

# Why I Am Believing

## Answered Prayers and Lessons Learned

### Introduction – *Sawdust Tea*

My first exposure to the miraculous happened in 1973 when I was a child around 9 years old. Unbeknownst to me then, my mother was very ill with internal hemorrhaging. A doctor informed my mother and father that the hemorrhage was life threatening and would require surgery to correct. Yet, the doctor explained that the surgery would make her sterile. Despite the diagnosis, my parents decided not to have the surgery as they wanted to have more children. They were not members of any religious group, yet they were people who at least hoped in the Eternal.

In the anxiety filled days to follow, my father desperately and earnestly pleaded to the Eternal as my mother's health declined due to loss of blood. Until one day, he came home early from work, gathered mother, my sister and two brothers and me to give my mother a special tea. He had mother in the center as my three older siblings and I stood around her intently listening as he explained how he dreamt twice in the night of a person handing him a product and told him it would cure mother's ailment. Father further explained how in the morning he wondered where he would find this product, only to find it right next to his toolbox on arrival at his workplace. He told us how he *kneeled in tears* thanking the Eternal for answering his prayers which drew the attention of a foreman. He told the puzzled foreman of the dream and how he found the product, and then asked to leave work early intending to make tea with the product for mother. Having finished this account to us, he prayed and gave her the tea. From that day on, mother's *hemorrhaging stopped*, and she went on to have three more children from 1974 to 1980. I later found out that the tea was made from sawdust. My dad saved the unused portion of the sawdust as a testimony. At first it seemed strange and questionable. Yet, considering that Christ healed a blind man with mud; I concluded that sawdust was not so Biblically unusual.

This was the first and only miracle I experienced from the family's prayers or any other individual or organization. My parents sometime later joined a Baptist organization and, to my knowledge no longer had or spoke of having other miracles. *All other miracles* to follow that I experienced, resulted from my own hopeful prayers to the Eternal. The following are some testimonies of miracles I personally experienced which I hope will encourage you to hope and develop real faith in the Eternal for deliverance and salvation.

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### 1. Prayer for A Song

My first personal experience was getting my prayer for a song answered by the next day in 1976 when I was about 11 years old. In fifth grade during 1975, I became very fond of a folksong version of *a song called* “I Wish I Knew How it Would Feel to Free.” Not having or knowing all the lyrics, I did my best to sing it. Sometime in 1976, I had an unshakable persistent desire to get a copy of the words and for days on went about asking everyone I knew that sing if they knew the song. After several days of unsuccessful attempts, one day at home, I went on my parent’s bed and just laid flat on my belly while they were in another room. For the *first time* in my life, I was *personally* driven to pray! I don’t recall ever praying without being asked to do so and certainly never with such intensity. As I prayed, my chest was *tense*, and some *tears* dripped from my eyes. My heart and mind *earnestly* prayed that I might have the song, until I eventually fell asleep. About an hour later, I awoke and just got off the bed and went to play as on any other usual day. Yet, as I learned the next day at school, it was *not all usual*.

For later on entering the school’s auditorium with fellow classmates for chorus, singing had already started. Before I made it halfway down the aisle to sit, the *chorus teacher* moved to the *center* front of the *stage* and *interrupted* the *singing* saying “today *we will be learning* a new song called “I Wish I Knew How it Would Feel To Be Free;” and waving sheets in her hands, said “and I have copies.” On seeing and hearing that, elated, *I told* my *classmates* how I had prayed for the song just the day before and that Lord answered my prayer; that He is real! Although amazed, they believed me having known that I liked that song and had been searching for it. As I sat and received a copy of the song, I sang it with gladness. The excitement was with me all day and I couldn’t wait to get home to everyone; especially my next-door neighbor. My neighbor believed me as she also knew that I had been looking for the song for some time. To this day, I’m strengthened and edified every time I remember that the Eternal answered my childhood prayer for a song. It helps me to hope an aim for faith in the Eternal’s providence even in small matters.

### 2. Amazing Apes Can’t Compare

A second personal experience was an immediate answer to prayer for what was my favorite natural science documentary. On one summer Sunday, late in the afternoon before 5pm, I

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was watching TV and was very bored. My parents were preparing to go to a regular evening Baptist religious service which I didn't enjoy at all. So, I was feeling uneasy and *hoped they wouldn't ask me to go with them*. Being a child, the feeling of boredom and anxiety was near unbearable to me. Then, I began to have a strong desire for some relief and wanted to see my favorite documentary called "The Amazing Apes" which featured my favorite animal; the gorilla. With that strong desire, *I intently prayed* "please make The Amazing Apes come on. Suddenly *within seconds* of praying, I heard a TV announcement "We interrupt our regularly scheduled program to present The Amazing Apes". I was so amazed and thankful that my eyes became teary and my heart throbbed with excitement.

I was certainly glad my favorite documentary was on. Yet, far more, I was *filled with joy* from realizing that the real and Living Power *cared enough* to make me feel better by *answering my specific prayer* which brought a *change in me*. At that point, I was *no longer* so interested with watching the *documentary* or *worried* that *my parents* would ask me to go to evening *church* services with them. In fact, I was so *enraptured* with the joyous *understanding* that the Creator *answered* my *prayer* that, *for the first time in my life*, I wanted to go to church! I was glad to go just to be in *His Presence* and be *obedient* to Him. However, at church, *the service didn't connect with my experience* and *didn't help me believe*. So, I sat on a pew staring at the church yard and the sky through a window on my left *as my thoughts mused* on how *my prayer was answered*. By the way, before this experience, not only didn't I like going to church, I also paid no attention at church and just ran around being silly and sometime being an annoyance to other children. I try to remember that when dealing with children.

Although I was not in a real Biblical church, *that real experience* with the Eternal *made me* begin to *love Him* and *everything* pertaining to Him. From that day on, *I looked* forward to every *opportunity* to *believe* in Him *more*. Now, I became *increasingly attentive* to teachings, *participated* in praise *activities*, and choir *practice*. The members of the Baptist organization *noticed* the change in me - *especially the children*. One girl in response to my change stated "*I can't believe it*, Jackson is *so different* and so *well behaved* now..." This was a turning point in which I began to seek to understand the Creator which had a positive effect on my thinking and behavior.

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#### 3. The Pain is Gone!

My third experience was immediate answered prayer for a severely sharp abdominal pain while at shop class in high school. The pain was so intense that I had cold sweats and could not sit up or stand straight. The teacher suggested that I go home, to which I agreed. Yet, the pain made it too difficult for me to stand and let alone to walk. With my head down on the desk where I sat, *my thoughts raced* wondering what to do and when would the pain stop. In that process, I started to pray to the Eternal to “*please make the pain stop.*” In about one minute or less, the pain was gone and the cold sweats stopped as well. Not being sure if it was all gone, I slowly and cautiously straightened up, and then fully realized the pain was all gone. With that *I blurted out loud* “its gone, *the pain is gone!* I prayed and the pain is gone.” Instead of being annoyed by my sudden outburst, the *teacher was surprised* and puzzled by what happened. I don’t remember his verbal response, or what else, I may have said, but do remember *he was glad that I was feeling well again.*

This happened when I was *about 18 years old*; a year after *my baptism* at the Baptist organization. From about that time on, I *learned to pray* for my headaches, stomachaches or just about *any personal discomfort.* To this very day, my prayers for such discomforts are almost always *answered immediately* without ever having to take any type of pharmaceutical or homeopathic medicine. I used to catch colds often, about every few months or when seasons changed. Yet from about then to now, I hardly ever have colds. If one seems to be coming, I pray, and it goes away between one to four days *without* having to take any type of *medicine.* Important, *no one should do this* without first being committed to Elohim and His Kingdom by and in Messiah Yeshua’s Name (authority).

#### 4. You’ll Stop When You Hurt Yourself!

Prior to that experience, although I involved myself in church activities, *my behavior* elsewhere, especially in school *was not the best* it could have been. On account of my *rambunctious* behavior in middle school I developed a *hernia.* I didn’t know that until some years later in junior high school. Whenever I ran for some distance, exerted pressure on my abdomen or even sneezed, I would feel *discomfort* in my right *pelvic area.* Also, a *lump* would form in that area which was *painful* when pressed. The lump and the discomfort would go away whenever I rested; especially when laying down on my back. I eventually

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learned those were the *symptoms* of hernia and *dreaded* what it meant. Then *I remembered*, that when I was between 12 and 14 years old, a former teacher had said to me “*you’ll stop when you hurt yourself.*” Back then, I did some reckless things, such as running and dropkicking heavy double doors in the school hallway. It didn’t even occur to me that I could have caused serious injury to someone who may be near the doors or to myself. Nonetheless, *she was right*, I did hurt myself.

