for those of us who are up the front on a Sunday morning, it's for all of us.

We have largely won the charismatic battle but lost the charismatic **war**.

In the great commission Jesus commands us to make disciples of all people groups, teaching them to obey everything he has commanded us (Matthew 28:18-20). Please notice that Jesus tells us to teach them to obey everything he has commanded us. There is a huge difference between learning God's commandments and obeying them. And what has he commanded us? To proclaim the gospel, to **heal** the sick, love one another, drive out **demons**, feed the hungry, look after widows, orphans and those who are vulnerable, and raise the **dead**. That is just for starters! Only when we become convinced that the whole ministry of Jesus is for the whole Church of Jesus will we have the motivation to step out into action. It seems to me that (to use rather outdated terminology) we have largely won the charismatic battle but lost the charismatic **war**.

Most Christians have learned about and now believe in the gift of tongues, but how many pray in tongues every day? Many of us have learned about and believe that Jesus can **heal** today, but how many of us regularly pray in faith for **healing** miracles? Lots of churches make space for the gift of prophecy, but how many have moved beyond, "I see a waterfall and God says he loves you"? We have to move from armchair belief to the obedience that is the outworking of faith. Faith without works is **dead**.

Faith is a verb

The problem here is that many of us have misunderstood some key aspects of faith. We are **not** called to have great faith in faith, but great faith in God. This means faith and trust in HIS character, in HIS goodness and compassion, as well as HIS power. It is all about relationship. When I focus on my faith alone I come up short. However, when I focus on the Lord and meditate on his love, kindness and ability to keep HIS promises, my faith grows. It is all about relationship, **not** rules and techniques. Faith needs to be exercised to grow. Faith is a verb: a doing word.

In Mark 2:1 - 12 we read the story of four friends lowering a paralyzed man through a hole they had made in a roof so that Jesus would **heal** him. When Jesus saw their faith he said to the paralyzed man that his **sins** were forgiven and then **healed** him. How did he see their faith? Did he see the word "faith" written on their foreheads? Did they smile in a faith - filled way? **No!** He saw a hole in the roof. Faith makes holes in roofs! It is something we do even more than it is something we think or feel.

Unknowingly speaking Romanian

A few years ago we were in an evening meeting at Soul Survivor and we prayed for people to receive the gift of tongues. Every year we get visitors from different countries, and this year there happened to be a youth group from Romania. The youth leader from this group **didn't** believe in the gift of tongues so as we invited the **Holy Spirit**, he got up and began to walk out. As people were beginning to pray, the rest of us in the Big Top began to speak out praise to God, either in English or in tongues. I happened to be praying over the microphone in tongues and I noticed it seemed a little different to me.

I even wondered if I was subconsciously trying to make it sound better as so many people could hear me. Afterwards a couple of young people from the Romanian group ran up to me and said that as I'd started speaking, their youth leader had **stopped** in his tracks.

He has been stunned because he recognized the language I was speaking in: apparently it was ancient Romanian. According to him I was reciting an eleventh - century Romanian poem called the "Prayer for Protection". To add to that, he knew the words because the poem was one that had been tattooed on his father's back. That youth leader now believes in the gift of tongues!

Why is this important? Because there are captives who need to be set free, folk who **don't** know that Jesus loves them and knows them by name, people in a prison of chronic anxiety and depression who need to be released today. The gospel is meant to be very good news indeed! Only an utter conviction of these things will spur us into action.

His power in our weakness

Secondly, I believe we need to understand how God wants to use us. **2 Corinthians 12:9** is such a key verse. The Lord says: "My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness." I believe this to be a vital biblical principle. HIS power is **not** made perfect in our strength, but only in our weakness. This is **true** of the whole of the Christian life, and especially **true** in the realm of the supernatural. God puts HIS treasure in our jars of clay, and the life seeps out through the cracks!

Why? Because the Christian life is to be a life of dependence on God. Listening to HIM, looking to HIM, aware of our need and of HIS limitless supply. It is about learning to tune in to HIS presence when we are vulnerable and weak and feel as though we are sinking.

Four tips to hearing God speak

The key is **not** asking God to be louder but to make ourselves quieter. Here are Mike's tips for hearing God in your daily life.

