

Chapter 1 : testimony of triumph | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

Testimony of Triumph: The Meaning of Christ's Words from the Cross [John M. Drescher] on calendrierdelascience.com
**FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Down through the years many books have been written to help us plumb the depth of sin, to help us understand the significance of Calvary.*

Around three years ago, I was dying from a severe drug addiction and facing possible prison time. This is my story, a story about how God pulled me from tragedy and sent me to In Triumph. My family was a middle class family, my dad a principal, my mom a nurse. Even though I was the typical small town kid, I tried hard not to be, but I think my cravings for diet cokes and burnt pizza kind of gave me away. I really loved sports, and in my youth, strived to be a great athlete. Funny how a few touchdowns can raise your social status. But by the time I was 15 years old and after a few football injuries, a lot of things in my life started to change. My friends went from jocks to druggies, and by the age of 21, it happened. I was a full blown drug addict. Enslaved to drugs, my master began to tighten his chains. His demands increased, and my temper became violent as hope waved good-bye. Panic came in forms of envy, hatred, selfishness, and lust. Those closest to me absorbed it all. Scheming and lying kept me occupied, as death moved in for the kill. I was a user of people, places and things, and everything I touched seemed to die. Around March of , I pled guilty to felony burglary and domestic violence charges. I could not believe it. I was hooked, in torment, and I could not find relief. One day I received a call from an old friend of the family, who had recently moved from Alabama to Texas. He shared about a man who had spoken at his church, with an unorthodox program that was specifically designed for those whom the system had failed. But little did I know at the time, that when I called In Triumph, the man who was on the other line would later become my pastor and best friend. The Austin airport was my first encounter with Pastor Pete, and that initial meeting would set the stage for just how unorthodox the program would be. Kelli, had to take me to the emergency room because my kidneys had shut down from all the pills I had taken the previous days. I was on the brink of certain death, and God was using this program as a means to preserve my life until I came to salvation. In Triumph has been an amazing experience for me. My worldview was challenged against Scripture, and as a result, the Lord has given me a new heart, a new spirit, and a new life. It was not only a place where I would receive a balanced structure, useful life skills, and the discipline that it takes to be an effective leader, but it would also be the place where I would meet my Lord Jesus Christ – a place that would raise me to biblical manhood. I am fearful that words would lose the nuances of how this program actually works, so I will leave you to your thoughts. But I will say this, although I do struggle at times with my flesh, I am no longer enslaved to the sins that were killing me. They are consistently dedicated to helping me, along with every other person that has walked through their doors. Pastor Pete with his knowledge of the Word, and Mrs. Kelli with her understanding of nutrition, serve the Lord relentlessly. God has even used their program as a means to getting all my charges dropped. I know at my age, I might not comprehend the impact this program has had on my life, but for the first time, I am excited about the future and the possibility of raising a family of my own. I want to wind this down by telling you this – if you ever get a chance to visit In Triumph and stay long enough to see how they do things, you will be extremely blessed. And if you find them a bit odd or their approach challenging to your perspective, ask yourself this.

2, Followers, 2, Following, 1, Posts - See Instagram photos and videos from Meg | Testimony Of Triumph (@testimonyoftriumph).

