

February Testimonies

- Numbers from Valorie's mission trip; Total as of January 18th; Healings and deliverance 1,297; Salvations – 246; Bible studies - 97; Notable Healings; 4 deaf ears opened; 2 blind eyes opened; 1 mute speaks; 3 crippled from neurological issues walk unassisted ; 1 lump disappeared. All glory to God!!
- Here is the testimony: Yesterday, Tuesday, I called my dad to see if he needed any food brought to him as he doesn't cook for himself and eats out 2x a day. He had gone out 2x on Monday and had fallen on the ice each time and banged himself up pretty good. Praise God his neighbors saw him fall both times and could help him into the house. I told him to call if he wanted more food later in the day. Well 5pm he calls, and the roads are frozen over. Our cars were just one big icicle! We weren't going anywhere. Talking to my dad, I said just call for pizza to be delivered. Nope, every place was closed because of ice. He is saying he could try to make it out again. I start panicking and go into crisis mode. I just say out loud, "Jesus I don't know what to do".

Kerry literally gears up to go and try to get into the car when my dad calls and says a neighbor just brought him over a plate of food. Thank You Jesus. He knew exactly what to do. -Monica

- Maddox injured his tailbone on the ice during the ice storm. His family prayed for him and he woke up healed.
- Kevin also fell on the ice in the ice storm and injured his elbow. God healed his elbow after prayer.
- During the ice storm we lost power because a tree fell on our power line. The tree did not hurt our fence and did cross the fence line over to the neighbor's house. The tree was literally held up by an internet cord, but the power cord was knocked down. I was worried about how long it was going to take our internet provider to come fix our internet when power was restored again. When the power line was fixed the internet worked just fine. It was a total miracle that our fence was not harmed and we did not have to contact our internet provider to restore internet connection after a tree hung on it for many hours. -Felicia
- My (Felicia's) grandma sent me the testimony of Kim Walker-Smith. Thought it would be wonderful to share here as she is from Oregon. I didn't know her, but her grandpa was the choir director in the church I got saved in.
<https://youtu.be/RMRgjniSSfs?si=RneG4acy-qGDqvP>
- Casey sent a small clip from Dutch Sheets on testimony as well. Going to share the link... https://youtu.be/8cLPTz-hZ1E?si=1H5QCUnl3n2XA9_o

• LAST CHANCE CREEK

It was my first time in the elk hunting woods. My friend Neal was mentoring me in the ways of the illusive Wapiti (the ghost of the woods). We were elk hunting in Eastern Oregon in a drainage called Last Chance Creek. It had been decimated by the Big Cow Burn forest fire in 1939. Towering pines rose up through the jungle of Snow Brush that covered the entire hillsides. Our plan was to spend seven days archery hunting Rocky Mountain elk. Neal was a very accomplished hunter, comfortably at home in the woods. I on the other hand struggled through many challenges rookies face; don't get lost; don't get too far from Neal because I don't know the area; make sure my calling is life-like; watch the wind direction.

The first day we separated, to my dismay, leaving me on my own. What a perfect time to pray, right? "Lord, thanks for the opportunity to hunt with Neal. Keep me safe. Bless me with my first elk and I will use it to witness for YOU."

As I walked to the top of the hill, following an old fire road, I got a response to my bugling from below. I switched to cow calling to entice the bull closer. A few anxiety-filled minutes later, I could see antler tips weaving through the six-foot tall snow brush. My heart began to pound so loud I was afraid the animal might hear it. As he closed the distance, I stepped up on the dirt berm lining the edge of the road to see better. I prayed, "Lord, if you give me this elk I will commit the rest of my week finding it if my shot is errant and I will use it to witness for You!"

As the bull came in to twenty yards, of which eighteen yards was chocked with brush, I could only see his head and neck. I calculated in my head where the vitals were, drew back and released the arrow. (My lack of archery knowledge

kept me from realizing that even one little branch could change the trajectory of my shot). The arrow was divinely guided to the liver and the bull went Only forty yards where he succumbed to my efforts.

Standing over the bull, in disbelief as to what had just happened, tears streamed down my cheeks as I looked to heaven praying, giving thanks to Jesus for my undeserved success. Neal showed up shortly after that and we packed out my trophy.

With six more days to hunt and a mule deer tag in my pocket, I bravely travelled five miles away in search of another undeserved trophy. As I was sneaking through the woods I bumped into another hunter. Early on in our conversation he said, "You're the guy who shot that five-point bull in Last Chance Creek three days ago aren't you?"

In my mind I thought, "How can this guy recognize me. I had a camo face net covering my face?" I replied, "Yes, that was my first elk". What he said next shocked me. "You're a Christian, aren't you? I said, "Yes, how did you know that?" He said, "I was close by in the brush chasing a big buck and I heard you praying over your elk. I was raised going to church but haven't gone in a long time. I should start going again." I took that opportunity to share my testimony with him and encouraged him to do just that and we both went on our way.

Finally, I have gotten to the most important part of this story. I prayed for an elk, committing to use it to further the cause of Christ. God gave me a great elk and three days later, five miles away, in the middle of the forest, I get a chance to witness to a complete stranger. I didn't even get a chance to go back to civilization first! My elk in Last Chance Creek could have given this fellow hunter his last chance to make himself a trophy for Jesus. – Dennis Abeene

- I set down social media during the 21 day fast. Almost immediately I had pictures come to mind and really felt clear about things I had been pondering for weeks.

Over the fast, I listened to 12 books and wrote 18k words of a book I honestly never thought I would write. I experienced healing in my family and marriage. The ice storm left me so broke but so blessed. I felt like the isolation was for my own Contemplation time. He restored my finances in one week and showed me a path to a less hectic life. I am walking into a fuller life after this fast.

I actually re-uninstalled social media apps even though I use it for business.

I'm so hopeful for this year of fasting. -Michelle

If you have a story to share, please email testimony@vccalbany.com