1. Read the Bible each day. This is the key way you will hear God speaking.
2. Pray each day. Be sure to leave a time of silence before God.
3. Keep a journal If you feel like God is speaking to you about something, keep a record of it.

4. Make the most of times alone. Most of our days are filled with people and we cram the rest of them with noise – music, TV, the Internet. But our days also have little spaces in them, perhaps when you wake up, are walking to work or just before you go to sleep. Find a place where you can be still for a short time.

On the second night of Soul Survivor B 2015, about 200 young people gave their lives to Jesus. We were thrilled! The following night as I was preparing to speak, the thought came into my head, “There is someone here called Sam who is **not** a Christian, and this morning he told his friend that if an invitation for people to give their lives to Jesus was given that night, he might go forward.” My initial reaction was, “We did a call for salvation last night, and we **can’t** do another one. Also, it **doesn’t** fit in with my talk!” And then I thought, “I will do the talk and maybe add it as a tag - on at the end.” Then a thought came into my head: “**No**, Mike, I want you to say it now.” I objected strongly.

“What if there is **no** Sam? What if there is a Sam and he **doesn’t** come forward? I will look foolish and lose credibility in front of 9,000 young people.” I tried to begin the talk but I kept thinking, “What if this is Jesus speaking?”

I spoke the words. At first **no** one came forward. I was in agony. I felt like I was drowning. Then Sam began to walk forward. I asked him if he wanted to give his life to Jesus. He nodded his head. He was trembling. I nearly passed out. I had the joy of leading him in a prayer of salvation. It was a moment I will never forget.

This is how it works: “in weakness with great fear and trembling.” (1 Corinthians 2:3). Each time it is an opportunity to lean into him, to experience greater intimacy with the Lord. “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of **death**, I will fear **no evil**, for you are with me” (Psalm 23:4, *my italics*) The power is in his presence. **Healing** is in his presence. Revelation is in his presence. Life is in his presence.

Sam's brave obedience

My friend Sam Miller has served faithfully in the inner city of Birmingham for 20 years. There have been both joys and sorrows, good days and **bad** days as he has sought to introduce unchurched young people to Jesus.

This past June, Sam was walking through a park when he noticed a man sitting alone on a bench. As he was passing, Sam sensed the Lord say, “His name is Daniel and he feels as though he is in a prison from which he **can’t** escape. I want you to tell him that I love him and want to rescue him from his prison.”

In fear and trembling Sam went over to the guy, introduced himself and asked if his name was Daniel. The guy responded rather aggressively with a “**No**”.

Sam was rather deflated but decided that he may as well tell the guy the second part of what he thought the Lord had told him. At this the man began to weep and told Sam that his name was indeed Daniel (**he’d lied because he was freaked out that Sam knew his name**) and that he was sitting on the bench preparing to commit **suicide**.

The power is in his presence

Sam sat with him for two hours, introduced him to Jesus, prayed with him and the following Sunday took him to church. Now Daniel knows there is a God who loves him and loves being part of his new church family. I know Sam. He does **not** come across as “God’s man of power for the hour”. He is a normal guy who, in his weakness, chooses to be obedient when he thinks God is speaking to him. This **didn’t** take place in Sam’s church context, but as he was walking through a park. He could have chosen to keep walking, but instead he followed God’s **spirit** even though he was **fearful**, and God came through.

This is how it works. It is **not** about a few “powerful ministries” working great miracles from stages to the many. It is about the many stepping out in weakness and a dependent obedience to Jesus in the parks and shopping centers and school gates of our nation. It’s **not** just a job for church leaders, it’s a job for the whole Church. Following God’s **spirit** in the messiness of our daily lives.

This is where we will see many lives changed. Ordinary people holding hands with an extraordinary God. This is what the everyday supernatural is meant to look like.

Mike Pilavachi co-pastors Soul Survivor church, Watford. He has authored "Everyday Supernatural" (**David C Cook**) with Andy Croft.

To hear Mike Pilavachi in conversation with Sam Hailes, listen to Premier Christian Radio at 4 pm on 19th November. Or listen again at premierchristianradio.com/theprofile

[Click here to request a free copy of Premier Christianity magazine](#)

<https://www.premierchristianity.com/Past-Issues/2016/November-2016/How-every-Christian-can-be-naturally-supernatural>

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10 True Stories of **Angel** Encounters

People from all over the world have reported [encounters](#) with mysterious beings. They appear to bring important messages or lend much-needed assistance, then vanish without a trace. Could they be angels or even [guardian Angels](#)?

