

THE  
TRUTH REVEALED



BY  
RENATE JOENOS-JURGENS

# **THE TRUTH REVEALED**



By Renate Joenoes-Jurgens

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## **Preface**

I am compelled by the power of the Holy Spirit to share and write about the revelation of the Holy Trinity in my life and to let the world know that Jesus Christ is indeed a part of the Holy Trinity - alive and well, and coming back soon! I pray that many will be saved through this revelation. Come to repentance and be ready at all times, for His coming is near!

## Chapter One – In The Beginning...

Jeremiah 1:5

*Before I formed you I knew you.*

*Before you were born I set you apart;*

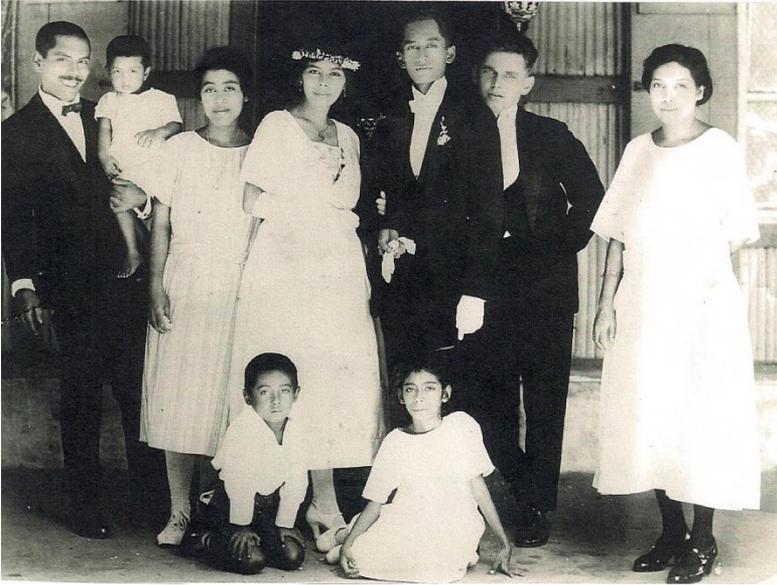
*I appointed you as a prophet to the nations.*

*You must go to everyone I send you to and say whatever I command you. Do not be afraid of them, for I'm with you and will rescue you.*

I, Renate Joenoes-Jurgens, in praise and thanksgiving to the Lord Jesus Christ, giving glory and honor to God the Father, do now testify of the work of the Holy Spirit in my life. He has called me to proclaim the message that “all should repent because the end is near” and come to saving faith and trust in the Lord who alone cleanses us from all of our sins and who heals us from all disease.

I was born in Indonesia on the island of Ambon. My mother's father, John Galustian escaped from the Armenia during the genocide by the Turks and settled on the Island of Ambon. There he met and married a Christian girl. They had five children; one son and four daughters, one of whom was my mother, Carolina Wilhelmina Galustian.





My father came from the island of Sumatra and was pure Indonesian, a Muslim and of royal blood. He worked for the Dutch Government and was sent to the island of Ambon, where he met and fell in love with my mother. Her father insisted that he convert to Christianity and become a Dutch citizen if he wanted to marry her. So he did. My parents married and settled on the island of Ambon. They had six children and I was the youngest. Due to the nature of my



father's work, we moved from island to island and eventually settled on the island of Java.

Shortly after I was born, my father was given a one-year furlough to go to Holland. Only four children (the older ones) were allowed to go with my parents. My brother Albert, who was two years older than me, was left in Bali with an aunt on

my mother's side. I stayed with my uncle and his family on the Island of Java (Bandung). On the way back to Indonesia from their furlough to Holland, my parents stopped in Bali to pick up my brother Albert. They never came back for me. So I was raised by my Uncle Henk and Auntie Fie. I grew up believing that they were my real parents and called them mom and dad.

They had two children of their own, a boy and a girl in their teens. My mother's youngest sister, Auntie Pop, was



staying with them as well. I was very loved and spoiled by all of them and could do no wrong. Every morning I would take a stroll around the

neighborhood before breakfast to share the daily news with the family, who were waiting for me. I became known as “the morning newspaper!” Several years later, my mom Fie, became very ill and was bedridden. Every day I would sit on her bed and keep her company. I loved her very much. Shortly before World War II broke out, my mom Fie was called home by the Lord, and I was heartbroken. My uncle was drafted into the army to fight against the Japanese. There was no one to take care of me.

Before he left, my uncle decided to give me back to my birth parents. Auntie Pop knew this would make me unhappy and that I would try to resist any effort to send me back. So she led me to believe that she was taking me to the dentist in Surabaya. The journey by train was long. When we finally arrived late in the evening, she told me to go to bed

and that we would see the dentist in the morning.

When morning came, I could not find my Auntie Pop. She had left and gone back to Bandung. I was heartbroken to find out that she had left me behind. As a child of only seven years, I could not understand why and how she could have done that to me. I thought that she loved me so much. Through all the hurt I discovered that she had left me at the home of my real parents. I found out that I had a sister and five brothers who were not happy to have me back. They treated me very poorly. I was slapped around by the whole family and at times, beaten with my father's belt. I had no one to comfort me. This was quite an awakening for me. I went from being loved and spoiled for seven years, (perfection) to not being loved at all. In the end, I took care of myself.

My brother Albert, who was two years older than me, became my best friend. We did everything together. He was always there to protect me until my parents separated and my mother took him and left. Not until years later did we hear from my mother the tragic news that Albert had been killed by a hand grenade. He and his friends had been playing marbles in the front yard during the Indonesian Revolution. He was only 14.

When I was nine years old, I was given a monkey that we kept chained to a cherry tree in the backyard. The monkey and I became best friends. I was also given a dog, a little white poodle that slept in bed with me. Every day after school I would sit under the cherry tree with my monkey, while she ran her fingers through my hair looking for lice (a favorite pastime of monkeys). My animals were my buddies, and I loved them very much. One day I noticed that my monkey was gone. Someone had released her from her iron chain. I questioned the servants, but they knew nothing about the monkey's disappearance. I burst into tears. My heart was

broken. My friend and masseuse had disappeared. Months went by, I can't remember how many. Then one day I saw my monkey standing on the ridge of the roof of my house. There was a little baby hanging onto her tummy and she was looking at me! It was almost as if she was asking me to forgive her for running away with the big baboon that was standing right behind her. I believed she wanted me to meet her family and let me know that she was alive and happy. She then turned and left with her family. I was very happy for her, but at the same time, I was sad that she was gone.

After the Japanese occupation, the Indonesians began to fight for their independence from the Dutch. One day, we heard shots being fired in our neighborhood, so the Indonesian freedom fighters began searching all the houses for any spies opposing the revolution. When the soldiers entered our house, they noticed a portrait of the Dutch Queen hanging on one of our walls. The soldiers accused us of being spies and held a gun to my father's stomach. We were terrified and began to cry. When they found out that my father was a pure Indonesian of royal blood, they gave us ten minutes to pack and leave the house. Two of my brothers were forced to join the freedom fighters (Robert and Ferdinand, they were only 15 and 17 years of age). The rest of my family was ordered to go to a camp far away. On our way to the camp, I realized that I had left my dog behind. Without telling the family, I went back to the house to get her. On my way back, I saw that my street was covered with dead bodies. It looked like a battle field filled with dead Gurkha's (Indian Soldiers), Japanese soldiers, extremists and civilians. As I stepped over all the dead bodies, all I could think about was my dog. She was so happy to see me, and together we made our way back and rejoined the family. They hadn't even noticed that I was gone.

The next day we were transported by train very deep inland to the city of Kediri. There my father was forced to work for the freedom fighters in their offices. We were only given one bedroom in a small hotel which was not big enough for five people to live in. My father, sister and oldest brother came up with the idea that I should sleep in a part of the hotel that housed the male employees to give themselves more room. They cut my hair very short and dressed me in a "hansop" (a one-piece outfit) to disguise me as a boy so that I would not draw attention to myself. For over a year, no one ever found out that I was just a ten-year old girl.

Every morning I had to get up at 4:00 a.m. while it was still pitch black outside to go into the village to get milk for my sister's baby. I had to go early because the milk usually sold out by 5:00 a.m. It was dark and I was very afraid to walk alone on the dirt roads to the house where the milk was sold. I could hear all kinds of strange noises coming from deep within the village - noises that were not familiar to me. I was afraid that something might attack me - a snake, an animal, or a person. I was constantly looking over my shoulder in fear. After a while, I became accustomed to all the strange noises, and I wasn't so afraid anymore. Although I did not know Him yet, the Lord was watching over me and protecting me. He was molding me and preparing me for what yet was to come.

A year later my sister, her baby, and I were able to escape from the freedom fighters who held us captive at the hotel. A friend of my sister who owned a car helped us escape. While we were on the run, we stopped at a family member's home where we obtained papers that would allow us to get on the train. While we were with the family, my sister's friend left to go on ahead of us. We heard later that he had been shot and killed at the train station.

My sister and I were able to continue by train to Jakarta. My father had escaped earlier and had laid out plans for our escape. He was waiting for us when we arrived in Jakarta. Praise God. He found a place for us to live and resumed his job with the Dutch Government.



My sister enrolled me in a Catholic school with my father's approval. The school required all students to attend mass once a week on Fridays; Catholics, non-Catholics and non-believers. I had never been to a Catholic Church before so when it was time for communion, I thought they were handing out cookies. I got out of my seat and stood in line with the others. My teacher, Sister Bernardo, did not see me standing in line and therefore was not able to stop me before I received communion. When the priest placed the wafer in my mouth, I was disappointed to find that it was not a cookie. Strangely enough, when I realized that it was not a cookie after all, I began to pray like the others (I had never prayed before in my life). At the end of the school day Sister Bernardo took me aside and explained to me that communion was only for Catholics and asked me not to do it again.

After six months of attending Catholic school, I approached Sister Bernardo and asked her to teach me about Jesus. I felt a need to know more. I attended her Catechism classes and at the age of 12, I was baptized in the Catholic Church in Jakarta, Indonesia. Shortly thereafter my father was given a one-year furlough to go to Holland. Before we left, I went to see Sister Bernardo to tell her that I was not coming back to school. I told her that I was leaving for Holland by

ship and wanted to say goodbye. She was surprised when I told her and she asked me if I knew the name of the ship. When I told her it was the Johan de Witt, she got very excited. She told me that she was going to Holland on the same ship and that there was no need for goodbyes! We were both very happy. One of the nuns who was booked on the same ship had become ill and could not make the voyage. Sister Bernardo was chosen to go in her place. I was overjoyed by the news and thanked the Lord for it. He knew that I needed someone to take care of me besides my father!

Once aboard the ship, Sister Bernardo approached my father and asked for his permission to take care of me during the 30-day journey. He was happy and relieved and agreed immediately. Upon our arrival in Holland, I promised Sister Bernardo that I would visit her in the convent. However, when we arrived, my father left me at my aunt's house, my mother's older sister. She was a Protestant, very strict and did not like the fact that I had become a Catholic. She would not allow me to visit Sister Bernardo or go to the Catholic Church. My bedroom became my church.

One day my aunt told me that she was going to take me to the Protestant church. With the little knowledge that I had of the Bible and being a new convert to the Catholic faith, I prayed to God to guide me. I did not know if it was okay for me to go to another church. When Sunday came it started raining so hard we were unable to go. I thought it was God's answer to my prayer.

The following Sunday, my brother Bob came to pick me up. He told my aunt that my father had married a Dutch woman and that I could come home now. At my father's house I was able to make my own choices about going to church, and I thanked God for that. The first thing I did when I arrived was to visit a priest who could help me enroll in the

Catholic school.

However, the freedom of religion that I enjoyed at my father's house was short lived because my sister, who now had three children, had just arrived from Indonesia and needed help with her children and the housekeeping. My father told me to go and help her. When I moved in with her, she told me that I was not allowed to correspond with Sister Bernardo who had already returned to Indonesia. I never even had the opportunity to visit her while she was in Holland on vacation. Nevertheless, I found a way to correspond with Sister Bernardo through a girlfriend of mine from high school by using her home address.

My sister later promised me that I could go back to my father's house in The Hague during summer vacation, which made me very happy. I could hardly wait for summer to come so that I could meet up with my old school friends. When summer arrived, my sister received a letter from my father with five guilders in it for my train fare. In my excitement, I immediately began to pack my suitcase. When my sister realized what I was doing, she became very upset. She told me that my father was having problems with his pension and that he was unable to afford it at the time. She called the money that he had sent "blood money" and tried to make me feel guilty for taking it. I believed this was her way of trying to stop me from leaving. If I left, she would no longer have anyone to help her with the children and around the house. I told my sister that if my father was having money problems, I would give him back his five guilders. I also told her that I would look for a job so that I could help him. At that she became enraged. Her husband who had just come home heard her screaming at me and not knowing what was going on he walked into the room, picked up my suitcase and threw it out of the window. I was so frightened that I ran out of the

house and down the street to my good friend Lenie's house. She and her four brothers helped me pick up my clothes which were scattered all over the yard. Then they walked me to the highway where I could hitch a ride to my father's house. Finally a man in a truck stopped and gave me a ride.

When I rang the doorbell, my stepmother answered. She was very happy to see me. She had chocolates, cookies and tea waiting for me. I was very surprised to see that my parents were able to afford cookies and chocolates after my sister had told me that they were struggling financially. I told my father what my sister had said about his five guilders and what she had done to me. I also told him what a nightmare it had been living with her. After hearing my story, my stepmother insisted that I stay with them. She and I became very close. We were only ten years apart in age and shared similar interests. Throughout the years we remained very close until she was called home by the Lord.

