

DANCE BEFORE ME

Forgetting what is behind and straining toward what is ahead, I press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called me heavenward in Christ Jesus, (Philippians 3:13).

DANCE BEFORE ME

***Dance before Me, Child... dance before the Lord of Lords.
Dance before Me with the lyre, I long to fill your heart with song
Dance with utter joy, that you may fill them with My Love....
Dance before My Gates of Mercy, that I may shower from above.
I long for you to worship Me in Spirit and in Truth.
I long for you to fellowship that I may dance with you.
It fills My Heart with joy to see you dance before My Throne.
There are great rewards for worshippers, more than man could ever
know. Move your feet with such precision, that the enemy will bow.
Each step treads on his head, and sets a Standard of My Power.
With the movement of your hand, I have chosen you to be...
A vessel loosing fire that will set the captives free!
Signs and wonders yet shall follow, as you allow Me as Your Guide.
Miracles shall happen; I will be glorified on High.
Dance before Me, Child. Dance before your King of Kings!
Dance even in your pain, and by your faith, I'll set you free!***

- Love, Abba -

I remember this day well. I was riddled with fear, limbs trembling from head to toe, as I waited at the back of the sanctuary with the rest of the dancers to give my first corporate dance performance. The song was Hebrew, called “Kadosh”, which means “Holy”. It was comprised of a breathtaking symphony of notes and very few words. In simple repetition, the lyrics read:

*Kadosh... Kadosh.... Kadosh,
Kadosh... Kadosh....Kadosh,
Adoni Elohim Tsavaot,
Adoni Elohim Tsavaot,*

I don't remember the other verses, only the chorus. But loosely translated, it means this:

*Holy... Holy.... Holy
Holy....HolyHoly
Is the Lord God Almighty
(Captain of the Hosts)
Is the Lord God Almighty
(Captain of the Hosts)*

I was a member of the dance and worship team at my church. It was a non-denominational and very charismatic environment. During my stay there, I witnessed many signs and wonders take place, and I personally experienced several of them. Entering into worship, one could literally become saturated in God's Glory. I had never danced in front of people before that day, only in my heart. I was understandably anxious. That morning, in my quiet time with God, when the Lord wrote "***Dance Before Me***" to my heart, little did I know He would use it to test my faith... in a most literal sense.

Ten days prior to that day, after several weeks of practicing for this very morning, and my confidence was just beginning to set in, my left ankle folded in. I tried to do a backward turn in the middle of a movement, and it snapped like a twig. The acoustics were great at church – all the dancers at practice heard it snap. It wasn't a sound I'd like to hear repeated anytime soon. They rushed me to the nearest chair, iced up my ankle that was swelling like a balloon within seconds, and later carried me to a car waiting to take me to the Emergency Room. Immediate and horrendous pain, I couldn't put any weight on it. I was given crutches at the hospital and

told to stay off it for several weeks, because it wasn't a clean break, but a really bad fracture in two places. God knows I tried to ignore doctor's orders and break all the rules after the fifth day. I was too impatient to wait, and I had already missed three training sessions. I tried to practice dancing, but it was an exercise in futility leading to more pain, so I went to each session, and sat in a chair, having flashbacks of a painful childhood memory. God would try to minister to me continuously by repeating this one verse to me, every time my heart would weep. ***“Forget the former things, do not dwell on the past. See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up, do you not perceive it? I am making a way in the desert and streams in the wasteland,” (Isaiah 43:18-19).***

Sitting there, watching another dream die by the wayside, I was so sad, and I felt really angry - at myself - but mostly at the enemy. Clearly it was just a repeat of my clumsiness as a child, now coming back to haunt me on one of the most important times in my life. I felt so cheated. I'd worked so hard to learn all the dance moves. I'd fought my fears of getting up in front of a crowd of people. I had poured hours and hours of training to perform as perfectly and with as much precision as I could. I helped create the dance garments. They were beautiful, delicately decorated white silk with

tasteful streams of clear sequins silhouetting white satin gowns. Everybody looked like angels holding tambourines. Glory hoops glistened like diamonds under the lights. I was fully engulfed in everything having to do with that day... and then for me, it came to a screeching halt, or so it seemed.

