

**Today's
Miracles
(Volume I)**

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DEDICATION

To my virtuous wife Remedios (Jing) Bataller-Dumayag who walked, along with the Holy Spirit's leading, side by side with me spiritually and naturally.

Our God given heritage, Samuelle Joy, the expression of joy of our lives and Gabriel Paul, the expression of God's faithfulness to His message of love to us. You are God given inspiration to me to serve Him, even more and more.

To my ever-loving and enduring mother, Encarnacion Dumayag, God's instrument in bringing my brothers, my sisters and I to this world, so that with the Holy Spirit's help, we can be a light and a salt to this earth. Thank you for your life!

JESUS SAID

“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”

Mark 16:15-18

“Behold, I give you the authority to trample on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you.”

Luke 10:19

“But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.”

Acts 1:8

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FOREWORD

My brother Dionie gave up a very rewarding job in Papua New Guinea many years ago in order to pursue what he sincerely believed was God's specific calling upon his life. Such a transition quickly relegated him from driving a luxury 4x4 Toyota Land Cruiser to riding on a tricycle in the mostly rough roads of Ilocos Norte, Philippines. Yet, it is in these rural communities where he first experienced the anointing of the Holy Spirit, demonstrating God's love and appropriating divine healing to those who learned to come to Him in faith. Every calling of God demands a price to be paid.

Today's Miracles are stories both of ordinary folks and persons in authority whose lives were touched by God's grace. These factual testimonies affirm the continuing fatherly affection of God over the lost, the sick and the neglected regardless of their social standing, even in our very days.

While archeologists and historians continue to unravel things which further reinforce the compatibility of science and the Christian faith, many people are continually being oppressed with sicknesses beyond the ability of medical science to cure. What a joy to know that God provides for His children a remedy for every malady!

Are you sick and hopeless as doctors have given up on you? This book may well be just what you need to rise through the shackling misconception that the days of miracles are over. The wonderful cross of Jesus Christ shines as bright as ever through the ages, affirming the never ending power of His precious blood for the salvation of the soul and for the healing of the body. God is still in the business of doing the miraculous. Let this book speak that truth upon you, fan into flame your spiritual senses and by faith receive the miracle you need today!

Joshua Roberto Dumayag

Author of "OFW Journey: Life Stories and Lessons"

INTRODUCTION

Like many other people living in this challenging world, my family and I have had our version of wilderness experiences. Living and separated away from God in the spirit, the enemy has stolen our joy in life. But in 1986, one hot afternoon at the quadrangle of Araullo High School, I heard the Word of God preached. With the Holy Spirit's help, and convicted by the living Word of God, I repented of my sins and accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and my Savior. From that time on, my life has never been the same again.

"He has delivered us from the power of darkness and conveyed us into the kingdom of the Son of His love." Colossians 1:13

Not long thereafter I received the indwelling presence and the infilling power of the Holy Spirit in my life. He changed me from darkness to light, from faith to faith and from glory to glory. It is the Holy Spirit in me, our God given Helper, who gave me the privilege to live and enjoy the manifestation of the supernatural while I am still on earth.

With this first volume of my book, Today's Miracles, I would like to invite you to this supernatural life - fashioned with faith and prayer to God the Father and to the author and finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ!

Yielded to the Holy Spirit leading in my life and the ministry that God has entrusted me, by the grace of the Almighty God, He has bestowed upon me the needed anointing to preach the gospel to the

nations accompanied with signs, wonders and miracles, as Jesus had promised to those who believe and obey Him.

The pages of this book contain a series and continuous true-to-life testimonies which unfolded through my Christian life and the ministry God has called me to do – ministering the Word through healing and deliverance – to the lost, the sick and to those who are in bondage, only for the glory of God!

“And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they did not love their lives to the death.”
Revelation 12:11

The following are the Biblical basis for the faith and ministry God has called me to:

Man was Created in the Likeness of God

“Then God said, “Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness; let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth.” Genesis 1:26

We find in this verse of scripture that God did not only create man in His image but also gave mankind the dominion over all creation. On the other hand, in the Book of Matthew, that is after Jesus’ resurrection, He gave his disciples authority and in the Book of Acts, He gave them power to preach the gospel to all nations of the world. The same authority and power is also for believers today.

God is a Triune God

“Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.”
Matthew 28:19

God is sovereign. Not like man, He can do whatever He wants. In the Old Testament, God came talking with Abraham the patriarch as God the Father. In the New Testament, God came talking with men in the person of Jesus Christ. In the early church as Jesus had promised, God came talking with men in the person of the Holy Spirit. He was and is and is to come, Almighty God!

Man is a Triune Being

“Now may the God of peace Himself sanctify you completely; and may your whole spirit, soul, and body be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” I Thessalonians 5:23

- The Spirit of man is God centered – spiritual, supernatural. God communicates to man through his spirit.
- The Soul of man is self-centered – soulish, carnal and sensual. The soul comprises three elements: intellect, emotion and the will.
- The Body is worldly – it relates to the world.

As long as the spirit of man is subjected and governed by the Holy Spirit - man walking in the spirit – man will do well with God and in this world we live in.

How God Created Man

“And the LORD God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being.” Genesis 2:7

One came from below - the dust from the ground. The other one, came from above - God’s breath of life. When the two met together, it created another part of man’s being, Life or the Soul. And man became a living being.

The Fall of Man

“And the woman said to the serpent, “We may eat the fruit of the trees of the garden; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God has said, ‘You shall not eat it, nor shall you touch it, lest you die.’” Genesis 3:2-3

At creation, God created man a perfect being. God who is Spirit is in perfect relationship with man’s spirit. Charged with the authority and power of God, man’s spirit is in control of the soul and in turn the soul is in control of the body. That’s what God created man for. All perfect in unity, spirit, soul and body.

Because of man’s rebellion against God in the person of Adam, the spiritual relationship of man with God, the Life-giver, was severed or cut-off. Man’s spirit died from that time on. Adam lived over 900

years, dead in the spirit, cursed and so is the rest of mankind which followed him.

Jesus Redeemed Mankind

“So Jesus said to them again, “Peace to you! As the Father has sent Me, I also send you.” And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and said to them, “Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven them; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained.” John 20:21-23

Since the Fall of Man, God longed for man’s fellowship. “For God is my witness how greatly I long for you all with the affection of Jesus Christ.” Philippians 1:8

Jesus after His resurrection, He breathed on His disciples and said, “Receive the Holy Spirit”. This is the reenactment of God breathing life to the dust from the ground becoming a living being. Once again, the spirit of man was regenerated, born again! The spiritual fellowship of man to God was restored.

All of the above Biblical principles are God given patterns to restore the lives of those we minister unto – the lost, the sick and those who are in bondage. As you take time to read through the pages of this book, it is my heart’s desire and my prayer to the Father, with the Holy Spirit’s help, that God will bless and sanctify you, spirit, soul and body, In Jesus’ Name. Amen!

CHAPTER 1

God's Divine Protection

“The angel of the LORD encamps all around those who fear Him and delivers them.”

Psalm 34:7

When I was a young boy, years before I got born-again, my family moved to Barangay Hacienda Intal, Baggao, Cagayan, my father Felipe's birth place and hometown. My family's migration was prompted by my father's decision to stay in Cagayan to be with his mistress who was living in Tuguegarao. In 1973, a year after the proclamation of Martial Law in the Philippines, my mother Encarnacion, realizing that she cannot raise her seven children alone by herself in Ilocos Norte, decided for the family to follow Felipe to Cagayan. Without any other choice, our poor family stayed at my father's old ancestral house with just two little bedrooms. We were at least closer to my father who was moving back and forth from Baggao to Tuguegarao. My grandparents and my

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cousin Rex were living with us. My father's youngest sister, Auntie Dioning, with her own family of five used one room while my family used the other. Every night, woven palm leaves would be spread out to every available floor space of that little house for everyone to lay their heads to rest. Considering the food that we needed to eat, I cannot count with my ten fingers those days when we did not have a decent food or none at all to eat on time. Other people in the house were eating at least three times a day. Our children of today can have a choice of food for breakfast, whether it is rice, egg and hot dog, milk and cereal or pancake with butter and syrup. In our case, we had "lugaw siksik". When we brought the corn grains to the miller, it produced three things. First, the bigger milled grain which we normally mixed with rice so it gave us more volume for consumption. Second, the smaller crushed grains were the so-called "poor man's food" that my tongue even my siblings' used to despise. Lastly was the powdered part of the corn which was used by more financially able families to feed their pigs. Due to extreme poverty, my mother used to boil that powder, locally known as "siksik", to make a "lugaw" for us to eat. Topping it up with just sugar and coconut milk, that meal was already perfect for us. Sometimes, in the absence of sugar we would normally sprinkle the "lugaw" with salt just to have a taste. Worst of all, with no sugar or salt available, we at times ate the unflavored "lugaw siksik". There were many times that this meal was our breakfast, lunch and even dinner.

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Looking back, I believe it was only by the grace and mercy of God that sustained us for those years of abject poverty and suffering. To those of us who have responded positively, those unfortunate life experiences became part of the building of our characters which God has used to bring us to where we are today.

When I was ten years old, there was one time I went to the little toilet outside the house. It was a small cubicle which was partially enclosed with coconut leaves. It was a typical rural toilet. While I was sitting there, a 12-foot long, about 3-inch in diameter maroon snake suddenly appeared! With widened neck and its head elevated to about 2-feet, from about 4-feet away from my face, the snake stared directly at me sticking out its split-end tongue. That really scared me to death! I would say that may well be the longest half-minute I ever had in life, face to face with a devil's agent, hanging on the verge of life and death. Spared from being bitten, God proved that He had a plan for my life. I believe so! With God's grace and mercy, the scary creature swung its raised head to the left and slipped away to my great relief. No one among my family has even seen that snake except me. At a later time, I saw the same snake trapping itself on a pit which was dug to be used as a septic tank.

On a separate circumstance, I was with a group of 28 harvesters in a "as far as you can see rice field." At the middle of that huge and spacious rice field, close to the lot where we were harvesting rice grain was a 5-meter wide grassy creek. It was a waterway for

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irrigation with both sides covered with thick grass. Going back to that place after our lunch break, all of us present saw thousands of finger-sized brownish-black snakes intertwined and crawling with one another. If those snakes were violent and venomous, they could have easily swept us dead in seconds. Once again, God's grace and mercy abounds, even when we were yet sinners!

When I was thirteen, our remote town did not have any swimming pool. Instead, the place was blessed with the natural beauty of creation, that is, with fresh running rivers. When rainy season came towards the end of the year, the rivers got flooded up to the edges of the surrounding cliffs. It was an exciting time for kids like us to put our swimming skills to the test! We would race to the flooded raging rivers. The straighter line you can maintain as you swim across to the other side, resisting the raging current, the better swimmer you will be. When the flood waters subsided, huge earthen boulders from landslides were sunk under the clear river beds. We would then again race to jump and dive into those seductive bluish-green river beds. One day, I dived with over confidence. I buried my head unto one of those large earthen boulders under the water and no one among my peers noticed my imminent destruction. I was so trapped into the sticky mud that I started drowning as I struggled to float up. Again with the grace and mercy of God and through God's order of creation, the river surge from upstream along with gravity pulled me out from that mud where part of my head was buried. I later found myself by

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the river bank downstream. In a modern world like North America, my case would have been a serious case but in my remote hometown at that period of time, it was just normal to be injured or even to die without seeking medical attention. After that incident, I remember my mother and my aunties used to rub and massage my broken neck and my back with coconut oil to ease my pain. It took several years after I finally got over the pain, that is, after I came to know the Lord, my Healer. And He made all things work together for good for me, all by His grace and His mercy. Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 2

Promotion Comes from God

Then the king promoted Daniel and gave him many great gifts; and he made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief administrator over all the wise men of Babylon.

Daniel 2:48

It was in 1984 during my college days. I was walking home from school one day, along the street beside the old Tuguegarao Town Hall. I happened to pass by a very old dilapidated garbage dump truck. It was originally painted yellow, but with wear and tear, it was already brown all over, full of rusts. I saw the driver sitting on the driving wheel as both front doors were already missing. That is how old the truck was. There were three men working, the driver sitting and two other men shoveling the trash and leaves onto the truck. With a quick mental ascent, comparing the condition of the sitting driver with his two helpers working harder collecting dirt for a living, it didn't take long enough for me to make up my mind. I

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stopped at the middle of the road and prayed, “God! Make me only like the driver of this old garbage dump truck, maybe I can already settle down in marriage.” That was your servant’s humble heart’s desire while I was a 4th year Civil Engineering student. Because of my faithlessness during that time, I didn’t hear the Lord speaking to me, saying, “*Dionie, call to Me, and I will answer you and show you great and mighty things which you do not know.*” (Jeremiah 33:3)

It is my heart’s desire for you to better understand why I was feeling so low when I prayed that humble prayer. I was then on my 4th year of my Civil Engineering Course. I may say that at that point of time I was doing well academically. I was privileged to be on top of my math class, Differential Equations, under Engineer Pataguan, my Instructor. That is after he patiently invested his time and mathematical skills on me on my two other math courses the previous semesters. Engineer Pataguan latter left his secular job as College Instructor and became a Pastor. My elder sister Myrna and her husband Manong Gil, out of their compassion for me assumed the responsibility of sending me to college, by God’s grace! It may not have been a part of their plan as a young family but their willingness to help was more than an encouragement for me. I believe God has rewarded them exceedingly for what they have done for me in the past. They are blessed with well-educated, responsible and professional children. Their eldest, Coleen is a graduate of Law and

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became a Judge in her 30's. Two others are graduates of Law and one more is on his way to becoming one!

