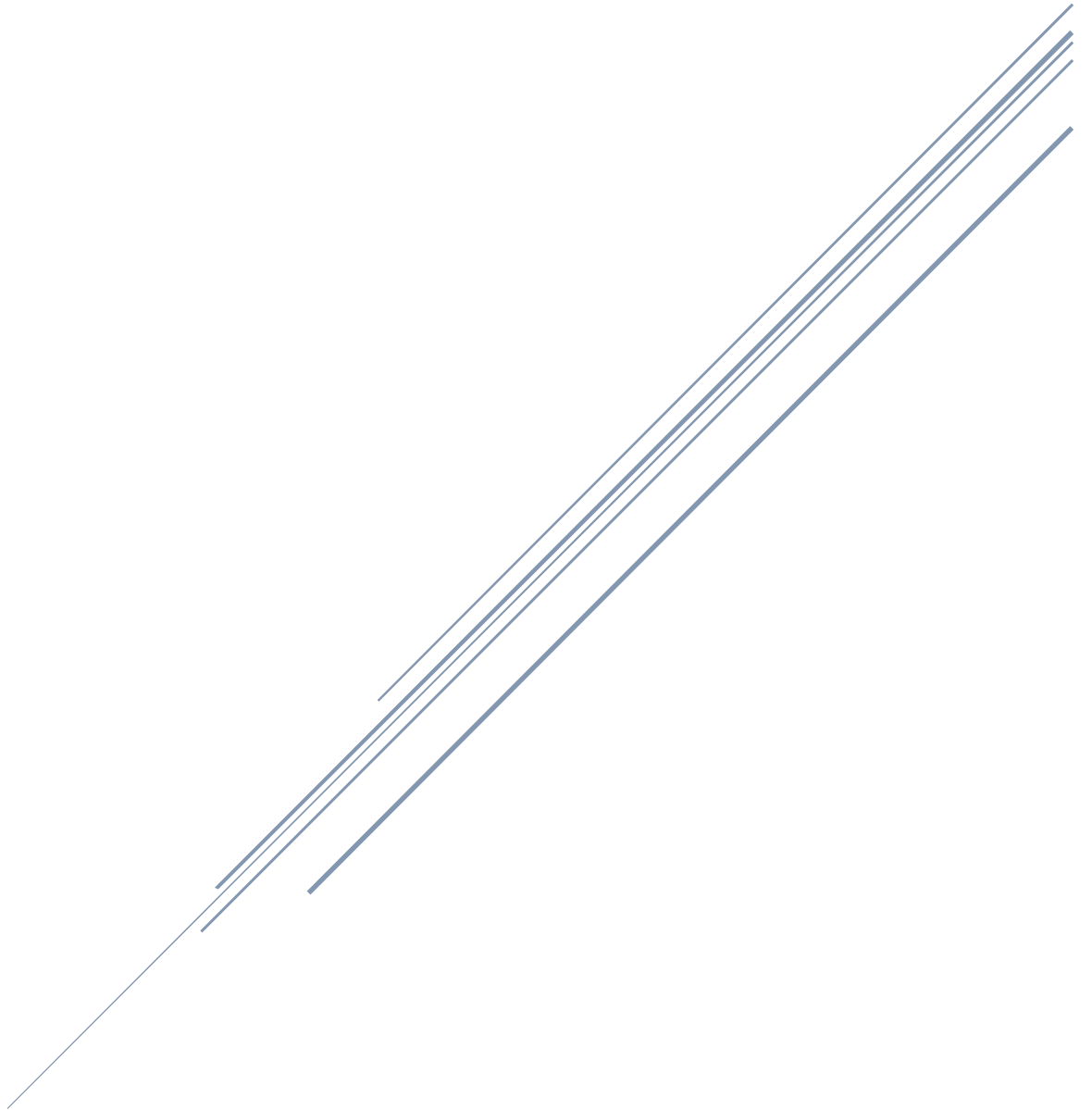


# DO YOU WANT TO BE HEALED?

A spiritual journey



# **Spiritual Journey and Testimony**

**EPIC** – stands for **Encountering People In Context**

**ISRAEL TRIP**

**March 27 – April 6, 2019**

**I went to encounter people, learn about the state of Israel and dig into the journey of Jesus. However, for me this trip became more than expected as I had personal encounter with the Lord. Physical and Spiritual battles faced. My faith was tested, and fear was defeated! Victory in the name of Jesus.**