People have told me they were amazed that despite my pain I could still stand in awe of God and proclaim that He is good. I would shrink from the question: Why would a good God allow pain and suffering? Thanks to the testimony of a woman who lost her 4 year old son to a brain tumor, I have gained a renewed perspective on the goodness of God. While she watched her son fight for his life, sheer agony ripped through his little body. She could not begin to understand how a good God would allow her small son to suffer in such a way. But instead of pushing God away in her pain she was able to draw closer to Him because of her firm belief in a good God. God did not intend life to be this way. We were created for life. You and I were made for paradise. But we live in a broken world, a world destroyed by sin. When we have this renewed picture of God, a Jesus looking God who loves us so desperately He would do anything for us to be in close communion with Him. He did not create suffering or pain but instead He designed us for life, for joy, for greatness. While He is not a God of suffering, His word is true when He states; And we know that God causes everything to work together for the good of those who love God and are called according to his purpose for them Romans 8: The book of Job, is a book of suffering. After rereading it, I have a renewed perspective. God did not bring the suffering and pain onto Job, it was Satan. God merely allowed it to happen but He knew how the ending would go. If you can make it through the entire book to the final verse you will see that God triumphed over Satan. Job lived years after that, living to see four generations of his children and grandchildren. Then he died, an old man who had lived a long, full life. What more do we want than to live a long and full life? If we choose to turn towards God in our pain as opposed to push Him away, not only does He comfort us but He triumphs over that pain. Blogging about my experience through miscarriage was one of the last things I wanted to do. Opening up about such a taboo and painful topic was terrifying to me. And triumph He has. I have had the privilege of praying for countless women who are going through the same grief and I have had the opportunity to preach the Good news of Christ to those who suffer.

Chapter 3 : Testimony of Triumph | RiverLife Fellowship Church

Our testimony of triumph is important for the next generation. In Psalm it says, "That the generation to come might know them, the children who would be born, that they may arise and declare them to their children, 7 That they may set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments;"

When giving your testimony you tell how you came to trust in Christ alone as your Lord and Savior. You tell how God opened your eyes on how you were a sinner in need of a Savior. We are sharing with others different events leading up to our salvation and how God has worked in our lives to bring us to repentance. Testimony is a form of praise and honor to Christ. We also use it as a way to encourage others. Testimony is not only the things that we say. The way we live our life is a testimony to unbelievers as well. We must be careful not to lie and exaggerate about things. Instead of talking about Jesus they use it as an opportunity to talk about themselves, which is no testimony at all. I used to do this and that, I was a killer, I was making 10,000 dollars a month selling cocaine, blah blah blah, and then Jesus. God has given us eternal life, and this life is found in his Son. The one who does not believe God has made Him a liar, because he has not believed in the testimony God has given about His Son. What does the Bible say? You will testify also, because you have been with me from the beginning. We declare to you this eternal life that was with the Father and was revealed to us. What we have seen and heard we declare to you so that you, too, can have fellowship with us. Now this fellowship of ours is with the Father and with his Son, Jesus, the Messiah. Be patient with everyone. Use your life as a testimony. Unbelievers will look closely at the life of a Christian. Then, whether I come and see you again or only hear about you, I will know that you are standing together with one spirit and one purpose, fighting together for the faith, which is the Good News. This will be a sign to them that they are going to be destroyed, but that you are going to be saved, even by God himself. For you have been given not only the privilege of trusting in Christ but also the privilege of suffering for him. We are in this struggle together. You have seen my struggle in the past, and you know that I am still in the midst of it. A city cannot be hidden when it is located on a hill. No one lights a lamp and puts it under a basket. Instead, everyone who lights a lamp puts it on a lamp stand. Then its light shines on everyone in the house. In the same way let your light shine in front of people. Then they will see the good that you do and praise your Father in heaven. Use your suffering as an opportunity to give a testimony. For when I am weak, then I am strong. Unashamed of the gospel that saves. We know that this man is a sinner. One thing I do know, that though I was blind, now I see. Signup today and receive encouragement, updates, help, and more straight in your inbox.

Chapter 4 : Testimony | In Triumph

If you have the courage to begin, You have the courage to finish!!! Whatever the goal, you have the ability to make it your reality! I have found in life that Determination almost always pays off!