I am reminded of my eldest brother Narding. He has always been perceived by many as a drunkard and irresponsible. But on his first pay from the Philippine Army, he bought some new clothes for himself. During his holiday from work, he came to visit and stayed with us for a while at my sister Myrna's house. When he saw me staring at those new clothes he bought for himself, selflessly he told me to "choose whatever you want and you can have it all." Perhaps that was one of the seeds he sowed on good ground. Maybe even without him expecting, God rewarded him and his wife Juliet, with responsible and professional children. Their eldest, Jen, took up Medicine and is now a practicing Doctor, also in her 30's.

Most of the time, I literally begged the college treasurer Miss Mallinlin during prelim and midterm examinations for a temporary examination permit with a promissory note since I did not have the tuition fee paid on time. Miss Mallinlin used to say, "Mr. Dumayag, you have not fulfilled your promise yet and here you are again attempting to make another promise." "I'm not leaving your office unless you give me one," I used to whisper. Almost every semester I had a failing grade, especially when I missed the exams. That's including Spanish class.

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What a pity that was! I walked to school every day, rain or shine! College days were really challenging times for me. Most of the time, I did not have any money, neither for fare or for snacks. Added to my mental torture was remembering a cliché one of my 3rd year high school classmates in Ilocos Norte used to say when they were eating snacks during our recess. “It’s better for a cow, they have chain of coins on them.” During those days, farmers used to put chains on their cows – but not on a carabao. This implied that if you don’t have any money, you are as good as a carabao. And I was one of them. During heavy rains, I ran from one building awning to another for shelter until I reached the school. After lunch at my sister’s home, I would walk again to school. I normally took the longer route, away from the tricycle route my sister and brother-in-law took on their way to their offices which is a block away from the school was attending. I intentionally did not want them to see me walking and perhaps make them feel guilty while they are riding. My classmates and some schoolmates I knew used to ride on tricycles or a Kalesa - a horse-drawn carriage. Many times, when they pass me by, they would turn their eyes away from me, perhaps wary of causing me unnecessary added humiliation. There was one time we were sent home from school early because of a Signal No. 3 typhoon. Almost everyone was rushing to the tricycle stop to go home. By the sidewalk, I waited patiently until everyone was gone. Then a tricycle driver came waiting for a passenger. He looked at me maybe wondering what I

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was waiting for. After collecting all the courage within me, I went around to his side instead of getting inside the sidecar. This time, I was getting soaked with rain. Sheepishly I said, “I have only 45 centavos, short of 5 centavos for my normal fare, can you please bring me home?” Angered and yet compassionately, he motioned his hand for me to get in fast and said, ‘Come in!’ He almost did not have the guts to accept my fare later when I was getting off his tricycle, him knowing it was the only money I had. I never had a chance to see that man again. But one thing I know for sure, God has blessed him and his family, for being a real blessing to a lowly and needy man in his time of need. It is written: *‘I will bless those who bless you, And I will curse him who curses you; And in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed.’* Genesis 12:3

I went home to Ilocos Norte one summer school vacation. By this time, my mother and siblings were already residing in Ilocos. The late Sergeant Simeon Valdez, our neighbor and a distant relative recommended me for the qualifying exam and interview for a Manila International Airport Authority (MIAA) police employment. With God’s grace, I passed both so I proceeded to the 5-week training course. I dreamed of becoming a successful Civil Engineer at first. Dire circumstances led me to pray to become a garbage truck driver. Now, I was heading to be a MIAA Policeman. It was year 1986. When we got to the training center in Metro Manila, I quickly became an object of ridicule by the bullies because of being poor and my

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ignorance of the city life. Our food was regulated and with all the physical exercises it made us crave for food even more. My peers used to sneak out at night to buy food from a nearby store outside the perimeter. Since I did not have any money, I just went to bed when it was time for bed. That is what we were there for after all. From there, I started to learn the secret of being happy by limiting my desires. Later on, I started washing my fellow trainee's clothes for a cost, so I may also have something to buy to satisfy my cravings as needed.

Five weeks later, we were given the privilege for a weekend off. Everyone, except me, was excited to go home and see families and relatives. I did not have money to spend for my fare to travel to and from Ilocos. And I had no relatives to go visit within Metro Manila. Papa, a mixed race Filipino-Japanese trainee came to me surprised when he heard that I was staying at the barracks alone. Trying to comfort me, he said, "Don't worry Dumayag, I'll bring you siopao and hamburger when I come back." I said; "What is hamburger?" To his disbelief, and I believe without the intention of hurting me, he told everyone later that this "probinsiyano" Dumayag doesn't even know what a hamburger is. That and other ignorance displayed including my inability to speak Tagalog and English fluently became a mockery against me throughout my stay at the police barracks. One time, we were pulling out grass from the barracks yard and my fellow trainees were throwing their usual jokes at me. One of our fellow trainee, Monuz, who cannot stand their mockery against me any longer, said

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to them in my defense, “Don’t do that to him, who knows when we get to the airport it may not take long before he may be even better than many of us.” That did become a word of prophecy for my benefit coming from an unbeliever.

On the second month of my employment as an Airport Police Officer, with the help of another Senior Policeman, Bro. Raul Maga, I came to know Jesus as my personal Lord and Savior. Jesus is the source of every wisdom and ability we need in this life. It is written: *“Then I will sprinkle clean water on you, and you shall be clean; I will cleanse you from all your filthiness and from all your idols. I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit within you; I will take the heart of stone out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh. I will put My Spirit within you and cause you to walk in My statutes, and you will keep My judgments and do them. Then you shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; you shall be My people, and I will be your God. I will deliver you from all your uncleanness. I will call for the grain and multiply it, and bring no famine upon you. And I will multiply the fruit of your trees and the increase of your fields, so that you need never again bear the reproach of famine among the nations.”* Ezekiel 36:25-30

In the following years, doors were opened for me. Both British and American sponsored Aviation Security Courses were made available. When I started working at the airport, I was not even worthy to work at the Airport Terminal Building where passengers are

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coming through since I did not speak English well. Instead, I was assigned at vital installations such as the water distribution centers, power houses and the like, on Night Shift. At least, I did not have to talk to people there. Only mosquitoes were present. They did not have the power to bite and irritate me like my police partner, Gulapa. My skin was thick and hard, burned by the heat of the sun when I was still a construction worker in the province at some point of time. I was later transferred to the Manila Domestic Airport. I was assigned at the traffic division since I did not speak Tagalog well too! I am a pure Ilocano. I worked patiently and faithfully as if I was doing my work for God and not just for MIAA. Not long after, my diligence and faithfulness, fruits of the Holy Spirit residing in me, was noticed by the new Domestic Airport Security Manager. One day, he rose up from the comfort of his soft sliding-rocking manager's chair, came out into the open with the scorching heat of the sun where I was regulating traffic. Among a number of traffic enforcers at the domestic airport, he came to me and said, "Dumayag, would you like to be a part of the next British-sponsored Airport Security for Guardsmen Course next month?" Without hesitation, I said, "I've been waiting for that, for a long time. Yes!" I responded! To be among the 20 participants for that course from out of 450 Airport Police personnel was a blessing to me. God touched the heart of an unbeliever to deliver that blessing to me. Promotion comes from God! On that particular course after our class group presentations, Brian

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Cook, the Principal of Bailbrook College, Bath, England, recognized and announced me as “The Best Speaker in Class”. Then he said, “Dionie, the next time we conduct an instructional techniques training course, I will make sure that you will be a part of it.” Oh, glory to God! Few months later, an announcement for a qualifying exam to be followed by an interview by the British representatives was up! About 50 airport personnel dreaming to be trained as instructors by the British responded. When I got the chance, I asked Brian if could apply for the screening. He said to me, “Dionie you don’t have to. You are already a part of it.” At least 8 personnel were chosen for the course, from both the Police Department and the PAFSECOM, the military airport security counterpart. I was privileged to be one of them without going through those very strict qualifying screenings. I do not know about you, but to me, it was a favor coming only from God through Jesus Christ whom I serve. Three weeks later, 2 participants were eliminated. Six of us moved up to the next course called “Specialized Instructional Techniques Course” by the British through their embassy here in Manila and by the Bailbrook College, Bath, England. Another course came in later, Airport Security for Supervisors. Without going through the required screenings for participants, I was once again a part of it, all by God’s grace. In one of our pre-graduation panel interviews by Brian Cook, Principal and Roger Dicote, Teacher and Management Expert at Bailbrook College, Brian asked me just on question. “Dionie, what do you think makes

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you different from your classmates?” I responded, “Is it because I don’t talk a lot like many of them?” “Humility,” he said. “Keep it up! That will bring you one day to where you should be.” Another prophetic utterance which is destined to be fulfilled in my life and the ministry that God has called me to do. Some of my classmates stayed with the two interviewers for much longer times. Some of them, I saw crying as they came out from that interview room. God is a rewarder of everything and we can never out-give Him.

Year 1989 was my fourth year working at the airport. The US Government through their embassy here in Manila sponsored an “Airport Security Management Course” in relation with the International Anti-Terrorism Initiative. They were screening for 30 participants for the course which would be held at the Transportation Safety Institute in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, USA, all expenses paid for. Since almost every Filipino wants to go to America, almost all the 450 Airport Police personnel took the qualifying exam. Over 150 people passed and qualified for the interview. The MIAA management created a panel of interviewers composed of the Assistant General Managers, Finance and Security, the Administrative and Personnel Managers and some others. They were going to choose 20 out of over 150 tensed and excited candidates queuing up on a long line waiting for their turn. I was standing among the first quarter of that long line. I saw vividly every face that came out from that interview room. With their facial expressions, one can

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easily assume what they went through. Then my time came. I was sitting in front of those intimidating faces when the lady AGM for Finance, Atty. Mojica asked, “Mr. Dumayag, assuming that you will be one of the chosen to represent MIAA. When you get there, you will come to know a beautiful girl, and you will come to love her.” The Assistant General Manager for Security interjected pointing his finger right to my face saying, “What will you do?” Stunned at this time and feeling pressure from all the faces staring at me, I tried to settle down for a moment. After I mustered all the courage and the wisdom from God which I needed for that moment, I lifted my head, my eyes directed to every eye, one after another as I spoke with all humility. I said, “Madams, Sirs, before I came here, I am fully persuaded that if I happen to be chosen to be one of those people representing MIAA for that course, I am going there for business and not for my personal interest. And I would not want to destroy the “trust” that you people are giving me right now, if ever.” When they heard the word “trust” one of the AGM’s immediately responded, “Trust! That’s the word we want to hear from you. Very good!” It was relieving to see all the friendly smiles from all those faces around the room. When your heart is right with God, He can make all things work together for good for you, because you are called according to His purpose according to Romans 8:28. I received about 5 more questions from them randomly. My answers, all by God’s grace, came back with a “Very Good!” response except one “Good!” As the interview was

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being wrapped up, this time with everyone still giving me a friendly smile, Atty. Mojica said, “Mr. Dumayag, you can now prepare your suit and send a word to your friends and relatives in America and tell them, “I’m coming to America” because you are indeed going!” Mind you! I didn’t go out from that door with a sad face. I jumped as high as I can with both arms lifted up on my way out. It was an expression of thanks to the God who just gave me the victory! The people on the queue were wondering what’s happening to me. But I did not tell them what just happened as that would have been boasting on my part. Few days later, the result of the interview came out. Indeed, I was one of the privileged, and if I may add, “blessed” to represent the Philippine delegation to America for that course. I found out later that I was the only college undergraduate participant for that US sponsored course.

Let me say it again, promotion comes from God! Throughout my stay at the MIAA, despite just being a Sp/Corporal, the second lowest position in the department, the airport police department under the leadership of both Major Buenaventura and Colonel Monson, designated me as Officer-In-Charge instead of higher ranking officers. First, at the special operations group, then at the arrival and departure areas, respectively. I was supervising a maximum of 60 police officers tasked at securing restricted areas of the airport premises. My team members included those third batch trainees where I was a part of, previously receiving from them a lot of verbal bullying, humiliation and mockery.

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Just after the transition of the Philippine government from the Marcos to the Aquino administration, the new government sought to cleanse the allegedly corrupt-ridden airport administration. The new government employed ATOM personnel, an organization affiliated with the new administration's political party, supposedly to help secure the entry and exit points of the airport, even with zero Aviation Security Training. They ended up finding-fault both to the Airport Police and military AVSECOM personnel. I decided to go to school while working as a policeman for my personal advancement. I went to school at night and worked on the third shift, that is, from 11:00 PM to 07:00 AM. After the last flight of the day was over, we shut the airport gates. Almost everyone went to sleep until the next early flight opens for arrival or check-in at the departure area. One of the ATOM Supervisors caught me sleeping on duty several times. He started to hate me to the point that even when I am off duty, I was reported by him as sleeping on duty. The guy who took my post when I'm off was also a Law Student and after reviewing his lessons, he would cover himself with sheets and then go to sleep. So the ATOM Supervisor comfortably assumed that I was the one sleeping on duty again. I was at fault and I have to accept that. Nevertheless, the interesting part is that the privilege of a believer that an unbeliever does not have is the grace of God which abounds when we repent and obey. In the course of time, I was transferred to arrival morning shift. It was a divine leading for me to show up for people in authority

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perhaps for them to take notice of me and my service. Maybe one day, God can use that to redeem me from all my failures.