Having heard adults and medical sources say, surgery was the only solution and that it can reoccur, I became *despondent* about it but told no one. After some *years* of the *discomfort* and *inability* to be as active as I wanted to be, I decided to *pray* for *forgiveness* and *healing*. I would go to my room for *long periods* just to pray. Not wanting my parents to become suspicious, I would go to the living room and sit with them, but with my eyes closed – praying. This prayer lasted for *months*, possibly a few *years*, and then *it happened*. The pain and the lump simply *stopped occurring* between my late teens and early twenties. Since then to the present, *I could again lift weights*, and run *without* any *discomfort*. The Eternal had mercy on me and delivered me from pain and from having to undergo surgery.

Again, *this didn’t happen overnight*, it took as stated months and possibly years. That taught me to *persevere* in prayer even when a problem lingers as well as to *search myself* to determine if there are *spiritual problems* I need to *repent* of and *confess* to the Eternal for *forgiveness*. Many people, to their sorrow, are often *too proud to admit* or consider that their sufferings are very often due to *sins*. Yes, although sometimes sin is not the cause, that is the exception not the rule. By the testimony of the Scriptures, *most often* sins we don’t confess and repent of are really the *cause* of our *lingering* problems and *sufferings*. Our failure to repent of sins *invalidates* our *prayers* which will not be answered. As written “*But your iniquities have separated you from your Elohim; and your sins have hidden His Face from you, so that He will not hear*” (Isaiah 59:2). So, we must be wise and repentant when He brings our faults to our attention. The sooner we do, the sooner He will answer.

#### 5. Get Rid of Everything Not Compatible with The Gospel of Christ

Another answer to prayer happened when I was 21 years old. Despite the goodness of the Eternal, I didn’t consecrate myself to Him as He requires. A baptized member of the Baptist

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religious organization, I lived a *duplicitous* religious *lifestyle*; attending “church” while loving worldly things. Two things were big *idols* in my life; worldly superhero comic books and martial arts. May sound silly, but that was me. I struggled with that knowing full well that the philosophies and source of those two things were incompatible with sound Biblical doctrine. Some people don’t want to acknowledge or believe, this but the fact is to Elohim comic book superheroes are modern day idols and martial arts are contrary to His doctrine. Anyway, this lasted about five years since my baptism until one Tuesday evening in 1986, when my father, my younger sister and brother, along with my eldest brother and I came home from a prayer service *only to find tragedy*. There we learned that my six-year-old brother Joshua was hospitalized in critical condition due to a tragic fall. At the hospital with the family, *I kneeled* with my face to the ground *in tears trying to connect with the Lord* to ask Him to spare my brother’s life. Yet, *because* of my *unrepentant lifestyle*, I was feeling desperate and *unable to pray* with hope or any *hint of faith*. Normally I could pray with *at least* some hope, but *not this time*. For, mere hours before the terrible calamity, I had watched a *kung-fu movie* filled with senseless *violence*, and some *nudity*; things which called-out ones should *never* partake of or *entertain*.

Having returned home, exhausted from *shock* and *grief*; with restless trembling hearts we held on until a hospital representative called around 11pm to inform us that Joshua had *passed due* to his severe head *injuries*. We were *devastated* by the news but did all we could to encourage each other by the love we’ve *read about* in the scriptures. We were all affected in *similar* and in *different* ways by this grievous event. As for me, I took the Creator more *seriously* and was moved *to get rid of everything not compatible with* the Gospel of Christ. Considering my *comic book collection*, I thought of selling them, but was compelled to *discard* them all so *no one else* would be held *captive* by them. Moreover, *I abandoned* the practice of *martial arts* and also *threw out all* my martial arts **books**. It is sad, but too often we don’t repent until after experiencing unnecessary horrific and traumatic tragedies.

After months of mourning, I began resuming regular activities including going back to work in a local women’s garment store at 490 Fulton St. in downtown Brooklyn, NY. Nonetheless, the sadness persisted. I didn’t even know what I was feeling; it was just miserable. One day at work I went for lunch at a Chinese restaurant and it started to rain while eating there.

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Already feeling so depressed, I *loathed* the thought of *getting soaked* considering my clothes was dusty from work. So, while eating, I *earnestly prayed* that the rain would stop so that I could walk back to work without getting wet. Then, having paid for my meal, I walked out the restaurant and got back to work without getting wet, except from a few drops from wet trees. The *rain had stopped* as I requested and *started again only after* I entered my workplace through its glass doors. Yet, I didn't give it much thought then and *didn't tell anyone about it* until after several years later; probably due to my grief. From this experience, I know that the Eternal is *not a respecter of persons* and that to be His, *one must repent* of all sins, keep His *commandments* and *eschew* everything that is *contrary* to His *doctrine*. The Apostle John taught "*Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him* (1 John 2:15). I also learned and trusted in the Eternal to *fill the empty space in my life* that were filled with worldly things I discarded. I made it my business to adhere to the Apostle Paul's admonition, "*Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are noble, whatever things are just, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there is any virtue and if there is anything praiseworthy - meditate on these things*" (Philippians 4:8). This is *an absolute must* for any who *want to be* a living temple for the Holy Spirit of Elohim and be in the New Covenant. None are His without these.

The wonderful Lord had done another thing for me to *help me overcome* faults which if practiced would result in covenant breaking. Although I had discarded all my comic books, I was still *idolatrously entangled* emotionally with a particular comic book superhero. It may sound silly, but it was idolatrous. For years no new comic book was ever printed about this particular superhero. Well during my temptations, *guess what?* A new comic series came out with all the excitement a comic fanatic could imagine. Several months after discarding my comics, I *deceived myself* into thinking it would be OK to buy one. So, I *shamelessly* bought the new comic book only to discover doing so caused an *unpleasant sensation* in my mind which I describe as "*mental nausea.*" It was *so bad* that I simply could not look at or keep the comic book. Relief came only after I tore it up and discarded it. Moreover, it turned out that the same mental nausea would *happen whenever* I thought of the comic character. I never again attempted to get another comic book and made sure to push away any thought about such things. Sometimes I used to fear that one day a movie

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producer would make a movie about the superhero character which would be *annoyingly tempting*. But just that thought caused the unpleasant mental sensation which helped me to resist those temptations constantly. From that point on I realized *it was the Lord's way* of *helping* me to *overcome* this idolatrous *problem*. The assistance lasted for years probably up to 2005. After that the mental nausea no longer occurred if I saw a comic book. In fact, I *no longer* had any *interest* in any superhero character. Now I was sure that if a movie was ever made about the character, I wouldn't have any interest. Instead, I would *despise it* knowing that so many people are rejecting the Eternal and His Christ while giving so much *attention* to *vain idols*. The Eternal by His kindness has *helped* me not only to *repent*, but to also *overcome* that idolatrous way. He has *removed* that *reprobate* pastime and *filled* me with *purposeful* hope towards *wonderful* real *faith* in *Him*. By the Eternal's grace, He is now *my Hero*, my *joy* my *All*.

#### 6. Pray for Me

Another occasion happened when someone specifically asked me for prayer having noted my unusual lifestyle and devotions in prayer. This happened at the same workplace around the same year. One day at work, I passed by a supervisor responsible for bags, purses and other women's garment accessories. She was a tall Panamanian woman who I perceived as a reserved and respectful person. Unbeknownst to me, she was suffering at least all day from a severe migraine headache. Being overwhelmed with the pain, although on duty, she told me about it and openly asked me to pray for her. *No one had ever asked me to pray for them before* and I never saw anyone ask for prayer so seriously. Although she was standing at work with customers and coworkers nearby, she asked me to pray for her unabashed – “please *pray for me*.”