While I was still in high school, I met my ex-husband, who was 19 at the time. We dated for five years before we were married. We moved into a small apartment in Scheveningen where we lived for four years and had three children; a boy and two girls. When I was 25, my husband suggested we move to the United States, the land of opportunity, so we immigrated to the U.S.A. and settled in Seattle, Washington. There I gave birth to a fourth child, a baby girl. I stayed faithful to the Lord and had all my children baptized. I also took them to Catechism classes and to church every week as is required of one in the Catholic faith.



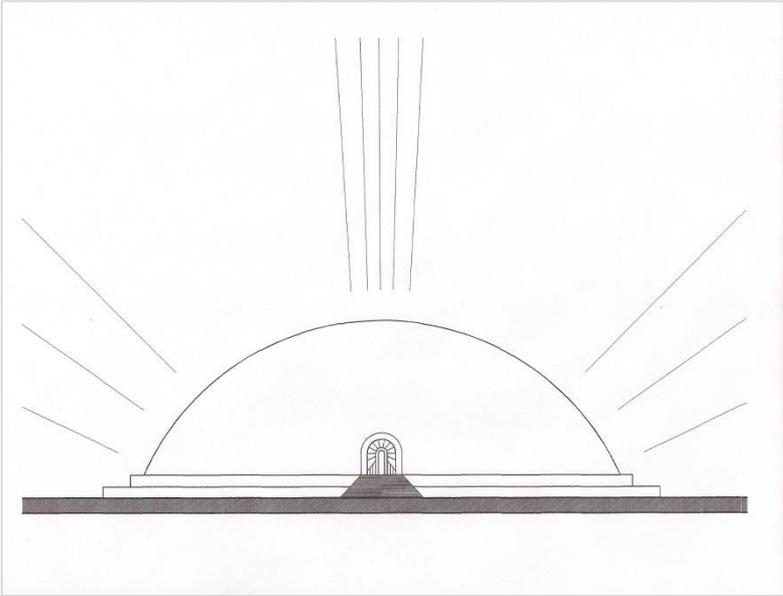
## Chapter Two – Enlightenment

In 1962 my husband started working for Chevron Oil Company, and in 1971 he accepted an offer to transfer to Concord, California. I was not happy about it and neither were the kids. We loved our home, our friends, and our lives in Seattle, Washington.

In 1975 in the early morning of Good Friday, I woke up from a prophetic dream. While it was still vivid in my mind I wrote it down, but I did not know what it meant (I had no knowledge of the Bible).

I dreamed that a stranger appeared in my house. We didn't know who he was but he acted like he was a part of the family and made himself at home. He walked up to me and told me to gather the people of the town and take them to the square where empty cars and buses were waiting to be filled. On the way to the square, I saw an old lady with grey hair who was having her hair done at a beauty shop. I called out to her, "Hey you have to come!" I told her to follow me and to get into one of the vehicles that were waiting in the square. She kept telling me that the beautician had not finished her hair yet, so she couldn't leave. It took some coaxing, but she finally got onto one of the buses. Then I got into the backseat of one of the waiting cars. I looked up and saw that angels were trying to force my ex-husband into the backseat next to me, but he kept trying to escape. It took three times before he finally gave in and sat down. Some old friends of ours from Holland were sitting in the front seat. He and I were the last ones to get in before we all took off.

After what seemed like a very long time, the cars and buses finally came to a stop. I looked around and saw that the streets were white, and across the way there was a big, white



dome with two or three long steps leading up to an open arched door. I looked around and noticed that we were all dressed in long white robes. (Rev. 7:13) *Then one of the elders asked me, “These in white robes—who are they, and where did they come from?”*

As people started getting off the cars and buses, we recognized some our old friends and we greeted each other. We stood in line, two by two, husband and wife as we entered the dome. I was very surprised to notice that my ex-husband was walking next to me. The answer then came to me: *“What God has joined together, let man not separate...”<sup>8</sup> Only of the hardened heart of men had God given Moses the authority to give them a letter of separation.* (Math. 19:6 and 8).

As we entered the dome we came into an enormous room filled with light, yet I saw no lights. Standing on the far



immediately grabbed her hand and told her to repeat after me “I believe in God, I believe in God.” I told her not to give up, but her hand slowly slipped out of mine and she fell back into the pit.

I then proceeded to walk straight ahead and noticed an arch that led into another room. There were no doors in the dome, only arches. When I entered the large room I noticed a small stage on the left side of the room. There were old church chairs in the room facing the stage. They were made of wood and had woven bamboo seats, like the ones I remember seeing in the Catholic Church in Indonesia when I was a child. The chairs were facing the stage in a semi-circle and you could either sit or kneel on them. There were only seven chairs. (Seven is God’s perfect number.) I sat in the last chair on the right because the other chairs were already occupied. To my right was a wood partition carved with flowers dividing the room. As we all knelt, a man came from behind the partition and walked onto the stage. He looked like an Israelite. He was dressed in a black suit with a white shirt and had short black hair. He stood there and stared at all of us, and I looked back at him wondering who this man was. All of a sudden everything became very clear to me and I said, “Oh my goodness, it is Christ” and I immediately woke up. (John 20:14) *At this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not realize that it was Jesus.*

I gathered my four children together and I shared my dream with them. I didn’t know what the dream meant, so I went to see a priest hoping that he could give me some kind of explanation. He was not able to interpret it for me.

In 1978, my husband and I divorced. I petitioned the Catholic Church and was given an annulment certificate by the Bishop in Holland.

In 1984 I went to visit an old friend from school whose husband was a theologian. I shared my dream with him and he told me that my dream had something to do with Revelation, which is the last part of the Bible. He then got up, left the room and later came back with two old Dutch Bibles. He had written something in the books and said, “This is for you to read.” I was pleasantly surprised. I didn’t know what else to say but “thank you and thank you!” I was so happy that finally after nine years someone was able to tell me something about my dream. I couldn’t wait to get home so I could read my two new Bibles. Unfortunately, I couldn’t grasp the meaning behind the scripture because it is written in parables.

### *The Two White Stones, December 1988*

I returned to Indonesia to visit my family and to take



care of some business. This was my first trip back in 40 years. I was visiting with my friend, who is a doctor in Jakarta. We were sitting in his office, when a man walked in off the street, wearing only a pair of white shorts. He walked straight up to me and held out a coconut in one hand. It was cut in half and there was a little white stone in it. In the other hand he held a larger white stone which he had taken out of another coconut earlier. He asked

me if I wanted to buy the stones. I had never seen a white stone in a coconut before and neither had the doctor, so I bought them for next to nothing. Not knowing what to do with them, I kept them in my wallet with my small change for eight years. It was eight years before I found out what the white stones represented. It was through a sister in Christ, that the truth was revealed to me. She referred to Rev. 2:17, *Whoever has ears, let them hear what the Spirit says to the churches. To the one who is victorious, I will give some of the hidden manna. I will also give that person a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to the one who receives it.*

### ***The Dream of 1988 – Rapture***

After I received the white stones and while I was still in Indonesia, I had another dream. This time I dreamed that I was at a party where a big orchestra was playing. I wanted to sing “My Way,” but the conductor would not let me unless I had permission from an old lady who had hired them. The old lady was sick in bed and she was dressed in white. The nurse who was with her was also dressed in white. She handed me a note to give to the conductor giving me permission to sing the song. When I turned to go back to the party, I couldn’t seem to find my way back. I ran into my daughter Jolanda, who tried to help me when all of a sudden we saw a brick building that resembled a church. We decided to go in and ask for directions. There were two men facing each other and looking at a big iron ball that was hanging from the ceiling between them. They told us not to speak but to hurry and touch the iron ball for the last time because it had been moving ominously. It was circling slowly and somehow I knew it represented the end of the world was about to begin. When I

quickly touched the iron ball the roof of the building opened up and we looked straight up into the sky. We saw small, dark gray clouds floating in the air. Every time two clouds came together they formed a human body floating in the sky. Soon the sky was full of human bodies. (1 Cor. 15:52) *...in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed.*

It was an awesome sight to behold. It reminded me of the paintings on the ceilings of the Catholic cathedrals and chapels in Europe. Jolanda became very frightened, so I told her to pray and revel in the beauty of the clouds. Soon all that had surrounded me disappeared before my eyes. I thought of my children, Tony and Gwendy, and wanted to reach out to them, but was unable to do so because the phones were out of order. I wanted to tell them that it was the beginning of the end of the world. I also tried to call Desiree, my youngest daughter, to let her know but couldn't reach her either. The world, it seemed was in total chaos and the end was near.

As soon as I woke up, I wrote down the dream while it was still fresh in my mind. I knew it had spiritual meaning. With the help of the Holy Spirit, I was able to interpret the dream and in 1994 after attending Bible College I received confirmation. One small cloud represented a new body and the other one a spirit, and when they came together they formed one human body. This was the body that all the souls who had gone before us in the name of Jesus had long been waiting for. This was the Rapture! (2 Cor. 5:3) *For we will put on heavenly bodies; we will not be spirits without bodies.*

## ***Dreams of the Harvest***

In 1989 I was called to Holland for business. I fell asleep one night at the hotel and had a prophetic dream. I saw the Lord and His Angels. They were holding golden sickles and were all dressed in gold. (Rev. 14:14-16) <sup>14</sup>*I looked, and there before me was a white cloud, and seated on the cloud was one like a son of man with a crown of gold on his head and a sharp sickle in his hand.* <sup>15</sup>*Then another angel came out of the temple and called in a loud voice to him who was sitting on the cloud, "Take your sickle and reap, because the time to reap has come, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."* <sup>16</sup>*So he who was seated on the cloud swung his sickle over the earth, and the earth was harvested.*

On October 27, 1990 I had another dream. I was visiting friends at a beach house. I looked up at the sky and saw many people dressed in beautiful colors wearing Vietnamese farmer's hats. They were harvesting the golden rice fields. I saw a woman dressed in a dark blue robe who was holding a bundle under her arm as she walked away. I later met my daughter Gwendy at the beach and shared my vision with her. (Mark 4:29) *As soon as the grain is ripe, he puts the sickle to it, because the harvest has come.*

## ***A Dead Bird Brought to Life***

In 1991 while I was on the phone with one of my real estate clients, my right hand became very hot. I mentioned it to her and she suggested that maybe the Lord was going to use me for something. I don't know why she made such a random comment or where her thought came from, but it made me wonder. Then one day, my neighbor called and asked me to help her remove a dead bird from behind her

piano. We had no idea how it got there. While I was holding the dead bird, my hand became very hot once again. I was going to throw it into the garbage, but after holding it and feeling the heat from my hand coursing through its body, I was curious to see if anything would happen. So I put it in a box with bread and water, covered the box with gauze netting and left it overnight. The next day to my surprise, the bird had come back to life! I was so excited I told my daughter Jolanda, who was living with me at the time, and called my neighbor to come see what had happened. The bird was alive! They were speechless. I took the bird out of the box and let it go, but it wasn't strong enough to fly over the fence and it fell to the ground. Not knowing how to care for it, I brought it to the animal shelter where it could get the attention it needed.

A few days later my daughter Jolanda was having terrible stomach pains. I thought to myself, what if I lay hands on my daughter? Will she be healed like the bird was? So I laid hands on her and she was instantly healed by the Lord! This was the beginning of my anointing by the Lord.

In December 1992, I was invited to attend the Indonesian Ecumenical Church in Walnut Creek, California. I sat down in an aisle seat. When the worshippers got up to sing praises to the Lord, I could not get out of my seat or move my hands because my body was completely stiff. I tried to call out to the pastor but could not speak. I tried to scream, but nothing came out. Nobody paid any attention to me. I prayed silently to the Lord and said "Lord, if this is from You, I will take it, but if it is not from You, please take it away." After what seemed like a long time, I was able to move my hands again. When I opened my hands it felt like big circles of energy were hovering just above both of my hands. They felt so heavy that I could hardly hold them up. I said again, "Lord, if this is from you, I will take it but if it is not from you,

please take it away.” Then I felt the circles slowly becoming smaller and smaller until they became dots and then they disappeared into both of my hands. All this was happening while the church was still singing to the Lord. Since then many extraordinary things began to happen.

I knew it was the power of the Lord because the circles were like the wheels described in Ez. 1:15-21, <sup>15</sup>*As I looked at the living creatures, I saw a wheel on the ground beside each creature with its four faces.* <sup>16</sup>*This was the appearance and structure of the wheels: They sparkled like topaz, and all four looked alike. Each appeared to be made like a wheel intersecting a wheel.* <sup>17</sup>*As they moved, they would go in any one of the four directions the creatures faced; the wheels did not change direction as the creatures went.* <sup>18</sup>*Their rims were high and awesome, and all four rims were full of eyes all around.* <sup>19</sup>*When the living creatures moved, the wheels beside them moved; and when the living creatures rose from the ground, the wheels also rose.* <sup>20</sup>*Wherever the spirit would go, they would go, and the wheels would rise along with them, because the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels.* <sup>21</sup>*When the creatures moved, they also moved; when the creatures stood still, they also stood still; and when the creatures rose from the ground, the wheels rose along with them, because the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels.*

I constantly feel the energy. (Col 1:29) *To this end I strenuously contend with all the energy Christ so powerfully works in me.*

### ***Out of Body***

In June 1993, the most peculiar thing happened. After my evening prayer, the Lord took me out of my body. I was

lying down and the next thing I knew, I was looking down at myself just an arm's length above my body! The Lord was showing me that my spirit and my body were two different entities and that the body without the spirit is dead or holds no value.