With the injury I sustained, the doctors recommended that I drop out of practice, and just spend my time healing. I almost did, but I was determined to figure something out. I decided to hang in there until the day of the performance, when I knew I couldn't in good conscience just "drop out". I had no clue what would transpire, but I guess I was holding out for a miracle. I told everyone that asked that I was so much better, that it was no big deal. In reality, I was in so much pain I could barely stand it, and worse... I was lying to the very people that had been faithful to pray for me. At the time, I didn't consider it lying. I justified it as exercising my faith in a personal battle fighting doubt and unbelief. And boy, was it a battle. I was bound and determined to win, even though the cards were clearly stacked against me. The morning we were scheduled to perform in front of the congregation, I suffered the worst of it. I didn't get any sleep the night before, my ankle wouldn't stop throbbing, and pain killers had absolutely no

affect whatsoever. I thought for sure I'd have to drop out of the final performance. Even worse, I would have to drop out at the last minute, which would've meant my best friend and dance partner, would have to sit out as well. I was heart-broken. I didn't want to let anyone down.

God was busy working behind the scenes, and He had other plans. That morning, getting ready for church, I struggled with my pride with thoughts of what I would have to tell the Worship Leader, the Pastor, and the other dancers. My mind was racing when, suddenly, the Lord stopped me in the middle of my thoughts. He told me to stop crying, go to church, bring my dance garment, hold my head up high and proceed as planned. I was to continue to fight the agonizing and persisting pain... and pretend - just as I had been doing. The old "fake-it, 'til you make-it" theory.

So I did. I faked it like a little trooper, and as graciously as I could. After I got to church, I'd hobbled into the back of the sanctuary with the assistance of my handy crutches, and found the first available chair. With my foot propped up, I suddenly felt the need to jot down a couple of thoughts to meditate on. I found a napkin neatly pressed in my Bible and when I put the pen to the napkin, God spoke those beautiful words ***Dance Before Me***,

to my mind. I remember crying, because the words came out in such fluidity - and within in just a few minutes - and I knew that I didn't have the capacity to think up such things, especially with all the raw emotions I was dealing with. It had to be God speaking. As I kept re-reading the poem over and over in my head, tears streaming down my face, the words of that poem literally pierced my soul. I wanted so badly to dance, but I thought it would be impossible. In fact, I told God just that – I actually argued with The Most High after He so lovingly took the time to console me. I wouldn't recommend it, but, like every good Father, He didn't get angry or abrupt with me. He understood, and simply replied, ***“With man, this is impossible, but with God all things are possible,” (Matthew 19:26).***

Twenty minutes before the performance, He told me to remove the ace bandages that kept my ankle straight and kept repeating to my mind, the same last line of the poem I'd just penned, ***“Dance even in your pain, and by your faith, I'll set you free.”*** So, as terrified as I was to remove the bandage and stand on my own two feet, without the aid of my crutches, I did exactly what the Lord told me to do. I hobbled to the ladies room (with my crutches), got dressed in my garment, told the worship leader that I was well enough to dance, even though she saw me still walking with crutches.

I told her it was just a precaution and that I didn't want to risk re-injury right before we went on. She bought it. I guess it seemed plausible.

Reality was, I was still writhing in pain, but I put on a happy face with as much faith as I could fake. Truthfully, I felt like a hypocrite. I had fleeting thoughts of God getting back at me for lying - denying that I was in any pain - and that He would retaliate publicly, causing me to fall flat on my face in front of everyone just to embarrass me. Condemnation ripped through my soul like a hot knife in cold butter. Confirming my worst fears, I took the ace bandages off to lace up my ballet slippers, and took a test walk in the back of the sanctuary. I failed miserably. In trying to practice my moves and put the full weight of my body - all 120 pounds of me - on my one foot, I was met with searing pain that fled through my body like a freight train. Holding back the tears, there was nothing I could do in my mind's eye - except pray and believe I had really heard from God. I had come too far to quit, and anyone that knows me, knows I get to a certain point in any given circumstance, especially if I get angry and frustrated - and then there is no other way - but through. I was now at the mercy of God Himself.