The time came when the new MIAA Administration Department was ready to “cleanse” the ranks. I was number 2 among 52 personnel facing administrative charges. The first five were the first candidates for termination including me. In spite of the news, I continued to faithfully do my duties as required, as if nothing bad was expected to be happening soon at my disadvantage. Major Buenaventura, the Airport Police Department Manager, used to enter through the arrival gate which I used to regulate for crowd control. But I never had a chance to know him personally except his aid. Deliberations on all the administrative cases were done in the board room located at the 4th floor of the airport terminal. The Chairman of the Board presented the names for termination. Remember I was No. 2. When Major Buenaventura saw the name “Dumayag”, something rose up within him that for some reason he was not able to resist as I learned from his aid later. He told the Board to wait for a minute before they make their decision. Major Buenaventura came out to ask his aid, “Dumayag, is that the guy doing the crowd control at the arrival entrance?” “Yes sir, why?” the aid asked the Major in return. Instead of answering his aid’s question he said, “Wait, the Board is about to terminate him.” I believed at this point of time, God was already at work in the life of this unbelieving man, like the way God was at work in the life of the unbelieving King Nebuchadnezzar during the time of

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Daniel. God was at work using this man, even without his knowledge, to deliver a child of God from his termination from employment. He told the Board, “You are terminating Dumayag? I don’t believe he was sleeping! I’ve seen this man work. He was doing what 5-people can do at the Arrival Crowd Control every day! And if you don’t believe me, let’s all go down right now and you will see by your own eyes how this man works.” The Board took him at his word. They did not have to come down to see me working. The testimony of a Holy Spirit inspired man at that point, in favor of a child of God, was more than enough to convince them to change their plan of action. God covers a multitude of sin for those who repent, believe and obey Him. And I won’t stop telling you, promotion comes from God! The Board erased my name from that termination list. They gave me a permanent position in the department instead. And they later promoted me to the next higher rank, Special Police Corporal. Praise be to God!

In 1990, after all the trainings and experience I had in aviation security, there came another challenge. In line with the MIAA employment reorganization, all vacant positions were opened for anyone to apply. One of the qualification standards to occupy a supervisory or managerial position was that you must have a bachelor’s degree, preferably BS Criminology or Law courses. As I wrote in the earlier chapter, I was not able to finish my Civil Engineering course as I opted to pursue my employment as a MIAA Police at the time I was already a 4th year college student. The

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challenge was that although I was the acting Officer-In-Charge at the Airport Departure Level, supervising many of my colleagues who were college graduates, I was not earmarked for promotion due to my lacking in college degree qualification. Meanwhile, my subordinates who were mostly college graduates will get promoted and they will soon assume their management positions. On the other hand, I will be going down to my rank level as their subordinate. I was a college undergraduate and for that reason alone, I was not eligible for promotion to the next rank. Some of my colleagues, many of them were my subordinates, may go as high as Major or even a Division Manager. That's when negative thoughts started to disturb me, with some of my subordinates starting to laugh at my back as they look forward to seeing me left behind. I started to come to God in prayer saying, "God, I don't believe you will allow these unbelievers to get promoted and leaving me behind, as they continue to laugh at my back." That was my faith, but I also had my doubts when I said, "But how Lord, since I can't meet the qualification standard."

It is written, "*For My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways My ways,*" says the LORD. "*For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts.*" Isaiah 55:8-9. Before any of my colleagues received their promotion at the airport, I received my employment contract from Mr. Peter Yama and his company, Yama Security Services Pty. Ltd., a Papua New Guinea based security

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company. When I read my contract for the first time, I was really shocked in disbelief to read the portion along those lines which stated, “The Branch Manager”. I stopped and turned my eyes to Mr. Yama sitting at the front passenger seat of the car as he has come to Manila to give me my contract personally and with the intention of bringing me with him upon his return back to Papua New Guinea. When he realized that I was shocked of what I saw he said, “You are not coming to Papua New Guinea as a small boy, you are coming there as a Big Man!” This reminds me of this passage of the Scriptures, *“Call to Me, and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things, which you do not know.”* Jeremiah 33:3. What made Mr. Yama do that favor to me? The simple answer would be that God, at one time touched his life through my life, all by his grace.

Few years back, I was then working directly with Major Buenaventura as an Officer-In-Charge of the Special Operations Group, wearing plain clothes - barong. I was patrolling one day at the departure area when I noticed that there was a commotion at the Malaysian Airlines check-in counter. I went closer to the scene and I found out that there was this short black guy wearing faded jeans, which was not yet a fashion in the Philippines at that time. He was shouting at the Malaysian Airlines ground stewardess. I found out that it was Peter Yama and that he has arrived late at the airport and missed his flight for Malaysia. While I was there, the lady turned her back from him. When Mr. Yama saw that he had no one else to turn to, he

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looked at me still shaking his head in disbelief for supposedly being treated unfairly. "I have a problem," he said. Trying to caution him with my right hand raised, I said, "Yes I know but don't worry, I will help you." That comforted him at least. I ushered him onto the 4th floor where the airline offices were located. I helped him book his flight the earliest possible time. Unfortunately, that would mean the following day, already. But still, that was good enough for him. On our way down, I took time to cheer him up by talking with him. Then suddenly, he buried his right hand into his pocket. He looked at me and asked, "Now my friend, what can I do for you?" Before I can even answer, he pulled out his hand from his pocket full of various international currency. It may have been about US\$400. "Take this one," he said as he was trying to put them on my hand, but I resisted. Having done that, many things came to mind. Should I have taken the money, I would have been able to buy the Adidas shoes I've been dreaming of since childhood. I would have something to give to the church the following Sunday for my tithes and offerings. I would have something to spare for my mother and my siblings back home, who were in dire need. But my response was, "What you are doing? Don't you know that I am a Police and I just did my job to help you?" He became silent for a moment and I knew that I just conveyed the message to him that I am not the kind of person that takes advantage of other people. He talked to me again and said firmly, "Ok, ok, I understand" he said, "but if you don't get this one, you are not my

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friend.” “Okay, give me the money, give me the money then,” I obliged. After all, I needed it and I also have proven my point. I learned from him later that he is a multimillionaire, one of, if not the richest man in his province in Madang, PNG. He came to Manila to hire security personnel for his company but have changed his mind. When I asked if I can go work for him, he said by all means. When that happened, that was also the moment I was about to go to America to attend the aviation training in Oklahoma. I decided to go to America instead. Few years later, when this promotion issue at the airport seemed not to be working for me due to my undergraduate status, I wrote Mr. Yama if I can still go and work for him. He did not just give me a positive answer, he even came to pick me up himself, with all the needed documentation for processing my travel documents.

When I gave my notice of resignation to my department manager, Colonel Monzon, he asked me if he can borrow my Contract of Employment for a moment. He went down himself to tell my peers that Dumayag is leaving for a Branch Manager position in Papua New Guinea. Finally, let me say it again, promotion comes from God and Him alone. Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 3

Rosiebelle Healed from Dysmenorrhea

“...they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”

Mark 16:18

I was reading something as I comfortably lay on my bed at the Manila International Airport Authority (MIAA) Police barracks one afternoon. A fellow Airport Police Officer named Raul Maga suddenly popped-up, leaning down his head towards me for us to have a better look at each other, and said, “I heard that you love reading your Bible! You know, I’m just changing my uniform and I’m on my way to church. Would you like to come with me?” Immediately, my response was “Yes! I’m coming, can you wait for me?” I needed to change too! Raul brought me to the Jesus Is Lord (JIL) Church worship service in Araullo High School quadrangle in Manila. It was October 1986. That very night I received Jesus Christ as my Lord and my Savior. From that moment on, my life has never been the same again.

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The apostle Paul said: *“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.”* 2 Corinthians 5:17

“I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me.”
Galatians 2:20

After twenty-six (26) years of feeling religious coupled with my own personal version of wilderness experiences, God's grace and mercy finally came and I was free indeed! God gave me a new life of love, of peace, of joy and of power. I was once destined to hell, now I'm going to heaven!

Jesus said: *“...I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.”* John 10:10

December 1986, about 3 months since I got born again, I went home to be with my family for Christmas holiday. During my stay in Ilocos Norte, my home province, I had the privilege of attending my friend and colleague Pepe's wedding. I was getting ready to leave the old family house when I happened to look down at the first level through the bamboo strips-laden second flooring. I can vividly see my teenage sister Rosie Belle in the first floor leaning her head at the table, obviously hurting. I found out that she was having chronic dysmenorrhea that was causing her that unbearable pain. I was just over two months in my first ever formal job as an Airport Police

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Officer and the money I had would just be enough for a simple family dinner for Christmas and New Year's Eve. If such dinners happen, I would consider it "history-in-the-making" for a poor family like us getting together, over such occasions. I was left with two choices: either I bring my suffering sister to the hospital, possibly spending all the money intended for the holiday celebration or I could exercise my new-found faith and power from God through Jesus Christ.

Jesus said: "...lay your hand on the sick and they shall recover." Matthew 16:18

"Again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven." Matthew 18:19

With the Holy Spirit's presence working in my life already, those words of the Savior became alive within me. *"It is the Spirit who gives life; the flesh profits nothing. The words that I speak to you are spirit, and they are life."* John 6:63

This time with the Holy Spirit's intervention, I collected all the courage I needed and with that faith as small as a mustard seed, I went down and told my sister: "I'm going to pray for you and God is going to heal you right now."

"So Jesus answered and said to them, 'Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, 'Be removed and be cast into the sea,' and does not doubt in his heart, but believes

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that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says.”

Mark 11:22-23

What you say is what you get! For some reason, I was led to look outside and I saw my three younger brothers: Junior (aged 13), Bobot (aged 11) and Tany (aged 9), with my cousin and neighbor Gerry who is a little younger than me. The Holy Spirit said: “Get Gerry and your brothers to come and agree with you in prayer.” Lord, they are not even Your believers and Gerry is a drunkard, I protested. “If you lead them to a prayer of repentance and receive me as their Lord and Savior, then we can start from there!” I sensed the Lord replying.

In obedience to that still small voice of the Holy Spirit, I called Gerry and my brothers to come. I told them that I’m going to pray for Sibel, my sister’s nick-name, so God will heal her. They were a bit surprised at my statement. Nevertheless, at this point I knew that God was in control. I proceeded to what I had to do. Somebody needed to be healed, miraculously.

My further instruction was, whatever I am about to do and tell you, make an effort to believe it and just obey it and we’ll go from there. I led them, including my sister, to a prayer of repentance and asked them to receive Jesus as their Lord and Savior. Believing they were now connected in the spirit, and in agreement with them, I rebuked the pain, every sickness and decease oppressing my sister and in Jesus’ mighty name I cast out the demons behind them. And they left, by faith! And with the same power that I have in Jesus’ name and

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in obedience to His words, I laid my hands on her. I commanded her to receive her healing right there and then. And I turned my back from her and walked away. Many different thoughts may have risen in people's minds, for what I've just did, even as you are reading right now. But I have to tell you, with God's grace, I Just did what I believed God wanted me to do.

About three hours after the wedding, I came home unmindful of the little prayer we had earlier. As I was getting closer to the house my brothers who have been waiting for my return spotted me on the road. They all ran toward me, this time very excited to give me the good news. "Manong Dionie", they said repeatedly, "Sibel was healed! Sibel was healed!" Stunned and surprised, I was speechless. Still walking towards the house, Bobot came closer to me with a request or should I consider now, a prayer from within him, inspired by the Holy Spirit. He said: "Manong Dionie, can you also pray for me." "Why do I have to pray for you? You are not sick, are you?" was my response. "Basta!" was his reply. Loosely paraphrased in English, he meant, "Please, just pray for me." Little did I know that at that very moment, the Holy Spirit now living within him was prompting him to desire more of the Holy Spirit's fullness. "Well, I'm going to pray for you. But not right now", trying to delay it not knowing what to do. And I'm going to pray for you all, referring to my siblings and my parents, as well. They all need a Savior after all!

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Before I returned to Manila for work, I had the privilege of leading some of my family to the Lord, all for the glory of God. During this time, my other siblings were already living in other parts of the country.

Bobot, growing up as a Christian later changed his nick-name to Joshua, his favorite among God's servants. And I believed that the time I prayed for my family before I left for Manila, with his innocence and childlike faith and his persistence in asking for prayer, he received a double portion of the anointing that I had. He started talking about God as I did. Writing like the way I wrote, even far better than I could. While I was in Papua New Guinea some years later I received a letter from him. When a fellow Christian, Brother Noel, saw his letter he said, "Brother Dionie, why are you writing to yourself from the Philippines? And yet you are here in PNG." With a smile, I told him this letter is from my younger brother Joshua. His handwriting is the same as mine and the content is almost the same as mine, just better. He writes like the apostle Paul writes. He received a double portion of my anointing when I prayed for him the first time. Today, he encouraged me to write all my healing ministry testimonies and promised to edit it so I can publish my first book. Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 4

Protection from Military Attack

The angel of the Lord encamps all around those who fear Him and delivers them.

Psalm 34:7

It was 1986 when I joined the police force, MIAA Airport Police Department. On the early part of the following year, there was an uprising that toppled the 20-year rule of the then President Ferdinand Marcos. The entire Philippines was in a state of uncertainty. The Aquino Administration started to shape-up. The Marcos Administration, his cronies and many privileged people in authority fell big time. Many of them went into running and hiding for their safety, as the new administration appointees pursued them. I was only few months into the Airport Police Force when that happened. At the same time, I was a new Born-Again Christian, enjoying the privilege of the blessing and protection from the Almighty. Prior to that unprecedented national event, the security at

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the Airport was then governed by both the Military (PAFSECOM) and the Airport Police Department, with the assistance of the Philippine Constabulary (PC). Colonel Hermoso, head of the PC held his office at the Airport Police Headquarters, the same building where the Police Administration Personnel were located. Major Buenaventura, the iconic APD Department Manager during the time of Marcos, on the other hand, held his office at the Airport Terminal. Obviously, there was a tension between the two Heads of Department and that trickled down to the teams they represented. The Airport Police, the legitimate security force backed-up by the Airport General Manager, Mr. Tabuena, asserting its mandated government authority may have inadvertently caused undesirable strife against the Philippine Constabulary assigned at the airport, headed by Col. Hermoso. When the Transitional Revolutionary Government installed Cory Aquino into the Presidency, Col. Hermoso threatened to hang Major Buenaventura to the APD Headquarters flag pole. That remark fairly described the apprehension between the leaders of the Police and the Constabulary. When we arrived at the airport, many of the new police recruits from the provinces including me settled at the Airport Police Barracks for free, adjacent to the APD Administration Building. Some other old timers were living there too, for convenience. Rooms were fitted with double-deck beds to maximize the space for the police personnel.