## **GOD PREPARES US FOR THE BATTLE**

**January**, I received a bag from a conference I went to. My gift bag says out the outside **“Miracles Happen”**.

**February**, I had two supernatural things happen to me and then I received a prophetic word from **Nancy Haney (remember her name in my testimony below)** a guest speaker at my church. As she laid hands and prayed for me she said, as she looked into my eyes, “You will not die” “As a matter of fact you will live a long life” “You will not die” At the time I didn’t know what she was talking about and why that word for me? I sort of forgot it, but the Lord gave me recollection of it when I needed it most. The Power of the Spoken Word into me gave me Life and Hope in what he said through this woman.

**March**, I had a dream – This thin tall, weird looking man I had become friends with had died. I was going to his service. Or celebration? I hurriedly crossed over a bridge to go to the celebration, (I am going to leave some details out)

**2 weeks before the trip- I had a strange pain going up my neck. The pain was riveting and caused me to have difficulty turning my head to the left.**

**3 days before departure- I had the worst flu I ever had in my life. Body aches and pain was so strong, my teeth hurt. I did not think I could make a two-hour flight to Newark and then a 10 plus hour flight to Tel-Aviv. I was in so much pain. I normally don't take pain medicines, but I gave in this time. That plus Apple Cider Vinegar, honey, and cough drops.**

### **And Then**

On the first full day/night after Shabbat dinner, I slipped and hit my head while getting ready to shower that evening. It was almost midnight in Israel. We had a great day and I was so excited for the journey ahead and believing in all God had for me. I don't really travel too many places, so this is a big deal. So, when you have a roommate situation while traveling you determine how you are going to do things. For us we decided that I would shower at night and my roommate in the morning so we can be ready and on time to our daily adventures. So, to my surprise, I had just stepped into the shower, no soap or any main reason for slippage, for no apparent reason my feet went from under me and my head hit the

wall. Like I was pushed in the spiritual realm. Now I have to explain the wall in this hotel in Jerusalem was not sheet rock or thin tile. These people are builders. The structure was strong and thick marble. I heard what sounded like a bowling ball hit the ground. WHACK!!! As I lay there it took me a minute to discern what had happened. I couldn't believe I fell, and that sound was not a bowling ball but my head. I spoke to myself in the spirit and said get up. The pain was intense. Even writing this testimony I can almost feel it now, so I reject the spirit of trauma and I cut off its tentacles right now in the name of Jesus. As I could, I assessed myself. I didn't think I broke anything, but my hands was shaking so much. Get up, get up I told myself. Get up. Get up. You will not die like this; in fact, you will not die at all. I was thinking vain thoughts of someone finding my body the next day naked, so I pushed myself to stay alert and get up. I hadn't even turned the water on yet. To make sense of the fall I told people I had turned on the water, and the water was too hot, so I stepped back and slipped. I lied. Forgive me. Lord forgive me. The shower did have an awkward second step level thing, but it shouldn't have caused me to fall in such a way on a