Never expecting such a request and unsure of anything, still I placed the palms of each of my hands on each side of the temples of her head and made *a short prayer*. I don't remember what I said or if my eyes were closed or opened; only that my prayer was very short; about one sentence. Yet, as I finished the short prayer and began to withdraw my hands from her temples, she exclaimed audibly “*it's gone*, the headache is gone” and gratefully thanked me for praying for her. With that experience *she told coworkers*, who knew about her migraine, what had just happened. As a result, that same day, *some of them came to me for prayer* as



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well. I don't recall any response from them. Yet I do remember that I felt *bashful* and wanted to avoid everyone but could not being at work. This was the first time that I prayed for someone else and received immediate a positive answer. In retrospect, although it can be good to pray for everyone's wellbeing, I've learned that intercessory prayer is usually answered more quickly when someone asks us for prayer. This act of faith or at least hope in Elohim to seek the one(s) *showing consistent evidence* of Elohim's righteousness honors Him and His Living Way.

#### 7. Gave Me a Job While on My Knees

This next answer to prayer happened in 1988 while I was *unemployed*. By then, the Eternal had blessed me with the knowledge and a heart to keep His commandments; including His Sabbaths and Holydays. Most people, including me, would agree that *jobs don't just fall out of heaven*. However, the Sovereign of Heaven *can provide employment* when we need it. One day while at home *on my knees praying*, not sure for what exactly, the phone rang. On answering the phone, a man introduced himself as a recruiter from an employment agency, said he was in process of transitioning to another role, but wanted to *offer me* a long-term temporary job at premier bank as a customer service rep. Wanting to resume my prayer, I asked him how much the pay was. After hearing his offer which I considered too low based on my prior job's pay, I respectfully *declined his offer* and *resumed my prayer*. Sometime later, while I was still praying, he *called again* and made me a *better offer* for the same job; which I accepted. Starting in the bank as a temporary customer service rep, I was hired *three years later* on a *permanent* basis, a few years later was *promoted* to a training coach, then training specialist as the company merged with another bank, and finally to training center *manager* after another merger. By the way, I did not previously apply to the temp agency which offered me the job. So, the Eternal *graciously provided* for my employment needs while I was *on my knees seeking His Fellowship*.

#### 8. Your Daughter is Here to See You

A more *amazing experience* happened about four years later. In 1989, I had *befriended* and developed strong feelings for a *young lady* which I met at the Baptist organization. Although her feelings towards me weren't so strong, I stayed in touch with her as much as possible. About three years later she moved to stay with her father in New Jersey. *One day* while

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speaking with her on the phone, she told me that her father has been in a *diabetic coma* for **22 days**. Hearing the *anxiety* in her voice, I asked if I could visit him in the hospital; she agreed and told me the address. That week, most likely on Sunday, I drove from Brooklyn to the hospital *clueless* of what I was about to see and experience.

On entering her father's room, I found her tending to him as he *lay* in bed *motionless*; but *breathing heavily*. As I looked, I saw him covered up with a white blanket and noticed his face and neck were *swollen*; his mouth open and a *tube* was in his nostrils. His left foot sticking out from underneath the cover was very swollen. The *skin* on the foot looked *dark* and *glossy* as it stretched from the swelling. His toes *resembled* round *plastic* grapes like those in a set of decorative *plastic fruit*. There were *dark* reddish and brown *fluid* stains on the floor immediately next to the bed; probably *blood* - some *dry* and others *moist*. *Overwhelmed* with sadness at the sight and feeling that I was about to sob, I asked his daughter *to leave* the room immediately. For some reason, she left the room as I asked without question or delay.

So grieved by the sight of her sick father, I quickly *kneeled* on the floor *without* hesitation despite the stains. Normally the sight of blood would repulse me. Yet, I just kneeled and *prayed* with *uncontrollable sobbing*, with *quick*, heavy and deep *breaths*; *supplicating* that *her father would awake*. While still praying, *I heard* a low vocal *sound* and opened my eyes to see that *he was awakened from the coma*. I stood up with a semi-smile and looked at him as he looked at me. He *motioned* with his hand, I responded informing him that "your daughter is here to see you." I quickly went to the door and *told her he was awake*. She bolted through the door, with teary eyes and went to her father. They spoke a bit, then I saw him on the bed with a pen and began filling out a form as they spoke.

At some point later, *he asked for help* to use the restroom. She helped him as he stood and walked with slow shifting steps to the bathroom. *A nurse hearing the sounds* came running in the room amazed and inquired what happened. I do remember the expression of urgency and surprise on the part of the nurse. All the while *I stood at a distance* watching but *disconnected* with the situation; feeling almost *dazed* by what had just *happened*. The **Eternal** actual *answered* my prayer to *awaken her father from a long coma almost*

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*instantly*. As my friend began to try to explain to the nurse what happened, I *quietly went out* the door and left the room. I don't recall if I even said goodbye. I knew they had things to do, and so left and *drove back home*. This experience continues to be a big help for me to hope in the Eternal in difficult times and to strive to strengthen my very weak faith. *Messiah taught* "Therefore I say to you, *whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them*" (Mark 11:24). This is a *very amazing* and wonderful, yet a *real promise* from the Master. *It is the Biblical faith* of Abraham and all the Lord's servants. We need to *travail in supplication* to Messiah to *gain* and *develop* this wonderful *true faith*.

#### 9. My Heart Didn't Have to Break

A later experience, involving the same young lady, was a hard lesson learned; mostly due to my failure to obey the Eternal's Word. This was a very difficult on and off relationship as I cared deeply for her while she did not feel the same for me. In 1996, I prayed for clarity and strength to make the right decision to end this relationship of seven years. One Friday after work, knowing that I observe the Sabbath, she seemed to purposely choose to go shopping as Sabbath drew near. Although I reminded her of that fact, she showed no concern. So, I excused myself and went home for the Sabbath.

That Friday evening, I struggled with accepting the fact that I was unequally yoked. So, I prayed to know the Most High's will on whether she would change and asked for the strength to obey His will. In about a week's time, it was made clear as my heart broke to learn from coworkers that she was seeing someone else all the while and other things that needn't be mentioned. That day, after work, *I approached* her *holding back tears* and simply asked "why"? She apologized and seemed as if she wanted reconciliation despite her unbecoming act. However, by the grace of the Eternal, *I wished her well*, turned around and walked away *without ever turning back*. That day, I went home *finally knowing and obeying* the will of the Most High in the matter. Looking back, *my heart didn't have to break* as it did. During the seven years of dealing with her, I experienced enough disappointments from her to have known it was not the Eternal's will for me to be with her. By His mercy, the Master answered my sincere *prayer for clarity* and strength *to break away* from an unequally yoked

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relationship. From then, I began to understand that *my desires* and *searching* should *only* be for *what the Eternal offers or permits me to have*. His Torah, Grace and Truth says it all.

#### 10. No Evidence of a Tumor

One day in those years, between 1990 and 1996, *a friend* I've known since Junior High school, with saddened tone, told me that *his mother* was *diagnosed* as having a *tumor* in her reproductive organ and would need to undergo some medical procedure and was scheduled to have it done during the week. Not sure what to say, *I kept silent as he spoke*. Then, although I've met his mother before, I asked him to tell me about her. Then again, remained silent as he proceeded to *tell me about his mother's many acts of kindness* towards her family and others.

As I *listened*, *admiration* filled my heart *for my friend's mother* and *responded* to him with *certainty* that, *by the Lord's mercy*, his *mother would be found well*; not needing *any procedure*. I don't recall his response but do remember that we *ended the call amicably*. From then on, *I kept my thoughts of his mother in the Lord* intending to contact him the evening of the day of her hospital appointment. In that evening, he told me that the doctor checked her and *found no evidence of a tumor or a need for any procedure*. The last we spoke of this was towards the end of October 2016 and his mother *had no reoccurrence*, by the Almighty's mercies.

#### 11. Cancelled the Biopsy

Another yet *similar experience happened* during those same years. I attended Sabbath services locally at a well-known Seventh Day Adventist in Brooklyn as I didn't know of a better place to attend at the time. Well, a *beloved cousin of mine* was a member there along with her husband. Both, especially she, were *friendly* and *warm people* which I enjoyed being with at services. One Sunday at home, while speaking with her on the phone, I noticed *sadness* in the tone of *her voice*. On my asking if all was well, she told me that her doctor found *lumps on her breast* and that she was scheduled for a *biopsy* on Monday. As I *listened quietly* not knowing how to respond, she stated that she was *troubled* and *frightened* by it all. As I remained *silent* being *filled* with *sympathy*, a *sudden assurance* that *by the Most High* she would *be well* not needing *any medical intervention* came to my *heart* and *mind*.