Some of the most fascinating and uplifting stories of [the unexplained](#) are those that people perceive as being [miraculous](#) in nature.

Sometimes they take the form of [answered prayers](#) or are interpreted as the actions of guardian Angels. These remarkable events and encounters lend comfort, [strengthen faith](#), and even save lives. They almost always seem to happen when they are needed most.

Are they literally from [heaven](#), or are they the result of the [interaction of our consciousness](#) with a profoundly [mysterious universe](#)? However you view them, these real-life experiences are worth our attention.

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An Angel's Guiding Hand

Jackie B. believes that her guardian [Angel](#) came to her aid on two occasions to help her avoid serious injury. According to her testimony, she actually physically felt and heard this protective force. Both encounters happened when she was a child of kindergarten age.

The first experience took place at a popular sledding hill, where Jackie was enjoying the day with her family. The young girl decided to try sledding down the steepest part of the hill. She closed her eyes and started down.

"I apparently hit someone going down and I was spinning out of control. I was heading for the metal guardrail. I **didn't** know what to do," says Jackie. "I suddenly felt something push my chest down. I came within less than a half inch of the rail but **didn't** hit it. I could have lost my nose."

Jackie's second experience occurred during her birthday celebration at school. She had run across the playground to place her crown on a bench. While running back to her friends, three boys tripped her.

The playground was filled with metal objects and wood chips. Jackie went flying, and something hit her just below the eye.

"But I felt something pull me back when I fell," Jackie says. "The teachers said that they saw me sort of fly forward then fly back at the same time. As they hurried me to the nurse's office, I heard an unfamiliar voice keep telling me, '**Don't** worry. I'm here. God **doesn't** want anything to happen to HIS baby.'"

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The Reading Angel

It's remarkable how many stories of Angels come out of [hospital experiences](#). It may **not** be so hard to understand why when we remind ourselves that they are places of sharply focused emotions, prayers, and hope.

Reader DBayLorBaby entered the hospital in 1994 with acute pain from "a fibroid tumor the size of a grapefruit" in her uterus. The surgery was successful but more complicated than expected, and her troubles **weren't** over.

DBayLorBaby recalls that she was in horrible pain. She had an allergic reaction to the morphine she was given, and the doctors tried to counteract it with other medications. This made a **bad** experience even **worse**. She had just had a major surgery, and now she was dealing with the pain of an acute drug reaction.

After receiving more pain medication, she was able to sleep for a few hours. "I awoke in the middle of the night. According to the wall clock, it was 2:45. I heard someone speaking and realized someone was at my bedside," she says. "It was a young woman with short brown hair and wearing a white hospital staff uniform. She was sitting and reading aloud from the Bible. I said to her, 'Am I alright? Why are you here with me?'"

The woman visiting DBayLorBaby **stopped** reading but did **not** look up. "She simply said, 'I was sent here to make sure you'd be alright. You are going to be fine. Now you should get some rest and go back to sleep.' She began to read again and I drifted off back to sleep."

The next morning, she explained the experience to her doctor, who checked and said that **no** staff had visited her overnight. She asked all of the nurses and **no** one knew of this visitor.

"To this day," she says, "I believe that I was visited by my guardian Angel that night. She was sent to comfort me and assure me that I would be okay. Coincidentally, the time on the clock that night, 2:45 a.m., is the exact time recorded on my birth certificate that I was born!"

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Rescued From Hopelessness

Perhaps more painful than any **injury or illness** is the feeling of utter hopelessness — the despair of the soul that leads one to thoughts of **suicide**.

Dean S. experienced this pain as he was going through a **divorce** at the age of 26. The thought of being apart from his two young daughters was almost more than he could bear. But on one night of stormy darkness, Dean was given renewed hope.

At the time, he was working as a derrickman on a drill rig. That night, he was having serious thoughts of taking his life as he looked down from the 128 - foot derrick.

"My family and I have strong beliefs in Jesus, but it was hard **not** to contemplate **suicide**," recalls Dean. "In the **worst** thunderstorm I'd ever seen, I climbed the derrick to take my position to pull pipe out of the hole we were drilling."