On July 7, 1993 after my evening prayer the Lord took me in the spirit again. I was whisked away in the twinkling of an eye. The wind was blowing pleasantly in my face. It was a strong wind, like something you would feel sitting on the back of a motorcycle and it felt so good. It was neither hot nor cold, but just perfect. It was such a heavenly feeling, I didn't want it to stop. After some time had passed, the Lord brought me back into my body. I opened my eyes and felt unclean, like I had dirty clothes on. I was back in the sinful world. I realized that I had changed because I felt different, but it was something I couldn't explain.

These experiences motivated me to enroll in the Northern California Bible College to learn more about the Lord and the Bible.

On August 24, 1993, I was taken in the spirit by the Lord. Once again I felt a pleasant breeze on my face. This time it was nice and cool. I saw what looked like a film strip with three pictures, like the negatives you receive when you develop a roll of film. On the left was a beautiful blue mountain surrounded by white clouds, in the middle was a building like a wall, and on the right a paned window. The Lord later revealed to me that the mountain was Mt. Olive; the building, the wall of Jerusalem; and the window, the upper room.

On September 28, 1993 after my nightly prayer, the Lord took me again in the spirit. I felt myself being lifted up as I was lying down and then I was slowly brought to an upright position until I was on my feet. (Ez. 2:1-2) *Ezekiel's*

*Call to Be a Prophet<sup>1</sup> He said to me, “Son of man, stand up on your feet and I will speak to you.”<sup>2</sup>As he spoke, the Spirit came into me and raised me to my feet, and I heard him speaking to me.*

I looked up and saw that the sky was completely filled with twinkling lights. They were so brilliant that they brightened the evening sky. I realized that they were stars. Then suddenly the sky opened up and there in the middle stood the Lord. He was looking right at me. His hair was white and wavy down to His shoulders. His eyes were golden brown and full of love. He had on a long white robe.

I stood right in front of Him and when He spoke, His voice echoed. He looked directly at me and pointing His finger down at the earth said, “That is the planet of the three Jesus’!” His voice resounded through the vast universe and reverberated after each word. I tried to look down, but could not move. His eyes were full of love as He continued to look at me. He turned to leave and as He did, He smiled at me. Then I saw two clean cut men in white short-sleeved shirts sitting down. They both said to me, “North, North West” one after the other. One repeated what the other had said as if in confirmation. Before I came back into my body, I saw what looked like a chessboard. Two thirds of the squares on the board were hatch marked with fine horizontal pencil lines and the rest were blank.

### ***Bible College 1994***

After these events, I decided to quit real estate and focus on the Lord’s message. I enrolled in Bible College, hoping to decipher the meaning of the dreams and experiences and to learn the truth about what had happened to me. What did these experiences mean and were they of God?

On October 15, 1994, I was attending a class about prophesy where faculty members, Ken Bower and his wife were prophesying. All of the students sat in a circle and in the middle of the circle was an empty chair. Each student had to sit in the chair when it was their turn to be prophesied. His wife spoke in tongues and Ken interpreted. Finally, it was my turn to sit in the chair. Ken Bower and his wife were strangers to me. They knew nothing about me. While I sat in the chair, Ken's wife sang and sang instead of speaking in tongues. Ken then prophesied, "Now is the time that people will call you blessed!" This prophesy was repeated twice, by Ken and then by his wife. Afterwards, the students were told to stand around me in a circle while I remained seated in the chair. Then they all began to sing the song, "We're standing on Holy ground." I was surprised and did not know what to think, but I did know it was a very significant experience and that I needed to write it down.

The Dean of the Bible College announced to the class that the Lord had given me the gift of healing and referred three people from his church to me who had severe back problems. I prayed for their healing and they were indeed healed by the Lord. When class was over, Pastor came up to me and asked me to join his church in the ministry of healing. He told me he believed the Lord was using me for his ministry. I thanked the Pastor for his offer and told him that I was not able to accept because I believed the Lord had other plans for me.

During the time I attended Bible College, I learned much about the word of God and in doing so, realized that the Catholic Church was not where God wanted me to be. I have since been attending churches that preach only the Word as it is written.

## Chapter Three – Missions and Miracles

### *The Demon Nudi*

In 1994 I went to Indonesia to the islands of Java and Sumatra where people were waiting for prayer. On the island of Java, I was asked to pray for a man named Apul. He had been sick for ten years. His family had taken him to a doctor and a paranormal, but no one was able to heal him. Apul was no longer able to go out during the day; he could only go out at night because the light hurt his eyes. His family arranged for me to see him one night at his sister's house (they belong to the Batak tribe and were Christians).

All the lighting in the house was very dim because they had to keep it dark for him. We were led into a room with three-quarter high walls and white blinds that covered the window. There was no furniture, just a mat on the floor. They left me alone in the room with him, and I told him to lie on the floor and to ask the Lord Jesus to heal him. I closed my eyes when I started praying for him. While I was praying, I peeked at him because he began to act like a wild animal, kicking his legs, swinging his arms, and making animal-like noises. I quickly closed my eyes again and forcefully told the demon to get out in Jesus name. The demon then introduced himself to me and said in a very low voice, "My name is Nudi." I responded in Indonesian and said, "I don't care what your name is, get out in Jesus name!" The demon then began to pray in Muslim. In an attempt to distract me, he started whistling while I continued to rebuke him in Jesus name.

After some time had passed, Nudi began speaking to

Apul, whose body he was inhabiting. He said, “We cannot die, because this person is not an ordinary person.” He then begged me for mercy. He recognized that the Lord was with me and had given me the power to cast him out thereby saving Apul. I responded by telling the demon to get out in Jesus name. I commanded him, “Go into the swine and drown yourself in the ocean.” When I opened my eyes, I saw the blinds shaking. I quickly closed them and continued to tell the demon to get out in Jesus name. I heard a high pitched noise coming from the direction of the window. It sounded like it was coming towards me. The noise became louder and louder and as it came closer I felt it trying to strike me. Suddenly, the noise gradually turned from me and it seemed to bolt back out of the window. I knew it was the power of the Holy Spirit that had driven Nudi away. When I opened my eyes, I looked at Apul. His body lay limp on the floor. At that moment, Apul was completely delivered of the demon by the power of the Holy Spirit. He stood up and gave thanks to God. Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

It took me a couple of years to overcome the fear of the first exorcism. This was my initiation into the Lord’s work. Thank you Jesus!

### ***The Rescue of the Goat***

In May of 1994, I was driving home from my granddaughter’s first communion with my grandson, Jason. We were driving through the country and noticed that a goat had his head stuck in the wire fence. It was a very hot day and we didn’t know how long the goat had been in that position. I immediately stopped the car and my daughter Desiree and her husband, Jack who were following behind us, did the same. We got out of the car and started walking toward the goat.

Suddenly out of nowhere, two big watch dogs ran toward us. One was black and the other was brown and they started baring their teeth and growling. Desiree and Jack thought that there was nothing they could do so they got back into their car and left. Jason and I stayed because we wanted to help the goat. I looked at Jason while the dogs continued to growl and told him not to worry. I said to him, "Get the pliers out of the car." He immediately obeyed me until he realized what I was trying to do. He then said to me, "But nana ..." and his voice trailed off. I looked at him and told him not to be afraid, because the Lord would protect us. He started cutting the wire from around the goat's neck while I held up both of my hands toward the dogs and commanded them to be quiet in Jesus name. They immediately stopped growling, sat down, and began licking the fence. Jason continued to cut the wire around the goat's neck. After a while, the brown dog grew tired of licking the fence and left. The black dog stayed on, licking the fence and wagging his tail. Not until Jason had accomplished his mission and the goat was set free, did I put my hands down. We both thanked the Lord our God. This experience had a long lasting effect on Jason. He was spiritually enlightened through this event and had a new respect and belief in my calling. (Ex. 17:11) *As long as Moses held up his hands, the Israelites were winning, but whenever he lowered his hands, the Amalekites were winning.*

### ***God's Plan for Me***

On March 12, 1995 I was once again taken in the spirit by the Lord. I found myself at the real estate department at the bank where I used to work. While I was talking to my supervisor and co-workers from another department, I started to elevate and left them. The Lord took me to several places

where I saw myself casting out demons and healing the sick by the power of the Holy Spirit. It was very powerful. I would touch them or shake their hands and they would be healed. I would point in their direction and say the words, “In Jesus Name you are healed,” and they would be healed. It was an amazing experience. My message to the people was to repent because the end is near.

The last place the Lord took me to before I returned to my body was a country that I didn’t recognize. I saw a building with a large arch in the center and smaller arches to the right. I saw people running toward me out of the big arch asking to be healed. As I was leaving, I noticed a man who was possessed standing in one of the smaller arches. From across the street I immediately pointed my finger at him and commanded, “Get out in Jesus name!” Then a streak of white smoke came straight out of his left shoulder, snaked down toward his hip, darted away from him and disappeared in the form of an S – S for Satan or Snake. He fell to the ground and was delivered. Praise God!

I knew then that my mission was to spread God’s word. He wanted me to warn the people that the end is near and to prepare them for His coming.

Then I saw my ex-husband. He was still a non-believer and would not come to the Lord. I then returned to my body, and I realized I had been away for a very long time. It had been 2 hours and 15 minutes.

### ***The Woman in a Coma***

On July 20, 1995 the Lord took me in the spirit again. I was sitting in a chair on my front porch in the dark. A woman who was wearing a dark coat was standing on the other side of the white picket fence. She was very thin, had

dark skin and long tousled, curly, black hair. She had a desperate look on her face as if she was asking me for help. I returned to my body and wondered what the meaning of this message was.

The following evening, July 21, 1995 at 10:00 p.m., I received a phone call from Joey Gonsalves who had been previously healed by the Lord. He had been in a motorcycle accident and was not able to walk, but the Lord had healed him and he is now walking. He told me that his sister was dying and in a coma at Kaiser Hospital in Martinez. He asked me to come and pray for her. I told him to call ICU first to find out if we would be allowed to visit her this late in the evening. Five minutes later, he called back to let me know that we had permission to see her.

I picked up Joey on the way to the hospital. He was slight of build and had blonde, curly hair. I thought about the woman I had seen last night and out of curiosity I asked Joey if his sister was tan, skinny, and had long, curly black hair. He said yes. I wondered if she could be the woman I had seen in the spirit. When we got to the hospital and entered the ICU, I recognized her immediately. She was indeed the woman I had seen the night before. Her body seemed lifeless and she was on life support. Her family had already made arrangements to fly in from Hawaii the next day to say good bye to her.

The nurse told us that she would be able to hear us even though she was in a coma. When I started to pray for her I noticed that the skin on her forehead began to move. I realized that the Lord was healing her, and I knew she would be fine. After we left the hospital, I shared with Joey how I had met and seen his sister the night before while in the spirit. I kept telling him not to worry and assured him that the Lord had healed her completely.

Two days later coming back from a short mission at

Folsom prison, I called Joey. He sounded very happy and excited and told me that his sister had been healed and that she had been released from the hospital. We both thanked the Lord our God for his love.

### *New Zealand 1996*

In 1996 I received a phone call from a woman named Carol who was referred to me by Mrs. Chee. She told me that her sister-in-law was in the hospital dying and asked me if I would come to New Zealand to pray for her. Mrs. Chee had told her about my work for the Lord. I told her I could pray for her sister-in-law from my home, and that I did not need to fly to New Zealand to pray for her. She then told me that she had already purchased a plane ticket for me. At the time, I was still in school and in the middle of my exams. Not very pleased about having to interrupt my studies, I discussed the matter with the Dean of my school. He responded by saying, “Sometimes the Lord likes to be represented. We can work something out with your exams.”

So I flew from Oakland to Los Angeles to catch the flight to Auckland. After I boarded the plane we were told that the plane was having some problems and that we would probably have to stay in a hotel for the night. I thought to myself this is not good news for the sick woman. While we were still on board, the plane was being fixed and I had an opportunity to evangelize to one of the flight attendants. Suddenly I heard the captain announce over the intercom that the plane had been fixed and we could leave shortly.

When we arrived in Auckland I had to transfer planes to get to Roto Rua. It was a small six-passenger plane. I had never been in a small plane before. I looked out of the window and saw the most beautiful scenery. When we landed,

I got off the plane and looked up. There before me was a beautiful rainbow. It was a complete arch touching the ground on both sides. One of Carol's friends picked me up at the airport and drove me to the hospital. On the way she told me that Carol's sister-in-law had just passed away. I immediately thought of the beautiful rainbow. I felt that it was a sign from God that she was fine and that she had made it home.

Carol was devastated and in tears when I met her at the hospital. She took me directly to see her sister-in-law's body. Her feet were already cold when I touched one of them but it suddenly became warm in my hands. When the Holy Spirit told me to stop, I immediately took my hands off of her foot. This was her time to go home. There was nothing more to be done.

After the funeral I had a few more days to spend in Roto Rua and was able to evangelize and pray for others who were in need of God's touch and the confirmation of His existence. Carol and I became good friends and stayed in contact throughout the years until she passed away.

### ***White Stones Evangelistic Ministry***

After graduating Bible College in 1997, I started to work full time for the Lord. One day I took a second look at



my white stones. I noticed that they both had rings around them from top to bottom. I believe these rings or circles, like the ones that came into my hands in the church, represent the power of God (Ez. 1:15-21). They began to appear in photos confirming that where I go, they go with me. Whenever I pray for people, they appear

on the people; when I share God's message, they appear in



front of my mouth. The stones also hold other significant signs, more than meets the criteria that is written in the Bible to be accepted as a white stone from God. Therefore, I named my ministry "White Stones Evangelistic Ministry" because of the stones the Lord had given me and what they represented. White Stones



Evangelistic Ministry is a ministry that operates only by word of mouth as is God's will. Those who have asked to be baptized, the Lord baptizes through me. I then advise them to seek and attend a church that preaches the Bible according to God's word only.