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Then, *gently* yet in *certainty*, I told her *not* to be *afraid*, as the *doctors* will *check* her and *will find no need* to do a *biopsy* or anything; *she will be well*. With a few words she thanked me for the encouragement, and we ended the phone call. *My thoughts for her were kept in the Most High* as I intended calling her the evening of the next day.

Come *Monday evening*, we were on the phone, I don't recall if it were I or my cousin that called. Nonetheless, wonderfully all was well with her. She told me that the *doctor*, to no avail, *tried* twice to perform the *biopsy*. The doctor *tried* with *two* different *machines*, but *neither one would work*. At that point the *doctor* decided to *re-examine her* and found *no evidence of any lumps and thus canceled the biopsy altogether*. She was *so happy* and couldn't thank me enough. When I saw her on Sabbath, she told me she had a gift for me and *handed me* a Church hymnal. I normally don't like to accept gifts, but seeing her grateful intent, I accepted it. From that Monday to this day, she has *never had a reoccurrence*. I had since *left the Baptist* organization completely and became a member of the *Worldwide Church of God* (WCG), which preached the Biblical Gospel and kept Elohim's commandments more accurately than any other church I knew of. Shortly after, I *stopped* going to the *Adventist* organization as well. For *a short while*, the WCG was an oasis of encouragement and rest for me. There, I could observe the *Sabbaths*, annual *holidays* and, all the Eternal's *wonderful commandments* with people who did the same.

### 12. Write A Letter by Hand

A later experience was in 1999 regarding the *purchase of my home*. For context, in 1996, I met Marjorie, a kind woman who became my fiancé in 1999. That same year we went to a real estate agency looking to buy a home but didn't find the right one. One day, I spoke with another agent at the same agency who showed me a *house that was just right*: a detached, two-family brick house. He introduced me to the *owner* who was an *elderly* widow. After giving us a tour of the house, it seemed she was willing to sell it to me. As we departed after the tour, the agent told me he would call as soon as she was ready to sign. Within a few days, the agent called me with the *disappointing news* that she didn't want to sell the house. It turned out, as the real estate agent explained, that a number of other people wanted to buy the house and she turned them down as the house had *great sentimental value to her*.

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Normally, something like this *would not bother* me much and I would move on. Yet, *for some reason*, I felt extremely *disappointed* and *could not shake the feeling* no matter how I tried. This was during September of 1999 and I was also *concerned* that real estate *prices* would rise *beyond my budget*. So, *while in prayer* on my way home, I decided to *pray* to the Eternal *specifically to change the woman's mind* to sell me the house. Then I began to *feel* a slight, but steady *sense of hope*.

At home, I *eagerly entered* my room, *kneeled* near my bed and rested my elbows on an old wooden chair to *pray* for this matter. By the time I was *about to end* the prayer, a thought *entered* my *mind to write a letter by hand to the woman to let her know*: 1) I've been searching for a home like hers for a while; 2) Assure her I will take good care it. With that thought, I got off my knees and wrote the letter by hand and mailed it to her address. Having a computer, I would *normally have typed it*; but was *impelled to write it by hand*. In a *few days*, I spoke with the agent and he told me "*good news* she is *ready to* meet with us to *sign the papers*." On meeting with her, the *woman explained* how she was *very moved by my letter* and was since *convinced I was the right person*, she should sell the house to.

During the closing, while we were signing documents, she wrote a personal check to her lawyer, and said "in all my life this is the first time I've ever written a check. I normally pay by cash." So, I then realized, that she was a very old school person who hardly used modern instruments. *In hindsight, that was probably why I was directed to write the letter by hand instead of typing it as usual*. In December 1999 the *house was mine* with help of my dear brother Felix who cosigned with me. Also, all this happened *just before home prices in the area went up* from \$199,000.00 to \$500,000.00. So, I thank the Eternal for *His direction* and blessing which *landed me our home before prices increased*. By July 31, 2000, Marjorie and I were *married* and moved to our home in Queens New York.

### 13. Trusting The Eternal's Will as Specified in His Covenants

About the same time a *different minister* along with *his supporters* had already taken over the Worldwide Church of God (WCG) and *apostasy* had set in. *I tried to encourage* the local members to stand in the Most High against the apostasy and also sent several letters directly to the minister to do what is right. Yet, he and his supporters refused to change.

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Perhaps worse, the *local members* were *so passive* and made little effort to withstand the *apostasy* which was very *disappointing*. So, Marjorie and I decided to *leave the WCG* and started *attending* a small *Messianic group* in South Ozone Park, Queens NY where my next experience happened some years later. At one Sabbath service, during prayer time, a man named Tony shared that his doctor told him he may need eye *surgery* due to *glaucoma*.

Tony was scheduled for further examination the coming week and was quite anxious about it understandably. Yet, being the host that day for the service, I was *moved to assure* him not to worry, and that the doctor will tell him there is *no glaucoma* – that his eyes were *fine*. My co-host, Gilbert joined in to affirm the same to him. *Tony seemed to be a bit encouraged* to hope in the Eternal. Yet, *another man* named John cautioned that *we should not be so confident* and may be *giving* Tony *false hope* as “*we don’t know if it is the Lord’s will.*” Hearing that, *I was disappointed by John’s faithless words*, but spoke up to *reassure Tony* that *all will be well* with his eyes. After services, *I spoke with John* attempting to show him the Eternal’s will has been specified in the covenants; *but he would not believe*.

*Praise to the Eternal*, the next Sabbath during prayer time, *Tony testified* in great relief that after the examination, the doctor concluded there was *no glaucoma* and that his *eyes* were healthy *needing no surgery*. With that testimony, *I had hoped John would* have come to understand that the *Most High* specified *His will* in *His covenants* and that we need to *train ourselves to trust* in His *covenant promises* as recorded in the *Scriptures*. Sadly, *John disagreed* despite the evidence and *eventually stopped attending* services with us. This experience strengthened me to *persevere* in *trusting* the Eternal’s will as specified in *His covenants* despite the doubts of others.

#### 14. You Still Don’t Feel Anything?

Possibly months or a few years after that event, one night my wife started to feel a “bothersome pain” in her neck that kept her from sleeping. I knew she suffered from thyroid disease, but this was the first time she experienced pain which was alarming to both of us. Worried, I tried to sleep but could not as she continued to complain about the pain. Very troubled, lying on the bed with my eyes opened, I abruptly turned in the bed facing east with my back to her. Wanting sleep, and stressed, I prayed a short but strenuous *desperate* prayer;

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“please make it stop.” Then, I quickly turned on the bed facing her and placed my inner wrists together with palms opened then placed my hands on her throat area and prayed again. In a mere minute or less, she said “it stopped, thank you for praying for me.” Thankful but still anxious, I waited some seemingly long minutes, and then asked her, “*You still don’t feel anything?*” My wife responded, “I feel fine; thank you.” I acknowledge her response and eventually went to sleep. Since then, she has never felt that pain or *mentioned any* other in her neck although she still has thyroid disease. So, I’m still trying to pray to the Eternal to heal her thyroid completely. I’ve certainly said the words in my mind and audibly, but not sure if I’ve prayed yet. When I accomplish a prayer, my heartbeat and emotions *become intense* as I think of or say the petition, and often with some *tears*. So, I’m still trying to pray for her complete healing. I realize just about always *my short intense prayers* are the ones that get answered. *Prayer is far more than saying words*, but asking and trusting Elohim will do it, which is challenging to me.

#### **15. You are My Healer, If You Don’t Help Her, I’ll Have to Take Her to the Hospital**

Like many other families, Marjorie and I have had our share of problems besides blessings. This subsequent answer to prayer was during an extremely stressful situation involving our daughter Shiree when she was about a year old. One day during Sabbath services, Shiree could not lift her left arm and would cry if we tried to move it. I immediately started to pray for her in my mind and became very worried when her condition remained the same thru the service and even after we got home. She cried as we were changing her clothing; she was just a baby about a year old. It was awful, heart wrenching for me to see her in pain and not be able to help her unless I break the Sabbath and take her to a doctor. Having placed her little arm in a sling, I thought to myself, why would Elohim want me to break the Sabbath, drive to the hospital to have people who don’t believe in Him be the ones to help my daughter? I could not and refused to believe that. For the Eternal is not an author of confusion and is most gracious.

