

Well where did the year zap away to? I meant to get a few newsletters done. What did I do? I began by wasting time playing too many computer games. The Lord told me to consider the ant. The ant was cleaning my floor. So I washed the floor and did some mending that had been waiting for me to do for some time. I also did some serious Bible study. The following day at church, our sermon had a bit on not being lazy. It just so happened that a young man visiting church that day asked me about the very passage I'd studied. I was prepared. I was asked to do some part time work in the church, and knew the Lord was saying I had too much time on my hands and needed to get out of the house. I did.



I've had a range of health issues and healings. At home a splinter went into my neck. My husband, Peter and I both tried to get it out but couldn't. It changed colour overnight and was brown, so I went to the doctor. She thought it was just a mole and told me to try not to touch it. After church the following day, a friend, touched my neck in silent prayer. I agreed asking God for healing. It dried out and within a few hours, the little black splinter thing was at the surface. One little scratch with my fingernail removed it.

Since a car accident in 2006 I found it difficult to remember names. It took me all term to learn my student's names, and my classes were small. I was invited to a life group at King's church and was amazed to realize that at the end of the meeting I could remember seven names. I asked the minister of my church, if I could share this miraculous healing and he said he would pray about it or think about it. He decided I could. He emailed Psalm 52 around the church - "For what you have done I will always praise you in the presence of your faithful people." So that's what I did, heeding his advice and the advice of a Masterclass I'd been to, about thinking about your audience. So I encouraged them all to trust God while they waited for healing.

When we came to look at buying our present house I went down into the paddock and suddenly felt as though I could dance in this place. That was one of the reasons I thought it might be the place for us. I went to the Kingdom Festival and the first time for many years I was able to give myself completely to God in dance. I also saw an ancient oil flask above my head and wondered if Jesus was giving me the gift of healing. After that I danced again around the house and Peter told me to go and dance in the paddock. "That's why you wanted this place," he said. So I put on my gumboots and took my ribbons down to the paddock and danced. The following Sunday during the song "these are the days of Elijah," I was filled with a desire to dance, so I quickly left my seat and asked the minister and he agreed. I danced up front with my ribbons for the rest of the song. No negative feedback. Praise God.

I went to another Christian Festival – Shulamite and danced a little in the aisle and mostly at my seat – not much room. I also danced with my ribbons at lunch time – a quick demo – and as we were going home some ladies thanked me for dancing. They'd been blessed by it. I hadn't notice anyone noticing me!

I began to feel unwell and went into hospital where I had some growths removed. I felt like Paul who'd been thrown into prison in order to be a witness. I have often been "thrown" into hospital and been a witness there too. While in hospital this time, I shared my death and resurrection testimony with five medical staff.

The Lord spoke to me from Isaiah, "For you the son of righteousness will rise with healing in his wings." Some weeks later,



I felt the presence of the Lord and knew someone was praying for me. I felt a warm feeling come strongly into my back, where it had been aching for months. The nausea I'd been experiencing for months, left. Jesus healed something. I still expected a miraculous healing for my gallbladder, but it was a hospital one. The growth in my gallbladder was growing. I remembered the Lord saying to me in the 90's that something inside me would need to be cut out. I'd forgotten that word, thinking it must've been for someone else. I had the gallbladder out and it was seriously diseased, with growths and chronic inflammation and more ... Praise God, I've been so much better since.

One of the wild magpies I've been feeding, a young one, had a tick on the lower eyelid area. I prayed for the bird but it got worse. Its eye looked as though it was blind. I thought the bird might die, but yesterday I saw the tick had gone and the eye was healed. I looked again today and the eye looked good, so I told the bird to thank Jesus for its food and healing.



In February the Lord said to me, "The way is now open for you." It has been. I've had more opportunities to sing, speak and preach in various ways, and now I'm taking two Bible studies. He also told me not to accept every invitation. I received another one that week and didn't take it up. Just as well because that made me free to do a Bible study with a new Christian. When I asked the Lord what I should prepare for the first Bible study, the Holy Spirit said, "Start with Jesus."

I was in a rush. I had a lot of things to do and wasn't sure I would have time to prepare the study, so I grabbed one from the internet on being born again.