I did not accept any money during the many years of service and did not ask anyone to sponsor me. Everything I needed for a successful mission was provided to me by the

Lord through Mr. Lee Soon Teck whom the Lord had chosen for this purpose. I met Mr. Lee Soon Teck through one of his friends who had been healed by the Lord. (1 Cor. 9:18)  
<sup>18</sup> *What then is my reward? Just this: that in preaching the gospel I may offer it free of charge, and so not make full use of my rights as a preacher of the gospel. (2 Cor. 2:17) Unlike so many, we do not peddle the word of God for profit. On the contrary, in Christ we speak before God with sincerity, as those sent from God.*

## Chapter Four – Revelations

In 1997 I received a phone call from Mrs. Chee. During our conversation, she told me that her daughter had mentioned something about the 10-40 window and that the churches around the world had been praying for a revival in that area. The 10-40 window is a part of the world map that contains countries that are predominately Muslim, Hindu and Buddhist, such as Asia, the Middle East and Northern Africa. It is the least evangelized area and has the highest concentration of non-believers. She went on to say that the squares that I had seen when I was in the spirit in 1993 represented the 10-40 window and that the churches started praying for this region in October of 1993, a month after I had seen it in the spirit.

In 1997 as I was reading the Bible from beginning to end, the Lord revealed to me the meaning of the three Jesus'. Genesis 1:2 states "*that the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.*" This means that God is Spirit and because He is Holy, we call Him the Holy Spirit. In John 1:1 it is written, "*The Word (who is Jesus) became Flesh. And in the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*" So, if Jesus is God and God is Jesus and the Holy Spirit is God, and God is the Holy Spirit, can we then not say the three Godheads, the three Jesus or the three Holy Spirits? At that moment, I knew what the Lord had meant when He pointed to the earth and said, "That is the planet of the three Jesus," in September 1993 while I was in the spirit.

## *1997 Revelation of North, North West; Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*

After I graduated from Bible College, Kim Tan and Mrs. Chee invited me to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. I told them that the work of the Lord had priority. They pleaded with me to pray to the Lord for approval. When I did, the Lord told me to go. I called Kim to give her the good news and Mrs. Chee immediately tried to get tickets. She was not successful at first because all



the flights from Singapore via London to Jerusalem were sold out. Mrs. Chee however, never gives up and she continued to search for different possibilities. With God's help she succeeded. She called Kim and was very happy and excited because she had found a church in Singapore that was going

on the same pilgrimage to Jerusalem and they had extra tickets. They told her that we were welcome to join them. Our route was to fly from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia) and from Kuala Lumpur to Aman, Jordan and then to Jerusalem by bus. I was thrilled to find out that from Singapore to Malaysia is North and from Malaysia to Aman, Jordan and Jerusalem is North West! This was the North North West that the two men in white were referring to when I met up with the Lord in the spirit on September 28 1993. (Acts 1:3-5, 8, 10, and 11). <sup>3</sup> *After his suffering, he presented himself to them and gave many convincing proofs that he was alive. He appeared to them over a period of forty days and spoke about the kingdom of God.* <sup>4</sup> *On one occasion, while he was eating with them, he gave them this command: "Do not leave Jerusalem, but wait for the gift my Father promised, which you have heard me speak about.* <sup>5</sup> *For John baptized with water, but in a few days you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit."* <sup>8</sup> *But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth."* <sup>10</sup> *They were looking intently up into the sky as he was going, when suddenly two men dressed in white stood beside them.* <sup>11</sup> *"Men of Galilee," they said, "why do you stand here looking into the sky? This same Jesus, who has been taken from you into heaven, will come back in the same way you have seen him go into heaven.*

Kim Tan and Mrs. Chee were the instruments the Lord used to bring me to Jerusalem. A picture that I had taken of a valley in Jerusalem on a day when the sky was blue and there were no clouds, no hint of rain, provided confirmation of the circles that had come into my hands. Thus I received my full anointing.

We then went on to Egypt. I left my friends to join a

church group that were going to climb Mount Sinai to see the sunrise. We left at midnight to begin our journey. Everyone was given a camel to ride for the first half of the climb. I had



never been on a camel before and the guide gave no instructions. The camels walked right on the edge of the mountain which really scared me, but when our

caravan took off and I looked into the sky I forgot all about my fears. The sky looked exactly as it did that night on September 28, 1993 when I met up with the Lord in the spirit. It was dark and full of twinkling lights that brightened the sky. I started crying because I knew then that something extraordinary was going to happen on top of that mountain to confirm my meeting with the Lord. I thought excitedly to



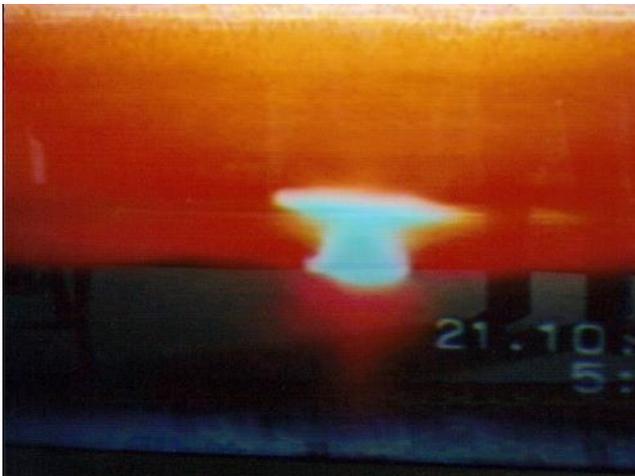
myself as I sat on the back of the camel, would the Lord appear to me in the sky in front of all these people? I had no idea. Still in tears and sore from the ride, the caravan finally

stopped and I needed help to dismount.

From this point on, we had to climb the rest of the way on foot. A married couple and two young men from the Church group joined me as we climbed to the top. The higher

the altitude, the thinner the air and this made it more difficult for me to breathe. As a result, I had to stop more often. The men looked worried when we made our last stop before reaching the top because they thought we might miss the sunrise at 5:00 a.m. So I said to one of them, “Look at me. The sun will not rise until we have reached the top.” I repeated it once more to reassure him. Somehow I knew that the Lord was going to reveal something to me and He would wait until we got there.

We did indeed arrive on time. In fact, we got there 45 minutes early! It was so beautiful up there, it took my breath away. I was waiting impatiently and wondering what the Lord would reveal to me. The sun started to rise and James, who had stayed with me during the climb, began to take a video of the sunrise. I was standing next to him when he stopped filming and said excitedly, “Hey, what’s going on? It’s not the sunrise that I’m capturing on this video! I’m getting



something else. Come look!” We looked on in awe as he continued to film. There on the camera was a human-like figure with what appeared to be arms and legs.

Then it transformed into the head of a lamb before our eyes. It continued to change and we saw a cross appear



behind the lamb's head. Finally, it turned into the bright morning star.

(Rev. 22:16) *I, Jesus, have sent my angel to give you this testimony for the churches. I am the Root and the Offspring of*



*David, and the bright Morning Star.* Many people were also filming the sunrise. However, God had allowed only James to capture the transfiguration. Just a

few select people were able to witness this amazing message from the Lord. When I shared my experience about my encounter with the Lord in the spirit, James looked at me in wonder. I explained to him that I believed the Lord had used him to deliver His message to me in confirmation of my meeting with Him in the spirit in September of 1993. He then promised to give me a copy of the video.

When I returned to Singapore, I dropped off my film to be developed. When I picked up the pictures and started looking through them, I was surprised to see that the photos I took of the valley were covered in circles. Inside the circles were dots that I believe represent the all-seeing nature of God. (Ez. 1:18) *Their rims were high and awesome, and all four rims were full of eyes all around.* At the time I did not know



that Isaiah 22:1 refers to this valley as the Valley of Visions and that according to the Bible, the Lord reveals himself in many visions in this valley. I had received confirmation before going out into the world to proclaim His message.

Singapore became my home base, and I stayed with my sister in Christ, Kim Tan, who opened her house to God's work. From here the Lord took me to the several places that He had shown me in the spirit in 1995: Vietnam, Cambodia, Myanmar, Indonesia, Laos, India, The Philippines, Guam, Armenia, Georgia, Lebanon and Singapore. Kim, Mrs. Chee and I began the mission in Asia starting with Vietnam in 1997. We had to work underground because evangelizing

was against the law. We were in Vietnam for just a short time before heading back to Singapore. Our mission was very successful. Many people were healed and heard the message of repentance.

Right before we finished our mission, a brother in Christ who was instrumental in introducing us to the underground churches was tragically hit by a car. Whether it was by accident or intentional, we never did find out, but we continue to keep him in our prayers. We thanked and praised God for the work we were able to accomplish in Vietnam and for all the brothers and sisters in Christ we had met who had risked their lives to spread the word of God. Eight years went by before the Lord brought us back to Vietnam - everything in God's time.

### ***Singapore 1998***

In May of 1998, Kim Tan and I were praying in the kitchen of her home in Singapore. We asked the Lord if it would be acceptable to Him that we worship together at her home instead of going to church. We prayed for a sign of approval when suddenly three bolts of lightning came through Kim's open kitchen window and struck her refrigerator. We were astonished to receive such a quick response to our prayers. (Matt. 18:20) *For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them.*

Months after this incident Kim received a phone call from the Ambassador of Singapore to the United Nations. His brother-in-law, Manu, had a brother Jivat who was gravely ill. The Ambassador wanted to know if we would come pray for Jivat. He had recently been admitted to Mount Elisabeth Hospital in Singapore. The Ambassador told Kim that he would pick us up and take us there. We agreed to come. On

the way to the hospital he explained to us that Jivat had just returned from India to bathe in the Ganges River. Many Hindus believe that the act of bathing in the river can cleanse them of their sins, bringing them one step closer to the release of the Indian cycle of reincarnation.

He told us that Jivat had become gravely ill while on his way back to Jakarta, Indonesia. During a layover in Singapore, Jivat was taken to Mount Elisabeth Hospital because he was too sick to continue the journey to Indonesia.

We arrived at the hospital and were taken to Jivat's room. Before I would pray for him I explained to him that he needed to ask the Lord Jesus for healing. I told him that I was just a vessel through whom the Lord works. He agreed and I started praying. When I finished he felt strong enough to make the journey home. The Ambassador asked Kim and I to accompany Jivat back to Jakarta the next day. I told him that I had to pray about it first because there were others in Singapore who were waiting to be healed by the Lord. While in prayer, the Lord told me that those waiting to be healed in Singapore already knew Him, but the family of the Ambassador who were Hindus needed to hear about the Lord. I asked Kim to call the Ambassador to tell him that we would meet them at the airport. When we arrived at the airport we saw Jivat well dressed, sitting in a wheelchair, with a smile on his face. This was an amazing transformation from his appearance the day before. Praise the Lord!

My seat on the plane was directly across the aisle from Jivat. We landed safely in Jakarta and were driven to his home. When we entered his house, we saw a grand spiral staircase that filled the large foyer. Jivat climbed the staircase effortlessly without any assistance. Kim and I looked at each other and smiled. He went into his bedroom and we waited in a large open area at the top of the stairs. His family members

had arrived from all over Indonesia to be with him and they filled his huge bedroom.

When evening came, I was asked to pray for Jivat again before retiring. Before we walked into the bedroom Kim pulled me aside and whispered in my ear that she had seen a large picture of Sai Baba hanging above his bed. Sai Baba was a Hindu miracle worker and his followers worshipped him as a God. I then turned to Manu and told him that I would not pray for Jivat until they removed the picture or had him moved to another room. He told me to wait while he talked it over with the rest of the family. When he came back he told us to come into Jivat's bedroom. We were pleasantly surprised to see that they had removed the picture.

Every morning we were picked up from the hotel and brought to his house. I prayed for him each morning when he woke up and in the evening before he went to sleep. We evangelized to his family during the day and after the evening prayer they would bring us back to our hotel. As the days passed, he felt better and better and wanted to learn more about Jesus. He was so happy he started entertaining us by playing his guitar. As his spirits rose, his wife asked for prayer and his daughter wanted to learn more about Jesus.

A week later we received an early morning phone call from one of the family members. They told us that Jivat had just passed away and that his eyes were completely open. No one was able to close them. They asked if we would come to the house right away. They picked us up and drove us to the house where we found his entire family standing around his bed. He had been dead for a few hours and his eyes were indeed wide open. When I laid my hands on his eyes, the Lord closed them immediately as the family members looked on.

The next day they invited me to pray along with the family in a traditional Hindu memorial ceremony which

would be led by a Hindu priest. I told them I would not be able to accept their invitation and that they would have to choose to have a Hindu ceremony or a Christian ceremony. The next day I prayed at his memorial. Our God is Great! I realized the Lord's mission was not only for me to bring him back to his family but to relay God's message to them.

### ***1998/1999***

When we went back to Singapore Kim and I were invited to attend a Bible study. As people arrived, we started talking about speaking in tongues. I kept telling the ladies that it is written in the Bible not to speak in tongues unless it can be interpreted for all to understand. Otherwise it does not benefit anyone but the person speaking. Before we started with the Bible study, I was approached by one of the ladies who told me that she was having problems breathing when she lay on her left side in bed at night. She wanted me to pray for her. She was an elder in the church who frequently visited the sick in hospitals around Singapore. I asked Kim, who had seen and experienced a lot in her career as a medical social worker, to come with me. We went into an adjoining room and closed the door. I told the lady to lie on the bed. Kim knelt on the floor with the Bible in her hand. The moment I touched her, she started behaving in such a way that made even Kim's hair stand straight up. Her arms started to move like a Hula dancer, then her stomach started to rise and she looked like she was nine months pregnant. She kept bending both her knees and feet upward. I realized that she was possessed. As I prayed, her arms stopped moving, then her stomach became flat and her legs lay straight on the bed. She repeated this behavior for over three hours. Every time she lay still, I knew that another demon had fled her body. Then

she began speaking in tongues, mocking the Lord and laughing at Him while she writhed like a snake.

