**70 YEARS AGO TODAY**

**MY TESTIMONY OF YAHUWAH’S FAITHFULNESS**

**Lamentations 3:21-23**: “This I recall to my mind, therefore I wait, the faithfulness of Yahuwah! For we have not been consumed for His compassions – they fail not. They are new every morning; Great is Your Faithfulness!”

My eternal theme song is His Amazing Love, His Mercy, and His Faithfulness!

“Amazing grace how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost, but now am found, was blind but now I see.” [Refer to: “What is Amazing Grace – Really? A Serious Look At What is Not Religious”/Mikvah of Eternal Salvation]

**Today I celebrate**! However, every day I celebrate, with deep thanksgiving, the faithfulness, love, compassion, mercy, kindness, and great forgiveness of Yahuwah my Abba, because of the obedience of His Son Yahushua to die in my place on the stake, and rise from the dead for my eternal life. What great and amazing love!

The morning of **May 13, 1951, Mother’s Day**, I was singing in the choir at my church. I was 6, going to be 7 in July. During the service, it came into my spirit that I should “walk the aisle” that night in the church service and pray to be born again. I already had a direct encounter with Yahushua Messiah the year before. My testimony in full is the first article under the Mikvah of Eternal Salvation on comeenterthemikvah.com. I’ve written and podcasted my testimony after that night many times, for it has been a long and hard journey. At one point, Abba would have been justified to take my name out of the Book of Life - I had become so rebellious and defiant against Him. But, He, seeing all things remained true to Himself. My testimony is long and detailed, and packed full of miracles of all types of Yahuwah’s faithfulness. I’ve written about it in articles, podcasted it. A few years ago I wrote a thorough autobiography explaining all the details, sold on Amazon.com: *Touching the Eternal*. It took me six years to write it because I did not want to go into detail about the years of suffering. I only wanted to give Yahuwah esteem for the good times. However, He allowed me to give details so that the victory was more glorious. It has helped others learn “How Great Is Our God.” I do not like talking about myself. The past is gone. I only want to give praise to the Father and Son, my dearest eternal Friends. I am free of all hurt of the past, free to love with all my heart- first my Elohim, and then His children. **John 17**!

Because of those years of suffering, hate and bitterness grew strong in me, and I took it out on a “God” I really only knew through my past Christian faith. Thus, I learned the hard way what it means to be “saved!” I learned how patient Yahuwah is! I know what it means to give my life into the service of the Master who died to remove my sin, then rose from the dead to insure my eternal life.

I have not one religious cell in my body! Because of His faithfulness, I came to know my heavenly Father as “Abba” – “Daddy.” One who loved me so much that He saw beyond my sin to the day I would be praising Him and His Son with all my heart. My hate for Him carved a deep cavern into my soul. My bitterness drove me to attempt everything I could to show my hate for Him. Yet, in all of that He loved me and protected me. I know what it means to be “lost” to myself, and not know the “peace that passes all understanding.” I hurt my parents, my children, and so many others by my testimony of hate, bitterness, and sin. What kind of love never gives up? He pursued me and finally He won!

In 1985, sovereignly, He restored me – not just to where I was back in the past prior to 1966 with Him, but far beyond – to a new and powerful relationship based on my knowing who He is, and really understanding what it meant to be “saved.” He gave me one simple dream.

The dream exposed the truth. It was my loving “Daddy” whom I thought would not help me, who was sadistic, cruel, and evil, the one I blamed for all my turmoil. Yet, no, not my Daddy, as he said to me in the dream: “It was always your own hand.” I understood thoroughly and cried hard, “Father, forgive me!”

It had been my decisions all the way through that determined the intensity of my inner pain. I blamed Him for what I allowed!

The deep cavern of hate that I had carved for myself against my Abba, became emptied of hate, and filled with His love. To this day, I love my Abba with all my heart, mind, soul, spirit, and strength, and the same for my Beloved Yahushua, my soon-coming Friend, Bridegroom, and King.