Share1 Shares Everyone responds to tragedy differently. Some give up, some curse God, and some amaze us with their resilience. Not everyone is tested. But for those who are, the following people are models on how to turn disaster into success. Their lives were filled with the joy of baby firsts. That was the last time she saw him alive. Todd and Shelly received phone calls at work telling them that Nash had stopped breathing in his sleep. At the hospital, the nurses gave CPR until Shelly was willing to let go. The cause of death was positional asphyxia. As Shelly wrote on her blog: I dropped him off at the place that would take his life. I smiled at him, and he smiled back, and I walked away not knowing that decision would change my life forever. Nash was the baby with the gigantic smile who spread joy to everyone who knew him. They agreed to do that on the ninth of every month at least until his first birthday. The Culture Project Allan Buchmann lost his year-old daughter, Chitra, to an eating disorder and other addictions. He believes she could have been saved with the proper professional help. According to Buchmann, his daughter was also denied artistic opportunities as a producer in theater because she was a woman. As she turned into her driveway, the interior of her car exploded into flames. By the time firefighters got her out of the car, almost 60 percent of her body was covered with third-degree burns. Her ears, eyelids, lips, nose, and hair were destroyed. But her husband and five adult children remember her five-month, drug-induced coma and how emotionally overwhelming it was to take care of her when she finally came home seven months later. Through it all, Sharon remained strong and uncomplaining. She had the loving support of her family and her community. There, Sharon met other burn survivors who were living amazing, happy lives. In , Sharon and her husband, George, received the Harman Award for outstanding leadership in support of the Phoenix Society. Sharon still has her down days. She hoped one day to meet the young boy in person. But she never made it to Kenya. In , Brittney was discovered dead in her apartment. She was only To honor her memory, Steve went to Kenya to meet Newton six months later. He also gathered supplies and medical equipment to take on his trip. As a certified registered nurse anesthetist, Steve wanted to use his medical skills to help Kenyan patients. When he returned to the US, he told everyone about the problem of unmet medical needs in Kenya. Steve and his wife, Greta, founded Kenya Relief to help. Unfortunately, we were unable to fully care for them because of limited resources. Dozens of children are cared for there. Even adults receive medical care. Kenya Relief kept expanding with separate dormitories for boys and girls, a library, a cafeteria, and more. Steve was also determined to build a school and a hospital. The suspect, who was later identified as Doug Phillips, had murdered his girlfriend the previous day at another location. Phillips fired an unprovoked shot that killed Detective Pearson. During the ensuing gun battle, Phillips was shot and killed as well. They helped to create the Allen Pearson Emergency Services Foundation , which raises money for new equipment to help emergency services protect their communities. The two of them created separate annual scholarships to honor their heroes. In , after only five years as a teacher, she got the double lung transplant that saved her life. The other teacher, Michael Rosenthal, established the Daniel P. Rosenthal Memorial Award in honor of his older brother. He had been returning to the US for Christmas break with his family. He was studying to become a teacher at Oxford University. Each year, the Daniel P. Rosenthal Memorial Award is given to a worthy student who also intends to become a teacher or study abroad. As of March , all New York practitioners except veterinarians must issue all prescriptions in electronic format. New York practitioners are already required to consult an online registry of prescription histories for patients before prescribing certain controlled substances. The Crotty's hope this law will reduce doctor shopping among addicts, who often lie about their prescriptions to get more drugs. As a little girl in Terrytown, Louisiana, she could see, but she needed a hearing aid in each ear. That just increased her determination to become an artist. But she had yet to face her greatest challenge. On October 8, , an wheel truck hit Emilie in Brooklyn as she bicycled to an art studio where she had an internship. Emilie, then 21, suffered traumatic brain injury, a stroke, and fractures to her head, pelvis, and leg. She was also blinded. Later

