

God's Love Can Move Mountains

This is taken from, "The Treasures of
Darkness."

"For verily I say unto you, that

whosoever shall say unto this mountain,

Be thou removed and be cast into the sea, and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he says."

(Mark 11:23)

I have a very precious friend that I have known for over twenty years. I first met her at a conference in Louisville in 1974. I was just barely coming out of my "great depression," and was still very socially uncomfortable, so I attached myself to the most comforting person that I could find. My friend certainly fit the bill, for being with her is like being comforted with the "balm of Gilead." After she told me about herself and her own "dark night of the soul," I considered her an expert on the subject. I asked her, "Will I have to go into anymore darknesses," or is it over?" She looked at me with such assuring strength and said, "No, it's over." It was straight from God's mouth. And, she was right. I had little mini darknesses, but my great tribulation was over. She and I have been close friends ever since. Her great peace and love transmits to others and, I believe, transforms everyone she meets.

In the past several years she has been through an intercession in her marriage. As we have walked through it together, her great faith and the power of her “word of faith” has blessed me greatly. I have asked her to share her story in this chapter, although she wishes to remain anonymous. Here is her story.

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I was raised in a lovely Christian home. The whole community revered my parents as pillars of faith, as well as loving and charitable neighbors. Even though I had a good upbringing, I still hated myself and wished somehow I could be different. I believe some of my self hatred came from the fact that my upbringing was somewhat regimented in all its proper religious forms which I could never really live up to. Yet, our lives are all purposed according to God’s perfect design.

After graduating from a Baptist University, I accepted a teaching position in a small town and soon met the man who was to become my husband. We married two years later. Within six years I had three children. My life was demanding, boring, and definitely not going according to my well thought-out plans. I could not get inner satisfaction or make my life work. All I wanted was to be a good Christian, a loving mother, and a wonderful wife to my husband...but I was failing miserably at all three. I was filled with guilt and inadequacies, and my frustrations caused me to yell at my children and constantly blame my husband for my discontentment and unhappiness.

God, in His loving mercy, had **meant me to fail**. He was showing me that the only answer was to know Him. Only He could fill the void in my heart. I thank God that I learned that at a young age, because it was then that I sought God in earnest. I began to associate myself with born again Christians and discovered that Jesus was real and that He lived inside me. At last my spiritual journey had begun.

Things seemed fine for a while. I could manage to get through the difficulties with God's help, but the great void inside me which was only partially satisfied was starting to eat away at me again, and I was not at peace. So in my own way, and as much as I knew how, I gave myself to God and asked Him to take over. I was not prepared for what came next. God took me at my word and put me in great darkness just as He had done Abraham. Genesis 15:12b, "And, lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him."

I thought I was losing my mind and no one had answers for me...not my minister, not my family, not even my born-again Christian friends. Finally, God led me to a Christian conference and one of the speakers gave an explanation that spoke to my heart. No, I wasn't losing my mind, God was settling me into Himself and He was taking me His perfect way.

Not only was the speaker's message speaking right to my heart, but he had been a missionary to the Belgian Congo in Africa. That was amazing to me, for I had always wanted to be a missionary to the Belgian Congo. So I invited him to my home town. He began to teach me truths that I had never heard in my Christian environment. He taught me how to love myself, because he taught me who I really was. He began to tell me that I was real, and that I had validity, and that I had integrity. I had never known any of this before. My missionary friend took away all the doctrine I had thought I had to have, and all the rules and all the regulations. What he said was, "You have a Person in you and that's all you need." He didn't tell me what I had to do and what I didn't have to do. All he said was "You just listen to the inner Person inside you", and that's what I've been doing ever since. I didn't realize it at the time, but God was preparing me for the next dark chapter in my life.

When we become Christians and learn the truth, we learn that we are faith people. Then God makes us **prove** it. He makes us show Him and also prove to ourselves that we are faith people. Several years ago, my husband of 37 years decided he had had enough. I had stood in faith for him for years. Our

marriage was tough from the very beginning, but we had three children, and I was going to stick it out because I believed in marriage. I believed once you made a covenant before God and before man, you are in your marriage for life. No matter what happened in my marriage, I wasn't going to leave even though there were many times that it was really hard. I thank God for His keeping power, because if that hadn't been instilled in me by Him, I would have left long ago.

On the surface, our marriage looked pretty normal. But below the surface was a different story. I spent many lonely days and week-ends while my husband excluded me from most of his activities. We lived our little pretend lives, with most of my time spent trying to satisfy him the best I could, while he was always leaving on another trip. During those lonely years, I learned how to see God in all my life's circumstances. I am eternally thankful to God, as well as my husband, for those years, because I learned invaluable lessons of seeing God only. Those were my school days. But, what about my husband? My heart's cry for my husband was to know God, and know who he really was in Christ.

Then one day God started leading me to do something that I had never done in our marriage. What He asked me to do went directly against my husband's wishes. God was asking me to build a new room on our house. This, you see, would be an embarrassment to my husband, because he was a builder. He didn't want it, nor would he build it. So I contracted another builder to do the job. I knew that doing this would be risky, but God was leading me, so I did it in the courage of the Lord.

He was furious and right away he decided to leave, but as I found out later, he was planning to leave anyway and used the new room as an excuse. For a month I thought it was my fault. Then I found out about his indiscretions, and all the gaps that were unfilled began to fill up, and all the unanswered questions were answered in about 5 seconds time. I realized that he had lead a double life for 20 years or more. I had had my suspicions, but I was so naive and so trusting I never followed them through to find out if they were really true or not.