While she was mocking the Lord in tongues, I told Kim to open the door to the adjoining room where the ladies were having their Bible study. I wanted them to hear her speaking in tongues to make a point about the conversation we had earlier. They became frightened and left. Only two women stayed on with the hostess and they began singing “In the name of Jesus we have the victory”. The possessed woman however, was still full of demons and continued to writhe like a snake. In spiritual warfare, the Lord then told me to touch her foot. He told me it was the head of the snake. So I touched her foot and as I did I could almost feel his slimy head in my hands. Satan fought back and both my ring finger and my little finger of my right hand went numb. Still I held on to his head with my left hand while I pulled with the right and with one great effort his entire body departed hers by the power of the Holy Spirit.

I then rebuked Satan and shook my hand vigorously to cast him out of the fingers he had numbed. This experience was very enlightening for the women in the study group and brought them closer to the Lord. Kim and I were elated and gave all the glory to God!

### ***The Ballroom Dancer***

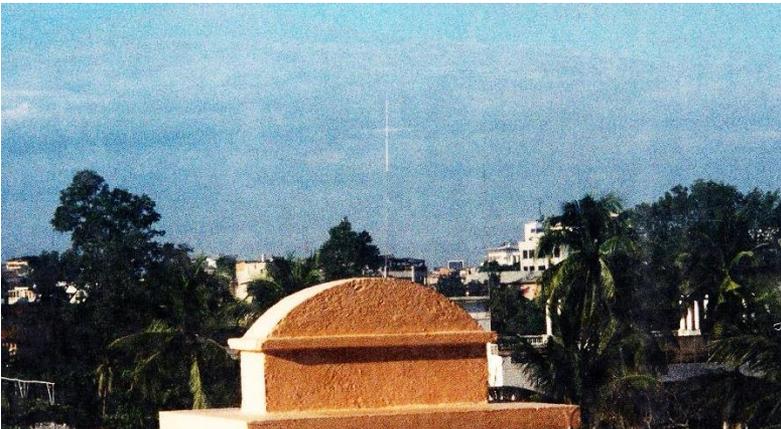
Weeks later a gentleman came to Kim’s house to seek healing from the Lord. He told me that he used to be a ballroom dancer but because of a nerve problem in his ankle, he had to stop dancing and now had to walk with a cane. He did see a doctor, but without any positive results. I took him into Kim’s room and started praying for him. He immediately fell in the spirit so I left him to greet Josephine Ho and some

of her Bible group friends, who had come to visit. When I told them that someone was being healed by the Holy Spirit in Kim's room, they all began to sing praises to the Lord with their beautiful voices. When I went back to the room his eyes had just opened and he said that while he was in the spirit he heard angels singing and thought that he was in heaven. I laughed and told him to get up in Jesus name and to walk and throw away the cane. He did so immediately without hesitation and thanked the Lord for his complete healing.

### *Cambodia 1998*

In 1998 Mrs. Chee, Kim and I traveled to Cambodia while the elections were being held. There were riots and shootings in the streets and the country was in a state of turmoil. We were warned by the hotel personnel not to leave during certain hours. With the help of an employee who worked for my sponsor, Mr. Lee Soon Teck, we were able to visit some of the nearby villages and share God's message.

One morning Mrs. Chee and I were standing on the balcony of our rooms and noticed a cloud formation that looked like a cross in the sky. I quickly grabbed my camera



and was able to capture it. By the time Mrs. Chee got her camera, the cross had disappeared. Just then the phone started ringing and Mrs. Chee answered. It was a gentleman who wanted to know if we could come pray for his mother-in-law, who was very ill. Mrs. Chee told the gentleman to pick us up Friday evening in the hotel lobby. Two men walked into the lobby of the hotel as I was coming down the stairs with Mrs. Chee and Kim Tan. They walked up to us and introduced themselves. Suddenly, the front door opened and armored soldiers came in and escorted us to a Panjaro Jeep. Next to the driver sat an armed soldier while Kim Tan, Mrs. Chee and I sat in the seat behind them. Behind us sat two more soldiers armed with shotguns. Two motorcycles flanked the car, providing escort. The two men who had met us in the lobby were riding in a Mercedes at the front of the motorcade. The three of us looked at each other questioningly. Mrs. Chee asked the driver three times where he was taking us. He did not answer her because he didn't speak English. I then whispered to Kim to tell Mrs. Chee to be quiet before he got upset.

We finally came to a stop at a road block where soldiers stood with shotguns. We were allowed to proceed after the guards recognized the two men in the Mercedes ahead of us. The soldiers were guarding a neighborhood where high-ranking government officials lived. We were allowed to pass through a tall iron gate and stopped in front of a house that looked like a palace. The grounds were beautifully landscaped. We got out of the car and the gentleman who had spoken to Mrs. Chee on the phone, approached me and said "This is the house of my father-in-law. He is the President of the National Assembly of Cambodia." We walked up the beautiful marble steps to the front entrance of the palace. The front door opened and we

walked into an enormous vestibule lined with chairs, like a receiving area. Facing us at the far end of the room was a large statue of Buddha.

The President came into the room casually dressed in shorts. He had a crew cut, was of medium build, and was accompanied by soldiers. He walked up to me, looked me in the eyes, and then shook my hand. He did the same to Mrs. Chee and Kim before leaving with the soldiers. His son-in-law then turned to Kim and asked her what she did in order to pray for the sick and Kim told him, "Not me!" He then asked Mrs. Chee the same question and she also said "Not me!" She pointed at me and said "Renate!" He finally came to me and asked me the same question. I also told him, "Not me!" I said, "It is Jesus," and started to explain to him that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one and only healer. I further told him that when his mother-in-law was willing to say "Lord Jesus please heal me," I would ask the Lord to heal her. He then told me to wait while he discussed the matter with his mother-in-law. When he came back, he had a smile on his face and told me that she had agreed. She appeared very thin and sickly and in a great deal of pain. However, she presented herself with much grace and dignity and I could tell she was of royal blood. After prayer she felt good and she thanked the Lord and wanted us to come back the next day.

This time only a few soldiers came to pick us up from the hotel, without the motorcycle escort. The lady had two nieces with her that day. They were having back problems and were in need of healing before leaving to study in Australia. After prayer, they both thanked the Lord for their healing and said "We wish that you lived in Cambodia!" They invited me to come and visit them anytime if I was ever in Cambodia again.

After working in Cambodia on and off for eight years,

I went back to visit her. A government worker, who used to be a pastor, was able to arrange a meeting with her while an interpreter was present. She looked wonderful, asked for a prayer and gave thanks to Jesus. She then walked us to the veranda, hugged us and blew us kisses while we walked to the car. I was happy to see that she was doing so well and that she still welcomed the word of the Lord.

### ***Back in Myanmar***

In 1999 we were invited to pray for healing at a Baptist Church in Myanmar. It was located in a very poor area where most of the worshippers were of East Indian descent. The Senior Pastor at the time was Dr. Johnny Maunglatt, who was known as Pastor Johnny. He was a great help and a dear brother in Christ. He told me that after he graduated from the theological school in Australia he was asked to stay on, but turned down the offer. He felt that his calling was to help the poor people of his own country and to teach at the theological school in Myanmar.

When the service had ended, I was approached by one of his assistants who asked to be prayed for. He was possessed. He told me that he used to be a firewalker, testing his Hindu faith by walking on embers, but that he had come to the Lord and put these rituals behind him. I began praying for him and every time I commanded the demons to leave, his body would go limp and we knew that another demon had left. Pastor Johnny told me after the exorcism, that he had counted eight demons leaving the man's body.

Pastor Johnny went on to lead the church for many years until he was called home. He is dearly missed. My thanks go out to Pastor James, Pastor Sado, Pastor Bamo, Brother John, and Lucas. Also to my dear sisters in Christ,

Karenza, Kathy, Amanda, Kyi Kyi Sein and her lovely family and all who were part of God's ministry in Myanmar. It was in this Church, where the miracle picture of the Hand of the Lord was taken.

In 1999 in the Baptist Church in Myanmar I was given confirmation of the existence of the Holy Trinity. During the service, Kim Tan was taking pictures while I was praying for the congregation.



When we returned to Singapore and developed the film, we looked at the pictures and were amazed at what we saw. We were excited and elated all at once. One of the



photos showed a bright light in the form of a bird that had no shadow. Another photo showed a brilliant white light in the form of a small hand with a shadow. Still another photo



showed a bright light in the form of a hand coming out of the sleeve of a robe that also had a shadow. (Isaiah 53:1) *Who has believed our message and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?* I believe that this was a representation of the Holy Trinity. The bird represented the Holy Spirit which has no shadow because it is absent of body. The second photo of the hand did cast a shadow which signifies God in the flesh, Jesus Christ. The shadow indicates physical matter. The third photo was the larger hand in a sleeve that represented the hand of God. I believe the message God was giving me through the photos was that He is the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Even though you cannot see Him, He can see you because He is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent. He is the healer, not I. I am His servant. (John 12:26) *Where I am, my servant also will be.*

## *Buddhist Monks, Myanmar 1999*

In Yangon, Myanmar in 1999 a dear brother in Christ, Lucas, who had been healed by the Lord invited Kim Tan and me to go with him to Mandalay to share God's message and pray for the sick. While we were praying for the sick, a Buddhist monk walked into the house. He was gravely ill and wanted to know if I would pray for him. He had been walking down the street and saw a crowd gathered in front of the house. When he stopped to ask what was going on, the people told him that someone inside was praying for healing. A monk is highly regarded in Myanmar, so they stepped aside for him as he made his way through the crowd.

I told Lucas, our interpreter, to tell the monk that he had to say, "Lord Jesus, please heal me." The monk answered,

"Cannot!" So I said, "Then I will not pray for you," and he left. The next morning the monk showed up again. I asked Lucas what he wanted. Lucas told me that he had received permission from the head monk to pray to Jesus for healing. He would not be allowed to be a monk for that one day. After he asked the Lord to heal him, I laid my hands on him and he was instantly



healed. He then raised his hands and said, “Thank you Jesus, hallelujah and praise the Lord!” I found out later that Kim had been taking pictures and when the film was developed, I saw a green snake-like apparition coming out from his head. I remembered that Buddhist monks pray to idols in the form of snakes and other animals.



It was an extraordinary occurrence for a Buddhist monk to come to Jesus for healing. Not only did the monk come, but after he was healed, a Buddhist nun also came in and asked for prayer.

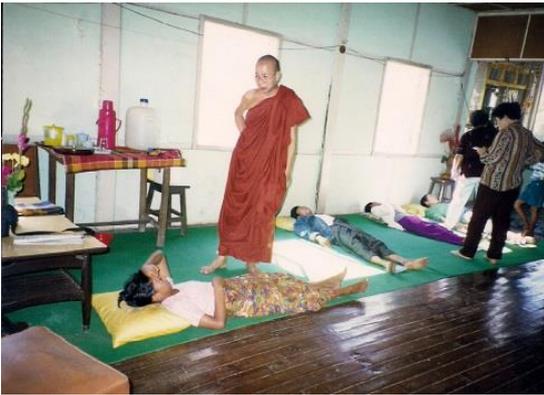
Months later, Mrs. Chee, Kim and I went back to Mandalay. Through friends of ours in Yangon, we were told that Lucas had died of a heart attack while on the train from China to Yangon. Even though we lost a dear friend in Lucas, we knew that the Lord wanted us to go on with the mission. In fact, we were given a sign. While our plane was in the sky,



Mrs. Chee, who was sitting in a window seat, looked out and saw a big circle near the front of the plane. Within that circle was what appeared to be a plane. She told Kim to wake me up and to look out the window. What I saw amazed me! It was an

image of a plane in a big circle. The circle with the plane became smaller and smaller as we approached the landing strip in Bagan and then disappeared completely when we landed. We were disappointed that we were not able to take a picture because our cameras were in the overhead compartments. Perhaps the picture was not meant to be taken, but only a sign for the three of us to see. We knew the Lord was watching over us and we did not worry any longer about finding an interpreter because we knew that He would provide one for us.

The Lord does work in mysterious ways. We were at the same house in Mandalay praying for the sick, when another Buddhist monk walked in. He was higher in rank than the previous monk we had prayed for and he was



accompanied by two women, one of whom needed healing. After prayer, we invited him to have lunch with us. We talked about God's work and our

mission. When he heard about the miraculous works of our Lord and witnessed the healing of others, he offered to be our interpreter. We thought to ourselves, God must have quite a sense of humor to give us a high ranking Buddhist monk as our new interpreter. Throughout our mission in Mandalay, the monk who was of Chinese descent was of great assistance to us and invited us to come back to Mandalay.

Mrs. Chee gave him a Bible as parting gift. He then handed me two notes written in English and Chinese. He

wrote that we were fated to meet and that we were destined by God to be together.

缘分  
缘分

lot or luck by which people are brought together.

We are here together, it must be fate.  
~~you and I~~ <sup>all of us</sup> were fated to meet here.  
~~It is unbelievable~~ <sup>was</sup> all of us fated to meet here.

Destined - 注定  
 Destiny - ① 命運. 天命. ② 命運(之)神

It is destined by god  
 also destiny.

  
 AASHIN TU ma wa  
 (CHUAN SHANG LONSO)  
 Date: 16-12-99

Tumour: 肿瘤  
 a small tumour on the top of the womb.  
 But afraid for hysterectomy operation. cannot be  
 pregant. it is ~~is~~ was not cancer  
 known from her doctor.