dry floor. I didn't know how to say why I fell. My head was pushed into the wall, that's what it felt like. What I was thinking is there a demon wanting to take me out in Israel? But I don't always say these things to people particularly if they don't understand the spirit world. Everything runs through your mind at a rate of speed so fast. Was I still dealing with some type of sickness and my equilibrium was off? And if so, why did it feel like I was pushed? I hit the side of my head, not the back of my head. I fell unto my back, but the side of my head crashed into the wall. I got up off the floor slowly. For whatever reason I had my anointing oil in the bathroom. Typically, I carry it in my purse, but my purse was not in the bathroom just the anointing oil. I poured the anointing oil into my shaking hands and I laid hands on myself. I am not a bible scholar. Sometimes I don't know what to pray so I use a prayer book. I can't say I remember all of what I prayed for in that moment. It's almost a do or die moment and you don't care how fancy your prayer is. I am also a person that doesn't always like to ask everyone to pray for me. I don't run to other people right away. If something is happening, me and God gonna deal with it right

away. I prayed for healing on any internal injuries and deliverance from death. I prayed for the blood of Jesus to heal me. I have no proof of this now, but I believe I was bleeding internally. I could not touch the area I could feel it swelling up. Funny thing, ... My roommate was sound asleep. She didn't hear a thing. Wow! What was happening?

Now what? What do I do? It was almost midnight. Who knows maybe it was ignorance, stubbornness or stupidity I just said to myself this is me and the Lord. I wrote in my journal. 11:55 pm. *“In case anything happens to me- I didn't get a chance to finish my story. I pray Lord that you heal me and keep me alive. My job is not yet finished. I slipped in the shower. I am thankful for no other pain in my body. I pray my head is healed in the name of Jesus. By his strips I am healed. Dunamis healing. I have faith to move mountains, no doubt. Satan can't take me out yet. I will go when my father's voice call me. I will finish the work he has given me on this earth to do. It was so sudden I couldn't even catch myself. So much to write about what was learned today. Thank you, Lord, for a new day. Praise you my father. Give me peace to rest well in you. Amen. I took*

two Tylenol Extra Strength. I tried to make myself focus, stay awake. I watched a show on my iPad with my earphones to stay awake. I will not lie to you. Even though I prayed I was still battling fear and I was afraid to sleep. Something kept telling me if I slept, I wasn't going to wake up again. Every time I thought I could feel myself trying to go to sleep something snatched my soul up and pulled me back into the physical realm. This is the only way I can describe it. I say soul purposefully because I could feel it separate from the body. I felt like I was falling, and I knew it was my soul but then it would get sucked back up. Ok so I knew I wasn't going to die. I had to fight fear and everything Satan was trying to tell me. I knew I wasn't going to die. **Nancy Haney** said so. That was the word I received when she came to my church. How good God is that he sent his Word before me. I tried to hold onto that word with everything I had because Satan was telling me, "You are going to die" and of course I did what you are not supposed to do and I googled head injuries on the internet. Never do this! I read about all the people that died from a slip and fall injuries in the tub and other places. Some people died immediately, others died two or

three days later. One man, 2 months later. Head injuries is a serious thing depending on the strength of it and where the impact hit. A person can experience memory loss, internal bleeding or death. I was terrified. Fear and anxiety was getting ahold of me. Fear is a demon that I have been battling all my life.

No sleep. I did not sleep. I sent my mother a text message the next day in the morning. Actually, I was responding to her message. She said, *“How are you doing? How is the trip going?”* I told her what happened. I needed someone to know. I told her what happened and that I know I have a concussion and that I hadn’t told anyone in my group. I believed if I told them, they would immediately send me to the hospital in Jerusalem and I would miss out on the trip experience. This was a once in a lifetime trip for me and I didn’t want to miss one day or one minute. I just said, *“Pray for me.”* *“I know God will heal me”*. Now since then I have come to realize something very important. Words have power. I will never again claim things against the physical healing that God is doing for me. In my innocence I claimed I had a concussion. And for the next few days I could not sleep. I believe since I claimed a concussion, **I had**