So, feeling desperate, I left her in her playpen with her mother and went to the bedroom to pray. On my knees I expressed in supplication to the Eternal something to the effect of “you are my Healer, if You don’t help her, I’ll have to take her to the hospital on the Sabbath day. I can’t believe You would want me to do that since You can heal her; please heal her. If it



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were I who was feeling the pain, I would wait until Sabbath ends, but she is just a baby.” Having ended that prayer, I went back to living room to find that my little Shiree *was happily running* around in her playpen and then watched the *slingslip off her left arm* as she swung *both her little arms without a hint of any discomfort*. I was *stunned* and *greatly relieved* and said to Marjorie look *the Lord healed her*, she’s swinging her arm without any problem. With great appreciation and relief, I thanked Him for His faithfulness and *great kindness* towards us. That taught me to *trust* in the Eternal and to *not break or compromise His commandments no matter* how desperate or hopeless a situation may be. *He will never* abandon His people in situations that would require the breaking or compromising of His commandments. He will never allow us to be tempted or tried above what we can bear. *If we trust or at least hope in Him, He will deliver us*. Urgently, we need to practice trusting Elohim in small trials so that when the big ones come, we won’t succumb to temptations.

#### 16. Pray According to the Understanding Granted

A wonderful answer to prayer involved my *dear brother* Felix in December 2011. One day while chatting on the phone, as we did often, Felix seemed distracted in thought or hesitant as he spoke with me. When I asked if he was well, he told me that he had a *lump* on *his neck* and that his doctor said it needs to be *surgically removed* otherwise, it would *worsen*. On listening, *I felt troubled* by the news, but composed myself hoping in the Eternal for my brother’s wellbeing. I then *encouraged* Felix to *hope in the Eternal* to be healed. *He did not reject my advice* since long before this my Adventist cousin had told to him how hoping in the Eternal as I advised her *spared her* from undergoing a biopsy. Yet, *not certain* of my brother’s moral standing, I first advised him to *make sure* that he is living a repentant life in certainty. On assuring me that he was, I prayed with him on the phone and continued to pray for him daily.

In the days to follow, he told me there was no sign of improvement. I was perplexed by the news but struggled to trust in the Most High and encouraged Felix to continue trusting. We saw each other a few times, in Brooklyn and occasionally at holyday services. During one of our services I noticed the *lump* on Felix’s neck just below the back of his jawbone *seemed bigger* than before. *Saddened* and more *puzzled* by the sight, I hid my emotions from him so as not to weaken his hope and *prayed silently for myself* to continue trusting. On another

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day *while praying* for him at home, it came to *my mind* that although Felix believed in keeping the Sabbath by not working on it; he rarely assembled on Sabbath and wasn't committed to doing so regularly. Having ended my prayers, I became convinced that to be healed Felix needed to *understand* that Sabbath observance has two major aspects, assembling on it as well as resting on it. He was resting on it regularly but was not attending services devotedly. *He needed to* attend Sabbath services and rest on it regularly to be healed.

Knowing this, I called him as soon as possible and explained it all to him. I told him to start attending services immediately and went to see him to encourage him the same week. On my leaving, I *asked* him if I could *pray* for him as we headed to my car. As he welcomed it, standing on the sidewalk near my car, I placed my hand on the right side of his neck on the lump and prayed for him to be healed. In hope *Felix came to Sabbath* services that weekend. The following week, while talking with him on the phone, Felix told me that the *doctor was sure he would need the surgery* and had scheduled it for December 21, 2011. I asked him to wait for seven days before speaking with the doctor about the surgery. The same week Felix told me the lump was smaller. *In a few more days, the lump was completely gone.* From that point on to date, Felix continues to attend Sabbath services with me in the Queens congregation and all the holyday services faithfully with devotion and joy as a member of the Congregation of Elohim. Since then, Felix has learned a great deal and has encouraged as well as taught me and others, truths we never considered before. He is still doing this; praises to the Eternal.

Yet, *having* strong hope but *very little faith*, I kept checking his neck on every occasion to make sure the lump didn't reoccur. By the kindness of the wonderful Eternal, it did not and will not come back. *I learned* when an answer to prayer is long in coming, we need to pray to *understand* the situation and then pray according to the understanding granted. *We* need to make sure we are *living obediently* and *repent* of any and *every* sin or trespass *brought* to our *attention*. This knowledge gained by experience *agrees with* the scripture "*What is the conclusion then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will also pray with the understanding. I will sing with the spirit, and I will also sing with the understanding*" (1Corinthians 14:15).

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#### 17. She's Sleeping Quietly

A subsequent answer to pray, known by all the members of the Queens congregation, was for my daughter Shiree. During her toddler years up to the age of nine, Shiree suffered a nasal condition which made it *difficult* for her *to breathe* while sleeping especially when she had a cold. I found myself having to pray for her almost every night so she could stop coughing and sleep. Although the Eternal answered my prayers each night, seeing her chronic discomfort, I decided to take her to a laryngologist to find out what was wrong. The doctor checked her nose and throat and diagnosed that she had *enlarged adenoids* that obstructed the flow of mucus causing a backup which would suddenly spill down her throat resulting in choking coughs. He offered two solutions; the most effective being *surgery* to reduce the size of the adenoids. The second option was the use of a *steroid nasal spray* which she would need to take every day for the rest of her life.

Hoping in the Eternal, I *refused* the surgery but *accepted* the prescription for the nasal spray and purchased it at a local Ride Aid pharmacy. For a few days, I sprayed her nose before taking her to bed which helped a bit although she disliked it as it caused some discomfort in her nose. On Wednesday night of that week or the next, as I was going to spray her nose, *she pleaded* with me not to do it and implored me to pray for her instead. Hearing her words and seeing her expression of fear, I was troubled by her distress and *my inability to grasp faith to know* that the Sovereign would *really heal her* so that she would *never need* the spray or surgery to breath properly. After all, I've prayed with her every night and *always* told her that *Elohim* was her *Father* and to *trust in Him*. I dreaded and struggled with doubt and didn't want her to be disappointed in trusting Him. Yet, as she urged me to pray for her, I held her little hand as we went to the living room where we normally pray side by side before retiring to sleep. I stood at her left side and placed my right hand on her head and *made a short* one sentence *prayer*. Then, I hugged her and took her to bed *earnestly hoping* in the Eternal. *That very night*, without the use of the prescribed nasal spray, *she slept* quietly *without any* coughing or difficulty breathing. I thanked the Eternal for His mercy to us despite my miserable lack of faith.

For the rest of the week she continued to have *no breathing problems* even while sleeping. On Sabbath while at services, I announced during our testimony and prayer request time,

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that I had a testimony. So, everyone sat waiting to hear me tell my testimony, but I intentionally stayed quiet. Then with a smile, I said to everyone “*listen*”. Puzzled, everyone looked at me and at each other since I just stayed looking at them silent. Then *one* of the *ladies exclaimed “its Shiree! She’s sleeping quietly* without snoring loudly anymore.” This member of the congregation was very familiar with my daughter’s *former* loud snoring at services. My brother *Felix affirmed* with joy “*Yes, Shiree is sleeping quietly* without making any choking or loud snoring sounds”. Then *everyone else realized it* and was glad and *praised the Eternal* after I explained how *the Eternal had healed her* in His abundant mercies. Since then to this day, my daughter now 16 years old, doesn’t need any nose medicine or surgery and sleeps without any breathing difficulties. *The Eternal is* so very kind – the *most kind and faithful*. Again, this and the prior experiences continue to help me *hope* and to *crave faith in Him*.

#### 18. First Know and Trust the Eternal, Then He Will Help Me Believe the Bible

This next answer to prayer was one that *tremendously helped me* gain more accurate understanding of the Eternal which *moved me* to not just hope in Him but to actually begin to have real faith in Him. In the fall of 2011, around the time of the *Feast of Tabernacles*, I became *very disappointed* by what was going on in the “*churches*”. Many those organizations were *more interested* in being appointed or recognized by people as church leaders *than being servants* of genuine faith and accomplishment *by the Holy Spirit*. Grieved by this state of affairs, I preached that *Yeshua alone is Head* of the Congregations of Elohim and *that no one should claim to be* an elder, pastor or anything *unless Yeshua* so declares it *by testimony* of *His Spirit*. Furthermore, on realizing that many *that claim to have* faith are *delusional* and or have *dead faith* as revealed by the *lack of any effect* of their long prayers. In hope of awakening them, I preached that *we need to confess* our lack of faith in Elohim and *cry out to Him* for faith so we can *have it for real*. Yet, *experiencing* the *scorn of* so-called pastors, elders and members, *I felt* alone and *discouraged*. No one around seemed to be willing to just *serve* the Eternal *in simplicity of heart* unless they were recognized by mere human beings as having *some title*; elder, pastor or *even rabbi*.