**DHL**  
 To: Mrs. Kwan 18/1/99  
 Action  Note (FYI)  Approve  Comment  Return  
 I will never forget you.  
 I hope able to help  
 you in your next trip.  
 may god with you  
 for ever. & bless you  
 From: Mrs. Chuan Hotline: 3448911

**DHL**  
 To: Mrs. Kwan 18/1/99  
 Action  Note (FYI)  Approve  Comment  Return  
 我亦會把這封信  
 寄給結下一次來的  
 時候。祝賀你的工作。  
 願示中與結永存。願平安  
 愉快  
 From: Mrs. Chuan Hotline: 3448911

Happy X'mas  
 and  
 happy New Year  
 祝聖誕快樂  
 新年快樂

Months later, Kim and I, with the Lord's permission decided to accept the monk's invitation and we went back to Mandalay. The monk was very happy to see us and took us to a village where eighty people were waiting to hear the Message and to be healed. After the eighty were healed by the Lord they all went home. Kim and I took a short break and had something to drink. We had not even finished our drinks when the Police showed up at the house and told us to get in the back of their truck. They drove us to the Police Station where they began to interrogate us. We were told to give them our passports and to sit at a long table where several military policemen were already seated. There was a Myanmar flag in the middle of it. We were surprised to see our interpreter, the monk, at the table with the policemen. Kim sat to my right and the Major sat across from me. He looked me in the eye and asked, "What is your business here and what are you doing in Mandalay?"

I responded, "We were invited to pray for sick people who need healing, and for those who cannot work because of their illness. They are not able to feed their families. Is that so wrong?" I continued, "We do not ask for payment for prayer, but instead give money to those who are in need. Is that so wrong?", I asked again. "We don't ask them to become Christians. We ask that they ask the Lord Jesus to heal them for I cannot heal them, only He can." While the Major continued looking at me, I asked, "Who does that flag belong to?" I pointed to the flag in the middle of the table. He pointed to himself and said "Me!" Then I said, "If I would like to have that flag who should I ask?" He again replied "Me!" "Well then," I said, "That is the same with the healings! I cannot heal anyone. Only the Lord Jesus Christ can heal and that's why they must ask Him to heal them!"

As they all listened intently to what I was saying, the Holy Spirit spoke to me and reminded me of the pictures I had in my back pack.

I then excused myself, got up and grabbed my back pack. I took out the pictures of all the miracles the Lord had given me; the cross in the sky in Cambodia, the hand of God in Yangon, and the Holy Trinity in Yangon. I said to the Major, "Look, I will show you my God, The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit who is the healer." I laid the pictures on the table for all the police to see.

They looked at the photos for what must have been at least 10 to 15 minutes after I had explained to them what each photo represented. They looked at the photos and at me in amazement. Then the Major turned to look at me and said, "I'm sorry. I apologize. You both may go." He then gave us back our passports. As we were leaving, the monk told the Major, "If your wife ever becomes ill, we will come back and pray for her." It was the Lord's will that we testify about our God to these people so that they also might have a chance for salvation.

Back at the hotel, Kim and I realized that the monk had deceived us. He had gone to the police and told them about us and he knew that our driver was a government spy. In the end he felt bad that he had turned us in.

The next day, while Kim and I were having breakfast before our departure to Yangon, the monk showed up and asked if he could accompany us to the airport. He sat next to the driver in the front seat of the car. I said to him, "I don't understand why the police came after us. We hadn't done anything wrong!" The driver then answered, "Here in Myanmar, monk is number one. Police is number two," meaning that a monk is highly regarded in Myanmar and has the government's ear. This is probably why we were picked

up, because the monk had been speaking to the police about our work. The monk remorsefully responded by saying, “Only the young monks, not the old ones.” It seemed like he was



sorry and wanted to make amends by accompanying us to the airport. He made sure that we were okay and made it through customs without any problems.

Once we arrived back at our hotel in Yangon, Myanmar he called us twice and asked us to come back, but the Lord had a different agenda for us. As word spread about our work for the Lord, people came from all over Myanmar to ask for prayer.

### *Singapore 2000*

In May 2000 I went back to Singapore. Kim Tan and I were at the Changi beach watching the sunset. After the sun had disappeared, I felt a strain in my eyes from the glare of the sun, or so I thought. Suddenly round circles, dark blue and greyish were coming towards me from the direction where the sun had gone down. They turned into smaller circles and changed colors in mid-course as they approached me. The outer ring became dark blue, the next ring turned red and in the middle of the circle was a brilliant white light. I was almost able to touch them, that’s how close they came to me. Every time I reached out to touch them, they would pull back

out of my reach, like they were playing a game with me. This went on for 10 or 15 minutes. I called out to Kim and said, “Hey look! The circles are playing a game with me and they are beautiful!” To my disappointment, Kim was not able to see them no matter how hard she tried. I suppose they were only meant for me.

A few months later while I was on mission in Myanmar, I shared this phenomenon with my friend, Dr. Johnny Maung Latt. He told me that they were cherubs and that cherubs are playful. What an amusing experience!

### *Arizona*

After the mission in Myanmar, Kim and I flew back to my home in the United States. One day I received a call from a sister in Christ who invited me to pray for the sick in Arizona.

We flew to Arizona and arrived at the home of our host on a sweltering summer day. It was so hot that a mockingbird fell off the garage roof and onto the cement driveway. One of my host’s relatives picked up the dead bird and ran into the house where I was praying for the sick. He put the bird into my hands while others looked on. As I held the bird in both of my hands, its eyes slowly began to open and roll around, then close and open again. Then its beak slowly opened and closed and opened and closed again. I then felt a surge of energy coursing through my hands, like the vibration of a small motor. All of a sudden I felt something warm in my hands. When I opened them I saw that the bird had defecated. Shortly thereafter the bird started flapping its wings and tried to fly away, so we took it outside and let it go. I later realized that the energy I felt was the Holy Spirit working through me.

## *Back in Singapore 2000*

When Kim Tan and I returned to Singapore later that year, Mrs. Chee asked if we could go to the Philippines to visit her brother and a friend of hers who was a nun. She said that while we were there we could also do the Lord's work. Manila, the capital of the Philippines is a bustling place and full of life. We were excited to start our work there.

We arrived in Manila and left the city to visit the nun at the convent. It was around noon when we arrived. The nun invited us to join her and the other sisters for lunch. One of the nuns was late in joining us and apologized, because she had been attending a class. When I asked her what course she was taking, she answered excitedly, "I am taking a class on how to heal by the power of the sun!" I almost fell out of my chair and tried with the Lord's help to compose myself. Afterwards, I tried to explain to her that only the Lord can give you the gift of healing and that you cannot buy it, learn it, or get it from the sun, or anywhere else. You may try to ask the Lord for that gift, but it does not mean that He will bless you with it. (1 Cor.12:11) *All these are the work of one and the same Spirit, and he distributes them to each one, just as he determines.* I stopped trying to explain to her because our views were so far apart. I urge everyone who reads this book to test the spirits first before allowing someone to pray for them. (John 4:1) *Beloved, do not believe every spirit, but test the spirits to see whether they are from God, for many false prophets have gone out into the world.* We then continued on to the church to meet with the priest. We were allowed to pray for healing for his parishioners in a separate room behind the church.

One day as we walked through a big shopping center

in Manila, we noticed that the Catholic Church was setting up a place to hold mass in the middle of the mall. I was surprised to see four big posts being set up as boundaries and on top of each post was a sculpture of the sun. This reminded me of the nun whom I had spoken to earlier who believed she could learn how to heal by the power of the sun.

I thought to myself, how sad that many have fallen away from the word of God. The first commandment says, “Thou shall have no other Gods before me” so why are they looking to the sun to heal and putting up idols in their church? I turned to Mrs. Chee and Kim and asked if they knew why this open church was being built in the middle of the mall. They told me that the church wanted to make it more convenient for the people to attend mass.

### *California 2001*

My neighbor Anne Branton, who had recently returned from a family vacation in Mexico brought me back a present! It was the head of the Lord made of gray clay. I hung



it on the white picket fence in my front yard, facing the house. One day there was such a strong wind, that the sculpture fell to the ground and broke in half. I glued it back together and hung it back up on the fence. A couple of years later, I noticed that the crown of thorns on the head of the

Lord was shining like gold, but it was not gold, bronze, or copper. There wasn't any metal in the figurehead when I fixed

it two years ago. I had no idea what it could be, so I decided to take a picture of it. A visitor, who was staying with me,



then took a picture of me standing next to the clay figure. After we developed the photos, you could see His crown of thorns shining like gold in the photo that I took. His eyes were looking straight ahead. The picture that my guest took

showed that while I was looking at the clay figure, His eyes had changed direction and He now appeared to be looking at me. When I showed Anne the pictures she said “You give me



the creeps!” The clay figure continued to transform as time went by. Today, the figure appears to be bleeding from the crown, eyes, and mouth. Whether it is the elements that caused this trans-

formation or another phenomenon, we’ll never know. I believe this is God’s constant reminder to me of all that He

has suffered and endured for mankind. That He suffered, died, is risen and is coming back for us!

### *Port Orchard/Guam Mission May 2002*

We were invited to come to Port Orchard, Washington to pray for the sick. There was a young man who had HIV and the Lord healed him completely. His mother called me on Easter Sunday to tell me that the doctors could no longer detect the virus in his blood. She thanked me for my prayers and she gave the glory to God.

There was also a woman who was bedridden and completely crippled by a bad back. The woman's children had begged her repeatedly to seek the Lord's help for healing and to come to this prayer session. She finally agreed. Her husband laid her on the sofa, and I prayed to the Lord for her healing. She fell in the spirit and when she opened her eyes, I told her to get up from the couch in Jesus name. She stood up and was completely healed. Her children and her husband were amazed and looked at me with tears of joy. She spread the word of her healing to her family in Guam. Months later,



Mrs. Chee, Kim and I were invited to Guam to pray for healing.

Guam is a beautiful island and has the most gorgeous sunsets. Every evening when we returned from our work, we would watch the sun go down from our hotel balcony. Mrs. Chee, Kim, and I were able to share the

Lord's message and to heal the sick by the power of the Holy Spirit. The people are very friendly, hospitable, and needed to hear the message that He is our salvation and to repent because his coming is near.

*Veal Toc, Cambodia 2002*

After a grueling four-hour trip, with tropical storms and muddy roads, we finally arrived in Veal Toc. Mrs. Chee, Kim and I were accompanied by Pastor Imm who was introduced to us by Pastor Vibol from Cambodia. I had met Pastor Vibol in Singapore several months before. He had spread the word to his congregation that I would be coming to pray for the sick. The



people were waiting in a small building at the bottom of a hill when we arrived.

It was raining so hard, it made it impossible for us to reach our destination. The small building where the people were waiting was flooded; in fact the entire area was under water. They all waded through the water to get to higher ground where we were waiting for them. The pastor tried to find a different location to accommodate all of us. By the grace of God, we were given permission by the village leader to use the school building. God is great! After this experience, Mrs. Chee and I discussed the possibility of purchasing a piece of property on higher ground to build a simple church for God's people. After long discussions with the pastor, we were able to purchase a beautiful piece of property to build on.

On our next visit to Cambodia, we were surprised and touched to see that they had put up a sign that read "This land was donated by White Stones Evangelistic Ministry."

Years later, the church was converted to an orphanage that exists to this day. Other organizations contributed to expand the facilities, and a bridge, bathrooms and several out buildings were added. It is now an orphanage under the supervision of "Saylan" the pastor's wife, who is a dear sister in Christ and hard worker for the Lord's cause.





During one of our return visits, she gave me a staff that looked like a snake entwined around a branch. In ancient times, this symbolic staff was wielded by healers and to this day is representative of healing and medicine. She told me that it had grown on the land that we had donated to the church.

### *Yangon, Myanmar 2004*



We were gathered in the home of one of the church elders praying for the sick when a Buddhist Monk walked in off the street. He was sick and had heard about the Lord's healings and wanted to be healed. Pastor Johnny started to speak to him about Jesus. While he spoke, he shared with him the pictures that I had taken in Pastor Johnny's Baptist Church several years ago. The monk listened intently as he explained the cross in the sky and the hand of God in the pictures. He then asked the Lord Jesus Christ to heal him. When I laid my hands on him, he was slain in the spirit and lay on the floor for a very long time.

When he opened his eyes, Pastor Johnny asked what he had experienced. He said, “I saw the Christian church in the village where I grew up. I believe it was a message from God wanting me to come to Christianity. The Lord has completely healed me.” He started to praise the Lord.



When we returned home from our mission, we had our pictures developed. We noticed a light



in the form of a cross on the wall above the monk’s head, as he lay on the floor in the spirit. It is possible God was giving him direction and inviting him to come to the church.

### *Tsunami in Chennai, India 2005*

A sister in Christ from Singapore introduced us to a pastor in India. He invited us to come pray for his congregation who were affected by the 2005 tsunami that killed over 100,000 people. It was a devastating site to see. Entire cities were destroyed; people were without food and



drinking water. My sponsor Mr. Lee Soon Teck, who had business in India at the time participated in the efforts to bring food and sup-

plies to those who were affected by the tsunami.

The pastor took us to several villages where the Lord



healed the sick and cast out demons. One day the pastor suggested we evangelize in an area he had never visited before

because of the opposition to Christianity. The village was full of unbelievers, oppressed people in bondage and those who practiced the dark arts. We agreed to go. Upon arrival, we met an older man who was sitting outside in his front yard and who seemed to be the leader of the village. The pastor walked up to him and began telling him that Jesus can heal. After hearing this, he immediately wanted to be prayed for. He had problems hearing and was instantly healed by the Lord. In amazement he took us into his hut to pray for a young man and the Lord also healed him. After the young man was healed, the news spread and all the villagers who needed prayer came out of their huts and walked toward us. The

leader of the village directed that chairs be put on each side of the dirt street. We walked up and down the street praying for each person and our awesome Lord healed them all according to their faith. The little children were touched by the Holy Spirit and fell where they were standing in the street. It was an amazing sight to behold!