As the music started, the worship leader motioned to us on cue to begin

our entrance from each side of the sanctuary. The other nine dancers and I got into position, and then there was definitely no turning back. It was the longest 15 seconds of my life, because 15 seconds into the 4 and a half minute performance, was when I was supposed to dart across the sanctuary like a little angel flowing in perfect harmony with the music. All I could pray was *“God, please don’t let me fall and make myself look like a fool!”* When it was my time to enter and meet my partner in the middle from the other side of the sanctuary, I took a deep breath, and the Lord brought to my memory, this scripture verse: ***“For the foolishness of God is wiser than man’s wisdom, and the weakness of God is stronger than man’s strength, (1 Corinthians 1:25).*** As I tippy toed to position myself to my spot on the floor, I tried not to wince in facial expression because that would’ve been a dead give-away. I smiled, prayed mercy under my breath and then God reminded me of another verse: ***“My grace is sufficient for you, for My Power is made perfect in your weakness.” (2 Corinthians 12:9).*** After I made it to my spot successfully – that is, without falling, but still in very much pain – He filled my mind with another verse: ***“So it is My Word that goes out from My Mouth. It shall not return to Me empty, but shall accomplish what I desire and achieve the purpose for which I sent it.” (Isaiah 55:11).*** So I surrendered.

Intense pain, holding back the tears - battling every imaginable fear that chose to surface itself at that precise moment in time - I literally stood on those three scriptures, right in the midst of the other dancers and the entire congregation. I was a complete basket case emotionally. I'd forgotten all the steps, and then I really began to panic. I just stood there, frozen until God moved over me in a supernatural way. This all took place in a matter of seconds, but it felt like a lifetime to me. When my part of the music began, at my "big moment", total peace flooded my mind. God showed up right on time, but not one second before. Like standing under a waterfall, I felt a gush of warmth engulf my body, and my ankle became so hot that it felt like it was being dipped in hot wax. And then suddenly, the heat poured out of my toes like water being emptied from a bottle, right before my big backward turn. Even though I was nervous to land on my weak and now throbbing foot, I did anyway. After all, realizing that I'd already leapt a foot off the ground in mid-turn – there was pretty much nowhere to go, except down. When I landed, to my shock but pleasant surprise, there was NO pain! None! Absolutely *NONE* !

I was so ecstatic, I couldn't hold back the tears, and for the remainder of

the dance, I was flooded with the absolute joy of the Lord. I stepped in perfect sync with the dance team, and I finished strong. Even without the benefit of practicing for two weeks prior to the performance, I did pretty darn good for a first timer! A couple of people came up to me afterward and told me that they had seen the glory of the Lord all over me. It was obvious that God touched me. I don't know if people actually saw God's glory on me, but I know I didn't dance alone. He was with me every step of the way. That Sunday, dancing in those two services, was the first, and last (public) performance I gave. I had lived out one of the dreams I'd had ever since I was a little girl, and under the worst of circumstances. The enemy couldn't tell me that I had failed, because for 4 and half minutes, I danced before the only One Who mattered, and I didn't need to do it anymore, not publicly anyway. God redeemed me, and my dream...and I won!

God didn't place His hand on me just to heal my fractured ankle. My ankle, and the pain I had been in, was an object lesson I would later refer to – to get through life in general. He did it to prove, that even when you're in excruciating pain, when you take the time to listen to the Voice of the Lord - even if you argue with Him a little at how foolish His requests might seem in light of natural – even impossible circumstances - so long as you make an

attempt to do what He says - He will be faithful to perform that which He says. Afterward, the dancers came up to me and we jumped for joy like giddy little girls. God had done exactly what He told me He would do...

Signs and wonders yet shall follow, as you allow Me as Your Guide.

Miracles shall happen, I will be glorified on High.

Dance before Me, Child. Dance before your King of Kings!

Dance even in your pain, and by your faith, I'll set you free!

You see, this particular moment would probably be no big deal to anyone else, but it was a major personal triumph for me, for several reasons. When I was a little girl, like every little girl I imagine, I wanted to become a ballet dancer. In fact, what I *really* wanted to do was become an ice dancer. The Ice Capades were big back then. I saw such freedom when I saw skaters dance on the ice. I dreamed of the day I could learn, so that I could escape into a world of liberty. When I was little, I would tippy toe around the house, and dream of flying a crossed the ice, like a little butterfly that had just been released from a cocoon. I imagined brand new shiny white-laced skates and I would imagine twirling and spinning with such precision, in fluid motion with the music that it would literally make one

cry when they watched me perform. There were only two problems with my dream. I was an awkward child who always seemed to trip over her own shadow, and I couldn't skate. I didn't know how, didn't know anyone who would be willing to teach me, and skates were an expensive luxury back when I was a little girl. A luxury I didn't dare dream of asking for.