that night, Emilie began to move her arm. They told her parents to find a nursing home. He researched communication methods until he found the print-on-palm technique. Shortly after, her right hearing aid was inserted, and her personality came back instantly. She persevered through a difficult rehabilitation. Finally, in the spring of , Emilie returned to Cooper Union to finish her undergraduate degree. Even more impressive, she won an Award of Excellence from the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts a few months later. It was for her sculpture Bird Sitting, which she created two years after the accident that blinded her. When he surfaced, his entire left side was useless. At the hospital, the doctor diagnosed heat stroke. But after being transferred to the Mayo Clinic, Matt was whisked into emergency surgery with a different diagnosis, the kind usually reserved for the elderly. Matt had suffered not just heatstroke but an actual a stroke. The prognosis was grim. But Matt did wake up. Finally, his father confronted him. First, he moved his left leg. Then he moved his left arm. He started walking with a brace before leaving the hospital. Although his left side had a limited range of motion, Matt eventually played basketball, ran a 5K, and even took up skiing. He became a professor and athletic trainer for various universities. He now gives hope to other young stroke victims and their families by showing them that they, too, can get married, have kids, and enjoy successful careers. Matt believes God used his stroke to help others. In her country of Burundi, tensions had heated to a boiling point between the two major ethnic groups, the Hutus and the Tutsis. Maggie, a Tutsi, went to the house of the Archbishop of Ruyigi for safety. She tried to protect her seven children as well as 72 Hutu friends and their children. But Tutsi rebels invaded the building. They tied her to a chair then stripped her. Her own seven children also survived. With no resources and so many children to care for, Maggie set about finding a solution. Soon, she had children to feed, clothe, and house. She asked everyone for food and land. It grew from one home to a compound with over 3, homes plus schools, farms, a hospital, and even a bank. In the last 20 years, Maison Shalom has provided a safe, loving home to over 20, children. But she also works to successfully reintegrate them into the outside community.

Chapter 5 : Chonic pain: a Christian testimony of triumph

Testimony on In Triumph - | FROM TRAGEDY TO IN TRIUMPH My name is Jacob Carter, and I am now 24 years old. I was born in the great state of Alabama (ROLL TIDE ROLL) and raised within the small community of Locust Fork, where football is a religion.

I swear it feels like my spine is coming apart. Years before this continuous pain began I was forced into recognizing the universal nature of suffering. One day I was driving my van at work, cruising along feeling fine in downtown Salem when a poor miserable soul in a wheelchair rolled past in the crosswalk in front of me at a traffic light. He was twisted and crippled, his head forced to the left, nearly lying on his shoulder so that he could only look forward with one eye. His face was drawn and disfigured, one hand immovable, withered and cradled tightly to his chest, the other was wrapped around the control stick on his motorized wheelchair. He was truly pitiful sitting there, unable to. I became enraged by the injustice of it all in that moment. I began angrily questioning why. There were healthy and happy college students having a great time on the nearby tennis court and the contrast in that moment got to me in a big way. I began to pray. In my eyes, in your insides, in your spirits, all of you are crippled beyond your imagining. Sin has ruined all of you. Not one of you is anything but twisted and crippled and broken in my sight. Roy, lay no burdens on any one. They, and you, simply cannot carry them. All around me I see people who are hurting. People who look great on the outside, but when you begin to get to know them and they start sharing their problems it quickly becomes evident that they are not so well off. I am learning to picture that crippled man in his wheelchair, such suffering so evident in his visage, and super-impose that mental picture over the healthy, even smiling, people that I see before me every day. It helps me to be merciful. Now it is my own nerve endings that are screaming. It is my own life that is ruined. It is my turn. How emotionally, can, and am, I dealing with this? I will be revealing extremely personal and intimate details, hopefully from my own soul. This writing may seem self absorbed and terribly introspective, but this is unavoidable for pain strikes internally and must be confronted internally, after all the medical options have been abandoned. This is the condition of chronic suffering. When nothing can be done but to simply grit your teeth, and to live each intolerable, uncomfortable, monotonous, horrible, moment. What an awful thing it is. There is no pain for these people. A state that at first thought seems to me to be greatly desirable. Consequently lepers can seriously injure themselves without being aware of it. Because he feels no pain, a boy turns a key in a rusty lock that a strong man cannot open. Lepers will reach into a fire to pull out a potato and burn themselves severely without feeling pain. An infection goes completely ignored. A finger can be slammed in a door and torn off and it goes completely unnoticed. It is the pain of social ostracism. To be rejected so thoroughly by society. A man tells of how he had to sit in his car outside of a church as his daughter got married within. Imagine that you must stand by helplessly as your body literally rots away and there is nothing that can be done. Neuropathy is a mysterious nerve disease of unknown causes and mechanism in which the nerves in the extremities of the body slowly die off. Mom is in tremendous pain from the dying nerve endings even though there is a numbness and lack of pain in her hands and feet. A few months ago she was helping out on a remodel construction job. She stepped on a screw early on in the day. She felt no more discomfort than she usually does what with the tingling and numbness of neuropathy. She got all the way home without discovering anything was wrong. When she finally got her shoe off there was a great deal of blood soaking through her sock. She saw the screw sticking up through the bottom of the shoe on the inside. Only then did she see the hole in her foot. She immediately rushed to the emergency room. The doctors there told her she probably was going to have to have her foot amputated because of infection. Apparently the inside of a bone is very susceptible to infection. She was still not feeling any pain from the injury although her overall pain level from the neuropathy was just as high as ever. We all immediately began to pray for her, begging God to stop the infection, to save her foot from amputation. God was so faithful and her foot healed up just fine. There was no infection at all. Praise Him for his excellent love!!! Yancey makes the strong and obvious case for pain. The only difference between these writings and his, besides his incredible scholarship and logic is that I am right there. I am in the fire. Pain, when it is