### *Cambodia 2005*

For eight years I kept asking the Lord when He would allow us to go back to Vietnam, but He was silent. Then one day while we were doing God's work in Cambodia, Pastor Vibol approached me and asked, "Sister Renate, this work of the Lord is needed in Vietnam. Will you go there?" He then went on to say, "I will fetch you from the airport and introduce you to Pastor Vihn." Completely surprised and excited by the invitation, I answered, "Of course I will!" This was the answer to my prayers! I told him that I had been praying for eight years after our first visit for the Lord's approval to go back to Vietnam.

Evangelizing is illegal in Vietnam and those who preach outside the law are prosecuted, so most of our work was done underground. When we entered a village, we had to make sure the police were not present. If they were there, we had to wait outside the village until we got confirmation that the coast was clear.

One day we were visited by two men on motorcycles while sharing God's message and praying for the sick. The motorcyclists were reluctant to come inside. Not realizing that

they were undercover policemen, we invited them in. When they noticed all the people lying in the spirit on the floor, they



became frightened. They got on their motorcycles and left in a hurry. After we left, we were informed that the police had returned and taken those who were prayed for into custody for a few days.



Sometimes, when we visited other villages we would have to drive to the edge of town where motorcyclists would be waiting for us.

Then we would climb on the back of their motorcycles and hide our faces so no one would recognize us as outsiders. It was a very harrowing experience and yet we were not afraid



because we knew the Lord would watch over us. We arrived in one village where many people had been bused in from faraway places. There was a young girl in her late teens who had to be carried into the building where we were working. She was unable to walk or bend her knees. She could only sit with her legs straight forward because of a birth defect. She had to be carried to a chair where I could pray for her

comfortably. She was the last one that I prayed for that day because I knew she needed the most time and attention.

After she asked the Lord to heal her, I started praying



for her and she immediately fell into the spirit. When she finally opened her eyes, I told her to stand up in Jesus name. At first it was a little bit difficult, but when she became more confident, she had no problem standing on her own two feet. Then I told her to walk in Jesus name. After she had taken a couple steps, I noticed that she was not standing straight on



her legs and that her knees were bent. To my surprise, I realized that both of her knees were in the back of her legs instead of the front which was the reason she could not stand or walk. Her

knees were inverted. We all started praising God, who had enabled her to stand and take a couple steps for the first time in her life. I told her to continue to walk every day so she

could exercise the muscles that she had never used. All of the people that were present and witnessed this miracle gave praise to the Lord. The Lord had healed everyone according to their faith that day. Praise the Lord!

### *Vietnam 2005*



Through Pastor Vihn, we were invited to share God's message with a church located outside the capital city of Ho Chi Minh. Pastor Vihn had spread the message of our work to his fellow pastors in Vietnam and they were excited to host us. The church was packed with worshippers and visitors from Russia. The pastor of the church, who had studied in Russia, acted as the interpreter for the Russian visitors. After I shared God's message and started praying for the sick, a young man in his

twenties who was born with a twisted right arm, fell to the floor by the power of the Holy Spirit. All the worshippers

came forward to see what was going on and gathered around him. As they watched in amazement, the Holy Spirit straightened his arm while he lay on the floor. It was truly an



amazing sight. Afterwards, he raised his hand and gave thanks to our Lord. Having witnessed the healing power of God, the Russian visitors came forward for blessings.

We worked in Vietnam from 2005 until 2010. We shared God's message and prayed for the sick in many regions in North and South Vietnam.

### ***Laos Mission 2005***

Pastor Vibol, from Cambodia, whom the Lord used to open the door for us to Vietnam eight years ago, was now being used to bring us to Laos. He wanted to introduce us to a pastor he had met at a conference which he had attended. Laos is a communist country just like Vietnam. The churches there are controlled by the government. It is against the law to evangelize.

Pastor Vibol wanted us to meet with a senior pastor who was in charge of all the pastors in Laos. He told us that he was a very high level pastor and that it may be difficult for us to secure an appointment with him. He himself had only met him once and was unsure if he would meet with us. Not knowing whether we would be welcomed or not, we put our trust in the Lord and booked a flight to Laos.

Immediately upon our arrival in Laos, we checked into a hotel and tried to figure out how we would contact the

senior pastor. All of his calls were carefully screened and only a select few were able to speak with him or to get an appointment. He did not make himself available to just anyone.

When Pastor Vibol picked up the phone to call the senior pastor, we all started praying. We didn't know if he would be allowed to speak with him. We anxiously waited to see what would happen. Then to everyone's great surprise, his call was put through. We were overjoyed! Pastor Vibol had secured an appointment at his office for 3:00 that day to meet with him and his associate pastors. We were elated about the meeting and we gave all the glory to God.

There were no taxis available, only little trucks with side bench seats in the back. There was no roof, just a canvas top protecting us from the weather. The roads were in terrible condition, with many potholes which made the ride extremely bumpy and uncomfortable. When we arrived, we were introduced to the senior pastor, Rev. Dr. Khamphone who in



turn introduced us to all of his associate pastors. After the introductions, I began to share God's message with everyone. They were all amazed when I showed them the miracle pictures the Lord had given me and invited us to come back to attend their

evening service.

I was told there were about three or four hundred people in the church that evening, possibly representing the entire Christian population in Laos. After the service had



ended, Rev. Dr. Khamphone introduced me to his congregation. I began sharing God's message of repentance and showed them the miracle pictures the Lord had given me.



When I left the stage, the people got up from their seats and started rushing into the aisle and it was filled from the stage to the front door of the church. I told them all to raise their hands and ask the Lord for blessing. Suddenly by the power

of the Holy Spirit they were all slain in the spirit at once and fell backwards on top of each other. The Lord had healed all the people that evening according to their faith. Praise the Lord!

## *Myanmar Exorcisms*



During a mission in Myanmar we met a pastor who had come for prayer. His wife told us that he had been behaving violently and that he was not the man that she had once known. When I prayed for him, he fell to the floor. Then he bent over and started rocking on his knees. He crawled to the side door of the church where he threw up. Afterwards, he

started crying and raising his hands up in the air, praising the Lord who had healed him completely. He made a vow to himself that he would resume his work for the Lord. One of the parishioners who had been healed, was on her way home from church when she met a woman who was begging in the street with her daughter. Her hands and legs were crippled and she could

not stand or walk. She was 48 years old and her husband had died years before. The woman from the church was so excited about her own healing, that she shared her story and told the crippled woman that she should go to the church in the village

where many were being healed. The poor woman was unable



to walk but desperately wanted to be healed. Her faith and desperation were so great that she used a stick to drag herself through the village. With the help of her five-year old daughter, she was able to make it to the church.

When she finally made it to the church, the pastors picked her up and put her in a chair. After she asked the Lord to heal her, I laid my hands on her and she fell in the spirit. When she opened her eyes, I told her to get up and walk in Jesus name, and without hesitation she stood up and started to walk without any help. While all parishioners looked on in amazement, she continued to walk, as if she never had been crippled. I then told her to raise her hands and praise the Lord and when she did her crippled hands both straightened out completely.



Everyone in the church was amazed and praised the Lord for this miracle. Her five-year old daughter witnessed her mother's healing and was speechless and in awe. We then

started a collection in the church and gave all the money to the woman and her daughter. (Matt. 9:22) *Jesus turned and saw her. “Take heart, daughter,” he said, “your faith has healed you.” And the woman was healed at that moment.*

### ***A Deaf and Mute Boy, Yangon, Myanmar***

We were on our way to pray for a pastor who was in a hospital in Yangon. We had no idea that we were being followed by a female doctor who had witnessed all the miracles the Lord had performed at the church in Yangon.

When we arrived, the woman came running up behind me and tapped me on my shoulder. She pleaded with me to pray for her eleven-year old nephew who was born deaf and mute. She told me that she was a doctor and had taken him to the best doctors in Myanmar, but there was nothing they could do. I told her that only Jesus can heal and asked her to help him sit in a chair. When both she and his mother asked the Lord to heal the boy, I covered his ears with my hands. He fell in the spirit and when he later opened his eyes he looked at me, pointed to his ears, smiled and gave me two “thumbs up”. I then told him to say “Jesus” and he said “Jesus.” Then I asked him to say, “Thank you, Jesus” which he did. He said it well enough for me to understand. His mother and his aunt were in tears and gave glory to God! He was one of the many deaf mutes that the Lord had healed during the course of my missions.

Six months later we went back to Yangon. I called the doctor to see how her nephew was doing. She sounded very happy and excitedly told me that he was doing fine. He was now going to a speech therapist to perfect his speech. I was so happy for the family and gave thanks to the Lord.

## *The Work in Inlay, Myanmar*

Kathy Neo, one of our sisters in Christ from Myanmar spent over a year in Inlay, evangelizing to the people with no



success. She asked if we would return with her to share God's message and pray for the sick. She arranged a meeting at the family's home where she had previously stayed.



Inlay is a village where all the houses are literally built on the water. The only way to navigate through the village is by the waterways. It was a beautiful sight to see all the people in their small boats going from one place to another. They even farmed on the water. The



villagers are mainly non-Christian. The host family invited all

the neighbors to come to the meeting. When they had all arrived and were seated on the floor, I began to share God's



message. As I shared my photos with the group, Carezza who works with Kathy, was interpreting. I could tell by the expressions on their faces that they were amazed by what they had seen. They all began asking me for prayer and couldn't wait for their turn.



As each one of them were healed according to their faith, I knew that they had accepted the message that I had shared. They ran back to their homes and spread the news of their healings.

The hostess came up to me and asked for prayer. While I was praying for her, it became apparent that she was possessed. She fell to the floor and writhed around as the demon started to manifest itself. After some time had passed, she was completely delivered by the Lord and gave Him all the glory.



I heard later that Kathy had

returned once more to Inlay after our mission, and that some of the people that we had prayed for had truly accepted our Lord Jesus Christ! Hallelujah!

### ***Our Awesome God!***

During one of my many visits to Singapore, I went to see Mrs. Chee and her family. I walked up to the front porch and noticed an aquarium to the right. I was curious to see what kind of fish were in the tank. I saw one of them floundering about in the water. Mr. Chee came up to me and told me that the fish was about to die. Out of curiosity, I stuck my hand into the water and I touched the fish. He immediately swam away and was completely revived. I was delighted to see that the Lord would heal even a fish. Mr. Chee was speechless and chuckled in amazement. Months later I returned and saw that the fish was still alive! Praise God!

### ***Bianca the dog***



I was called by a dear brother in Christ to come pray for his granddaughter's dog, Bianca, who was paralyzed from the waist down. When I arrived at the house and saw the cocker spaniel, I felt so sorry for her. She was unable to control the lower part of her body and as a result, she could not walk. Nor could she control her bladder or her

bowels so she lay in her own mess. She needed to be cleaned constantly. It was a very sad sight, and I prayed the Lord would heal her. They had taken her to the veterinarian but he was unable to help her. I laid my hands on the lower part of her body and began to pray to the Lord. Her tail began to move and at that point I realized that the Lord had begun to heal the nerves in the lower part of her body. With our help she was able to stand on her four legs. She couldn't get up on her own, but once she was up she could stand alone. Praise God!

The next day I was told that Bianca's condition had improved significantly and that she seemed to be growing stronger. I was asked to pray for her one more time before my departure back to the States.

Upon my arrival home, I walked in the front door and noticed the light flashing on my answering machine. Bianca's owner had left a message that her dog was completely healed. I called her back to speak to her and she was so excited and so grateful to the Lord! A couple of weeks later I received a greeting card in the mail with her testimony:

*“Greetings from Singapore! We hope this letter finds you well. We'd just like to take this opportunity to thank you once again for being a blessing in our lives and allowing Jesus to work through you to bring Bianca and our family the miracle healing that we pleaded with God for. We are so grateful that Bianca has been healed and blessed with not just the ability to walk and move around but the freedom and independence that her returned mobility has given to her and us. Thank you for being a reminder to us to stay close to Jesus!”*

## *The Dream of January 23, 2007, God's Message, Part 1*

In my dream I was in a church. I thought it was a Catholic Church, but later it was revealed to me that it was an Orthodox Church. I got out of my seat and stood in the aisle facing the altar. There was a priest on the platform and he started to walk towards me. Suddenly he began to tremble and was unable to move as if paralyzed by fear. Then another priest of higher rank came out from behind the curtain and started walking towards me. He stopped behind the first priest and was also unable to move.

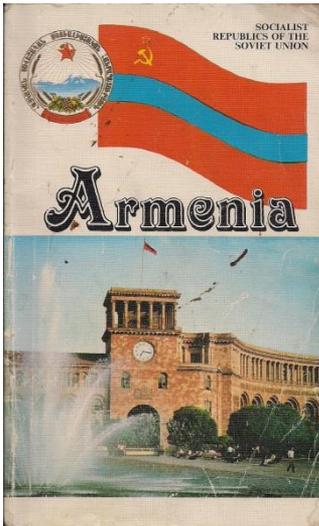
When I turned around to face the door with my back to the priests, I found myself holding a white sealed envelope rolled up like a scroll in my right hand. For some reason I knew there were white crushed stones inside, even though I had not opened the envelope. In front of me stood a multitude of people, holding something sticky in their hands – like tape. The Lord told me to touch the people's hands that were holding the tape. Suddenly, the side door of the church opened and two men who looked like Roman soldiers walked in. I was still touching the hands of the people who were standing in line on the opposite side of the church. The side of the church where the Roman soldiers entered was nearly empty. They looked directly at us but did not see us. It was as if they were looking right through us. They turned around and walked out.