But I remained hopeful... I practiced without skates, and in the wintertime, in the Midwest where I grew up, I would skid on the ice in my clunky old boots and pretend they were my special skates. Then one day, when I was ten years old, it appeared that God created a miracle, just for me.

I'll never forget it. I was in the top five of the whole Fifth Grade District Spelling Bee. I was the winner of my class, and the prize was... a ticket to the Ice Capades, a Hershey chocolate bar, a Certificate of Excellence, and a Blue Ribbon, attached to an invitation to the teacher's house afterward, that included an ice skating party. I was so proud of myself, until I saw the permission slip for the field trip. The five winners (the other two girls and two boys), were ecstatic. I, on the other hand, felt my heart drop into my stomach, and I began to tear up in a well of emotion. I asked to go to the bathroom, and it was there, crouched inside a bathroom stall, that I cried

my eyes out. Tears stained my certificate, as I realized that my parents would never let me attend an extra-curricular activity. Adding to my misery, I didn't own a pair of skates... and I knew everybody else that won did. They brought them to school to skate at the rink when we played at recess, and I always admired the way they cut the ice. I always sat on the swing next to the rink, wishing I were them.

When I got home that night, I put the awards I won on the kitchen counter, along with the permission slip, and then I bolted out of the room. When it was dinnertime, I caught hell from one end to the other. My mother lashed out at me for no reason whatsoever, and told me how unappreciative I was for everything they gave me, how much my parents sacrificed for me, and now I wanted more. They weren't about to sign any permission slips, because they said there were too many "bad people" in the world that could take me away from them. After the first five minutes of lecturing, and suffering the ridicule from my brothers and sisters who'd never won spelling awards to my knowledge; if they did, they exercised more wisdom than I in keeping it secret. My mother convinced me that I won First Place just to rub it in. She assured me that I wasn't any smarter than any of my siblings, and she would appear to deliberately incite an argument over dinner; I

remember trying to zone her out, but at the same time, wanting to throw up. She tried to convince me that I purposely drew attention to myself so that the teacher would discover that my family was poor because I didn't have skates, that I brought shame and dishonor to my family. My mother demanded that I return the invitation to the teacher the next day, "to give to another, *more deserving* child". I had no choice.

After that episode, I knew better to never do anything like that again. I learned to hide my report cards because I was a good student. When I made the honor role, I was torn. I couldn't tell anybody, so I pretended it was no big deal. It was a huge deal to me, but I was afraid of what my mother would say, so I kept to myself and made sure that I was the one to get all the mail at home, lest she find another awards ceremony. I intercepted two of them over that next year. I still don't remember how I got out of attending the Junior Honor Society family dinner. I probably got sick at the last minute so I could bow out gracefully and save face.

I knew I couldn't go to the skating party at the teachers house, and I knew I had to obey my parents, so I spent the next two days at school, growing ulcers in my gut, trying to think of a way out of the mess I was in. When

Friday rolled around and the permission slips were due, (it was a Saturday party), I told the teacher that I'd forgotten about a family trip, and that I couldn't go to the party. The teacher told me that she was disappointed but that it was okay. She insisted to pick me up at home in the morning so that I could at least attend the Ice Capades. She didn't want me to miss my award for winning First Place. I absolutely panicked. I knew that if a teacher dared to show up at my house, it would result in the beating of my life. I could handle the infamous "spoon", because bruises always heal, but I couldn't heal the emotional blows with her cutting words. I decided to tell my teacher that my mother was ill, and she didn't want visitors, and it was probably best if I stayed home to take care of her. I put the ticket on her desk and rushed out of the room.

At recess, having caught me in one lie after the other, my teacher asked me what the real problem was. I couldn't take it anymore. I told her I couldn't skate and I didn't own a pair, and I didn't want to get picked on by the other kids. I will never forget Ms. Madsen. She looked at me with the widest smile on her face, and with love I had never seen before. She couldn't understand why I would get so worked up over something so seemingly trivial. She told me she still had her skates from when she was