How awfully distasteful their ego driven attitudes were to me since the Sovereign *Yeshua*, although He is the Uniquely Born Son of The Highest, *never sought to elevate Himself* even

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among humans that He created. Failure to understand this is one reason many people become *disillusioned* with what they *perceive as the congregations* and *abandon* seeking Elohim. Compounding the problem, some leaders use “scholarly” information to *question the authenticity* or create doubt of the scriptures, especially the New Covenant writings of Apostle Paul. Their nefarious work has *weakened the faith of many* in the scriptures, perhaps as much or more so than the work of atheists. Even more troubling, was that those who claimed to trust the entire Bible, could not give an account for their trust. This made me realize, that I can’t base my faith solely on anything written or words of people. With all the terrible harm and problems caused by *manmade religion* and their *self-appointed leaders*, I wanted nothing of their *contradicting and faith destroying doctrines*. Towards the end of the feast, *I desperately needed to know* the Eternal factually not simply to know about Him and needed genuine assurance that the Bible is true; *nothing less would do*. So, I *went* in my bedroom and humbly *kneeled* near the entrance and *asked* the One many call "GOD, as *sincerely* as I could, to *make me know Him* factually and *let me know whether* or not *the Bible is true*.

*While praying*, I was made to understand that *Elohim gave* us specific *information* by which we can *know Him factually*. He *made me perceive* that *He Is* that *absolutely First* or Alpha Reality, the *only One that exists without beginning* and *can never end* and also *is literally endless in magnitude*. My *prayer then transitioned* to a *step-by-step meditation* that helped me *understand in certainty* Who *He Is* and *how to identify Him – The Was-IS-and-Will Be*. In the *hours, days, and weeks to follow the Feast of Tabernacles of 2011* to the spring of *2014*, about *three years*, I came to *know in certainty* that the *Alpha Reality* is the Source or Creator and *Eternal Power over* the universe and *all realities* - the *Elohim* described in the *Bible*. *Before that, my faith was next to nothing* because I was *trying to* trust the Bible *rather than first* seeking to *know the Eternal*. This *experience taught* me that I needed to *first know and trust the Eternal*, and then *He would enable* me to *believe the Bible – along with all His Scriptures*. Now I don’t stress myself over what positive or negative other may postulate concerning Elohim or the Scriptures. By His mercies, I seek to trust in Him in His Beloved Uniquely Born Son, the Son of Man Yeshua, to rely on Him to recognize, understand, and trust what is *truly* His Word. *This agrees with* Paul’s teaching “*And my speech and my preaching were not with persuasive words of human wisdom, but in*

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*demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that your faith should not be in the wisdom of men but in the power of Elohim” (1 Corinthians 2:4-5).*

*By His mercies*, I have since documented what He permitted me to know about Him while praying and meditating on Him back in 2011. Those who have heard my presentations or read it have told me that they gained a better understanding of Elohim and were encouraged. Presently, I've *not even come close* to having faith as a “*grain of mustard seed*”, but my faith in the Eternal to literally answer prayer *is slowly* but steadily *budding* for a *better relationship* with *Him* by *Yeshua* His Unique Son and His *Holy Spirit*. Also, He is giving me a sincerity that is helping me to personally see the unique content and doctrine of the Bible such as the identification of the First Reality and purpose, along with prophets who *contrary to human nature* declared future blessing and welfare even for some of their oppressive enemies rather than of their demise. He has *allowed me* to personally *see* that the Bible is the *only document*, when followed faithfully, *that affords* mankind the *fairest* and *highest* sustainable *lifestyle* with *righteousness, freedom, health; affording wellbeing for all* nations, natural genders and all ages. *It emphatically encourages* humanity to get *knowledge* and *wisdom*, to *prove all* things and develop *sciences based on empirical evidence* that *works with nature*; not against it. *No other document in the world to date has ever done that*. This direct understanding *received* through *prayer* and *meditation in* the Eternal, and not by anyone else's ideas, is helping me know that the Bible was indeed inspired by Elohim and can be trusted no matter what scholars claim. More recently, He *has also granted me the ability* to recognize and accept that the Bible is part of a larger body of Divinely inspired texts – the Scriptures, which were *trusted and used by the faithful* since Enoch through New Covenant times, *but rejected* by most of *mainstream church denominations* of today. He has allowed me to see the undeniable Scriptural fact that His Messiah would do virtuous miracles and must first be rejected by Israel at His first coming while the gentiles would recognize and accept the Messiah at His first coming. The accounts found in the New Testament scriptures and records of Josephus all testify that Yeshua of Bethlehem Juda, was a prophet who did marvelous virtuous miracles, was rejected and executed by request of Jewish authorities, was risen from the dead, was widely accepted by the gentiles to this very day. Elohim impressed in my mind that **no one could be** the Messiah **without first** being **rejected** by the Jews. Considering it has been *over two thousand years*

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since Yeshua the Wonderful Teacher, Prophet, and Healer was rejected, *who then will do* at least what He did and *first be rejected* by the Jews while being *accepted by the gentiles*? As prophesied by *Yeshua the Navi Emet (True Prophet)*, nothing but stones thrown down remain of the temple in Jerusalem since then. *How could it be* that the Messiah hadn't already come, face rejection by the Jews and acceptance by the gentiles? Check the Scriptures; none of Elohim's promises to Israel ever took that long to be fulfilled. The fact is He already came, was rejected by the Jews, and was accepted by gentiles some two thousand years ago as promised by Elohim. Some say otherwise, but I rather trust Elohim's testimony and track record than man's! I rejoice that many others, Jews and gentiles already understand that or are coming to understand this truth of first knowing Elohim and then coming to recognize what His inspired Scriptures consist of; emet.

#### 19. Not to Worship in a Place Owned by Any Opposed to Sound Doctrine

Another experience happened after the Beth-Tefilah Congregation could no longer meet at the building it rented from an Assemblies of God religious organization. We decided to assemble cyclically in each other's homes. This worked for a while, until some people we taught the Gospel expressed interest in attending our services. Knowing that having total strangers congregate in our homes would not be wise; we decided to find a new location to assemble so strangers could attend. As we discussed this in one of our planning meetings, the Eternal *granted me the wisdom* to advise the group not to use a place belonging to any contrary religious group or anyone *opposed to sound doctrine*. He helped me to explain that these places practice and promote doctrines that oppose His doctrine and that *we would be funding their works* if we rented from them. He *placed in my mind* that we *need a place* where *no abhorrent religious agenda* is propagated and or *vile activity* is conducted. He *made me realize* that a daycare would be a *suitable place* for the group. So, I suggested to the congregation we needed to rent a daycare for our place of assembly and explained why. Being of an understanding mind, *everyone agreed*. Furthermore, I said we need a place that is *easily accessible* to our congregants living in Brooklyn and Queens. We all agreed that all of us would make immediate efforts to find a daycare that met the criteria.

Periodically, I would *follow up with the group* to know if a place was found; to which they said *nothing was found*. After *several weeks* of this, I called *my brother Felix* and we

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decided to *trust the Eternal to find* a daycare for the congregation. After reviewing the criteria, *Felix* and I *agreed* that *he* would be *the one to search* for the place *as we pray for success*. In matter of *days*, Felix *successfully found* at least *three places*, all in accessible locations. Felix and I *decided* on one location and *arranged* for the congregation to *meet* with the *owner* of the daycare. In brief, the *owner was more than happy to rent us* the place and told us *we could use just about any room* we wanted unless it was occupied. They *even* offered us the *free use of the place during some evenings*. From about 2013 to August 2019 we continued to have a very good and cordial business relationship with the owners. I know this was the Eternal's doing because we were able to assemble in a place where no abhorrent activity or doctrine was practiced, we had a good business relationship with the daycare owner with no problems. As written, "*The blessing of the Eternal makes one rich, and He adds no sorrow with it*" (Proverbs 10:22). This is how to know when something is from the Eternal. I learned by experience that when His people work at least with Hope in the Eternal, He blesses their efforts.