Psalm 45:6-11: In a wedding, it is the Father who walks His daughter down the aisle and presents her to her Beloved. In 1999, Yahuwah called me “Daughter.” I’ve told this testimony recently in an article. I was leaving to go to Aqaba, Jordan to live as He told me to do at the end of 1998. I later learned what that meant in a Hebrew context. Recently, He showed me that it was He, the Father, who would take care of me until He presented me to His Son on a Sukkot in the future, on my wedding day. How personal is that! He wants to be so personal with us, but most people block His Presence by their never-ending reasoning of the carnal mind. He speaks to our re-born spirit, where the “mind of Messiah” rules.

My whole life changed one spring day in 1985 after that dream. For at least ten years I had been the organist, the Catechism teacher, and the priest’s secretary at St. Williams Catholic Church in Murphy, North Carolina. Several members of that little church were born again and Spirit-filled. What wonderful fellowship we had around Him. One went many times to Israel. One year I saw her miraculously at a Feast of Tabernacles in Jerusalem.

Once morning, I was sitting at my desk in the Rectory at St. Williams. I got a phone call from the big house next door asking for the priest to come help. The young Baptist minister who lived there had just shot himself in the head and was dead; his blood was splattered everywhere. The ambulance had just left. They said that a lot of the family was Catholic, and could the priest come. I said he was not there, but that I was a minister and Bible teacher - could I come. They said “yes.” I went over and ministered the grace, mercy, love, and forgiveness of Jesus for about hours, praying also with the people. When I came back to the office, and sat down at my desk, He said to me: “Welcome Home!” From that day, His love has changed my life totally. He took us on from there to Texas, then commissioned me to go to the world, beginning in 1994 with China. I had been called to China when I was 17 years old. I went to B.I.O.L.A. college to prepare for the mission field. Upon graduation, the “38 years” before, I made decisions that changed my life for the next 30 years, during which the hate, bitterness, anger, and sin rose within me.

Last night I fixed dinner for my son, my daughter-in-law, and her mother. Then we went back to my son and daughter-in-law’s house and watched Season II, Episode 4 of The Chosen. I hope you’ve watch Season I and even bought the DVDs.

Last night was a birthday present from Yahuwah. The episode was about the man healed at the pools of Bethesda, “after 38 years” (**John 5**). The story-line connected the man at the pools for 38 years with the disciple Simon the Zealot, in the most marvelous way.

The day before First Fruits 2003, I was in Jerusalem, walking around the walls of the Old City, East Jerusalem, the area of the once Garden of Eden. I was with a lady. I asked her if I could go into the area of the Church of St. Anne’s, to the pools of Bethesda, to take pictures, because my son was attending Bethesda Church in Fort Worth. We entered at Saint Steven’s gate, the entrance into the Arab Quarter. Just inside the gate to the left was the north entrance to the Temple Mount. A little ways away was the door into the courtyard of St. Anne’s. The lady went on further to the entrance of the ruins. As I walked slowly through the garden of St. Anne’s Yahushua spoke to me: “After 38 years.” I knew the story of the man in **John 5**. I began crying very hard. I had been in such mental and emotional pain over so much suffering for so long, that I could not shake it off.

I got out a pad and pen, for I am not good at math. I added 38 years to 1965, the year I made the wrong decisions that led to all the hurt. Yip – 2003. I was crying so hard. I walked down to the entrance of those pagan ruins, where once that man had been healed.

Thing is, as the lady pointed out, it was a totally pagan place dedicated to the pagan gods of Rome. I replied, “yes, I know, but Messiah came here to heal one man, making it a place of His salvation.” My sobbing was not acceptable to her. Then all of a sudden there in front of me stood my Master, my Savior, my Beloved One. As I looked at Him, my crazy human mind thought: 1) “He looks the same age as my son and 2) He doesn’t look like any of the pictures painted of Him. What a sweet face! He bent over slightly, and with a sweeping gesture towards the entrance, He let welcomed me.