a kid, and she was sure they would fit me. She offered to borrow them to me for the party without telling anyone they were hers, and she would personally show me how to skate before everyone got there, so that I wouldn't feel embarrassed in front of the other kids. My heart sank further into the pit of my stomach. I had to tell her what my parents said... about all the "bad people" that could be at the Ice Capades. She smiled and said she would take good care of me and not to worry. I started to cry so hard I couldn't stop. She looked perplexed. I told her they wouldn't sign the permission slip for me to go and were making me return the invitation to her. I begged her to take it back. And I begged her not to call my mother. She never met my parents, ever. They never attended one parent-teacher conference, and she must've known what I was trying to express. She cried with me that day, and just held me in her arms. She stayed with me all afternoon recess and she told me that one day, life would be better, and I shouldn't give up hope. I loved her very much. A few weeks afterward, we moved away and I never saw her again. I don't remember my mother ever holding me like that, just allowing me to cry. I remember wishing that day - more than ever - that I could go to the Ice Capades with my teacher, and then hope to find the "bad people" so they could take me away from home. Anything had to be better than home. Every Christmas that passed since

her party, I'd ask for one present: white skates. I never got them. But truth be known, if I had gotten the physical skates, it wouldn't have solved anything. What I was devastated by, were my mothers' words and the lack of affection she showed. I couldn't seem to wrap my little mind around why she would do and say the things she did.

The memory of that one experience stayed with me for years as I continued to believe God to answer my prayers. Of course, I didn't know Him back then. I just figured I better pray to something in hopes that He was real. For years, I wondered why He would put a dream inside of me; let me get close enough to touch it, only to rip it out from under me. I didn't give up easy. I remembered what Ms. Madsen said. Life would get better if I didn't give up hope.

The memory of that seemingly insignificant event would end up haunting me for years of my childhood, until "reality" finally hit. My dreams of ever dancing on ice were shattered forever, when I turned fifteen. I was born with a disability that wouldn't fully manifest until I was in my early teens. To save my life, at the age of 16, I needed back surgery to continue what I saw then, as a pitiful existence. My hope of a better future died at the age of

seventeen. I had a very bad double curvature of the spine, progressing at a very rapid rate. My lungs were not performing at their peak, but at half capacity, so I would become easily winded just climbing a flight of stairs. The sac that enveloped my heart became dangerously close to perforation by a rib that was growing askew. Sixteen inches of stainless steel rods fused to my spine and seven and a half months confined to a plaster body cast, broke any hope that I would ever do anything more than bend at ninety degree angles. Even though the surgery was a success, and no one could tell of any deformity, dancing - among other things - was decidedly out of the question. Ice dancing, down hill skiing, roller skating... everything I ever wanted to learn, was no longer possible. I had a skateboard, but I never mastered it. I was always afraid of falling and hurting something. After my surgery, I burned it. I didn't want any memories to torment me, and naively, I thought burning it would get rid of them. My idea of freedom - the liberty of whirls and spins and escaping through ice dancing - was gone forever.

Doctors, for years, told me that even as I grew older and accustomed to the metal in my back, even if I made modifications, I'd never dance gracefully. They told me not to press myself beyond my physical limitations because it

could easily result in paralysis. The surgery that I had only left a few vertebrae un-fused, but they weren't ones that would allow for much flexibility. Later in life, after having two very high risk pregnancies and falling on my tailbone six months post-partum with the last one, simple exercising became excruciatingly painful. I could pull a muscle just by looking the wrong way, or so it seemed. I had fallen victim to chronic pain for 18 plus years since my initial back surgery. Sadly, twelve years prior to my having children, I had a work injury that took me out of the working class for several years. I snapped my neck, like when you crunch your knuckles – on two separate occasions – leaving me with nerve damage that nearly resulted in my left arm being amputated when I was 24. There had been several months where the blood flow from my neck to my left arm, was interrupted and my limb was on its way to becoming gangrenous without serious intervention. Apparently, amputation was the best remedy the “experts” could come up with. I thought they were out of their minds, and I refused.

A few months after I got that very bleak diagnosis from some of the best physicians in the world, other circumstances arose, and I cried out to the Lord in agony. It was then, that He saved me. I had an up-close and

personal encounter. He touched my left arm, and restored it. To God's Glory, I still have my arm today, and on a good day, I can touch type 60 wpm. I still suffer with periodic pain, because the right therapy wasn't implemented at the onset of my symptoms. I would be given a diagnosis of something called RSD. Reflex sympathetic dystrophy is a very painful, progressive, degenerative, and according to the experts - an incurable condition. Incurable is not even in my mental dictionary anymore. I've seen God do the impossible over the years. He always turns things around... in due time, and together, we manage.