working right, is what makes the world go round. Pain is a wonderful gift that blesses and helps our lives. What to do though, when it rages unchecked and out of control. When pain is like a dragon waiting around every corner. When pain is the single most present reality to your life. When every single waking, and most of my dreaming thoughts are centered around and wrestling with pain. This is why I, who never ever dreamed of writing a book about pain, am sitting here like a blacksmith over his anvil pounding with all of my soul. Hammering with every fiber of my being. This is written from the deep. By his own admission in his book Mr. Yancey wrote from the comfort of the fireside. I am writing from the coals themselves. The abyss of suffering is dark. The truth is, I contemplate with dread twenty two thousand more days like today and my spirit recoils in horror. I no longer fear death. I no longer fear terminal illness. I no longer fear men in any way. I do not fear financial ruin or. I fear pain itself. In the far north, deep in a cave under the Lava with no companions. In a tiny subterranean ice cavern chained to a wall, shivering and groaning without a shred of comfort or well being. All alone with friends and family around calling encouragement, but nevertheless. Here in this dungeon I live now. Here on this rack, stretched out, twisted and broken. That I will, in this life, ever be free from intense, physical suffering. Under the lava it is. God is with us!! Here, in the middle of a life rendered useless and detestable to me. Here, the Almighty Creator of billions of stars. He is with me. Not as a triumphant King riding high, like a seven forty seven above the clouds. Not like a moviegoer munching on popcorn, detached, watching a tragedy unfold on the screen before he leaves to have pie at Marie calendars after the show, but here. Here in the very midst of all the suffering he himself has allowed in me, FOR me. He himself has even chosen to identify himself entirely with my present pain. Only a suffering God can help. He lives with me in my heart. HE does not, merely, Act within me. What he has done, the depths of His love poured out is revealed in his incarnation IN me. I am not alone here in the cave under the earth. Jesus is with me.

Chapter 6 : Personal Stories of Triumph | Anxiety and Depression Association of America, ADAA

The true story of the Pariser family, Polish Jews who successfully hid from Nazi invaders during World War II. Jack Pariser tells of how his family survived the Holocaust and the aid they received from Christian neighbors in Poland.