PROTECTION FROM MILITARY ATTACK

One day, the Police Barracks was raided by a truck-load of heavily armed military personnel headed by Colonel Hermoso. Apparently, they believed it was payback time for them for their supposed feeling of injustices done to them by the Airport Police Force. Now that they were in a position of authority under the backing of the new administration, geared-up with automatic rifles, they rounded-up every police personnel and visitors they saw in the barracks, even those sleeping or resting. They all dragged them, pushing and kicking them to the front entrance of the building. Colonel Hermoso was to deal with whoever he wanted, according to what they have done to him and his people, until they were satisfied. Few minutes after the military left the barracks premises, while silently lying down in my room reading, I heard a commotion from the outside. I decided to stop what I was reading and went to find out what was going on. “What’s happening?” I inquired. Surrounded with a group of rather confused Police Officer faces who have just gone through a military harassment and imminent danger, Gulapa said, “What do you mean what’s happening? Don’t you realize that we have just been raided by the military, dragging and pushing us outside?”

The God whom I served has sent His angels to blind the enemy so they can’t see me while I was inside my room. At the same time, God gave me the peace that passes all understanding – the kind of peace that prevails in the midst of trouble. It was only then that I

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realized that the Word of God in Psalm 34:7 came to fulfillment to an “ignorant” man. While my colleagues used to mock me, I placed my trust in the God who is able to provide and protect.

It is written: *“Then the LORD said to me, “You have seen well, for I am ready to perform My word.” Jeremiah 1:12.* Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 5

I'm Going to America!

"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

To many Filipinos if not all, to come to America is a dream come true. In Chapter 2, I mentioned how by the grace of God, in October 1989, I qualified for the Airport Police Management Course at the Transportation Safety Institute in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, USA. Sponsored by the US Department of State through the Federal Aviation Agency, our scholarships provided us with a return airfare and a \$5,000 individual pocket money and that would include our board and lodging for one month stay with the course. It was the first time in my life to receive and to have in my possession a large sum of money. Surely, for me, this required extra money-management skills to be a good steward for this God- entrusted wealth in my hand. It was a God given gift. Therefore, it should always bring glory to Him!

Our First Flight Stop-Over, Seoul Korea

As per Atty. Mojica's advice at my interview and for my formal dress code I bought a blazer instead of a coat. It's cheaper and simpler, besides I'm not used to wearing a coat. I also bought a camera and a leather brief case for my travel documents. When we reached Seoul, Korea, there were 30 of us in the team for the course – 10 of them were Philippine Air Force Officers from Lieutenant to Colonel and 20 Airport Police Officers, all Corporals and a Captain. Cell phones and 'selfies' were not yet a fashion at that time, so everyone were taking pictures of one to another, except me. I was invisible to the group. I was getting the impression that they did not like me and barely no one talked with me even before we boarded the plane from our very own airport in Manila where we were all working. I realized later that I was being perceived as an ignorant undergraduate among them professionals and now American government scholars. My presence among them supposedly may have embarrassed them. Or maybe I am a Christian and the world cannot accept me.

Green Apples and Grapes Frozen Hard as Stone

After we checked-in at the Lexington Hotel in Oklahoma, we went to buy groceries for we were responsible for our personal sustenance. Back home, my family and I never had a chance to have a refrigerator of our own even when I was already working at the airport. Honestly, I did not know how a refrigerator worked! Not knowing where to put

which, I put the apple and grapes at the freezer. It turned those fruits as hard as stones by the next morning! I never told anybody until now. It would have been another reason for my colleagues to ridicule and belittle me. The truth remains, when God saved us, He continuously molds us to be the kind of person He wants us to be, for His glory.

Humiliation to Justification

One morning at the lobby of the hotel just after breakfast, my team and I were watching Oklahoma News while waiting for our bus to ferry us to the training center. For some reason, I made a comment of what had been said on air. Immediately Mr. Chong (not his real name), one of our classmates stood up in front of me, pointing his finger against my face while I was sitting and said, “Wala ka Dumayag, hanggang bundok kalang!” (You are nothing Dumayag, you’re good only for the mountains!). Everyone was shocked at that moment for such display of utter rudeness and unprofessionalism but nobody, not one, rebuked him or defended me in any way.

The Bible says: *“I will bless those who bless you and I will curse him who curses you.”* Genesis 12:3

About three hours later, our American Course Director brought us to a gun shop to familiarize ourselves with what America has to offer about firearms. It was an isolated building attended by one staff only. Having insulted me earlier, I distanced myself from Mr. Chong and I remained aware of what he was doing. While everyone was busy

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checking on the various types of guns, I noticed Mr. Chong felt somewhat restless which made me curious about him. He looked around. The lone gun shop worker was busy attending to others in our group. Perhaps Mr. Chong's arrogance and pride earlier may have made him lose the courage and ability to construct a simple English sentence like, "Excuse me sir, may I use your toilet?" Or "Can I use your bathroom?" A remote town's Grade-2 pupil in the Philippines could have easily said it. Pride made him lame. He seemed to remember what was common in the Philippines specially in the rural areas. He went out of the gun shop. Secretly I followed him. Outside was a little bushy area beside the train railway. Sort of a hidden place to urinate as guys usually do along the provincial roads of the Phippines, even in the streets of Metro Manila for that matter. He looked around and perhaps convinced that no one was watching he went ahead to pee. Shortly thereafter, an Oklahoma Police mobile from a distance spotted him. The loud sirens went out as they drove towards him. The officers arrested Mr. Chong for "acts of indecency". They turned him around against the police car like they do in the movies. They were about to handcuff him. All these were happening in my full view. As he was my fellow trainee and he needed help I ran to the gun shop to ask for help. Mr. Pendergrass, our Course Tour Guide came out to his rescue. The police released him after having identified our group as delegates to the Federal Aviation Security Course. That was the most humiliating experience our entire group

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had. He who bullied and belittled me publicly became himself a public spectacle for the very same thing that he unjustly insulted me for.

Few years later, I came home from Papua New Guinea for a holiday. My friend and spiritual father Raul Maga was showing me around the new Airport Police Department offices. By then Mr. Chong was already a Captain. Seeing my friend and I entering Mr. Chong's office seemed to bring back to him bad memories of our Oklahoma training. He cannot even see me straight in the face. I looked at him with a compassionate smile.

For compassion is more powerful than vengeance. God made us head and not the tail. *“And the LORD will make you the head and not the tail; you shall be above only and not beneath, if you heed the commandments of the LORD your God, which I command you today, and are careful to observe them.”* Deuteronomy 28:13.

CHAPTER 6

Young Man Delivered from Demonic Possession

“And always, night and day, he was in the mountains and in the tombs, crying out and cutting himself with stones. When he saw Jesus from afar, he ran and worshiped Him. And he cried out with a loud voice and said, “What have I to do with You, Jesus, Son of the Most High God? I implore You by God that You do not torment me.” For He said to him, “Come out of the man, unclean spirit!”

Mark 5:5-8

I got born-again and grew in faith with the JIL family at the Araullo High School quadrangle where the main worship services in Manila was normally held and where Bro. Eddie Villanueva, the founding Pastor, preached regularly. I can say that most of my early stage spiritual development was molded there. No

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matter what I have and would become as a minister of God's Word, I cannot separate my life and God given ministry to this God-ordained church ministry. A church that has been blessed by God more than anyone could have imagined, extended its borders worldwide, fulfilling the Great Commission, all by God's grace and mercy, when they obeyed and as the Holy Spirit leads.

In 1991 I went to work in Papua New Guinea for about seven years which I believe formed part of the fulfillment of God's divine plan for my life and family. I came back after that as the Lord I believe has led me. Going back to Ilocos Norte where I was born and raised, I decided to join and support my mother church JIL through its provincial outreach at JIL Laoag City. Being new to the church family, although actually I was not necessarily new for I was once part of the mother church in JIL Araullo, it was but only proper to submit to God-ordained authority at the outreach. That involved trainings of discipleship and the like. In the course of this integration into the ministry, I remember a team of healing and deliverance ministers from Manila headed by the then Pastor Art Gonzales coming to train the JIL Laoag City workers. He focused ministering to the leaders and because of time constraints, I was not able to personally receive his commissioning anointing which I also believed I earnestly needed like the leaders had.

Now I realize the anointing to do the works of the ministry comes from God and not from men. And many times, God doesn't need

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“fixers”. After all, as I like to tell people today, the success of our Christian life and the ministry that God has called us to do depends on our spiritual health - our willingness to submit to the gentle leading of the Holy Spirit. That was always comforting to know.

The fire of healing and deliverance was prevalent in JIL Ilocos Norte, even extending to the JIL congregation family members residing abroad such as in Hong Kong. A person who had a family in need called the church for help. It was indeed a privilege to serve God in this capacity. To be a vessel of God’s power, for God to reach out to the needy.

There was one particular incident where an overseas contract worker in Hong Kong called JIL Laoag leadership for help. Her teenage brother Michael residing in Sarrat, Ilocos Norte was apparently demon-possessed. We found out later that Michael was tormented severely by the enemy. He was uncontrollable, talking strange things within the house. Pastor Bong Gonzales, our Provincial Pastor and one of my spiritual mentors who greatly influenced my life and ministry, gathered his team for this particular mission. Since my presence was now visible in almost every church activity, I had the privilege to go with them, not necessarily part of the team, but just a “rider-on-the-job” ministry training. The team arrived and started ministering to Michael at about 10 o’clock in the morning. A prayer was offered to God. Praise and worship was led by the worship leaders. The Word of God was preached by Pastor Bong. Binding and

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loosing with prayer and agreement by the church was made by the leaders. Casting out of demons was exercised. There were even several times where we were ushered outside by Sis. Rose, Pastor Bong's wife, so Michael could hopefully have a better concentration in the ministering process. But curious as we were, we kept going back inside the house eagerly desiring to see what God was going to unfold before us.

In waiting upon God, especially in desperate times like this, time flies fast. We then realized that it was already about 5 o'clock in the afternoon- seven solid hours of continuous ministering to Michael since we arrived but to no avail. It was almost a regular full day work for Pastor Bong and by this time humanly speaking, he was tired. He said, in almost a whisper, "I did everything that I learned in my years of ministry to cast out this demon out of him, but it doesn't seem working."

At this point, it was noticed, apparently even by Pastor Bong, that Michael on several occasions got his eyes stuck on your servant in hostility, as if the enemy oppressing him and his family did not like me. I believed this time led by the Holy Spirit, instead of calling one of his town pastors present, Pastor Bong said, "We are going to sing our last worship song and then we leave. But before that, I would like to ask brother Dionie to pray for Michael." That was really a surprise to many of us in the house! Humanly speaking I thought, "Why me and not them?" Believers, when the Holy Spirit leads, better be ready,

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don't doubt or ask questions, just obey and submit to His leading for He is about to bring you to the miraculous.

The song was sung. It may just have been a normal worship song that we used to sing. There was something peculiar this time. There was His manifest presence. There was submission to the Holy Spirit leading, and it pleased Him, when believers obey and live in unity, as a Body of Christ. Always remember, God is no respecter of persons! He can use anybody who is willing and obedient. We just need to be ready and in spiritual health with Him, at that moment. As the song came to an end, your servant with all humility moved closer to Michael in obedience to His Word, that I may lay my hands on him on a proper timing. And with the power and authority that I have in Jesus' Name and with the Holy Spirit at work in my life and the ministry He has called me to do, I spoke in faith, "Foul spirit and every spirit oppressing Michael and his family, your time is up! Get out of him and come back to him no more, in Jesus' Name!" Jesus said: "*Believers will follow these signs; in my Name they will cast out devils.*" And with the same power that I have in Jesus' Name, Michael I now lay my hands on you. Receive the Holy Spirit in your life and be freed from the hand of the enemy, in Jesus' Name!" And indeed, Michael was free, by faith!

We were now packing up to go for a 7 o'clock evening prayer meeting awaiting us in church when Michael's mother intercepted us. "Wait!" she said, "We'll just serve you some snacks, we even forgot

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to give you lunch.” Praise God! Physical nourishment will even become immaterial when we do the will of God. Her family went toward the kitchen to get something for us when the Holy Spirit prompted me to speak words of power saying, “Michael, go help them serve the snacks!” Sheepishly he went and came back carrying a tray of glasses filled with coke and sprite without tripping or breaking something – a thing he could have easily done if he was still under the influence of the enemy. To the amazement of everyone, Michael was back to normal!

At the church prayer meeting, Pastor Bong, perhaps still in amazement for what had just happened, said during the testimony portion in our local language: “Pambihira naman, maghapon akong nag cast out sa demonyong yon, ayaw umalis, ini-English ni brother Dionie, lumayas kaagad. Siguro English speaking yung demonyo!” (That was really unusual, it took me the whole day casting out that devil out of Michael. He never left. When brother Dionie spoke to him in English, he left immediately. Maybe that devil is English-speaking!)

The truth remains, God has given the gifts to the church for power to do the works of the ministry, distributed it severally and uses it as needed and as He wills. Praise be to God!

