

MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

PART THREE

THE CONCLUSION

Part one and two stored in the Archive section will give you the prior scenario for part three if this is your first reading; check them out.

Two week prior to the ER visit, my overnight hospital stay and the Pacemaker surgery the following afternoon, I was preaching in Medford, OR when I had the first signs of heart problems; I suffered a mild stroke. Not wanting to admit that's what it could be, I quickly went into "big time" denial and pushed the whole incident deep into the back of my mind. I wasn't ready to deal with heart issues at this time in my life, so I told myself I wasn't going to deal with them; tough words, wrong attitude, and a foolish decision. In the course of following events, I learned that ignoring a problem doesn't make it totally disappear, it will rear its ugly head again and often with far more profound effects.

The next time I preached was in Yreka (read part two) I had another issue with my heart during the second service; it was racing and then got stuck in that fast rhythm and couldn't 't break out which also made it hard to breath. Again I went into denial and tried to push it into the back corner of my mind, but the problem wasn't going away this time. The harder I tried pushing it back, the quicker it bounced to the surface. There was no getting around it. This time I would have to deal with it.

I preached the second service, prayed for people and then went to lunch with the pastor and his family, but by the time we were ready to head back to Medford, I knew something was wrong. Although everyone knew I wasn't feeling up to par, no one really knew the seriousness of the problem; that's the danger of denial—and I wasn't telling! Not only was my heart beating almost out of my chest, I was now feeling nauseated and dizzy. My girlfriend drove us home, yet I was hiding (still in the mode of denial) how sick I was, so Teresa had no idea what was happening with my heart until later that night when she heard I was in the hospital. She was shocked, and had I been willing myself to face the heart issues and share, I would have received help sooner and could have avoided some of the stress placed on myself, family and friends.

Part Three: The crisis is over, the Pacemaker is in place and I am at home resting and getting my strength back when I receive a phone call from Pastor Jim in Yreka. He wants to know how I feel and if I would be up to preaching on July 4th in their new sanctuary. Jim knew my heart on that subject and that I would want to be a part of celebrating the new sanctuary.

Life Fellowship Church has been like my second home. God joined us together almost 15 years ago when He sent me to minister through my gifts to the Yreka body. I dearly love the people there and each hold a special place in my heart. Pastor Jim, Wendy and Aaron are—well what can I say—they are my spiritual kids; I love them! So, I didn't even give it a second thought, as I knew my schedule was clear and said, "Yes! Yes! Yes! I'd love to come preach!"

It was close to the end of May; only a few weeks away from the 4th, when I started thinking about my commitment to preach again in Yreka and fear raised its ugly head. I started thinking that the last two times I preached I had experienced heart problems. I was struggling with the fear that it would happen again, because I have to tell you, lying in that ER room, knowing at any time my heart could stop and feeling the racing and slowing down was scary beyond words. Then the recovery time after the Pacemaker surgery had its uncomfortable moments and fear complied upon fear and I thought, "I have to cancel, I can't do this! I've preached for 40+ years, maybe it's time I quit!" Now we know that wasn't the Lord!

The natural man and the spiritual man went to battle against each other. I knew better than to give into the spirit of fear and I would take a strong stand against it and soon the fear left and God's peace came. Then before I knew it, fear was back and the battle ensued again. I called my prayer warriors around me and we started praying and asking God to intervene. There would be no quick fix in this battle.

As I prayed, I knew God's answer. I was to go and preach. I couldn't let fear keep me from obeying my calling. I couldn't let fear turn me into a shrinking coward, I had to trust my God and go minister in the power and anointing of the Holy Spirit and remember that Jesus would be by my side through it all. But still, the battle in my mind raged on, and of course, my heart started acting up at this time too. The enemy tormented me every way he could. I asked several people to go with me just in case. Several said they thought they could and I thought it was all set. I was covered; not to worry! I started to relax.

On the 3rd, several friends I thought were set to go with me called and told me they were sorry, but they wouldn't be able to ride over with me, but they would keep me in prayer. The last person I was counting on had to bow out too at the last minute. Now I totally understood, but I didn't have to like it. I knew God was up to something. I had to keep the faith. I had to trust God no matter what the circumstances looked like. I could not let the enemy of fear overwhelm me.

Now when push comes to shove in my battles with the enemy, my warrior heart automatically kicks in and I will not back down. I march headlong into the battle, trusting God has sent help to cover me and I kept my mind focused upon Him. This battle is no different I told myself, so fight girl, fight!

As I got in the car and headed out, I started praying and told the Lord I would preach to the best of my abilities and I would cover my heart and mind with God's love and His peace, therefore, giving no place to the spirit of fear to find an opening to come in and cause havoc in my life. My spiritual armor covered me! My love for Jesus held me steady and as the miles fell away, strength fill my every being. I started singing and praising the Lord.

My husband Joe's favorite scripture was **Philippians 4:13** and he quoted it often throughout his lifetime. Throughout the ride I kept hearing his voice quoting it until it felt its truth stirring deep in my spirit. Thank you honey for reminding me that Yes, I can do all things through Christ Jesus who strengthened me. Then I would quote my favorite verse; **James 4:7, 8** – *“So humble yourselves before God. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. Draw near to God, and God will draw close to you.”* The sun started shining in all its glory, and I felt His presence with me. It was going to be alright!

Needless to say, I arrived at the church with joy in my heart and my spirit was singing. I could hardly wait for the service to start. I was fired to preach! I shared in both services how the enemy had been attacking me weeks before, how he was trying to break me down and stop me from coming, and my battle with fear, yet, through it all, here I was. Oh, I cried, I shouted, I shared honestly my fear and the lies of the devil and I preached my heart out; two people received the Lord and heaven rejoiced. God was in hearts and God was in the house!

The drive home was fantastic, and I knew that whatever the enemy was trying to do, he had failed his assignment, Fear's bondage was broken—gone! I was set free. The enemy wasn't able to steal away from me what I love doing best, sharing the Word of God.

There is no power on earth that can steal you out of the Father's hand. What God has done for me, He will do for you! JESUS SAVES!