The day I had the courage to defy my own fears, and I chose to dance before the Lord in those two worship services, I had a fleeting, very vain thought come to mind after it was all over. I wondered what I looked like to others as I danced. I'd always suffered ridicule as a child. In my teens and adulthood, I pretty much did anything and everything to hide by disability. This was the first time, now well into my thirties, that I actively and deliberately betrayed my own vows to keep a low profile. I wanted to know if, (because of the metal in my back), I looked like a little "stick girl" - and if so - how funny did I really look? It only mattered to me, but I was curious. God thought of that too. Someone had taped the performance, and came

up afterward, and offered to duplicate a copy for each dancer.

I had an opportunity to see for myself something really amazing. When I danced, it was as if I didn't have any disability at all. It was hard for me to believe others, who had known about my physical challenges, say that I looked fine - until I saw for myself. I thought they were just being kind. But astonishingly, I became a human optical illusion. I looked like one of those rubber pencil tricks, where you hold one end of a No. 2 pencil and wiggle it up and down really fast, and it becomes an optical illusion making the wooden pencil appear that it's made of rubber.

Then I realized something else. When the anointing, (the Power of God), comes on you, His Power not only affects the person He intends to touch, His Power also has an affect on the perception of how others see you when you're under such an anointing. In my own little way, for four and a half minutes, I reflected the image of total freedom in Christ. For the first time in my life, I actually felt free. I wasn't ice dancing, but I was dancing... in front of people, and as part of a team, and that day, I broke the chains that held my soul in bondage. The devil couldn't use my mother to torment me with words, and he couldn't torment me with fear, because I had faced it; God

brought me through. That day, I testified to the power of His Word. Taking impossible natural circumstances, allowing the Lord to visually defy them by simply obeying by faith, what I heard Him speak to my heart. In return for my obedience, He granted me a miracle; more than just a physical miracle. He sealed up the wounds in that part of my heart from when I was a little girl. The Lord God Almighty, Whose Throne I danced before that day, was proud of me. And that's all that mattered.

The Sunday I danced, with all the previous physical limitations I was compelled to work through, compounded by the weakened ankle - had I fallen, I could've really injured my spine, permanently. God knew all that. I was fully aware of the consequences, but I just knew in my heart... I had to dance. Didn't know why at the time, I just knew I couldn't quit. That fateful Sunday morning, I met Jehovah Rapha, The Lord My Healer. And I danced with the same Lord that had kept me from losing a limb so many years prior. I still suffer from chronic pain, and people always wonder why – if I've truly experienced the hand of God in such profound ways – why am I still burdened by pain? I simply do not know. But I know that I have something in common with the Apostle Paul. When I theorize and try to come up with reasons to answer people, I generally refer to Paul. I've

discovered that many “confession” believers don’t appreciate my explanation; they think I lack faith to believe for anything more substantive than the quick-fix theology we tend to promote God with. The Apostle Paul writes, **“To keep me from becoming conceited because of these surpassing great revelations, there was given to me a thorn in my flesh...”**, (2 Corinthians 12:9). I can identify with Paul, more than anyone else in the Bible. And I don’t know if “thorns” are placed in my flesh to keep me from conceit or pride, or anything else that displeases God and brings a reproach to His Kingdom. All I know is that I have very sharp thorns that I still petition the Lord to remove ... probably many more times than Paul did. And each time, it’s the same answer – ***My Grace is sufficient.***

Every time I reach my threshold and a thorn pricks me to intolerable levels, God reminds me of this poem, and the Sunday worship service that I was part of so many years ago. And then He whispers in my ears: **“Dance even in your pain, and by your faith, I’ll set you free.”** That has become my reminder to draw closer to Him, that I have somehow allowed circumstances to veer me off His chosen path for my life, whatever that may be. Every time I have listened over the years, no matter what the circumstances; when I follow His lead, He touches whatever hurts, and gets

me through another day. I believe He does this to prove how important praise and worship is. How important intimate fellowship with Him is. How listening to His Voice and acting in obedience and disregarding the flesh is, How all these things working in tandem, is instrumental in promoting deliverance from emotional bondage and healing of the natural body. His Truths stand on their own. ***“Delight yourself in the Lord, and He will give you the desires of your heart,” (Psalm 37:4).***