Friends, I would like to make a point here. Sometimes, we tend to do the work God has entrusted us with our own effort and experience, even with our man-ordained position, instead of relying

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on the Holy Spirit's leading of our lives. I believe God has given the nine Gifts of the Holy Spirit to the Church at Pentecost. He distributed it severally. Not just to a selected few. He uses as needed and as He wills.

CHAPTER 7

Woman Healed from Arthritis

There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. There are differences of ministries, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of activities, but it is the same God who works all in all. But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to each one for the profit of all: for to one is given the word of wisdom through the Spirit, to another the word of knowledge through the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healings by the same Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another different kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. But one and the same Spirit works all these things, distributing to each one individually as He wills.

1 Corinthians 12:4-11

Year 1996, just before God used your servant as an instrument to pioneer the JIL Church Outreach at San Nicolas, my home town, I came to meet Bro. Franklin Bumanglag. He was a veteran Bible Teacher for years at the Free

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Gospel Church at the San Nicolas centro. It is the same church where my sister Rosie Belle and my younger brothers used to attend after they had been born-again. He is married to Sis. Angie who was working as an Overseas Contract Worker in Hong Kong and also serving God through JIL Hong Kong. She later led him and the family including Bro. Franklin's sickly mother, known in the community as "Nana Monang" to JIL Laoag City for help. Nana Monang has been suffering from knee arthritis pain for some time, from mild to severe pain to the extent that she was at times unable to walk without help. With all the medical help they have been giving her to ease her condition, they also have been praying in church for healing, but to no avail.

Sis. Angie, having been a member of the JIL Church for years, came to a point that her faith in God through Jesus Christ has given her the mindset that Jesus is our Savior and our Healer. She has heard the Word preached by Bro. Eddie Villanueva, founder of the JIL Church, that Jesus is the Healer, like the way I used to hear him preach when I was still with them at the Araullo High School quadrangle. She told that she has been asking Bro. Franklin to bring his mother to JIL Church to be prayed for, for they believe in "Miracle Healing" so she may be healed but he was hindered by religious factionalism – such as employing the help of other believers from other churches as a big "No!" as if such action would be unfaithfulness to the local church they belong to. Sometimes we fail to realize that God has

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given the Holy Spirit's gifts to the church and distributed it severally and use it, as needed.

But there is always a time for everything. One day, Sis. Angie came home for holiday. With so much persuasion, and after he had collected all the courage and I believe with the Holy Spirit leading upon his life and ministry, Bro. Franklin agreed to bring his mother and the family to a JIL Church Sunday worship service. You should understand that he left his responsibility to teach his Sunday School class at his local church that day. It must have required him a lot of faith to do such a thing. Little did he know that he was about to embark to a higher level of faith and service to his God.

So there it was and the worship service was over. For some reason, Nana Monang never had a privilege to be prayed for. They were just visiting and new to the JIL Church and they did not have the courage to ask the Pastor or any of the leaders to pray a prayer of faith over Nana Monang for her healing. Or perhaps the church leaders were occupied with other church affairs. The good news is, it is God who closes doors and it is also God who opens doors for his children to be blessed! About four steps away from the huge gate of that YMCA building where the Sunday worship service was held, and while everybody was busy exiting the building going home, Sis. Angie, still with her burning heart's desire for her mother-in-law to be prayed for healing, looked around for the last time. She saw me leaving as well as I didn't have to attend any of the after service

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Leadership Seminars, which normally made the church leadership busy instead of having quality time ministering to people in need. I was not yet part of the church leadership at that time. Nevertheless, I am a believer of Jesus Christ which made me a vessel of the Holy Spirit and His anointing, an Ambassador for Christ, commissioned to preach the message of salvation to the lost following signs, wonders and miracles as Jesus has promised!

“And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.” Mark 16:17-18

“Brother Dionie,” she said, “I told Franklin to bring Nana Monang to come to JIL Sunday Worship Service for her to be prayed for so she may be healed. Can you please pray for her?” Inspired by the Holy Spirit, a still small voice came inside me. “According to your faith woman, you receive according to your heart’s desire.” That moment, led by the Holy Spirit, His Word came alive in my heart. I turned toward the woman, Nana Monang. I spoke words of faith saying, “With the authority that I have in Jesus’ Name and with the Holy Spirit living in me and at work in the ministry He has called me to do, I come against the spirit behind that arthritis that is crippling you and every demonic spirit oppressing this woman and her family. I render you all powerless right now and I uproot from the very roots

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every sickness and disease including the arthritis you've put in her and her family and command you to be cast out of her, right now in Jesus' Name!" What you say is what you get. Mark 11:22-23. "And with same power that I have in Jesus' Name, and in obedience to His Word, woman I lay my hands on you and I command you, receive your healing, not tomorrow, but today, right now in Jesus Name! For "faith" is now!" Instantly and supernaturally, she received her strength. She walked out and climbed up to her son's locally assembled jeep and went home blessed, because God is in the business of doing the miraculous for those who believe, even today. God is the same yesterday, today and forever! "I told you Franklin," Sister Angie exclaimed to her husband in our hearing! "The God that we are serving here is alive!" Glory be to God!

Brother Franklin never went back to his former church and his Sunday School teaching ministry. Instead, God used him with his family, with the Holy Spirit's enablement in his life to be part of pioneering the JIL San Nicolas Church Outreach, faithfully serving God through his new found ministry until today. His pastor at his former church was not really happy when Brother Franklin left them. He just lost a valuable asset to their ministry. Not only that, he also became hostile to me to the extent of him saying to people, "Be careful with Brother Dionie's power, it might be coming from the devil." His wrong perception of what God is doing in the life and ministry of those who believe led him to jealousy which created an

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open door for the enemy to come and destroy his life, family and his ministry. I found out later that his wife committed adultery which caused their separation. And being a “holiness” pastor, he eventually left the ministry.

Faith in God through Jesus Christ and obedience to the gentle leading of the Holy Spirit builds us up, but jealousy brings destruction. It has been said, “*Wise men learn from their mistakes but wiser men learn from the mistakes of others.*” Praise be to God!

CHAPTER 8

The Elijah Type Prayer of Faith

So Jesus answered and said to them, "Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, 'Be removed and be cast into the sea,' and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says. Therefore, I say to you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them.

Mark 11:22-24

I came home for good in 1996 after five years of working as an overseas contract worker in Papua New Guinea. With the financial blessings that God allowed me to receive and enjoy, I set aside a portion to purchase a sound system set and musical instruments that I believed one day and at His appointed time will be used for the ministry He is calling me for His glory.

The Free Gospel Church, the church family that my younger siblings attended after they got born-again, led by Pastor Vivit, leader of the group came to me one day with a request to borrow my musical

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instruments for their one-week musical concert tour in Cagayan Valley. It is not because their church does not have musical instruments to use for they do. They are a well-established church in the province of Ilocos Norte with a Bible College and an international organization's support. Perhaps they just did not want to go through internal organizational processes or maybe scratch their instruments when transporting them. Whatever the reason may be, God opened a door for me to use what He has entrusted me for His glory. Pastor Vivit said to me, "If you want brother you can come with us in the tour." To which I responded yes, believing it was an honor and a privilege to be a part of ministering to the people of Cagayan Valley.

The day we left for Cagayan for the one-week musical tour, I went to their Bible College compound where we were asked to gather prior for our departure. When I got there people starred at me and then smiled to one another. A little bit embarrassed at this time, I turned to Pastor Vivit asking, "What are they smiling at?" He said with a smile, "Because you are wearing short pants outdoor. We Free Gospel people don't do that." I found out later that their church practice outward holiness. And I can I understand them for that. After all I'm just a "rider".

In spite of all the busy schedule of activities which transpired day by day the week went so fast. On the afternoon of the last day, by then we were in Quirino, Isabela. Pastor Vivit asked me, "Dionie, would you like to share your testimony tonight at the concert?" "I've been

waiting for you to ask me that for a long time!” I responded. “What?” he said in surprise. “Yes I will. It would be an honor to do that,” I affirmed. “You have 3 to 5 minutes maximum,” he said.

“There are two of you who will share testimonies tonight, you and Pastor Cook, the Principal of the Bible College. Pastor Cook will go first.” Pastor Vivit instructed. Pastor Cook is over six-foot-tall, an American missionary to the Philippines. Two people sharing their testimonies: one is an educator and an experienced missionary from America and the other is a man from a broken home, once considered outcast, redeemed by God’s grace through Jesus Christ. Believe it or not, I got nervous and wanted to withdraw as my turn was coming. Pastor Cook was called and the applause was given, welcoming him not just for the occasion but I believe for him coming to their small remote town. When he started to speak, the applause became louder because the American giant was speaking our native dialect, Ilocano. I was not yet at the stage but obviously, I was then having a “stage fright”. “Lord,” I prayed, “I cannot possibly speak Ilocano in front of all these people. In a personal level yes. But not in a public speaking level like this. But what would these people think and say if this white guy speaks Ilocano in public and me, an Ilocano by birth, will speak to them in English?” But God gave me no answer. I have been away from Ilocos for several years so I have become more acquainted in communicating with people more effectively either in English or Tagalog.

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It is written: *“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.”* Romans 8:28

The musicians were asked to sing one more song before my turn to testify. But something unavoidable suddenly happened. Towards the end of the song rain started to pour down. Strong winds started to twist the coconut leaves surrounding the open-air plaza we were in. As the downpour and the wind intensified, people in the gathering started to stand up, picking up their plastic chairs and go for covered shelter, some even leaving the venue altogether. In less than two minutes there was no more people sitting on any of the chairs left. That meant, I would be sharing my testimony with empty chairs for an audience! I believed that would have grieved the Holy Spirit. He has blessed us so we can be a blessing to others.

“Lord!” I protested. “I don’t want to share my testimony with empty chairs. I desire for people to hear it, so that you can touch their hearts, their lives and bless them, even tonight.” I waited long for this. I can’t just let the enemy steal my joy from tonight’s opportunity. Then the Holy Spirit prompting with a small still voice said to me, “Then pray that I may stop the rain and the strong winds.” “What do you mean pray? They are still singing the last two lines of the song,” was my mental response. “Go grab the microphone and pray in their presence,” I sensed the Holy Spirit urging me. It took a lot of courage to do that but in obedience I ran up the stage taking the short-cut route.

THE ELIJAH TYPE PRAYER OF FAITH

The Holy Spirit has already spoken to one of the pastors in the stage. He handed me the microphone and I said, “Friends can you stop where you are right now and we’ll pray that God will stop this rain and strong winds so we can finish this concert for His glory?” As a courtesy for my request the people stopped for a moment. I can see some putting down the chairs they were holding. Their faces turned towards me at the front but their bodies were facing backwards ready to move on out of that place. By then they were getting wet.

I quoted the verse in Mark 11:24: “*Therefore I say to you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them.*” In my prayer I said to God, “God, You know our hearts. It is our hearts’ desire to honor you in this concert through the end. In Jesus Name, please stop this rain and strong wind so your children can continue to glorify your Holy Name!”

With God’s grace and mercy and to the surprise of everyone including me, as the words were still being uttered from my mouth, the rain and the strong wind suddenly stopped. As if the world went to a standstill. People who were leaving started coming back to their seats to finish the night’s worship service. I shared my testimony thereafter but that was no longer what they needed. They saw with their own eyes the demonstration of God’s power available for those who believe. It took me about seven minutes to finish my testimony. When I stopped, the same pastor who handed me the microphone

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when I came up the stage came close to me and whispered, "Why did you stop talking?" Sheepishly I told him, "I'm only given 3-5 minutes to talk. It is always wise to obey." "You should have kept talking," he suggested.

Even before an altar call was given, the first people who responded were the two men we saw drinking alcohol on the street just few hours before the concert. By now they should be drunk. When I came down the stage, they came to shake my hands and kept bowing their heads before me. I stopped them. Of course I didn't enjoy it. Only God deserves the honor and the glory!

CHAPTER 9

JIL San Nicolas Outreach Is Born

“And He said to them, “Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”

Mark 16:15-20

I have been working in Papua New Guinea (PNG) from year 1991 to 1996 as a Security Branch Manager and at the same time served as one of the three elders of our Filipino Bible Study group under the umbrella of the Christian Revival Crusade Church. When God calls you, no one can hinder it. With a stirring in the spirit within me and with the gentle leading of the Holy Spirit, I

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responded to what I believed God was calling me to do during that season, the full time ministry. *“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you. Before you were born I sanctified you; I ordained you a prophet to the nations.”* Jeremiah 1:5

I decided to leave the comfort of my job in PNG. A big house manned by a security guard 24/7 opening and closing the metal gate every time I came in and out. I was driving a luxury Toyota Land Cruiser with a freezer in between the front seats for a cold drink handy when I'm thirsty - something that I never dreamed before. I was holding a management position in a foreign land, leading some of its nationals in the security business. It was a real privilege. Looking back to where I am from and to where I am now I can definitely say that there is no better place than to be in the side of God honoring and serving Him.

With the financial support of my younger brother Warly for whom I was used as an instrument for his employment in PNG, I was determined to start serving God through the ministry at my home town in San Nicolas, Ilocos Norte. It was year 1997. I managed to acquire a tricycle for our family to use while I was working abroad for the past years. It came in very handy for our transportation.

While we believe that the church and the ministry belongs to God, whether we like it or not, it is still governed by people with personal desires to serve God and the interests of the larger organization. Although I went through all the trainings required

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through the mother church in Manila, when I came back to the province, I was required to conform and to go through all the same trainings including Discipleship Trainings. A town pastor's husband said, "Brother Dionie, you did the discipleship training before so why do you have to do it again?"