#### 20. I'll go to the Doctor Only because You're Worrying too Much

Around December 2015 and February 2016, *I started getting dark itchy patches* on my torso, arms and lower legs. The number of patches continued to *increase* and *spread* all over me in those areas and became a *big concern to my wife*. On a number of instances, *she tried to persuade* me to *see a doctor*. In each case, *I responded* that the *Eternal would heal me* of it, and she should try *not to worry*. By mid-April 2016, because *she could not stop* worrying, *I conceded* saying "*I'll go to the doctor only because you're worrying too much*". So, I made an appointment to see a dermatologist referred to me by my regular doctor. At the appointment, the dermatologist said the *patches were* most likely a case of *eczema* but *could* also *be a viral infection*. Either case, she prescribed an ointment and another medicine to treat the problem, the names of which I don't recall at this time. *Not wanting* to use any medicine, *I asked if it would eventually go away* without medicine. *She replied* that "*it would not go away* but get *worse* and *infected* if *not treated*". So, she gave me the prescription and had me schedule a follow up visit. *When I went* to pharmacy for the prescribed treatment, the pharmacy *was all out* of them and *nothing compatible* was available. *Not sure if* I should quit at the *first obstacle*, *I prayed for the Eternal's direction* and *went to a much larger department store*, but it *didn't have the items either*. So, at this



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point, *I decided to just trust in the Eternal's mercy; insisting that He is merciful and has no interest in me being sick or dependent on anything*. Returning home, I explained the situation to my wife and *just waited* on the Eternal.

At this point, *only my wife, daughter and brother Felix knew about my condition*. I didn't want other family members to be burdened; especially since one of them is on disability benefits due to an unknown debilitating ailment. Considering *how fast the patches*, were spreading, I feared that it would *eventually start showing* on my *neck and face*. So, in the days to follow, I was *compelled to inform the congregation* so they would *not be alarmed*. So around July 2016, *I told the congregation and showed* them some of the *patches* on my *arm*. Later on, I took *pictures* of the *patches* on my *arms, torso, and shins* to eventually show as *proof* of the *severity* of the *ailment*. I *wanted* to make sure *everyone* knew about it so *all could praise the Eternal* after He *heals me*. Also, I asked the Lord to *spare me* from the *embarrassment* of having any patches on *my face* and *spare my family* from *worry*. By the *Eternal's mercy*, although the *dermatologist said*, the patches *would not go away without* the prescribed *treatment*, the *itching* on my arms and torso stopped and the *patches* began to *fade*, for the *exception* of my *shins*. It was so *dramatic*, that my *wife* was *amazed* and *said* to me “*wow, the Lord is really healing you.*” On a *following Sabbath*, she *gave testimony* of the *healing she saw with her own eyes* and said she was now *encouraged to pray* more about *her own issues*. So, *I was relieved* as my *wife stopped worrying* and that the *patches* did *not* spread to my *face or neck*. I was also, *encouraged* to hope in the Eternal and strive to develop or *receive faith* that He will *heal my debilitated family member*.

One Friday night, *I felt an intense itch* behind my right thigh. *Rather than* itch it, I *decided to pray* to the Eternal to *make it stop* which He so kindly *instantly* granted. Wanting to be sure, I then thought how to express my next petition and carefully asked, that the itch should not only stop, but that the area should feel just as the back of one my wrists that never had a patch or itched. Having prayed, I reached to the back of my left thigh, and slowly and firmly rubbed the area that itched. As, I did there was no hint of an itch; absolutely none! Then the scripture “*He who is faithful in small matters is faithful in much*” came to mind. Prior to this experience, I normally understood this passage on faithfulness only in relations to human behavioral characteristics. Yet, that night, *I realized* that it is *primarily a virtue* of

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the *Eternal's* own wonderful and perfect *character*. I was *filled* with an *intense* feeling of *awe* and *gratitude* inside. I was now *assured He would heal me completely* while my *heart beat fast* and *my eyes poured tears* in thought of the *boundless goodness of the Eternal*. By August 2016, *true to the Eternal's covenant* with His servants, *I was healed completely of the itchy patches*. Some marks from scratching were still visible on my shins, while the patches and itch are completely gone.

### 21. This Reminds Me of the Manna

This answered prayers paper you are now reading should have been written since 2015. The idea came to mind, after conducting a phone conference presentation on “The Biblical Faith” in early 2015. Yet, being unsure if it would be of help to anyone, I delayed until 2016. Yet, by early summer of 2016, I was convinced that my focus should just be *honoring the Eternal* by *documenting* what *He has done for me* and *not worry of people's perspectives*. I started writing this paper around June of 2016; all the while being *unemployed* since April 20, 2016.

Before my unemployment, I worked for a large company that distributes industrial products globally since June 2011. All was doing well until 2015, when I began to notice the long-term *effects* of *insomnia* possibly caused by *stress* from the cares of life. During the day, my *brain* just felt so *foggy* and I was so *drowsy* that I could *not focus* or do my *work* without *missing details*. My manager *noticed the problem* before I did and *commented* about my *tired red eyes* and *distracted* appearance and suggested I take a leave of *absence* to *recoverate*. I did so reluctantly; taking some *weeks off*, and my work *improved a bit* on my return. I prayed that I would catch my errors before sending any documents and that I would stop making errors. Yet, the problem *resurfaced* and kept *happening* no matter *how much* I *prayed*. Eventually the *manager* had no choice but to give me a written *warning* and *eventually* had to *let me go* on April 20, 2016. Being the *sole bread winner* of my family, I felt devastated for *losing my job* and very *perplexed* that the Eternal *did not answer my prayer no matter how I asked* Him.

The *dread of believing* that the *Eternal didn't answer me troubled me*. Yet, *by His mercies*, I *sought diligently* to hope and trust in *His kindness* towards His servants *as stated in His covenant*. I immediately *applied for unemployment benefits* and applied for *hundreds* of

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*jobs* on *job-boards* or *referrals*. By August 2016, unemployment told me that I've already *used up half of my total benefit payments*. Let me say here, that *despite* the *situation*, my *prayer* was for *employment* that would be *close* to *home* and that would *allow* me the *freedom* to better *serve* the *Eternal*. The *interviews* were *slow* in coming and *very few* and job *offers* were either not *suitable* or *too far*. All my *past* professional *jobs* were *far* from home and took up so *much* of my *time*. So, I *continued* to *hold* on in *the Eternal* for a *job* that *matched* what I *prayed* for.

The *situation* seemed to *get worse* as for the first time, my *daughter* could no longer *attend* her *private* school and *had to* attend a *public school*. It *was tough* putting her in private school, but I didn't want her to have to experience the *bullying* and *harshness* I experienced in public school. *My daughter* didn't know what it was *like to be in public school* and so *never realized* how *privileged* she was. But, on September 2016, I had *no choice* but to *put* her in *public school*. While there, *she* had the opportunity to *learn* the *value* of the *light* of the *doctrine* of Messiah as the *teachers* and *students* alike *marveled* at *her consistently* good *behavior* and *clean* and *respectful* manner of *speaking*. Although, the *private school* she attended was *far from* being a *perfect* environment, *she* soon *started* to *miss* being *there* as she *saw* how *unrestrained* and *immoral* most of the *children* in the public school *behaved towards teachers* and fellow *students*. Yet *thanks* to the *Eternal*, they *all treated her* with *respect* and *never bullied* or did *anything* against *her*. I also *assured her* that we would put her *back* to her *private school* as *soon* as possible.