Then I noticed Mei Lian Tan across the aisle from me touching the people in the same manner that I was. I was very surprised and called out to her, "Hey Mei Lian! You cannot do that you know!" She answered, "But...but... I also have been given a sticky tape to help you." I was very happy and said "Hallelujah, praise the Lord," without giving it another thought. By the grace of God and in the process of writing

this book, I reread my dream as I had written it down. I then realized that Mei Lian was actually one of the multitudes that needed to be touched by the Lord through me, instead of touching people in the same manner that I was. Everything will be revealed in God's time.

### *The Dream of January 23, 2007, God's Message, Part 2*

While trying to decipher my dream that I believed to be God's message to me, I recalled that my father had told me



that my grandfather was Armenian and an Orthodox Christian. I remembered that my ex-husband had given me a book about Armenia many years earlier. I found the book and looked at the front cover. I immediately recognized the building on the cover. I was so excited when I realized that it was the exact same building with the arches where the Lord had taken me in the spirit on March 12,



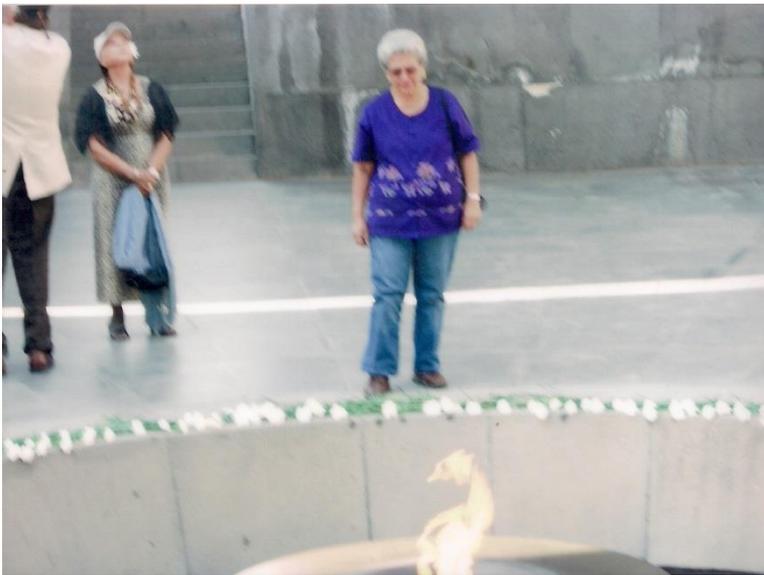
1995! For over 12 years I had traveled the world on missions and in every country I visited, I had hoped to find this building. As always, the Lord reveals everything in His own time and this

was the time for me to discover Armenia! It was also the last place the Lord had shown me in the spirit to do His work,

before coming back into my body. This was to be the last country I would evangelize to, the final segment of my mission.



In faith and obedience to the Lord, I flew to Armenia with Mei Lian Tan. We didn't know anyone in Armenia, but we knew that the Lord would pave the way for us. We took a bus tour and visited the Genocide Museum. The museum is a tribute to



those Christians who were slaughtered by the Turks during the genocide of Armenia. There is an eternal fire burning in a pit outside to commemorate those who had died. The pit is surrounded by concrete walls that arch over it to protect it from the elements. As I prayed for my ancestors, a picture

was taken of me by the fire. When I looked at the picture on the digital camera, I saw what looked like a Phoenix rising out of the fire. It is common knowledge that the Phoenix represents rebirth. Perhaps the vision of the Phoenix rising out of the fire in the photo represented rebirth for all the Armenians that were slaughtered. Their spirits are alive and are waiting for the coming of the Lord to be given a new body.

Early the next morning on the way to breakfast, I was greeted by a woman who worked in the hotel. She said good morning to me in English and when I tried to start a conversation with her she said, “No speak English”. Then she asked me if I spoke German. I said yes, excited to strike up a conversation with a local Armenian. I wanted to know more about the people and their culture. I knew the Lord would put me in contact with someone who could help me spread His message throughout Armenia.

We began to converse in German. The woman’s name was Anna and she and her husband used to live in Germany. They worked there until her husband was tragically killed in an automobile accident. She then returned with her three children to her homeland of Armenia so that her mother could help raise them.

During our conversation, I told Anna that my grandfather was Armenian and that his name was Galustian. She became very excited and told me that her son-in-law’s name was also Galustian! Then she invited us to her home to continue our conversation. There, she showed me her granddaughter’s passport to prove that she did indeed have the same last name. We met her mother and youngest son, and I told them that we had come to Armenia to share God’s message and to pray for the sick. When Anna learned that we were there to evangelize, she called her friends and family and

invited them to hear God’s message and to be prayed for.



Little did I realize at the time the significant role she would play in opening the doors throughout Armenia, Georgia, and Lebanon. Through Anna and her family, I was also able to spread the message in Russia. I prayed for those who requested healing via Skype. The mission in Armenia lasted for seven years, from 2007

through 2014. The Lord had chosen Anna to be my guide and to help me with His mission. She and her family opened their home to me during my time in Armenia. They are a blessing to the ministry of God, and I will always hold them dear in my heart. May the Lord bless her and her family!

### ***Back in California 2009***

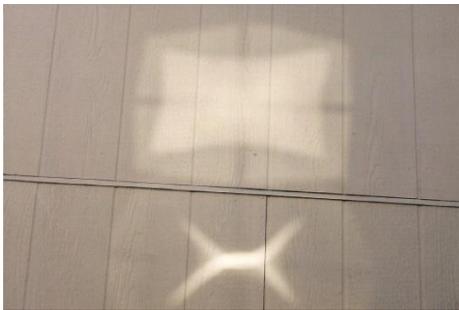


When I returned home after dropping my grandchildren off at school, I saw my neighbor Anne across the street frantically waving her arms

trying to get my attention. I parked my car and walked to the sidewalk as she pointed and shouted in excitement, “Look! Look at the side of your neighbor’s house!” She walked over and we both stood there staring at the side of the house. We saw what looked like two circles of light joined together. Inside each circle was a cross and on top of each cross was what looked like a dove. We tried to discern what the source of the light was. Anne looked all over but could not find



anything. I told Anne that it was a message from the Lord. I took a picture of it because it puzzled me.



Months went by and the image remained. One day it changed. There was one big circle with the cross and a dove-like image in it. Beneath that circle were two more dove-like images. I believe that the circles represent God’s power; the cross, Jesus; and the dove-like images, the Holy Spirit. So I called this phenomenon the three Holy Spirits.



Months went by and again they changed. The circle had changed into a single transparent

rectangle with another more solid rectangle on top and a cross in the background. Beneath this was a circle with a cross and a “dove”. The solid rectangle was in the shape of an open book which I believe represented the Bible.

Shortly thereafter it changed again and the rectangle was now a circle and the “dove” looked like an airplane. There was a cross behind the plane!



One day all three images appeared at the same time. I finally understood what the Lord was trying to tell me. It was to continue with the mission even if I had to do it alone. I believe these images revealed his message to me as follows:

*“I am God the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.*

*I am part of the three Jesus!*

*I am part of the three Holy Spirits!*

*Jesus was crucified, but has risen and He is coming back!*

*It is the bible only - no additions, no subtractions, says the Lord our God! Go where I send you and tell my people that we are on the last pages of the Bible, to repent and be ready, because my coming is very near! Do not be afraid where I send you, because I will be with you always!”*

## *Georgia and Armenia 2013.*

I went back to Armenia in 2013 and stayed with Anna. She arranged for us to travel by car to Georgia and had coordinated with her friends there to set up a place for people to come and be prayed for. When we got there, word traveled quickly that we had arrived. People began showing up soon afterwards and before we knew it, the entire house was filled with those in need of healing.



One woman in her sixties was led into the room by her daughter because she was completely blind. I put my hand in front of her face and asked if she could see my hand. She said no, she said she could see only black. I then told her to ask the Lord to heal her. I put my hands on both of her eyes



and started praying. I told her not to open her eyes until I said it was okay for her to do so. She fell into the spirit, so I went on to pray for others. When I came back, I told her to slowly open her eyes in Jesus name. When she did, she told me that she saw white. I told her to close her eyes again and pointed at them, saying “in Jesus name you are healed.” Then I told

her to open them again and asked her what she saw. She said she could see the shadows of my hand. I told her again to close her eyes in Jesus name. Then I told her to open them again and asked her what she could see. This time she told me that she could see my face and my hands and how many fingers I was holding up. She said that her vision was becoming clearer and clearer. I then said, "You are now completely healed in Jesus name." She kept repeating over and over, "I can see, I can see!" She was amazed and gave glory to God.

We headed back to Armenia and did not reach the border until approximately 12:30 a.m. When we crossed the border, the driver asked me if we could make one more stop. He told me that he had people waiting and they were expecting me. Apparently, he made a phone call while I was praying for the blind lady. I was surprised and asked jokingly, "Do Armenians ever sleep?" We then laughed and drove to his friend's home. We turned onto a cul-de-sac and there was only one house at the end of the street. It was a large and impressive home and Anna told me that it was the home of a very important person. She was very conservative in her description of him, and I knew not to press her for information. We walked into a huge house and were introduced to a very large, extended family. After the introductions, they all sat in the family room and waited for me to speak. I began to share God's message and the pictures with them. As I shared the photos, I asked them to say amen. They all said amen except for the head of the family. When I brought out the picture of the Phoenix in the fire, his eyes perked up and he sat up straighter in his chair. I told them the story of the phoenix and that I believe it represented the rebirth of Christian Armenians who had been persecuted in the genocide. When I asked them to say amen, this time he

also said amen. He then asked me to pray for him because he was having trouble breathing. After I prayed for him, he said he could breathe fine. He thanked the Lord. The rest of the family also wanted prayer for healing and blessings. When I was finished, we headed for the front door. On my way out, I noticed a young man in his late twenties who had a sling around his left shoulder. His hand was swollen and he could not bend it, nor could he bend his fingers. Dried, bloody bandages were wrapped around this hand and his forearm. I looked at him and told him to take off the sling and the bandages in Jesus name, which he did right away. I then put his swollen hand between my two hands and the Lord completely healed him. He was now able to move his arm and his hand, and he could also now bend his fingers. He thanked the Lord Jesus Christ and so did the others. I was happy that I was able to share God's message with them.

I was invited to come back to visit the family on my next trip back to Armenia. When I did return, his wife told me she noticed her husband was constantly staring at the picture of the Lord Jesus. I praised God because I knew that He had healed him not only physically, but spiritually as well.

### *Armenia 2014*

Anna had arranged for us to visit one of the villages in Armenia. The house that we were scheduled to meet at was very large and would accommodate many people. I thought we were headed directly to the meeting place, but on our way to the house we continued walking past it to a smaller home located directly behind it.

We walked through the open door and were greeted by a woman in her thirties who was seated in a chair. Her husband and children were standing next to her. They were anxiously waiting for her to be prayed for. Anna explained to me that both of her knees had been operated on and she had not been able to walk or leave her home for over six years. I



walked up to her and told her to relax and ask the Lord to heal her. I then started praying for her and she fell in the spirit.

When she opened her eyes, I told her to look at me and said to her, “In Jesus name, get up!” Without hesitation she rose from her chair. I then told her to pick up her feet and walk in Jesus name. She walked! With tears of joy streaming down her face, she gave thanks to the Lord.

She was so overjoyed she wanted to share her miracle with her friends and the people in the village. They were stunned and elated to see her walking again. (Matt. 9:22) *Jesus turned and saw her. “Take heart, daughter,” he said, “your faith has healed you.” And the woman was healed at that moment.*

The story of her healing spread throughout the village which gave hope to others who were ill and suffering. Over two hundred men, women and children showed up for prayer that day and the Lord healed them all according to their faith.

## **EPILOGUE**

Throughout my missions, the Lord healed many people not only in body but also in spirit. Represented within this book are only a small number of the many works that the Lord performed through me since 1991. With His gift, He has entrusted me to spread His message throughout the world according to His will and to gather His people to Him before His coming. I thank and praise Him and give Him all the glory and all the honor. Amen

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I, Renate Joenoes-Jurgens, give thanks and praise to the Lord Jesus Christ for using Mere Bernardo Beers, Sister of the Order of Ursula and a missionary stationed in Indonesia for forty years, to introduce me to the Lord Jesus Christ at the age of 12. She was a dear mother and sister in Christ who guided me and remained my faithful confidant for over 67 years. She was called home by the Lord just before her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday. Her work here on earth had been completed. May she finally rest in peace after a lifetime of work dedicated to our Lord. She is dearly missed.

I also thank and praise God for bringing Kim Tan from Singapore into my life. We met in Holland through good friends and neighbors of my parents in 1989. She was chosen by the Lord to help me spread His message of repentance. Kim was a lady, a friend, and a dear sister in Christ. As a retired social worker, she was always ready to lend an ear. She was kind, hospitable, thoughtful, and willing to help anyone no matter what time of the day. We traveled together all over Asia under God's guidance and direction. She was a brave lady, and I learned a lot from her experiences as an undercover police officer. She shared information on precautionary measures of safety which was very valuable to us because we did a lot of underground work. Kim and her sister Betty Wee, also a dear sister in Christ, have now been called home by our Lord and are both dearly missed. I thank the Lord for all the years that we were able to work together for His Kingdom.

I also want to thank the Lord for Mrs. Chee Keuk Fong whom I met in 1994 when she came to Kim's house to

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*Jurgens Family, Christmas 2013*



**RENATE JOENES-JURGENS**