His co - workers urged him **not** to climb the derrick, saying they'd rather have downtime than risk someone's life. Dean ignored this and began to climb.

"Lightning flashed all around me, thunder boomed. I cried to God to take me. If I **couldn't** have my family, I **didn't** want to live ... but I **couldn't** take my own life in **suicide**. God spared me. I **don't** know how I survived that night, but I did.

"A couple of weeks later, I bought a small Bible and traveled to the Peace River Hills, where my family has lived for so long. I sat down on top of one of the **green** hills and started to read. I had such a warm feeling enter into me as the sun parted through the clouds and shone on me. It was raining all around me, but I was dry and warm in my small spot on top of that hill."

Dean says that these moments changed his life for the better. He met his new wife and fell in love. They started a family together that includes his two daughters. He says, "Thank you, Lord Jesus and the Angels you sent that day to touch my soul!"

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Life Information From an Angel

Some people believe that before we are born, when our consciousness or spirit resides in that unknown place, we are given information about the life we are about to be born into. Some say we even choose our life.

Not many people can claim that they **remember** this pre-birth existence, but Gary says he does. In fact, even in his middle - aged years, Gary says he can recall some details of a conversation he had with an Angel before he was born.

"I was bodiless, but aware that I was in an area that was darkened, and I was alone except for the entity that was speaking to me," he says. "I was at the bottom of a stairway - type structure and was looking up the stairs, but **not** seeing the one speaking to me. I was very warm and comfortable, but aware and feeling trepidation of what I was about to embark on.

"This entity was speaking to me and giving me a brief description of how my life would be. I asked for more information, but it was refused. I was basically told that my life would **not** be a hard life, but would lack any luxuries and that I would experience great difficulties at a relatively early age. It seems there were a few other small details, but I **no** longer can **remember** it quite as clearly as I once did when I was younger.

"It appears the information was correct as I'm now disabled and in poor health."

The Angel Nurse

In 1998, Luke was diagnosed with **bone cancer** at the tender age of eight. As sometimes happens, he came down with an infection, which meant he had to go to the hospital. He was there for about two weeks, and that's when something remarkable happened.

One evening, Luke's mother was sitting at his bedside quietly praying as he slept. A nurse came into the room to check Luke's temperature, but his mother noted something rather peculiar about her.

The nurse was wearing an old-fashioned uniform of the type that would have been common 30 years earlier, in the 1960s. The nurse noticed that Luke's mother had a Bible by the side of his bed. She said that she was a Christian, too, and said she would pray for Luke's **healing**.

Luke's family had never seen this odd nurse before, and they never saw her again in Luke's remaining time at the hospital.

"I came out of the hospital fully **healed** of my infection," says Luke, who was 19 when he told his story. Remarkably, he is now completely free of **cancer**.

"My mom believes this nurse could have been a guardian Angel coming down to give my mom some hope," Luke says. "If she **wasn't** an Angel, why would she be wearing 1960s old - fashioned nurse clothing?"

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Beautiful, Strange UFO ... or Angel

Some researchers think there might be a connection between UFOs and Angel sightings. They say the Angels and heavenly figures encountered in the Bible might actually have been extraterrestrials.

After his experience in the 1980s with "the most beautiful thing" he ever saw, Lewis L. might agree with that assessment.

It was a Saturday morning in Mariposa, California, and Lewis had to work that day. The air was fresh from a cool rain the night before, and the morning sky was bright with a few scattered clouds.

"I was heading out to my car in the back parking lot of the apartment complex where I lived when I noticed someone kneeling next to my car," Lewis says. "This person saw me and quickly stood up holding a crowbar."

The young man was quite obviously startled by Lewis's interruption, and although Lewis sensed the boy was up to **no** good, it **hadn't** yet hit him what he was doing. Then Lewis looked through the passenger window of his car and saw that the steering wheel column had been stripped of its cover. He realized that the young man was trying to steal his car.

"I asked him what the **hell** he was doing," Lewis recalls. "He gave me a lame story about his friend's car being stolen last night and that my car looked like his friend's and so on. I **didn't** want to hear it. I told him I was going to call the police, which I did on my cell phone."

