

## Take heart, daughter.

*A testimonial of my weekend experience with Bruce Collins  
by Kathy S.*

" I sense that you are hurting and somehow feel alone in your journey"  
... an excerpt from an e-mail sent to me from my friend, Diana, during the weekend

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Boy, she couldn't be more right. As I sat listening to Bruce Friday night, tears slowly streamed down my face. I felt so alone – invisible. If what Bruce said was true (oh, how I wanted it to be true) why do I feel so lost ... alone ... overlooked ... sad ... scared? That was Friday night.

Saturday came. Bruce spoke about many wonderful things and healing was happening before my eyes. I listened hard and prayed hard. Ewan spoke *Words of Knowledge* to my husband, Chris, and they were bang on. This was all new to me. I was fascinated with what was going on and wanted to know more.

On Saturday night, we were taught how to pray for people: don't eat garlic; make sure you shower that morning; if you are a shaker don't touch their head; bring Kleenex; and remember the Holy Spirit is doing the work and should get all the credit. It sounded pretty simple.

Then Bruce added his 2-cents --- "*If you don't believe God loves you completely and can't feel his unconditional love flowing through you, it won't work*". Ow. That hit home.

Now, I'm a lover of God and believe he can do wonderful things for this world. I am also a woman with mistakes, baggage, and scars that dig deep into my heart. I can't fix that! The cement around certain areas of my heart could never feel God. Being the good Christian I was, I kept quiet, pretending everything was fine and the session went on.

It came time to practice. I had to test out what I was hearing so I asked for prayer to heal my chronically sore neck and hips. "*Prove this is real, God. I dare you.*"

Two women came to me right away. Sherryl was close by and wanted to pray for me. Lynn was way across the room and made a bee-line to me. She knew exactly where she was needed. Then the praying started – boy was I uncomfortable. The ladies followed the steps Frieda shared with us. Not much was happening. My neck was improving a bit, maybe. It was hard to tell. Then it happened. Out of the blue, Lynn prayed for something else. She saw painful memories and lies, like daggers, stuck deep into my heart. "*Pull them out!*" she demanded. Sherryl started praying into my insecurities, self-criticism, and inadequate feelings about my parenting. She saw me reading stories to my kids on my couch and said it was wonderful – I was doing a good job with my kids and she blessed me in my parenting. Word after word, these women spoke into areas of my life I thought were lost. Daggers were being pulled out of my heart and I felt God's love flow into the holes – sealing in health, awareness and peace. It felt so good.

On Sunday morning, Lynn asked me how my neck was. It still hurt, but I told her my heart was different. Boy was it ever different. I had a surreal feeling around the emotional pains I had the day before and some of my burdens had completely vanished from my memory.

Now Sunday night came and there was no way we were going to miss the healing service. We hauled our 3 kids with us and sat way at the back. When it was time to start praying for healing, Bruce invited people who attended the previous night's session to come help. I dumped Chris and the kids and practically ran down the aisle. I got paired with Bruce – I was going to experience the real deal!

My prayers were extremely wise and thoughtful . . . "*yes Lord*", "*help*", "*don't let me mess this up*", and "*Please Lord, help my unbelief*". I listened to Bruce praying and watched how he worked. I kept praying that I would understand what was going on.

The healings were slow and inconsistent, but one woman finally stood up and said a large lump she had a few minutes ago was hardly there now. Wait – that was someone I prayed for. I prayed for a few more people with Bruce and then was told to go on my own. That was a scary experience! When I checked the time, it was almost 9 o'clock and I looked up at my abandoned husband and very tired kids near the back. I gestured, "*2 more minutes*." Frieda prayed for my neck again. It was an odd feeling. They were hardly touching me and Frieda's hand was resting over my neck. I heard and felt a click as my neck went back into place. My neck felt great so I shared my healed neck and ran out the door with my kids, leaving Chris there to have a turn getting healed.

*"I felt a bubble of joy in my chest when I saw you step forward & offer prayer to someone today when they were looking for healing. That was neat to see you do this. I hope that you received in return the same sense of joy as you reached out"*  
... from the same e-mail

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Boy, did I ever. My life was changing and it felt really good.

We weren't really supposed to be at the Monday night session (it was for small group leaders). We had to scramble to find a babysitter so my husband and I could go. I'm so glad we did – here's where everything fell into place.

Bruce spoke about how small groups should use this information. He described an experience that we could be part of weekly that would improve our skills and grow our faith. Near the end of the evening, the leaders shared *Prophetic Words* and *Words of Knowledge*. Ewan looked at me this time and said "*God loves your pure heart*." Wow. I finally understood how God felt about me – I was forgiven and He cherished me. I was not some invisible mistake sitting off to the side. Ewan also saw me ministering to women. The ministering to women didn't make sense but in a couple of weeks it sure would.

At the end of the night, as people were leaving, Bruce turned suddenly to me and said "*Do you dance?*" I answered that I only danced in private with my daughter but not very often these days. Bruce told me "*He loves it!*" I was amazed – God really knew me and liked watching me dance!

I can feel God's love and his desire to be near me. He wants to use me. What a wonderful role to play. That was the weekend - my world was turned upside down and an amazing rollercoaster ride had just begun.

PS. 1 week later

I had originally asked for prayer for my neck and it felt better for a couple of days. I didn't ask for my heart to be touched, but it has been healed beyond my wildest imagination.

PPS. October 30<sup>th</sup>

Last weekend I went on the Dwell retreat. There were 2 times that weekend where I ministered to women in very profound ways both for me and for the women I was praying for. I could feel the Holy Spirit moving through my limbs so vigorously that I was still shaking on Monday. This stuff is real! God has amazing plans for SunWest and the people who are willing to help him.

*“Oh Lord – May Your kingdom really come, and Your will really be done on Earth as it is in heaven.”*

*Kathy S.: Based on Matthew 6:10 (NIV)*

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