

Hi,

Just got back from India, and I can't wait to tell you some news. The Lord did the most radical conversion that I've ever seen. If you prayed, then you will see His reward.

Radical Conversion

Nanette* wandered into India from Switzerland, to hit the Ashram trail. Before you enter those, 'seeker communities' you have to take a test for hiv, so your meditation and free sex won't infect anyone else. As it turned out, the Good Shepherd had something else in mind.

Nanette found herself plunked down in a Christian house of prayer in Delhi, where I was teaching for the week.

Immediately she met Madeline, who was also from Switzerland. Madeline was on fire for Jesus and a student in the school of prayer. This broke the language and cultural barrier for Nanette, who was now immersed among students from Germany, Sweden, Nagaland, Manipur, Lucknow etc.



YWAM School of Prayer, Delhi.

One red hot afternoon, as I hammered away at the teaching, Nanette leaned over to Madeline with a question. "Hey, what is all the light I see on the teacher's face? The light is so bright, I cannot even see her face."

As the week ended, I never got a chance to pray for this precious seeker. Though I suspected the Lord gave her this, 'sign and wonder' to open her heart to Him.

The following week, one of the school leaders invited me to dinner. I was wasted. The blinding heat, stacked with several 15 hr. days had knocked me out.

Just as I got my big, "NO, but thank you" answer ready for Mung, the Lord said, "DON'T say no." The power was out when I reached Mung's 3rd floor flat that night.

In the candle light, suddenly I saw Nanette standing there. "Would it be possible for me to pray for you at the end of the night?" I asked. She smiled a shy doe eyed, "Yes, this is possible."

Thank God for the reinforcements He sent during dinner. Madeline meandered in. Then Tord and Johanna from Sweden also popped in. As it neared 11 p.m. I laid hands on Nanette, who took her meditation posture on the floor. Clearly I heard Him say, "do not push".

Power was surging through both hands, "Lord bless Nanette. Touch her. Release Your Light." She shook during the prayer but afterwards, calmly got up off the floor to go around the room and hug each person.

When she came to me, her head collapsed on my shoulder, and she squeezed me with all her might. Suddenly a wave of power and light came down like a funnel from heaven, "Nanette, can you feel this? This is not for me," I said, "this is for YOU."

"Nanette," I said, "you carry a big burden of grief, and only Jesus can carry this burden. I do not know what would keep you from allowing Him to take it from you even tonight?"

Then bam! She flew backwards and hit the floor. As she fell, she screamed a frightful heart cry that must've raised the roof.

Radical Jesus

Meanwhile, the pretty and petite Nanette now laid straight out on top of a grass mat, her eyes flickering in some dream like rapid movement.

Of course, me, Mung & How, Tord, Johanna, and Madeline were praying up a storm!

Speaking His words over her, "He is the Lover of your soul. All the while that you were seeking Him, Nanette, He was seeking you. He is the only One Who is the lover of your soul."

Slowly she placed her hands over her heart, in perfect stillness.

Just outside, one of the first monsoon rains of the season, raged with thunder and lightening, breaking the terrible heat.

As our little team prayed, I saw a picture of a lamb separated from the flock. The Lord said, "sing". "You are a lamb, precious and chosen by Me. I am your Good Shepherd, the Lover of your soul. Come to Me, run to Me." During the song Nanette stretched her arms out, making the shape of a cross.

From a place of peace and rest, she bolted up off the floor and said, "OH, my sins, my sins, my sins! I must run out into the rain and wash them all off of me right now."

Madeline followed her down the 3 flights of marble stairs, out into the raging storm.

We prayed. And prayed.

45 minutes later Nanette reappeared, her face shimmering with light. "When I was 3 years old, my grandmother took a rope and killed herself. Always since that time, until today, I have felt a rope around my neck. And now I'm telling you, it is gone. I cannot find it."

"Then, as I laid on the floor, when I put my arms out like a cross, I felt the nails of Christ in my wrists, and blood was flowing all down the floor, and I knew that my sins had made Him suffer, and that I must be cleaned."

"When I was outside then I wished there could be some guitar music, because I like this so much and this was a very special moment I was having. Then so much of guitar music was playing and playing."

Suddenly Madeline, who had also been outside with Nanette asked, "WHAT?! What guitar music? There was NO music." (Okay, so there must be guitar playing angels)

Everyone ran to get their camera's, because it was Nanette's spiritual birthday; OH like the birthing of a new baby! With all my heart, I WISH YOU WERE THERE.

* (Nanette is an alias to protect her privacy)

More Miracles

Many other miracles. Students freed of evil spirits, breakthroughs in learning, heavy yokes snapped off, and two of the most profound classroom prayer times I've ever been in!

YOUR prayers are tipping the bowls of heaven, bringing down power and Presence.

Wayne joined me for two days in Delhi for strategy meetings with colleagues. He's busy developing "Prayer Guard" a tool to ignite powerful prayer for front-line workers; and "Prayer Edge" a weekly e-zine to ignite sustained intercession. Meanwhile, I'm diving into 3 writing projects; one on deliverance, one on the 'keys of the Kingdom of heaven' and another on 5 testimonies of new believers from Islamic backgrounds. Things are in motion for a pastor/leader training in Delhi next month; and a huge prophetic intercession project that will outline the Northern States of India.



Teaching on the "Keys

Some Messes

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Wayne skidded into another URGENT problem with his heart. 2 days after I returned from Delhi, he felt a sudden shortness of breath. The doctor did an angiogram the same day, finding that one of the new stents was blocked, as well as a vital artery on the back side of his heart. Yesterday morning, we checked him out of the intensive care unit, and today he's recovering at home.

A Skirmish

You might be able to relate to this, so here's one last thing. One of our friends, who grew up in a military family said, "Wayne's sudden heart trouble is like a skirmish in a war."

I asked, "what is a skirmish?"

"A skirmish is a sudden fight, that's intended to take your eyes off the goals of the bigger battle."

Right now, we are in a skirmish.

What about you? Are you ensnared in a sudden bout of trouble? Pressure. A whirlwind of attacks? The comfort is, that God is for us. And the power is that even a mustard seed, can unsettle a mountain.

"Lord we join our hearts right now, and command every obstacle to bow low to Your desire and design. We call out together, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth,'release your Presence, God of Hope. Let the rough places become smooth. Shatter the doors of bronze, cut through the iron bars. Give us the treasures of darkness, the hidden wealth of the secret places, for the glory of Your name we ask this. in Jesus Name. amen."

We bless you in the name of the Most High.
And thank you for your prayers, encouragement and teamwork.
Every bit of it is needed, and appreciated!

His love and mine,

Kathleen

P.S.- is God leading you to join our prayer team? If so, you can sign up at:

www.prayercentral.net/shield.html