Nobody wishes for them to happen, but they do happen anyway. Throughout history, tragedy has befallen mankind. It struck when you least expected it. We depict them in our dramatic plays and movies. The greatest of all tragic occurrence to me, is the fall of man in the Garden of Eden. This is because it is the beginning of all the woes and horrors of human kind. Tragedy never comes with a smiling face but with a frowned one. You can never speak better of the pains of tragedy unless you have experience one. The good news is that, there is a savior whose life was plagued with tragedy and so is able to save all who have gone and is going through lives tragic moments. You are about to read the tragic story of Mr. Peter Dechat and how Jesus turned his tragedy into triumph. Stephen Wengam on Tuesday 7th June, Some information as well as the pictures used in this material were gotten from the internet. May this testimony inspire, strengthen, and transform your life as well as reveal unto you the miracle working God in your own personal life. Am going to give a detailed account of what happened. I am going to start by giving you the background. I was living in Stanford Florida in and that is right in the middle of Florida, just a little bit north of Orlando. At that point in my life, I was very athletic. Physically, I was in the prime of my life. I lifted weight, I played basketball, if there was a sport out there, I was playing it. I was also a very successful business man. I had a company where I sold blind shades. That was basically like window coverings. I also was a Christian and it was only through my business that I accepted Jesus Christ. I accepted Jesus at the age of My motivation was just to sell some of my products. I knocked on the door and it was a pastor. On the morning of the accident, it was July 10, , a very sunny Tuesday morning about 8: That day, I was going about my business just like normal. Early in the morning, I was up and made myself a first cup of coffee. I was up in my office and my wife was there with me. My wife was behind me faxing in some of the orders. When I think back about how I was going about my day, it was really how Jesus put it in Matthew It was the same for me. I had no idea what was coming. My 10 year old step son, Daniel was in his room which is only two steps down and my four year old daughter Gabby was sleeping in my room which is downstairs. The house we had is surprisingly similar to some of the constructions you have here Ghana. Very strong two level house. The airplane was owned and was flown by a very famous business man. Now to describe the community that I lived in, there were two rows of houses that were back to back. So our backyards were touching each other. The rows of house were fifteen houses long. So it was pretty long and there was one lone palm tree on both sides. The plane was flying perfectly between the two palm trees. Which is amazing because there was an electrical fire in the cockpit of the plane. So the fire spread very quickly. These men could not see out of the wind shield in front of them. Our community was built right next to a lake. If they have been one or two degrees to the right, the plane would have landed in the water and nobody would have been hurt but because it crashed into these houses, both men in the plane died, and my next door neighbors wife and their one year old son died, and the gas tank exploded in my house. When the plane hit my house, the entire house shook. I want you to think about what it would have taken to shake a country block house. I thought a nuclear bomb had struck my house and seconds after that, there was even greater explosion. That was a gas tank blowing off. My wife and I, who were in the office upstairs, immediately, run out of the office and my wife went to the right to go down the stairs. So I went down the stairs assuming he was right behind me. When I got to the front door I stopped because Gabriella was only four years old and I imagined there was no way she will know what to do. And in my haste I run all the way upstairs to her room forgetting that she was in my bedroom downstairs. So I run all the way back down the stairs. And there was so much to breath. There was broken glasses, pieces of blocks all over the floor. I stumbled across it all trying to get to the bed and I lifted up the debris and I was yelling out Gabby, Gabby!!!! Daddy is here to save you, where are you? Can you imagine how loud a fire would have to be not hear somebody so close to you? I looked back to see how closed the fire was. It was only about three meters away. I might have had ten more seconds and who knows maybe in just that ten seconds, I could have found her but

at this point there was nothing I could do about it. I black-out from the smoke inhalation. Right on the bed and my next memory was hearing a voice say get out now. So I stumble out of the front door and collapse at the front yard. And he was there. Am just trying to imagine because I saw their faces. How traumatized they will be from seeing what I looked like. I remember my wife leaning over and telling me I did a good job and she was proud of me. But I also remember her saying its okay now. And anyone who has a child will know that is not okay. That means that she is now dead. And I remembered the chaos when I got there. Because I had very vivid and horrific dreams. Dreams of me hanging over a fiery pit with my flesh been cut off of me. Dreams of me been in some kind of vehicle full of dead people going down a dark tunnel. You have life but there are so many around you that are dead. And I said that is very true. My family told me that while I was in a coma I kept requesting the book of Job. I have no idea why I was requesting it and what I wanted. But it was so frequent that they bought the Bible on CD to play it anytime it was needed. And at that point in my life, I have only been a Christian for two and half or three years. But the similarities between that story and my life are unbelievable. Who is taking care of them? The interesting thing is I never asked of Gabby because I already knew what happened to her. They tried to hide it from me. Because they were afraid it will hinder my recovery or might even cause me to give up completely. What they were hiding was my wife had already left me while I was in the coma. I rather be punched in the face than kicked in the back of the head. Because that way I can see it coming. I repent of all my sins. I denounce the world and I make a commitment to love and serve you perpetually. Fill me with the Holy Spirt and power. In Jesus name I pray.