**a concussion and God would not let me go to sleep.** I went on every tour tired, sleepy, worried and in pain. By the way mother told me to immediately tell the group and go to the hospital for scan. I refused. She begged me twice. "*Please*". I told her I was monitoring myself and to Pray. *We have to trust God that I have more work to do for him so he will not let me have internal bleeding to die this way. If anything changes, I will notify the coordinator.* Well it did. The accident happened Friday night almost into Saturday morning. By Sunday morning I was dizzy, nauseous and couldn't eat. I didn't trust my legs. Palpitations in my chest, having difficulty breathing. I literally thought I could feel blood moving in my head. I know this may sound crazy, but I felt something moving in my head. It was flowing and flowing, drip, drip, drip. I could hear it. What the heck? I know this sounds crazy. I can't explain. I wouldn't wish this on anyone to have that experience. I sent a message to our travel coordinator that morning. The doctor had left the hotel and we were now in a remote area. We had a couple of nurses on the tour with us so she asked if she could share my injury concern with them. I agreed. I must confess here. These were a group of people that I

didn't know from a church that I visited a few times. The nurses looked in my eyes, asked a few questions. Pam and Paula, my two angels. May God bless them. They immediately said let's pray right there in the hallway of the hotel by the elevator and stairs. They didn't hide their belief in God. They prayed and asked God for wisdom in their assessment and healing power over my head. They claimed victory in Jesus name. I don't remember all the words, but I know I was comforted in the prayer. I was comforted and I had to hold onto the word that God sent by **Nancy** to strengthen me and know I was going to have victory. I was not going to die.

Yet still I had a rough go of it that day. I was so dizzy I finally told my roommate to watch over me as I didn't trust my legs. By this time, I think I was running out of Tylenol and I hadn't slept in three days. My roommate gave me some of hers. The other wonderful nurse Lisa, that sat on the bus in front of me was my water pusher. She stayed on me to drink water. Water was my cure. I truly believed I needed water and the living water. It was so symbolic to me how that shifted in my healing process.

The next day I sent message to my pastor, his wife and a friend requesting prayer. I told them I hadn't slept since Thursday and its now Monday. I shared with them my thoughts how I kept thinking I was going to die. I was praying and fighting Satan with everything I had but he kept telling me I was going to die. When you think about dying you start to think about all the things you haven't accomplished, you think about your children and the grandchildren you will not see. I wanted increased faith and trust in God. I said *"I want to be full blown; I trust the Lord no matter what it may look like or feel like. Please pray for fear to be removed from me and increased faith so I can continue this journey and receive all God has for me in this opportunity."*

**Pastor** "Wow Praying, sounds like the enemy. You know he sees what God has for you. Peace. Fear go. Rest. Sleep. Peace. Peace like a River. Healing for your head in Jesus name. Jesus will reverse the striking of the heel and bruising of the head.

**Pastor's Wife:** We are so sorry and sad to hear that you have been hurt. We are agreeing with you in prayer for healing and restoration. Cling to the word and declare his truth. We thank you Lord that you are Andrea's healer. Hold her close. I see His hands surround your mind as you heal. Truth is your weapon. Faith is the victory that overcomes the evil one and his ways. We love you will continue to pray for you.

**Friend:** I pray rest. Rest in who he is... yes rest in the midst! Your enemies will stumble as you rest. Pain go in Jesus name! Bleeding Stop!

What? I hadn't shared with anyone that I thought I was bleeding!

Whew! Well I kept thinking to myself. Three days. I'm still here.

Praise God. *Bleeding Stop in the name of Jesus!*

Tuesday, Apr. 2<sup>nd</sup>. I sent message my coordinator. *Healing in the injury but something else is going on inside.* I couldn't sleep. I shared with her that I was drowning in mucus hitting the back of my throat like a faucet or river flowing all night long. Now mucus or membrane liquid. First it felt like I could hear bleeding or something moving in my head and now my throat was filling with liquid and I was drowning in it as I lay down. I kept making noises trying to clear my throat or stop from drowning. Drowning is the only way I could describe. I told her my poor roommate. I don't know how she could tolerate me in the room making all that noise.