I had an anonymous phone call in the early 70's which suggested unfaithfulness. After the call I sat on the side of the bed and said, "God, if it's true, I forgive him this time and for any other time that it has happened." God made me put my money where my mouth was and walk that out this past year. One day the girl who does my hair said, "If he comes back can you forgive him?" I said "I already have. He's already forgiven." How could I not forgive him when Jesus Christ has forgiven me? We must forgive, and it isn't our forgiveness either. It's the life of Christ in us forgiving others.

When I found out about his double life, I went to his office and threw a fit. He rightly described me as cussing like a sailor, and I did. I slammed doors and did all the things I hadn't done through the years and probably should have. But I ended by telling him who he was. I said, "That's not who you are, you're really Jesus Christ in your form." And every time I said it, he would turn his head because he had tears in his eyes.

I told him, "There is no way I can ever stop loving you because it's God's love. I don't care what you've done, it's God's love that keeps on pouring out through me to you." Of course I was in agony and experienced groanings that cannot be uttered. Just because you are a faith person, doesn't mean that you won't have agony. The agony is God's pressure to put passion into your faith, because believing is your only release. I stood on a promise in I Cor. 13:8 which says, "**Love never fails.**" I love that, because it says that God's love **never** fails, for it cannot fail. Love and forgiveness looks like the weak way, but in fact it is the most powerful, because as God says, "It can never fail."

I would often get away and visit with Sylvia. It was during one of those visits that God gave me my word of faith. It was this: **He is coming home for Christ's sake.** I simply stood in faith and exercised my authority of faith as Mark 11:23 says, "You **shall** have whatsoever you **say.**" Now I don't want him home until God does His work in him, and God is doing that work. What I believe as already eternally done, is being worked out in time and is in the process of being done in him.

Did you know that “the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife” (I Cor. 7:14)? My husband cannot have faith for himself, but I can stand in the gap and have faith for him. I am believing that he is “dead to sin, and alive to righteousness.” I believed that he was really God’s man and that he would come home, not for my sake, but for Christ’s sake.

I began to tell him so. I told him that he was cleansed from sin and that he was already freed from the things that had trapped him. I told him that I knew it, and God knows it, and he would know it too, real soon. You see, faith is saying to the mountain that you see a plain even before the plain appears.

God’s love is so great. It will never let people go. God loves my husband so much that He would cause me to spend a lifetime believing for him. Yes, I have spent lonely years, but I wouldn’t have it any other way. It was all worth it. If it were possible, I would even spend another life time waiting and believing for him. That is how unstoppable God’s love is.

One time when I was particularly low, the Lord gave me these verses from II Chronicles 20:15-17. It was when Jehoshaphat, the King of Judah, was being invaded by the Moabs. He was very afraid, but he knew who to turn to for his answer. When he asked the Lord for guidance the Lord said this to him: **“Thus saith the Lord unto you, be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God’s. Ye shall not need to fight this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord. Fear not, nor be dismayed; tomorrow go out against them; for the Lord will be with you.”**

This spoke right to my heart. The battle that I was fighting was too big and too overwhelming for me. Not only was my husband gone, but our family was divided in its response to the separation. God continually took the responsibility of resolving the situation from me, and caused me to rest in him. Now all I had to do was to let the Lord do the fighting, and I could just stand still and watch God. That is exactly what I did.

I stood still and said "my word." I said it when I was encouraged, I said it when I was discouraged. I told my friends in the community, "He **is** coming home, just watch and see." Three wonderful friends and my precious daughter stood with me. The rest were unbelieving skeptics. That did not matter, for I was firmly planted on God's promise of Mark 11:23, "That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; **he shall have whatsoever he saith.**"

As I was going through this time of intercession, I read everything I could find on it. I read every chapter my missionary friend had written on it, and I also read the Bible. But I think the book that helped the most and the one I read the most was Doris Rusco's book on intercession. In it she says that intercession is a walk the **Holy Spirit** takes you through. You could not go through it by your own efforts, for it is the Holy Spirit Himself laying his life down in you for the other person.

**You** never come out of an intercession the way you go into it. You are a different person. Intercession is primarily for someone else, and secondarily for the intercessor. So God had to do a cleansing work in me and I say again, He **had** to, because I couldn't be a clear channel until He first cleansed me. Then His Word and His Spirit could go through into the situation and for the persons for whom I was interceding.

It hurts me to see my husband, so I purpose not to. But God has had other plans. I can't tell you how many times I see him at an intersection or getting out of his car at the office. And God told me that the purpose for this is that every time I see him, I am to say, "There goes Christ in my husband's form." And I do say it, over and over and over. And he **is** coming home, and he is going to know what I know, because he **is** God's man.

All these months God was quietly working behind the scenes in my husband's heart. Fourteen months after my husband walked out and was headed head-strong into a divorce,

God changed his heart and caused him to want to come home. I was excited, but apprehensive at the same time. Was this right? Only God could show me if it was the right time.

Six months passed-it was important not to let my husband come home until I got my release from the Lord. During that time, God was doing an all important work in my husband's heart. Finally the glorious day came when the Lord gave me the long awaited release. It was time for his homecoming. God had fulfilled His promise to me and brought into being His own word of faith, which He had given me months earlier. This battle was too hard for me. But I, like King Jehoshaphat, put my trust in the living God, and it was not too hard for Him. I am constantly rejoicing and thanking the Lord for His faithfulness for He has caused my husband to return home a new man. He has truly **"come home for Christ's sake."**