Now I realize that I had to go through all those seemingly unnecessary experiences to build up my character and to learn to submit to God ordained authority. And yet, you cannot just connect to the local church leadership to serve God. One thing some people don't seem to realize at times is that church and ministry belong to God and promotion comes from God. Always. Joseph of old was persecuted by his brothers, abruptly separated from his father who could have ushered him properly in his faith and service to God, but that was not the end of it. It has been said, "God's ways are higher than man's ways." My faith is in God through Jesus Christ. The anointing to preach comes from God through the Holy Spirit. And the commission to go and preach the gospel to the nations of the world comes directly from Him. If some modern "religious Pharisees" are not willing and obedient to deliver the blessing to us so God can use us, it is God and always God who closes and opens doors to those who have a heart to serve him. Hallelujah!

It was New Year's Day when my father Felipe came to me saying, "You know Dionie, I just came from Duque's house today and I saw him really sick. His right toe has an open wound and it is

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decaying. He is really pitiful. Would you like to visit and pray for him?" It was a bit of a shock for me to hear that from my father, knowing who he was, someone who did not regard God. It may just have been out of curiosity with my new found faith that he was doing this. Nevertheless, the gift of the Holy Spirit including the gift of healing and gift of working wonders and miracles were given by God to the church, distributed it severally and uses it as needed. Who am I to deny a man the privilege to come to know God and experience His power to save and heal him, miraculously?

Wasting no time, that afternoon my father and I went to minister to Duque. Erning, his first name, is my second degree cousin Letty's husband. He used to be a rich guy in our local community according to the prevailing standard at that time. Only a privileged few people like him could drive a vehicle during those days. A conspicuous sign at the back of his car said "eat my dust" while driving on dusty barangay roads. He inherited a substantial amount from his ancestors known to be Hawaiian pensioners. His wealth elevated him to a position where it somehow created grievances among many people around him. When he got sick and started to lose everything, he ended up feeling isolated and abandoned even by his own relatives. I didn't even know him personally. That's how far people were from him, even when he really needed help.

But of course, God hates sin but loves the sinner. I told Manong Erning right at the beginning, "I am not a healer and I will never be

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the healer. Jesus is! I'm just a servant. His instrument to reach out to people like you in need, even right now! So if you are ready, we can start now!" He said "Yes". After all, there was no better thing for him to receive but free healing from God, miraculously.

It is written: *"He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions."* Psalm 107:20

"And He said to them, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned." Mark 16:15-16

"So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." Romans 10:17

I explained to him the above mentioned verses and told him that I have to share the Word of God to him with the family. I'm not only doing it in obedience to God's Word but for him and the family to have an opportunity to increase the faith they needed in order to receive a miraculous healing from God. Normally, in ministering to people like him, I just need to rely on the Holy Spirit's leading as to what passage of the Holy Scriptures I would be sharing. And I also have to prepare my heart as a vessel of His Word, just to make sure that the message comes alive to its recipients.

It is written: *"It is the Spirit who gives life; the flesh profits nothing. The words that I speak to you are spirit, and they are life."* John 6:63

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Believing that their faith in God has been lifted up and now being ready to receive from Him, with their permission and own free will I led them to pray the sinner's prayer and receive Jesus Christ as their Lord, Savior and their Healer. Glory be to God! It is always God's will to heal people but I believe He is more interested in saving lost souls and having a healthy spiritual relationship with Him. God puts greater premium on the soul which is immortal, than the physical body which is mortal. Healing of our bodies are just secondary blessings to us when we believe.

With the authority that I have in Jesus' name, through the church, I bound up and cast out the demons of death, sickness, condemnation, pride, unforgiveness and every other unclean spirit oppressing him and his family and I believed they all left them, by faith! With the power and authority that I have in Jesus' name and in obedience to His Word, I laid my hands on him and commanded him to receive as I pronounced miraculous healing upon him. And by faith God healed him because that was what His Word said.

Three days later, I received a word that Erning's open wound has dried up. His physical body regained more strength. What had happened in the spiritual, there was a parallelism in the natural. When the family received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior, their spiritual relationship with God through Jesus Christ, the only Way, was restored. Their human spirit was restored to life, otherwise known as "Born Again" experience. And whatever spiritual healing

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happened in the spiritual, there is always a parallelism in the natural. I believe that made him able to receive his physical healing, miraculously.

Jesus said: *“But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.”* Matthew 6:33

Because of their family spiritual experience, they welcomed the Word into their home. Your servant had a privilege to start a regular weekly Bible Study not only for the family but to their relatives and neighbors who were willing and hungry for the Word of God. God can make all things work together for good to those who love him and to those who are called according to His purpose, according to Romans 8:28.

For some reason along the way, they get preoccupied with the things of this world, to the extent of neglecting themselves from the feeding of the Word. I believe that it is man’s choice to always come to the side of God in order to enjoy the blessing and protection that comes from Him or to turn away from Him intentionally or inadvertently, thus losing His divine protection and blessing. And many people including Christians don’t really realize that. They stopped the regular Bible Study.

Few months later, there was a knock at our door. My mother opened it and it was my cousin Letty, Erning’s wife, with their small blue gas stove tank. My mother had to wake me up, for it was early

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in the morning that day. “Manang Letty!” Was my drowsy greeting, since her coming was too early and frankly unexpected. “What made you come today Manang?” “Erning is in the hospital and he needs some medicine so I came to sell our stove tank to you for 50 pesos so I can buy his medicine.” Fifty pesos may not even be enough to buy what she needed!

Right at that moment, the Spirit within me was grieved. If they only continued to dwell in the presence of God, they would have continually enjoyed the blessing and the protection of God including health and healing. But the message of the gospel is love and not condemnation. And I am just a servant.

Honestly, I didn't have the money she needed. I told you earlier that I was living only by God's grace with the help of my brother. We had just enough, day after day. By the way, Jesus promises us only our daily bread! That's partially what would happen when we decide to follow Him, especially at the very start. There is a price of obedience that is required from us.

The Holy Spirit within me made His Word alive in that time of need. It is written: *“Then Peter said, “Silver and gold I do not have, but what I do have I give you: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.” Acts 3:6*

Trying to be gentle and compassionate, I said to her, “Go home. I don't have to buy your stove tank as you still need it. Besides, I don't have the money. I'll just get ready and I'll pay him a visit at the

hospital. And I will give him what I have, the Name of Jesus Christ - the currency of heaven.” She left a little bit confused, I believed, but what would you expect from somebody in dire need.

There were six patients in the hospital room at the Batac General Hospital where Erning was confined. I believed God love them all regardless of religious affiliation. And if I am truly a child and servant of God, I should be praying for them all for salvation and healing instead of giving my full attention to Erning only, the very reason why I was there.

Erning was brought to the hospital for diabetes. Opposite him is Mauricios, he has been on and off the hospital for over two years, at least every other two weeks, for asthma. Besides him was another man with non-stop coughing possibly for tuberculosis, but he refused to be prayed for because of his religious faith with Iglesia Ni Cristo. Further right in Mauricios’ side was a dying woman who I believed had an opportunity to receive her salvation. The family invited me to minister God’s Word to her family and relatives during her funeral. Further right in Erning’s side was a man suffering with an excruciating stomach pain. I had the privilege of ministering to them the message of salvation and healing, all by the grace and mercy of God. All except one, the Iglesia Ni Cristo guy, received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. By faith!

Within a period of 3-5 days all the people in that room who received Jesus as their Lord and Savior, except the woman who

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passed away, came out of that hospital room healed. Erning and his family resumed their Bible Study at their home in Bingao. Mauricios started a regular weekly Bible Study in his home - the first JIL Bible Study in Batac, Ilocos Norte. Pastor Bong, JIL Provincial Pastor, told me later that what had happened was sowing a seed of faith in Batac for God to bless it. The relatives of the deceased woman invited us later to start a Bible Study in Catuguing, San Nicolas. About a month later, a relative of the man with an unbearable stomach pain came looking for us to minister to their sick relative and again started a Bible Study at their home.

Jesus said: *“And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”* Mark 16:17-18

News of the miraculous spread out. Sick and needy families were looking for answers. Healing and deliverance ministry was rising up and had become in demand. Working hand in hand with the Ancheta Family, my brothers along with some willing vessels to be used by God, we became busy and in demand in God's vineyard. On those days, it became a norm that when somebody is demon possessed, sick or sent home from the hospital for sickness that they cannot deal with, open doors were made available to us by God, to go minister to them. God demonstrated His power when we obeyed. Within a period of

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five months, according to how the Holy Spirit led us when we obeyed, God gave us the privilege of serving Him through seventeen (17) regular weekly Bible Studies within San Nicolas and the neighboring barangays and towns.

In one of the JIL Church provincial prayer meetings, Pastor Bong said we cannot do much anymore but to start a JIL Sunday Service now in San Nicolas. And so JIL San Lorenzo, San Nicolas Chapter was born, holding its first worship service under the mango tree in front of our very old decaying indigenous house, with attendees from our 17 Weekly Bible Study groups. The presence of God was there with us and in every God ordained church initiated activities.

The newly established church may not be a house made with brick wall, metal roofing, fancy windows and curtain and soft cushion chairs but the presence of God was there by the Holy Spirit. And He was sitting in His Throne, His rightful place, and in control of everything.

Sick people came to be saved and be healed in our Sunday Worship Services. One of them was Sitong from the neighborhood who was paralyzed and was carried on a bed just to attend the service to be saved and be healed. I would say his story is one of the most glorious scenes I've ever seen on a Sunday Worship Service. His full story will follow in the later chapter of this book.

One Sunday, a disabled rich accountant with his family came to our church, the church without a roof, in their shiny red car. To have

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a visitor coming by car in those days were extraordinary to us. That would confirm that God was mightily using His servants. The man with crutches limping came closer to me and said, "Brother, if you can heal me I will build you a nice concrete church building." I just smiled at him as we welcomed them in our service. Believe it or not, he never got healed. Because he thought he can buy God's power to heal, his heart was wrong and he did not receive what he thought he deserved.

Simon the sorcerer once did the same thing. *"But Peter said to him, "Your money perish with you, because you thought that the gift of God could be purchased with money! You have neither part nor portion in this matter, for your heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this your wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of your heart may be forgiven you. For I see that you are poisoned by bitterness and bound by iniquity."* Acts 8:20-23

Many people think, including some church leaders, that when God by His grace use somebody to preach the Word following signs and wonders, you are called to be a pastor. And they expect you to conform to what they believe, as leaders, to do and obey what God has for you and the ministry He has called you. They may be right! But I would like you to understand what the apostle Paul said when God gave the church the fivefold ministry. *"And He Himself gave some to be apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the equipping of the saints for the work of*

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ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.” Ephesians 4:11-12

I believe I was called to be an Evangelist and not a Pastor. At some point, God may use me in that official capacity but He will always bring things into alignment according to His plans and purpose in His church, not man’s church, according to the gifting He has given to the church through willing and worthy vessels of His Holy Spirit.

During the course of my service to God, to the people of San Nicolas and those whom He had called me to minister to, I was brought to a point where I needed to make a drastic and very important decision in my life and my God given ministry. One early morning in the midst of a storm, at about 4 o’clock, there was a knock at our door. Heavily raining, I can hear somebody calling me by my nickname, a seemingly familiar voice from outside, which was to my comprehension unlikely possible. Opening the door, still dark, I was surprised to see Sandy, my former colleague with the Yama Group of Companies in Papua New Guinea, soaking under the heavy downpour of rain. The car engine outside was continually running waiting for him. Sandy, shivering and without even an exchange of warm greetings, exclaimed, “Dionie! Mr. Yama is in Manila right now. He has sent me to pick you up and he wants you to fly back with him to Papua New Guinea tonight.” Mr. Yama is one of the Senior Ministers of the Papua New Guinea Parliament under Prime Minister Julius Chan. He owns the Yama Group of Companies. I used to work for one of its subsidiaries, the Yama Security Services Ltd. It would be

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safe to say that he is richest man in the Province of Madang. And obviously he is a man of influence.

I have had a prayer one day and said: “God! If people and organizations that you have entrusted the financial blessings were not willing and obedient to deliver the blessing to your children in need, I want you to use me. I would be more than willing to obey you.” When Mr. Yama, a prominent man from a foreign land sent for me, I believed without any ounce of doubt that God was answering my prayer.

There was a time during my ministry at JIL San Nicolas that I witnessed how hard it was for our members including me to get by financially. When the giving of tithes and offering came, white envelopes were literally distributed by the ushers to everyone, even to every member of the family attending. If they don't have the money to put, they tend to shy away and get embarrassed because they don't have anything to give. Some of them never came back to church because they are poor and did not want to go through the same awkward feeling every time the tithes and offering envelopes were passed around. After deducting ten percent from our tithes and offering collection for our mother church, most of the time I was only left with 200 pesos, not even enough to buy fish to serve for the next Sunday lunch for those JIL provincial workers who will come to support me. There was an apparent lack of resources for the church to

function effectively. And I believe that it is never God's plan for such thing to happen to His children.

Without too much thinking, I decided to leave the ministry and went with Sandy to embrace what I believed was God's leading in my life and my God given ministry. But of course, I left the JIL provincial leadership a big question mark. Why would God's servants like me just leave the church He has entrusted that easy. I believe that there are times that we don't even need to justify ourselves when some people think they have all the reason to condemn us. It is written, *"Even a fool is counted wise when he holds his peace. When he shuts his lips, he is considered perceptive."* Proverbs 17:28

On our way to Manila, Luzon was swept by a strong typhoon which caused us a considerable delay. Main roads and highways were blocked by fallen trees and other flying objects made them impassable. Sandy, who was born and raised in Bulacan, managed to drive through back roads leading to Manila. Finally, we arrived at Silahis Hotel by dark.