Chapter 7 : Christian Testimonies--Out of Darkness and Into Light

Testimonies of Triumph has 20 ratings and 3 reviews. Mel said: I am honored to be a contributing author for this book! I along with 27 other beautiful, b.

Our friends Daisy and Jerry are said to be fighting on the final fronts. And so is our friend Natalie. Can I tell you a bit about her? Natalie is one of our deaconesses. One of my first memories of Natalie was at a funeral, actually, one of the first of the many I have officiated in my five years in Middletown. Natalie comes walking in. Go out there and meet people. Who does this lady think she is? One of my best critics and greatest friends, actually. Several times a week we exchange emails. We volunteer together at the local food shelf. When I have to meet with a woman alone at the church, Natalie is the one who will come and hang out in the room next door. Natalie went from my shrewdest challenger to my fiercest supporter and encourager. They found problems with the bile duct, but in that process, also, pancreatic cancer, which, they say, nobody survives. But they also created all kinds of complications in the bile duct procedures which left her feeble and wounded. Talk of air building up, of bile building up, of perforated this and that. And even if that stuff could be fixed, there was still the cancer, which again they say, nobody survives. She could not endure any more surgeries. Every thing the doctors did only created three more things to do. They gave her a few days to two weeks to live. That was 11 days ago. And nobody, they say, survives that. She asked for Revelation "with its whores and dragons and plagues and beheadings" and for Ecclesiastes "with its vanities and meaninglessnesses and chasings of the wind. This tells you something about Natalie. She gets mad about their getting mad. They are all here, even her son who lives in Sweden. Maybe, if she starts feeling better, she will change her mind about fighting the cancer. None of us knows the when, really. I could go before her. Any of us could. It has been difficult watching Natalie, a fit, healthy, thin giant of a woman, shrink down in body and energy. They get smaller, and God gets bigger, as if their passing is itself a foretaste of the day Christ will put all things in subjection under his feet. And we are not annihilated on that day but redeemed, resurrected, restored. When we die, we get smaller and God gets bigger, that he might be all in all 1 Cor. The day before Richard died, I stood in his bedroom while he lay in his deathbed. Another bed had been pressed up against it, where his wife slept by his side in the night. I was told I could speak to him, although Richard was not conscious, heavily sedated. Because of that other bed parallel to his own, I could not sit near him. I had to actually lay down next to him. While his sister and aunt watched, I crawled basically into bed with him, lying on my side to face him, and we laid there, inches from each other, while I looked into his thin face. His eyes were closed and his mouth was open. I could feel and smell his breath, slow and labored on my own face. In the ordinary, in the mundane, in the boredom. In the throes of suffering, in the pangs and numbness of depression, in the threats to life and safety. Richard passed early the next morning. His body finally gave way to the brokenness and the curse. Few people survive brain tumors. And yet "he did. He really and truly did. Thinking of him standing in the presence of God in great glory, presented blameless by virtue of the righteousness of Christ, he was swallowed up into the divine kingdom in which he was already seated with Christ, into the very God in which he was already hidden. Richard was "is " more than a conqueror. He who believes in me, though he dies, yet shall he live. Do you believe this? But the blood of Christ speaks a better word. Everyone who is in Christ will survive "prevail, even. He must increase, but I must decrease.

Chapter 8 : Meg | Testimony Of Triumph (@testimonyoftriumph) " Instagram photos and videos

testimonies of triumph. likes. testimonies of triumph is a program about hope and faith. it's meant to encourage you to trust god and trust in god's.

Chapter 9 : calendrierdelascience.com: Ma'din Academy " Testimony of Triumph

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