I was wondering what was happening to me. Everything I say is 100% felt and real. If I was dreaming why didn't I wake up. Why did I suffer so long? I didn't drown but it was terrible. I was exhausted

the next day. I didn't even eat breakfast because I said, "*my stomach was full of the mucus I was drowning in last night.*" I know. Gross. But it's what I said. I am exhausted. I haven't had one full night of rest on this trip. But I am continuing to go to everything on the hope of prayer manifested, water and Tylenol.

That day we went to Capernaum among other places. This is where the women in our group after our bible study session all prayed for me. Pastor Jon had asked if anyone needed prayer that here is where we should pray for each other. My angels P & P both were like let's pray for Andrea. They laid hands and prayed for me, the Jon's wife, Pastor Brian's wife and the other women. And I said the last prayer of agreement. I begged Jesus to heal me on this land where he healed others. I believed he could heal me too, still now in this very moment.

### **Capernaum – so much healing happened here. AND NOW ME.**

- Jesus healed the demonized man- "what have we to do with you Jesus the Nazarene Did you come to destroy us? Mark 1:24, 25

- Peters mother in law is sick with fever and Jesus raises her up Matthew 8:14-15
- The miracles of Catch of Fish- Luke 5:1-11
- Sermon on the Mount Matthew 5-7
- Paralytic was healed – Mark 2:1-12
- Woman with the Issue of Blood healed Mark 5:25-34
- Two Blind men healed Matthew 9:27-31
- Jesus heals the dumb demonic Matthew 9:32-34
- Jesus Heals a Man with a Withered hand Matthew 12: 9-13
- Fix gives the tax money Matthew 17:24-27
- Jesus is the Bread from Heaven- John 22-59
- Jesus Rebukes Capernaum for Disbelief- Matthew 11:20-24

Well I know I was healed and delivered there. Capernaum. Yes. I say delivered because I know it was an attack. Maybe during it I didn't comprehend but I can see now. Spiritual. The spirit world can cause as much damage as the real world. You can even die in a dream. I believe it. This is my thought on it because it is the second time, they have tried to kill me. I know it now. This time, before I even left the US to go to Israel the negative spirit world did not want me to go. I say who am I to be attacked in such a way? I didn't see myself as anyone special. But they know who I am. And soon I will too. Capernaum today is a quiet town. Nothing else goes on there because people stopped believing. I am a living breathing modern

day miracle. If you need proof of medical report that I was bleeding internally I have none. I can only tell you I could have died but God kept me. In my weakness he allowed me to push past my fears and have others hold up my hands up when I could not. All the chest pains, dizziness, feeling of blood running in my head and drowning with mucus may have been slightly exaggerated by the wicked spirit realm to cause me to panic into fear and die in my thoughts.

I pushed through the rest of the trip. I stopped taking Tylenol because I didn't want to rely on the medicine. I wanted healing. Each day I got up and said a prayer of healing (I have a prayer book), Affirmations and I played Psalms 23 by Jeff Majors on my cell phone. For some reason I had the song recorded on my cell phone just before I left. Apparently streaming music didn't work in Israel. But I had Psalm 23 on my phone. "MY MOM ROCKS!" She was calm and cool as a cucumber with hummus with my refusal to go to the hospital. She did not stir up additional fear in me. She trusted me and she trusted God. And she got on her prayer group line and had the group lift me up in prayer. This I didn't know until I returned home. Thank you to the intercessors. I don't know you

all, but I appreciate you so much! Together all our combined prayers went up to heaven and came back down in healing and deliverance.

