

Christmas 2011

A God Story

Right now as we think about the holiday season coming up, Mickey and I look back over the past year and we are truly overwhelmed with God's faithfulness towards us. Our vision has always been to take the message of identity to pastors, leaders, and future leaders. In the past years we have had identity seminars but a lot of our trips were just about forming relationships with people that would make it all possible. This year the fullness of the vision in the manner in which we saw it has materialized. We have had a full schedule since May holding seminars in Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, India, and in the CBC schools in Atlanta and in Florida.

Last year in September, everything that God had spoken to us was suddenly challenged. I was diagnosed with an aggressive stage three breast cancer that had also spread to the lymph nodes under my left arm. Our travel itinerary from September of 2010 until March of 2011 was cancelled. Mickey hosted the CBC mission trips to Ecuador and Colombia without me.

The words of the doctors seemed to defy what God had spoken to us as far as ministry was concerned. The very first words that God spoke to me after the diagnosis were, "Your life has not been interrupted because I have not gone anywhere. Can you picture yourself as though you were on the other side of this doing the things I have called you to do?" There were many times over the following few months that I would have to stop, and recall those words.

As we sat and listened to the Doctor's report, the enemy immediately spoke to Mickey and said, "This is what happened to your first wife. The same thing is happening again." At that moment before the thought could even settle, God spoke and said, "No son, it is not the same, and it won't end up the same way." For my part, I was like the man who told Jesus, "I believe, help my unbelief." I had a head full of knowledge that said God was my provider and healer. But how many of you have ever had a head full of knowledge that said one thing, and yet your heart was screaming the opposite? I believed and yet I was not able to rest in what I believed.

***Rom 7:18** . . . for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not.*

God reminded me of the scriptures that say that to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life. It is the Spirit that quickens the Word. In my desperation I cried out to God, "You help my unbelief. You give me rest. You write life on my heart." Every time fear and unbelief tried to overtake me, I ran to God

saying, “I am your workmanship. The Holy Spirit is working everything in me from the inside out. My job is simply to rest and put all of my confidence in what you God are doing for me.”

In the beginning I had conflicting thoughts. “Should I go to the doctor? Does that show that I don’t have faith if I do go to the doctor? Who is going to get the credit for the healing if I say that I am trusting God and yet seeking the counsel of the doctors? What is God’s will? All of those questions were answered as God just assured me that no matter what choice I made, He would be with me and that I would clearly see His hand at work!

I went through chemo therapy and never missed a meal or got sick. In February of this year the surgeon removed the lymph nodes under my left arm and the lump in my breast. When I went in for the lab report the following week the doctor said, “Do you know how lucky you are? We did not find any cancerous material in anything we removed-not even one cell.” He said, “If I were to set up a scale from one to ten, one being the worst we can expect when treating this type of cancer and ten being perfect results, the best we have come to expect to achieve is an eight. You were the one that was a ten plus. That never happens!” Even the doctor was amazed! God did what I could not do for myself!

God brought my healing about in a very personal way. I believed that if my healing depended upon me adhering to a formula, I would fail because I knew my weaknesses. I also believed that my healing did not depend upon me praying the perfect prayer, or anyone else for that matter because it was not about trying to get God to do something. It was not about me learning what the word said about healing because I knew what it said. It was about me coming to revelation knowledge (*a heart knowledge*) of the head knowledge that I had. It was about God supplying even my ability to believe without doubting!

Now, as we are on the other side, doing the things we are called to do, we find ourselves in this Christmas season praising God with a new tongue and a grateful heart saying as the angels said,

Luk 2:14 *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*