Reporting to the front desk, through the intercom, they let me speak with Peter Yama on the phone. "Sir, I'm here." I said with excitement. Mr. Yama responded, "Wait at the lobby, we're coming down!" In about 3 minutes, Mr. Yama and two other PNG locals appeared and when they got closer to us Mr. Yama said to the shorter but with a more decent look, "Ambassador, this is Dumayag, my best Manager. He needs a visa because I'm flying back with him to Port

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Moresby tonight.” “No problem sir,” the Ambassador responded, “we’ll give him the visa.” The other guy, Kup, the Ambassador’s aide ushered me on our way out and said, “Let’s go get your visa!” “What do you mean, let’s go get your visa, it’s seven at night and we are in the middle of a storm. Besides the embassy is closed by now,” I asked. The three guys looked at me with a smile and then Kup said, “We have the keys, come let’s go!”

By the time we reached outside of the hotel, they led me to the limousine parked at the hotel front driveway. It was the Ambassador’s diplomatic car. “Hallelujah!” I muttered. At that very moment, I cannot help but be reminded of what the Apostle Paul once said, “You are ambassadors for Christ”. That even the ambassadors of the world will serve God’s ambassadors to this world just for God to show us that His plans and purposes for us are noble and superior to man’s thoughts even to those people in leadership.

Entering the Papua New Guinea embassy, I whispered to Kup, “You know, I don’t have the requirements you normally need for visa applications.” “That can follow later,” he said. But they never really asked for them from me ever. After stamping my visa on my passport, they brought me back to the hotel with the diplomatic car. I found out later, with my brief conversation with the Ambassador inside the car that he is also a Christian believer. A brother in Christ.

I believe, for God to stir the heart of a Senior Minister of PNG like Peter Yama and their Ambassador to the Philippines to deliver

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the blessing I needed as a child of God, is a miracle. That experience erased every doubt I had leaving the ministry in JIL San Nicolas in a haste. When I left Ilocos Norte and the ministry God has allowed me to be a part of, it opened the door for Pastora Abby to be designated as pastor, taking over my place. God honored her heart of service to Him. She is now the pastor of JIL Hawaii, fulfilling the Great Commission - to the ends of the earth.

Few years later on my next holiday to the Philippines, I made a deal with my brother Warly, a builder by profession, to build the church building and I would help him come and work with me in PNG. With God's faithfulness to her and our family, my mother Encarnacion donated to JIL Church a portion of her residential land for a church building to rise.

According to how God has blessed me in Papua New Guinea, remember my promise when I prayed to God? Aside from the musical instruments for the praise and worship team, I gave the biggest chunk to finance the materials needed for the building. Stirred in the spirit, Sister Trining gave her \$300 to the building fund. Many others according to how God has blessed them gave too. My brothers Tany (who is now in Hawaii), Joshua and Junior who were then working at Disney Cruise, aside from their physical efforts for the construction of the building, contributed financially for the finishing touches of the structure. It has been said, what you sow is what you reap.

CHAPTER 10

God's Healing Touch for My Mother

When my siblings and I were younger, around year 1973, my father Felipe left us to live with another woman. He failed to provide for his family. The burden of raising a family was laid upon the shoulders of my mother Encarnacion, almost throughout her life, raising 11 children. It was a tough yet noble task indeed! As she grew older, she wore out her body and her soul. She had developed a sickness called “asthma”. It devastated her and us her love ones...her family.

This reminds me of what Jesus said: *“The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.”* John 10:10

In the course of time, I was then working at the Manila International Airport as a policeman. Some of my brothers were on a construction job and farm-work helpers because we did not even have our own land to till for a living unlike many other families in our community who had their own fields. My mother's lands which she

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inherited from her father Ramon were all lost when my father used them as collateral for his loans and failed to pay it out.

Mobile phones were not yet available in those days. Almost twice every month I received a telegraphic message that she was sick and in and out of the hospital. Hospital bills and medicines were eating up the little money we were making. Instead of enjoying them for better food, the enemy was stealing our joy simply because of ignorance. We didn't realize then that we had been separated from God by sin. We lost our spiritual healthy relationship with Him. His blessings of provision and protection and good health to those who believe and obey Him was not made available to us.

By God's grace and mercy to His suffering and lost creation, mankind, he provided a way out from all those troubles. He gave His Son Jesus Christ to save us. That we may have life and that we may have it more abundantly.

I came to know and receive Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior in 1986. December that year, I had a privilege to minister God's Word to my family, my younger siblings, my father and my mother. They received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. From that day on, my family, our lives, have never been the same again! We have been transferred from this wicked world to the Kingdom of God. Jesus with the Holy Spirit within us and at work in us has become our source of strength. He has become our Provider and our Healer. My sickly mother, now connected with the Spirit of God, started to regain her

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physical health. And when I heard her getting sick, I prayed for her instead of bringing her to the hospital and God healed her, most of the time, almost instantly.

It is written: *“He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.”* Psalm 107:20. It is also written: *“...they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”* Mark 16:18

There was a time when my mother celebrated her 64th birthday in 1997 under the mango tree in front of our house. It is the same spot where we were holding our pioneering Sunday Worship Services. Towards the end of the night celebration, she may have worn out her physical strength and fainted. In the midst of everyone!

Remember this: problems may come to the unsaved to destroy them, but for believers, challenges were made to be overcome. For the glory of God!

Manong Narding, my eldest brother exclaimed, “Hurry, let’s bring her to the hospital!” The truth was, if we had brought her to the hospital, we would not have had any money to pay the bills. My sister Myrna went upstairs to get ready to go as suggested. There was a commotion among the people around confused about what needed to be done. The Holy Spirit within me rose up within my being with a still small voice, saying, “Dionie, rebuke that death and sickness and lay your hands on her so that I may heal her.”

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Responding to Manong Narding's suggestion, I said "No! You don't have to bring her to the hospital. I'm going to pray for her and God will restore her health." You can just imagine all the people staring at me in surprise. You should realize by now that the world will never and cannot understand the things of God, unless they get connected with Him through the Holy Spirit.

With the authority that I have in Jesus' name, I rebuked death and sickness out of her. In obedience to God's Word, I laid my hands on her, pronouncing health and healing for her body, as God already healed her spiritually. Now I realize that when I obeyed God's Word in that time of need, there is an activity happening in heaven. Jesus is sitting at the right hand of the Father, saying, "Father, that's my son, my servant standing upon my promise to them in their time of need." And the Father said, "Let now the Holy Spirit, whom we have sent to be with them, do His work and that they may receive the miraculous."

It is written again: *"For the LORD God is a sun and shield; The LORD will give grace and glory; No good thing will He withhold from those who walk uprightly."* Psalm 84:11

With God's supernatural intervention when we obeyed, my mother was healed and recovered that night almost instantly, for faith is now. I told my sister who went upstairs earlier and still getting ready that there was no need to go to the hospital for Nana (the way we address our mother) is already well. For unbelief, she rushed down

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to see her. And true enough, Nana's health was restored and she was smiling.

My family's new found faith in Christ and the ministry that we were called to be a part of in San Lorenzo, San Nicolas, Ilocos Norte through the JIL Ministry has become a by-word in the community. People who were sick and even those already declined for treatment in the hospital for various sicknesses found refuge in God through His servants. And God was glorified in that place.

At His appointed time, my mother donated a portion of her property, for a church building to rise up, so people can have a roof to come together in fellowship and in prayer.

My mother lived a full life up to 87 years old. She passed unto eternity in March 2021. Many of her peers and even those younger than her who have lived more comfortable lives in the past according to earthly standards passed away earlier than her. I believe her decision to make Jesus her Lord and Savior gave her the privilege of enjoying a long satisfied life. She was privileged to enjoy God's provisions through her God blessed children in her last 20 years. She enjoyed the Holy Spirit's sustaining power for both her spiritual and physical health. She had the pleasure of seeing her children honoring and serving God. She was privileged to see her children's children living successful lives, both spiritual and natural. God allowed her to see Manang Myrna's daughter, Colleen, become a lawyer and now a Municipal Trial Court Judge at her 30's. Manong Narding's daughter,

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Jenjen, has become a Doctor also at her 30's. Just to name a few. Nana had a total of 34 grandchildren and 7 great grandchildren and still increasing.

God once made a promise to His children Israel: *“I call heaven and earth as witnesses today against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore, choose life, that both you and your descendants may live.”* Deuteronomy 30:19

It is written: *“For he has rescued us from the dominion of darkness and brought us into the kingdom of the Son he loves.”*
Colossians 1:13

CHAPTER 11

Man with Boils Healed

We may be holding our JIL San Nicolas Sunday Worship Services under the mango tree when we were just starting the church outreach, but our source of comfort always was from the Lord who gave the Holy Spirit to be with us. His blessing was made available to all who put their faith in God and obey Him. He allowed us to see the manifestation of His presence and the miraculous.

Rufino Salvador and his family was one of the first families who made a commitment to honor God through the ministry outreach in San Nicolas. Like my family who was born and raised in a troubled home, Rufino's family also struggled in life although his parents were responsible enough to support, provide and raise him at his younger age. Like many other families, Rufino's went through challenges, but I believe, their faith in God sustained them. They are now living a victorious life.

I will never forget those instances during church offering time, the implied humiliation of Rufino and his family every time they can't

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afford to give when our ushers went around distributing the white envelopes as they normally do to every attendee including the youngest of Rufino's children. Part of his wife's work was to collect farm vegetables including sweet potato tops and sell it from house to house so she can earn some money to provide jeepney fares for their kids to go to school.

Rufino had a cousin named Hector, living in Solsona, a neighboring town of San Nicolas. Convicted by the living Word of God he has been hearing and I believed led by the Holy Spirit at this time, Rufino asked me if we can go and minister to his cousin. Without any doubt, I sensed God was giving us another opportunity to experience the supernatural. The healing and deliverance team and I gladly responded.

Hector has been bedridden for eight long years, suffering boils of different sizes all over his body. That debilitating disease made him look really filthy that when you see him or after you have seen him, his condition will surely make you lose your appetite. His family was known to be a member of a sect called "Spiritista", a group well known for performing "magical healings". That is where I believed the enemy was getting the legal right in oppressing Hector being one of their family members. Even with their supposed ability to heal, Hector never got help from them. The whole family except Hector was now living in Hawaii for years leaving him alone with his wife in Solsona. What made it even worst, the family built a shed by the

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pig pens for Hector and His wife to dwell, instead of their rather empty large traditional house. You could just imagine the oppression the enemy has put upon this couple through their family.

As a healing and deliverance minister, I did not have to be a scholar of the Word to discern that there was “unforgiveness” in Hector and his wife’s part and other related sins within his family circle. Such sins made them separated from the blessing and the protection of God. That same sin gave the enemy an open door to destroy them especially Hector.

With a compassionate look, I looked at the man with a question. At this point, I believed the Holy Spirit living within me was already at work for both of us. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, I said, “Hector, are you willing to forgive?” He gave me a rather confused look and then sitting at the edge of his bed, bowed down his face to the ground in silence. I realized by now that there was a stirring in the spirit. God is now dealing with this needy soul. After he collected all the strength he needed, he started to raise his face back up, this time his eyes are now brimming with tears and humbly he said “Yes I am now willing to forgive.” Glory to God! Then receive your freedom, not tomorrow but today, in Jesus’ name! In the next few moments, after you hear the Word of God, believe and receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior and your Healer and your Deliverer, you will rise up from that bed and live normally. I needed to declare that in faith in his presence and everyone present, so they may believe that God’s Word is true.

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For it is written: *“So Jesus answered and said to them, “Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, ‘Be removed and be cast into the sea,’ and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says.”* Mark 11:22-23

Since I am not the healer and I will never be the healer, Jesus is, I am going to do it God's way. It is written: *“He sent His word and healed them. And delivered them from their destructions.”* Psalm 107:20

I opened my Bible. In obedience, I shared to them God's Word. Faith comes by hearing and by hearing the Word of God. With God's grace and mercy, Hector and his wife came to a point of humility and in submission to His Word. With my help, leading them a prayer of faith unto God, they literally repented of their sins including especially the sin of unforgiveness. They received Jesus Christ their Lord and Savior, their Healer and Deliverer. They also renounced sin in their lives and asked the Holy Spirit to help them live a life pleasing before Him for as long as they live.

The apostle Paul said: *“Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.”* 2 Corinthians 5:17

Hector and his wife just did their part. At this time, they were now both connected in the spiritual. They were now ready to receive spiritual blessings from God who is Spirit. God is a Spirit and those

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who worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth. And I believe whatever spiritual blessings we received from God, including spiritual healing, there is always a parallelism in the natural. That means physical healing follows spiritual healings.

Exercising the authority which God has given to the church, even to those who believed, at this time I directly ministered to Hector. I addressed every demonic spirit oppressing Hector and his wife. I said, "In Jesus' name and with the authority that I have in that name I come against the demon of death, demon of sickness and disease, especially demon of unforgiveness and other unnamed unclean spirits oppressing Hector and his family. Get out of Hector, get out of his family and come back to them no more! They belong to Jesus Christ and Him alone they will serve." With the same authority I have in Jesus' name and in obedience to God's Word, I laid my hands on him, declaring health and healing for him as he by his new found faith in God receive his deliverance from the hand of the enemy. All for the glory of God! What you say is what you get.

It is written: "*Then the LORD said to me, "You have seen well, for I am ready to perform My word."*" Jeremiah 1:12

Hector's whole life was transformed that day after he welcomed the Holy Spirit to govern his life and his family.

As we were preparing to leave, Hector and his wife took the opportunity to tour us around their family's vacant traditional house. As we were walking around, I noticed several religious idols on their

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walls and on the tables. Hector, now being led by the Holy Spirit turned to me and said, “Pastor, if you don’t like them we can remove them.” Immediately, my team and I started ripping them off the walls, collected all those chalk-made standing idols and dumped them in a fire pit at the back by the pig pen. We poured gas on them and burned them to ashes where they belong. For safety reason, I decided not to load them on my tricycle to bring and destroy them at home. It was not wise carrying those unclean things which I believe to be dwelling places of demons. When people in dire need like the case of Hector totally surrender their lives to God, including idols and traditional items of worship upon which their family have wrongly put their trust, God really honors that. When our lives please God, He opens the windows of heaven for us to witness and experience the miraculous, not because of who we are and what we are but all because of His grace and mercy to those who believe.