I did not know what He had planned for me that day. I cried all the way around the ruins. I took a picture of red poppies growing the craigs of the rocks of the ruins. Beauty, life, reflecting the Creators in a place of such paganism … that’s Abba’s heart – to bring “beauty for ashes.”

As I exited the ruins, He said to me what He said to that man long ago: “Go and sin no more.” I was totally freed in mind and emotions from 100% of the hurt and suffering within. It was gone. It was gone forever. Memories will be totally erased in eternity, but now, He can take away the thorn of pain in our soul so that the past no longer hurts!!!

Thus, you can imagine how I felt last night as The Chosen presented the episode of **John 5** so beautifully.

Lately, all of a sudden, I’ve begun singing lines from old hymns I used to sing as a child in the Baptist Church, songs of salvation, songs of deliverance, songs of praise to the Savior. More birthday presents! I’ve shared two with you already in the last few days - under the Mikvah of the Heart of Elohim.

In so many ways, He shows His personal love, so tangible, so unexpected, always so amazing! “Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all,” so ends the hymn “When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.”

This year I will be 77, and this is my 70th anniversary of my new birth – 3 7s. I was born again just 2 months before turning 7. Seven is the Biblical number of completion - leading to the number 8, which signifies new beginnings. Messiah was raised from the dead on the 8th day from the beginning of His work of salvation for us the previous “Palm Sunday.”

Notice all the 7s in the book of Revelation. Do I believe the 7s are indicating my death? No! Only of the turning of the past towards the “Day” of His return. I will live in this body as long as He wills! But, I long for His return!

My resurrection body, as we will have (**I John 3:1-3; Philippians 3:20-21; I Corinthians 15:51-58**) at His coming, is hidden in Him. Iyob/Job said in **Job 14** “all the days of my life I wait until my change come.” Then in **Job 19** he gives his eternal victory statement.

For me, the past is dimming and the light of the “new day” is dawning. As the watchman cries in **Isaiah 21:12**: “…the morning comes, but also the night.”

In His thinking, as we see in **Genesis 1**, sunset begins the new day. I am in the sunset of physical life, but I long for the return of My Beloved One, whom I know and have laid down my life to know and to serve. Evidently, this has pleased His Father because of His increased interaction with me in many ways. His Spirit is speaking now more than ever before, which has been a lot!

After a true new birth, He starts us on the narrow path to the narrow gate (**Matthew 7:13-14**) for “The “Great Adventure,” the “ride of your life.” Surely that is wondrously encapsulated in Steven Curtis Chapman’s song “The Great Adventure” with the instrumental prologue which is so fantastic.

I could write so much more. The love of Yahuwah and Yahushua are my eternal themes. I know it so well. He would not let of me, when He had every right to do it. Because of His love, all pride, haughtiness, self-centeredness, self-will, rebellion, etc., was totally removed from my life.

Yahuwah and Yahushua, before the foundation of the world, wanted a family to love, to know Them and love Them. Are you in their family? If not, please go to the Mikvah of Eternal Salvation and read “The True New Birth” article. Also, my testimony is the first one under that Mikvah on comenterthemikvah.com.

The “mikvah” is a pool, lake, river, ocean, or some type of running water, in which a person dips down over their head into it, and rises up out of it. This is baptism. **Romans 6** explains it well. It is symbolic of our dying to the old life and rising to the new, forsaking the life of sin for a life of righteousness, forsake estrangement from Yahuwah and Yahushua and taking on a new life of knowing Them. Thus, the message of the 7s and the 8. (**Colossians 1**)

Knowing Their nature, ways, and thinking and letting Them change us from within so that we are One with Them in our nature, ways, and thinking, takes us back to the **Matthew 18:1-4** child-likeness in faith, trust, love, kindness, compassion, and sweetness. Be as an innocent, loving child, knowing your heavenly Father and your Savior personally - rejoicing, full of peace, free of fear and anxiety, resting in knowing how much you are loved!

Yedidah, May 13, 2021