The following day when I woke up, I felt anxious. I prayed and the Lord spoke to me through my reading. "Wait for the Lord." I didn't have time right then, I had to bake something to take to another Bible study group I was taking, so I planned to do it that night. My head was fuzzy.

As I headed out I absent-mindedly picked up my guitar.

"I don't need that for the group," I thought. Why was it in my mind to take it with me? "No, there wouldn't be time for singing there." I put it back.

I went to the group and one of the ladies couldn't get there until later, so I could've arrived later as well. I could've spent time at home waiting upon and for the Lord before going. My baking wasn't really needed either, so I could've used the time I spent baking, with the Lord instead.

At the group I knew I was anxious. I didn't have the Lord's peace. I rebuked the anxiety.

I stayed longer at the meeting than I'd planned and, thought I'd missed going to the park where I usually play the guitar, and sometime pray if a person has a need. I didn't have time to go home and get it. At that point I realised I'd missed recognizing the Holy Spirit's voice to put the guitar in the car that morning.

I headed home but the Holy Spirit impressed on me to turn around and go to the park without my guitar. So I did and had a rewarding time there. Phew! Back on track.

Back home I had enough time to redo the Bible study. As soon as I started with Jesus, as I knew the Holy Spirit wanted me to, the peace and presence of the Lord returned. I realised, the study on being born again, was focusing on the person, and Jesus was where the focus should be. It was where He wanted it to be. All anxiety went and I enjoyed the peace of the Lord. When we fail to listen to what the Holy Spirit is saying, it's like stretching the ropes that bind us to Him and it hurts (anxiety, fuzzy head). These can be good things, as they can indicate that something is not right. Our relationship with Jesus is the most important thing. I'm glad for the signs of His presence and the signs of being out of step with Him.

I nearly had my sixth car accident and I wasn't even in a car. I had just finished praying and giving myself afresh to the Lord. I had declared Him Lord as I was walking, and had just declared that He

was purer than pure, and was thinking of an alternative to cleaner than water - something like the holiness of God that I'd seen in the Spirit - when the incident happened.

I was walking along a narrow strip on the side of the road, nearing a fruit and veg shop, when I heard a car (with caravan) suddenly brake behind me. They lost control - swerving over the road and nearly went over. I prayed earnestly for them. People rushed out and looked at me and asked if I was OK. I was only thinking of the car and caravan. Didn't know what they saw. I felt a breeze at my elbow, and heard a loud bang, but I wasn't touched. Thank you Jesus.

What else have I done? I finished the final, final, final draft of my novel after two years of editing. More than fourteen drafts and about eight assessors/editors! I began wondering if I should enter it in the Gold Coast Writers competition and thought it might be a waste of my \$30. I decided to enter it anyway and paid for it. At the same meeting I won the \$2 raffle and got \$25 back and thought, 'Whose money?' The following day I was encouraged by the words of an ordained person who wrote about modern day scribes drawing out and tearing open new treasures. Our daughter asked me if I'd meant to repeat the word 'treasure' so many times in my novel. I removed some, but treasure was an underlying theme.

I went on writing courses and have learnt so much about writing. Things have changed since I was at school! No adverbs. Show don't tell. I've also been writing a daily devotional book and a recipe book. Another lady has started contributing to it as well.

... and what else? Made a new garden and wrote an allegory about my orchard. <http://www.christian-artist.com/allegory.html> Made some more art and exhibited it. I've also been writing and singing new songs again. "Lionhearted Overcomers" is one of them (on [youtube](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=...) if you want to listen to it). Travelled to Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand and China, won a Toby's food hamper for a photo I took ... whew an interesting year in which I keep thinking God is so amazing! The most amazing thing was being terrified and awed in the presence of His beauty, purity and cleanness, when He showed me in a vision, the effect of a prayer I prayed. He looked like diamond, clean water supporting the white froth of the wave. My name means a white wave. With His support we swamped the enemy.



With His support you can walk in victory and have an impact on the kingdom of darkness too. It's all about relationship. Stay in close communication with Jesus, or come back to that place. His arms are outstretched waiting to hug you in His presence, no-matter where you've been or what you've done, or failed to do.

"This is what the LORD says: 'Stand in the beaten track and see; ask for the ancient paths, ask where the good way is, and walk in it, and you will find rest.'" (Jeremiah 6:16 my translation from the Hebrew). He leads with peace and joy.



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