Lewis dialed 911 and gave the dispatcher the address. He told the would-be thief that the police were on their way and warned him not to leave. The boy said he would wait for the police, but Lewis could tell he was just waiting for the right moment to make a run for it.

"If he did, I **wasn't** going to try to **stop** him because his adrenaline was pumping and he had that crowbar," Lewis says.

As Lewis was grilling the young man, trying to detain him, he began to notice three rather large clouds in a single – file formation that were almost overhead.

"Then I saw it," he says. "A shiny object exiting from the first cloud and entering the next and then coming out of that one. It was shiny, like brightly polished chrome, and moving at a good speed. I **couldn't** make out the shape."

By this time, Lewis was so distracted by the UFO that the punk saw his chance and took off. That's when the object entered the last cloud. From there it was nothing but open sky. "When it emerged, my life changed," Lewis says.

"There against the richness of the **blue** sky was a silvery shape that seemed to have arms and legs! It was so beautiful to look at. At the same time, it had the appearance of metal. It looked like some kind of ship with a strange design. The best way I can describe it is it looked like silverware in the design of the stickman children draw. It was huge, moving fast and made **no** noise.

"As it sailed overhead, some of the limbs would move up and down, giving the impression of being alive - a living entity! It made a couple of rolls, reflecting the sun in every direction - just beautiful ... oh my god, beautiful!

"As it started to fade away from my view, I found myself short of breath and with tears running down my cheeks. It had that much of an effect on me. I began thinking maybe that's what an Angel looks like. Maybe **not!**"

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Angel Money

There are many stories of people receiving much-needed [money from mysterious, unknown sources](#). Ellie has such a story that she recalls from the summer of January 1994, when she was living in Melbourne, Australia.

It was late afternoon and Ellie was outside gathering the family laundry from the clothesline. There was a sudden, small willy – willy — an Australian term for a swirling wind funnel of dust and leaves.

"As it raced past me, I saw something **blue** whirling in the middle of the dust and leaves and managed to grab hold of it," she says. "I was surprised and very pleased to see it was a \$10 note!"

A few days later, Ellie was at the back of the yard checking on her garden tomatoes when she spotted something lying in the grass. She was astonished to find it was a \$20 note. **Not** long afterward, in another part of the garden, she found a \$5 note and yet another \$20 note nestled among the leaves of the daylilies.

"By this time I'd told my family of the 'Angel money'," she tells us. "None of them had put money there, **not** with the possibility of it blowing away in the often high winds of summer. All was quiet for a few days, then one of my sons came in with an ear-to-ear grin and a \$20 note that he had just found on top of the compost heap!"

Most of us would say this was **not** "Angel money" at all, but money that someone had lost that had simply blown into Ellie's yard. But Ellie's **not** quite convinced of that explanation. That's because a week or so later, she had another amazing find — this time in her house.

"I was cleaning out under the bed and pulled out a pair of slippers, and there nestling in the toe of one, like a little grace note, was a 50 - cent coin!"

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Pushed to Safety by an Angel

Back in 1980, Deb was a single mother with two infants living in San Bernardino County, California. She occasionally needed reliable babysitters.

Fortunately, her parents lived only about 30 miles away in Alta Loma. Deb would usually drop off the children at her parents' house, go do what she needed to do, then pick them up in the evening.

One night, Deb had retrieved her babies from her parents' place and was heading home. It was relatively late, about 11:30 p.m. Deb was driving her "old clunker." Among the car's many deficiencies, the gas gauge was broken, requiring her to guess when the old thing needed fuel. Occasionally, her guessing was off.

"Halfway home, the car started to putter," Deb remembers, "and I realized I was on empty. I pulled off the first off ramp I could, and it just happened to be one that was slightly uphill. Almost at the top of the exit, my car **died** and there was absolutely nothing around except empty fields and distant lights at a truck **stop** about a quarter of a mile down the road.

With **no** cars in sight, Deb **didn't** know what to do. The kids were asleep and walking miles while carrying two kids in the middle of the night was **not** a good option. This was before cell phones, so she could **not** call for help.

"I put my head on the steering wheel while saying a short and panicky prayer," she says. "I **hadn't** even finished when I heard a few taps on my window."