Through *this change*, I started *thinking* that it would be good to *work* at the *public school* since it *was close by*. In *the past*, my wife told me that I should be a teacher, but that was *the farthest thing from my mind*. My response was "*no way*", but *at this point*; I *saw* things very *differently* and *wanted* to *become* a *substitute teacher*. I *soon* found myself *applying* for *DOE jobs*, and then contacting the DOE to *learn* how to *become* a substitute *teacher*. A representative told me, before I could apply for consideration, I must *first* get *nominated* by a school *principal*. Well, after *several* attempts to reach *different schools in my area*, on September 5, 2016 I finally contacted and scheduled an appointment with the assistant principal of the *same public school* my *daughter* was *attending* who told me to call her in two weeks. On Wednesday September 22, 2016, while waiting for my wife after driving her

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to an appointment, I *received* a phone *call* from the *principal* of Shiree's former *private school*. She said "Shiree is our child, and *we want her back* and are *willing to work with you*". Briefly, the principal warmly *acknowledged* awareness of my unemployment situation and that she was *willing* to work out the *financial* requirements. I responded *appreciatively* and told her I would discuss it with my wife and get back to her. When Marjorie came back to the car from her appointment, she was glad when I told her about the phone call. At home *after agreeing* on how much we could afford and when *we* would bring Shiree back to that school, I called the school and left a phone message for the principal. At first, we thought of getting Shiree *back to the school* in the week of October 10, 2016 but agreed on the week of October 3, 2016 *instead*. However, I was *concerned* that taking her out of public school might *discourage* the assistant principal from *nominating* me. Also, I *worried* about when my *unemployment* benefits *would end*. Nonetheless, the *Spirit* of Elohim *allowed* me to remember to *strive to trust* in the *Eternal's* mercies and *control* over *everything concerning me*. By His grace, the *benefits* kept *coming* and our *needs* were being *met* and *bills* kept under *control*.

The Eternal's *providence* was becoming *clearer*. On calling the assistant principal on September 19, 2016, she *scheduled* me to see her on September 23, 2016 at 8:30am. On the date, I arrived a little before 8:30am, but had to wait as she was busy. As I *waited* in the office, my *thoughts* raced about how *she would feel* about me *taking* Shiree *out* the school, *would she nominate me*, and *would I be successful* in this *new field* and *environment*? Again, *in prayer* to the Eternal, I eventually *calmed* myself and *sought rest in Him*. Almost an *hour later*, the assistant *principal came* and *warmly* introduced herself and walked me to her office. Her *tone* was so *different* than when *we first spoke* on the phone. In the interview, I briefly stated my intent and background and why I wanted to work in the school. During the conversation, I *candidly* told her that my daughter would be *going back* to her *private school* the first week of October. Although she was a bit *disappointed*, she understood. By the grace of the Eternal, *she* was very *happy* to *nominate* me although we *never* met *before*. She took the time to inform me of her *expectations* and alerted me of the DOE's *lengthy* hiring *process*. A few *hours* after returning *home*, I *received* her *nomination* email and *shortly* after received *DOE's* letter with *the long list* of online *courses* and in person *workshops* I *needed* to *complete*.

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*For some time*, just about *everything* I *did* to *improve* and *stabilize* my *financial* situation *failed*. *This time*, the *Eternal* guided *everything* for me. On October 4, 2016, *Shiree* was *back* in *private school* and *warmly* welcomed *by all* her classmates, even by those who used to ostracize her. *I started* working on DOE's *requirements* on October 5, 2016 and *successfully* completed and *passed* nine *classes* including *workshops* by November 03, 2016 and was *told* to *wait* six to *10 days* for the *result*. Yet, *by the next day*, November 04, 2016, I *received* my *congratulatory* letter welcoming me as a *new* DOE *employee*. It was then I *learned* that the DOE would *not be hiring* any more teachers *until* in *2017*. The *Eternal* *motivated* me to *complete* the DOE employment *requirements*, just *before* the hiring *deadline*. Moreover, just *like the manna*, when I claimed *unemployment benefits* on November 06, 2016 for the prior week, I was *informed* that it *was my last benefit* without any extensions. So, I *received* my *last unemployment payment* on the *week* of *November 07, 2016* and *started* my *first day of work* on *November 09, 2016*. This *reminds me of the manna*; how the *Eternal fed Israel for 40 years* and *stopped* it on the exact *day* they *entered* the *Promised Land*.

By the grace of *Eternal*, the *first school* I was assigned to *work in* was literally just *across* the *street* from *Shiree's private school* which is about *a mile* from *home*. Since then, except for two times, all my assignments have been just a few *minutes' drive* from my daughter's school. The two instances occurred only because *I chose to* accept the assignment. I have the flexibility to accept or reject assignments. On my second week, I met a *teacher* who *was* a former *co-worker* at the same industrial products *company* that fired me. During a conversation at lunch, he *informed me* that the company would be *closing* its New York site to *relocate* in Georgia. *Had I stayed* with that company, I would *eventually* have gotten *laid off* and would have *missed* the DOE employment *deadline*. So, that *made me understand* that the *Eternal did not help me keep my employment* there as I asked, because *He foreknew* its New York *site* would be *closed*. Also, in my prior employment, *I used to* have to *pay* a driver *\$200.00* per month to drive *Shiree* home from school. Now, that *expense* is no *longer necessary* as the nearby location and schedule allows me to *bring Shiree home* myself. The *Eternal made sure* I had enough *unemployment benefit* payments while I was unemployed *lasting* to the *exact time* of my getting *employed*. He *directed* my *path* and *mind* to choose a job that *provides* a decent pay; that allows me to work *close* to *home*; allows me to *serve*

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the Eternal by *having a positive* spiritual *impact* on *children*; it enables me to pick up my daughter from school and *saves* me from paying a driver; and *requires* about three hours *less* of my *day*. I know it is a *blessing* from the Eternal, because it *affords* me *everything* I *prayed* for and *more*; praise Him!

#### Conclusion:

There are other miraculous answers to prayers which happened and continue to happen for me since, but I will conclude here. The experiences listed above have helped me to actually come to believe in and understand the Eternal Elohim and His Son the Savior better. Like many others, I tried to first believe in the Scriptures in order to get to know Elohim. However, that didn't work well for me because of lack of faith and all the contradicting "scholarly opinions." Through these experiences I learned that we must first know Elohim as an absolute undeniable reality and then we can *discern* and *believe* His Scriptures. *This is how all who came to know Elohim did it; check the Scriptures.* Wonderfully, when I sought Him first in earnest prayer and afterwards the Scriptures, *He helped me* to know and trust Him as well as the Scriptures.

By Elohim's mercies, I've learned that no matter the situation, we need to ask for His deliverance in time of need. The Eternal *does not* answer His *servants* by *silence* or in *ways* they *don't understand* as many often say. *These* to me are *bogus* and *faith depleting excuses* used by *those* who are *not* His *servants* to *excuse their failed* prayer *attempts*. Per the *testimony* of the *Scriptures* and my personal *experience*, the Eternal *answers* His *servants* in *ways* they *do understand* and *above* their *expectations*. He *gives* what they ask for and *more*. When *we don't get* an immediate answer, we need to *trust* His covenant and *examine ourselves* to make sure sin is not the *barrier*; make sure *we* are *asking* according to the *covenant* (His will); and *pray* for *understanding* on how to *proceed*. Remember *health* and *wellbeing* are among the provisions of His *New Covenant* as was the first one; verify that yourself in the Scriptures.

When *praying* for *others*, we must *make sure* we *understand* the *person* and the *situation* involved. The person *must be* righteous or be in a *state of true* repentance or is *willing* to truly repent. We must *make sure* the person understands *their responsibility to at least hope*

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in the Eternal and to do all they can to *avoid* or *not accept prayer from false ministers or unrepentant people*. *Seeking* or accepting *faithless prayers* from *such* individuals or groups *can* unnecessarily *interfere with getting true prayers answered*, as the Eternal is not an author of *confusion*. As the Scriptures clearly teach, the unfaithful and unrepentant have no part in the Kingdom of Elohim. So, to not give unfaithful and unrepentant people false hope, Elohim normally *honors* only the *intercessory* prayers of His *obedient servants*. As we do this with at least *hopeful expectation* in Him, our prayers *will be answered*, and our *faith* will become *firm*.

Lastly, if *you* ever *need* help praying or just need prayer, please *ask only* the ones the Eternal has *shown you* to be His sincere servants by their consistent *virtuous lifestyle*, sincere *love* for the Eternal and for people; especially His people. As per the Anointed Savior Yeshua, the Navi Emet, *you will know them* by their *fruits* and by their *works*. Again, these testimonies of answered prayers and lessons learned are *why I am believing*. Like you, I still have situations that need to be resolved and loved ones needing deliverance. So, let's *grow in knowledge, faith*, and *love* of the Father and His Son Who Is the Son of Man by real *experiences* from Him along with His *Scriptures*. I look forward to the day my faith will be enough to say in certainty, "in the Name of the Sovereign Yeshua, be whole or up and walk."

By Mr. Jackson J. Souffrant