The answer to the question of **“Do you want to be healed?”** The title of this testimony. The answer is rather simple. We serve a supernatural God; therefore, we must have **Supernatural Faith**. To defeat the enemy, you must know who the enemy is, know his strengths and weakness, **because he knows yours.** But know this **You are stronger than the enemy.** The enemy has already been defeated. If we accept pain if we accept injury, we are defeated. To tell you the truth I don't believe the healing and deliverance happened for me at Capernaum. Sometimes we think we have to go to a special place or person to be healed. Faith is the belief in the Word of God. Do you BELIEVE? Do you want to be HEALED? The healing process for me started when I laid hands on myself immediately. The full manifestation occurred at Capernaum days later because I was still battling Fear. You see **FAITH & FEAR** can't both cohabitate in your soul. I had to defeat fear. I had to bury him. Fear is death. I had to go to his funeral and walk over the bridge to



FAITH. Jesus Christ did that for us when he willingly died on the cross and when down to hell to defeat Satan and take the keys. In Revelation 1:18 Jesus says, "I am the Living One; I was dead, and now look, I am alive for ever and ever! And I hold the keys of death and Hades." Possessing the "keys of death" means that the risen Christ has control and authority over death. We must know the word of God, so when the enemy speaks lies to you in your head (as he spoke to me that I was going to die) you can speak TRUTHs, walk in FAITH and slash him down to the nothingness he is. I believe this with everything in my heart.

In John 5:6 When Jesus noticed a man laying a the side of the pool called Bethesda where all kinds of people who had infirmities of blind, crippled paralyzed waiting for the water to bubble up and the Angel of the Lord to come in season to heal whoever was first in the water. Jesus asked the man "Do you want to be made well" AMPC, "wilt thou be made whole?" KJV "Do you want to get well?" NIV

The man did not say "YES" heal me Jesus. He gave every reason why he hadn't been healed for 38 years. I don't want to walk around with my pain, infirmity or whatever not a day longer. You see

sometimes we accept our circumstances and give reasons to why we still have them. We blame other people and we blame the circumstances of our sickness. We say we are trying but others are getting healed and we are not. Jesus replied, **“Get up!” Pick up your mat and walk.” John 5:8.** The man was healed immediately when he put into **“Action”** the power of the word of Jesus Christ. Would it surprise you that God gave me a song (and I don’t sing), titled **“RISE”** I have two versions of it. Created 7/14/18 with a remix created 8/11/18 the dates are stamped on the recording, so I am not making this up. For no reason that I knew I recorded it and saved on my phone. Let me tell you. God is way ahead us. He prepared me for this battle before I knew I was going in. So, I ask you again. ***Do you want to be healed?***

**DO YOU WANT TO BE HEALED?**

My Theme Song from now on

**Ain't No Grave**

Oh, shame is a prison as cruel as a grave  
Shame is a robber and he's come to take my name  
Oh, love is my redeemer, lifting me up from the ground  
Love is the power when my freedom song is found  
Oh, shame is a prison as cruel as a grave  
Shame is a robber and he's come to take my name  
Oh, love is my redeemer, lifting me up from the ground  
Love is the power when my freedom song is found

There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
When I hear that trumpet sound  
I'm gonna rise up outta the ground  
There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down

Oh, fear is a liar with a smooth and velvet tongue  
Fear is a tyrant, he's always telling me to run  
Oh, love is a resurrection and love is a trumpet sound  
Love is my weapon, I'm gonna take my giants down

There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
And when I hear that trumpet sound  
I'm gonna rise up outta the ground  
There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down

Oh, there was a battle, a war between death and life  
And there on a tree, the Lamb of God was crucified  
And He went on down to hell, He took back every key  
He rose up as a lion and He set all captives free  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold His body down  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold His body down  
When He heard the trumpet sound  
He rose up outta the ground  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold His body down  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold His body down  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold my body down  
There ain't no grave  
Could hold my body down

Oh, if You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
Gonna sing about it, yeah  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
I'm gonna meet Jesus  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
Oh, if You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too  
If You walked out of the grave, I'm walking too

There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down

And when I hear that trumpet sound  
I'm gonna rise up outta the ground  
    There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
    There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down  
    There ain't no grave  
Gonna hold my body down

### Psalm 23 King James Version (KJV)

23 The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

<sup>2</sup> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

<sup>3</sup> He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

<sup>4</sup> Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

<sup>5</sup> Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

<sup>6</sup> Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.