When she looked up, she saw a clean - cut young man standing there, who Deb estimated to be about 21 years old. He motioned for her to roll down her window. "I **remember** I was surprised," Deb says, "but I **wasn't** even the slightest bit **afraid**, even though I normally would have been terrified."

The young man was dressed well and had a faint smell of soap. He **didn't** ask if she needed help. Instead, he told her to put the car in neutral and he would help her over that last, small hill toward a place where she could get gas.

"I thanked him and followed his instructions. The car started moving. I steered it toward the lights of the truck **stop** and turned around to yell 'thank you' again to him," Deb says.

"He was so nice! My car kept moving, but the young man was nowhere in sight. I mean, this area was completely remote. There was absolutely nowhere he could have gone that quickly, even if there was somewhere to go. I **don't** even know where he came from to begin with."

Deb's car continued to roll down the hill until it reached the truck **stop**. She was able to get the gas she needed, and the kids remained sound asleep.

"I've always trusted in God to take care of us, but in relating that story many times to my children, who are now 30 and 32, they know for a fact that Angels do exist and are sent to us if we just believe.

"I always thought it was so amazing that we were sent someone who I would trust instinctively without **question**. Since that incident, I've come to believe that we probably encounter Angels all the time and take for granted who they really are. I think they come in all shapes and sizes, young and old ... and sometimes when we least expect them."

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The Accident **Warnings**

Is our future predestined, and is this how psychics and **prophets** can see the future? Or is the future only a set of possibilities, a path that can be altered by our actions?

A reader with the username Hfen writes about how she received two separate and remarkable **warnings** about a possible incident in the future. They may have saved her life.

One night, at about four in the morning, Hfen's sister called her. Her voice was trembling and she was nearly crying. Since her sister lived across the country and it was so early, Hfen was obviously worried.

"She told me she had a vision of me being in a car accident. She **didn't** say whether or **not** I was **killed** in it, but the sound of her voice made me think she did believe this but was afraid to tell me," Hfen writes. "She told me to pray and she said she would pray for me. She told me to be careful, to take another route to work -- anything I could do. I told her I believed her and would call our mother and ask her to pray with us."

When Hfen left for work, she was "terrified but strengthened in the **spirit**." She worked at a hospital and had patients to attend to. As she was leaving a room, she was called over by a gentleman in a wheelchair.

"I went to him expecting that he had a complaint against the hospital. He told me God had given him a message that I would be in a car accident! He said someone **not** paying attention would hit me. I was so shocked I almost fainted. He said he would pray for me and that God loved me.

"I felt weak in the knees as I left the hospital. I drove like a little old lady as I observed every intersection, **stop** sign, and **stop** light. When I got home, I called my mom and sister and told them I was fine."

The Flight Papers

A saved relationship can be just as important as a saved life. A reader calling herself Smigenk relates how a little "miracle" might have rescued her troubled marriage.

At the time, she was making every effort to mend her rocky relationship with her husband. She had planned a long, romantic weekend in Bermuda. When things started to go **wrong**, it seemed her plans were ruined ... until "fate" intervened.

Smigenk's husband was reluctant to go on the trip. When they arrived in Philadelphia, they were notified that weather was causing planes to back up, so they were stuck in a holding pattern for some time.

By the time they landed, their flight to Bermuda was boarding. As many passengers have experienced, it was a mad dash to the next gate. They were devastated to find that the gate door was just closing when they arrived. The attendant told them that they could get to Bermuda, but it would require two more connecting flights and an additional 10 hours.

"My husband said, 'That's it. I'm **not** putting up with this anymore,' and started to walk out of the area and — I just knew — out of the marriage. I was truly devastated," recalls Smigenk.

"As my husband was walking away, the attendant saw on the counter (**and I swear it had not been there when we checked in**) a packet. She was obviously upset that it was still there. It turned out to be the landing papers packet that the pilot must have on board to land in a different country.

"She quickly called the plane to return. The plane had been on the runway ready to start powering up the engines. It returned to the gate for the papers and they allowed us (**and a few others**) to get on."

Smignek says that the time with her husband in Bermuda was wonderful. They were able to work out the problems they were having and stay together. Though they have been through tough times since then, they always remember that moment at the airport.

"I felt as if my world had collapsed and was given a miracle that helped us keep a marriage and a family together."

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