Three weeks later, I heard from Rufino that his cousin Hector is back working in the rice fields, walking and living a normal life. This is all because he made Jesus his Lord and Savior and Deliverer. Blessed be God forever!

In year 2016 when my family and I went back home for a missionary holiday to the Philippines, I saw a red car parked outside of Rufino’s house, one of the few among the neighborhood. Sure evidence that they were blessed with children who succeeded in

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college and now living their lives victoriously as God to whom they had put their trust upon has blessed them.

CHAPTER 12

Man Delivered from Demonic Oppression

“These twelve Jesus sent out and commanded them, saying, “Do not go into the way of the Gentiles, and do not enter a city of the Samaritans. But go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. And as you go, preach, saying, ‘The kingdom of heaven is at hand.’ Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out demons. Freely you have received, freely give.”

Matthew 10:5-8

I believe that when we are called to be Jesus’ disciples we enjoy the same privileges the New Testament disciples had during His time. This includes especially after the day of Pentecost, the coming of the Holy Spirit. We are to surrender as willing vessels for His infilling. While we were still holding our Sunday worship services under the mango tree at JIL San Nicolas Church, quite unexpectedly, a woman from a religious family, Manang Lina Valdez, started to attend our church worship services. I believed stirred by the

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Holy Spirit from the Living Word she was hearing, eventually, she got born-again. She continued to grow in faith with us through the author and the finisher of our faith Jesus Christ.

It is written: *“So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.”* Romans 10:17

The more she heard about the manifestation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit to those who preached and believed, including the gift of faith, the gift of healing and the gift of working wonders and miracles, she started to become attached to it. Perhaps even without her realizing, she became an instrument of creating open doors for us to minister healing and deliverance to those who were around us as the Holy Spirit led.

Now, please don't get me wrong. I believe that today God is in the business of doing the miraculous but I also believe that He is more interested in saving “lost souls” than healing and delivering the sick and the oppressed. And we cannot deny the truth of Jesus' words in the Great Commission.

It is written: *“And He said to them, “Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt*

them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.” Mark 16:15-18

Anybody who attempts to separate the preaching of the Gospel from the signs that follow those who believe, as Jesus has promised, will surely nullify the integrity of the Gospel. And that will set aside God’s power.

In our faith, and in every opportunity to minister healing and deliverance, we always make sure that sharing the message of salvation is first and foremost, our primary objective. Everything will become secondary. In which case, when the man’s spirit is born-again, now being connected with God in the spiritual, he can now easily receive spiritual blessings from God who is Spirit. Whatever spiritual blessings we receive from God, I believe there is always a parallelism in the natural, including health and healing physically.

One blessed day, early in the morning I received a knock at our door. It was Sister Lina, obviously very excited. The glory of God was shining through her face and even in her speech. “Pastor”, she said, “my popsicles vendor neighbor, Bert, was sent home by his doctors from the hospital.” It was the premier hospital in Northern Philippines. I heard that Bert was arguing and at times fighting with the hospital staff uncontrollably and they realized that they cannot do anything for him any further. So they sent him home. “Would you like to come and pray for him?” she asked. I realized later that his sickness is more of a spiritual sickness instead of a natural sickness. It’s no

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wonder the doctors who are limited with their healing approach medically and physically in dealing with their patients cannot help him.

God is a Trinity – Father, Son and the Holy Spirit. When God created man as per the book of Genesis, He created man in His own image – a triune being: spirit, soul and body. Bert's sickness was more of a spiritual and not physical. I came to discover later that an angel of death and a tormenting spirit was oppressing him. Similar to what King Saul had when the Spirit of God departed him as we can read in 1 Samuel 16:14. The Palace officials eventually called for young Spirit-anointed David, his would-be successor, to minister to him with a harp to cast out the tormenting spirit out. What Bert really needed was a Spirit-filled believer to cast out those demons out of his life and his family.

I would say, I became even more excited than Sister Lina, having another opportunity to experience the miraculous, with God's grace. I said "Yes, it would be a great privilege to come and minister to this needy person with his family, all for the glory of God."

When we got to Bert's house, we saw him sitting outside, heavily covered with clothing from head to foot, a big knife besides him and a rope facing a seemingly lifeless animal which turned out to be a goat. I don't know about you but I'm still a human being living in weakness, apart from God's grace. Strange thoughts came to my mind, including fear for a moment, until Sister Lina started talking

MAN DELIVERED FROM DEMONIC OPPRESSION

with him. “What are you doing?” she asked him sheepishly. He lifted his eyes to see both of us face to face, saying, “I’m just changing the rope for the goat.” Mind you! That gave us both the relief we badly needed. “And why do you have the big knife and a long rope besides you?” she inquired. He then just smiled to us realizing that somehow he scared us! He finally ushered us inside their home.

Conversing with him and his family so I may know what I was dealing with, he told me that he hasn’t been sleeping for several nights because according to him, every time he attempts to go to sleep, the angel of death appears to him saying, “If you sleep now, I will get you, you will die and what would be a real pity for your wife and your young children if that happens.” He said, “I don’t want to leave my family. It’s making me sick and helpless.” “Do you realize that you need help?” I asked. “Yes I do,” he said as he bowed down his head.

Trying to be more compassionate at this time, I told this in the presence of them all. “I am not the Healer and I will never be the Healer. The good news is I know who the Great Healer is – Jesus Christ. And He loves you and your family, that’s why He sent us here to you, that you may be free. And if you are willing, we have to do it God’s way, not man’s way. Would you like us to do that?” And they said “Yes!”

The Bible says: *“He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.” Psalm 107:20*

TODAY'S MIRACLES

“In obedience to His Word, I am going to share His Word to you right now. And I want you to settle down and make an effort to grasp whatever you can and with the Holy Spirit’s enablement, He will allow you to have that faith in Him which you need for your deliverance.” I told them. They all agreed!

I was still in the process of sharing God’s Word to them when out of nowhere, a young woman at her 20’s appeared by the door opposite me with a rather seemingly malicious smile. For some reason it distracted me because she was also scratching her thigh, lifting her skirt way above her knees. Distracted at this point I asked her, “Do you need help?” She said “Yes. I heard that there is a healer here so I came.” I just smiled, knowing that I am not the Healer, Jesus is! “I have all these rashes in my body.” She started to lift her clothes, this time, even higher. Almost getting rattled, I motioned with my two hands for her to stop. “Okay, you don’t have to do that, we will help you.” I was still talking with her when Bert’s wife went outside the door so she can see me and hide from her sight, telling me through a sign language that this woman is insane. “Don’t worry,” I told her, “it’s also time for her deliverance.”

I finished sharing the Word with them. With the Holy Spirit at work in our midst and with God’s grace and mercy upon all of us, I believe that the faith necessary for them to receive salvation and healing was now made available to them. With their own will, I led them to pray the prayer of repentance and accepting Jesus as their

MAN DELIVERED FROM DEMONIC OPPRESSION

Lord and Savior. And they were saved, by faith. Having now connected with God in the spirit, they were now ready to receive spiritual blessings from heavenly places.

With the power and the authority that I have in Jesus' name and with the Holy Spirit at work in my life and the ministry He has called me to do, I cast out the angel of death and tormenting spirit oppressing Bert and her family. I also cast out the foul spirit and every unclean spirit behind every sickness and disease oppressing the young woman that just came in and her family. By faith in God's Word, they're gone. And again, in obedience to God's Word, I laid my hands on them pronouncing to them health and healing, including deliverance from the hand of the evil one. They were saved, healed and delivered, right then!

A few months passed. Bert went back to work selling popsicles to make a living for his family. He was living a normal life. I saw him once in our community and he did not even recognize me. That was even better. I prefer to receive the reward from God in place of what men can give us in return.

All glory belongs to God!

CHAPTER 13

Woman Delivered from Insanity

So they said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved, you and your household." Then they spoke the word of the Lord to him and to all who were in his house. And he took them the same hour of the night and washed their stripes. And immediately he and all his family were baptized. Now when he had brought them into his house, he set food before them; and he rejoiced, having believed in God with all his household.

Acts 16:31-40

I refer to the young woman I mentioned in Chapter 12. I remember her by her surname, Ms. Macatumbas. She was married and with a son. People in the community were well aware that she has been living in chains confined at home for over two years. She was looked after by her mother-in-law. According to her, she was never fit to do any household work in her condition. For some reason, on that day she came to be ministered. She managed to

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slip away from her mother-in-law. Walking about three kilometers through rough tobacco fields on a summer day, Ms. Macatumbas managed to reach Bert's house where I was ministering.

I believed that with God's divine providence she came to that place that day to be saved and to be delivered from insanity and from the hand of the enemy. God had even a better plan for her and her family.

When I finished ministering at Bert's home, and after she had received her spiritual blessing, she had a request to make. She asked if my team and I can go home with her because her husband and son also had rashes and they needed to be healed as well. Without hesitation, we followed her on the way home. That's how I knew she came through rough fields when she came.

From a distance, we saw her mother-in-law and other neighbors waiting for her. The home is situated in a remote isolated community. When we got closer, one of the elderly women who was her mother-in-law asked me in disbelief, "Where did you get her?" Ms. Macatumbas left unexpectedly and was coming back home with a crowd of strangers. I told her, "Mother, don't worry. She is fine now. God has healed her." She looked at me stunned. She may have been wondering whether or not I knew what I was saying or what I was dealing with.

Her mother-in-law welcomed us inside their home. To everyone's surprise, Ms. Macatumbas went missing again. "You see",

WOMAN DELIVERED FROM INSANITY

the mother-in-law said, “she’s missing again.” Sending the alarm, she requested, “Can somebody go look for her, please!” “Give her a chance, she should be alright,” I responded.

While everyone was busy chatting, here comes Ms. Macatumbas into the house carrying a bag of Sky Flakes biscuits and few bottles of 1-liter assorted soft drinks. She went to buy snacks for her new found friends. To everyone’s surprise all eyes were directed to her, very eager to see what will happen next. She went to the kitchen, poured the drinks unto the glasses and placed them on a plate. She did the same thing with the biscuits spreading them out on a plate. With both her hands occupied, she came out to serve us snacks, without fail, for the first time in over two years of living in insanity. The enemy has stolen her joy with the family for a long time. It’s over now. Jesus has set her free! Today is the day of her freedom. She wanted to let people around her know that there is a God that saves, heals and delivers.

We had a quality time ministering to the people in that community especially to her husband and son as she requested. People in that community believed in Jesus Christ because of the miracle done to this woman. An open door for the work of God was made available to us. As a result, we started a Bible Study group in that area. We also had the privilege of ministering to Julia, my classmate in High School.

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It is written: *“And I, if I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all peoples to Myself.” John 12:32. “So they said, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved, you and your household.” Acts 16:31*

All glory belongs to our God!

CHAPTER 14

Blind Woman Received Her Sight

During the time of seeking and waiting on the Lord's leading on my God given ministry in Ilocos Norte and beyond, I was invited by Pastor Julius Aquino to go and visit some members of his congregation at Barangay 19, Piddig, Ilocos Norte. Pastor Julius was the JIL Town Pastor at Piddig and he was one of my counterparts when I was pioneering at San Nicolas. This story happened after I came back from Papua New Guinea for the second time and before I finally left for Hawaii as God has led me.

Commuting on public transport, Pastor Julius and I went to Piddig for visitation. He decided to fill up a considerable size of styrofoam ice box with ice cream sticks to sell for mission outreach fundraising. When we got there, no one was present at Brother Sidro's house. Pastor Julius, having been familiar with the family, opened the house by sliding its bamboo woven door for us to get in. The house

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was made of indigenous materials, was not secured in any form, unlike the homes we have here in North America. They were poor, living and being sustained only by the grace and mercy of the Living God. Majority of his church members were like that.

Shortly after, Brother Sidro's wife came in, this time escorting a blind woman whom she was ministering from across the field. The two ladies were still standing by the door, "Hello sister! I see you brought somebody with you?" I greeted. I've known Brother Sidro's family a few years back from provincial church gatherings. We were familiar acquaintances. "Yes Pastor," she responded. She addressed me "pastor" and yet I was not pastoring a church at that time. I resigned as pastor when I left for PNG, remember? But my past actions have never stripped me of being a child of God, more so, an ambassador for Christ – a vessel of the Holy Spirit. Believers are called to demonstrate the power of God by preaching the message of reconciliation to the lost, the sick and the oppressed including this blind woman, followed with signs, wonders and miracles.

Brother Sidro's wife told us about the blind woman, "She heard that a pastor is coming for a visit so she sent someone to tell me she wanted to come here to be prayed for so she may receive her sight." Standing before us were two women who had faith to believe what Jesus can do for those who believe: a woman who cares for a needy neighbor and a blind woman who allowed her spirit to be stirred and seek for help, even if it requires the miraculous.

BLIND WOMAN RECEIVED HER SIGHT

It is written: *“Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour.”* Matthew 15:28

I realize that I am not a magician such that when I pray for the sick they will just get well. I am a servant of God, vessel of His Holy Spirit’s anointing. So I have to do it God’s way and not man’s way.

It is written: *“He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.”* Psalm 107:20

“And He said to them, “Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.” Mark 16:15-18

I ushered them in to be ministered by the Word. After they settled down, I preached the Word upon them. Considering the blind woman’s condition, I chose Mark 10:46-52, the story of blind Bartimaeus recovering his sight when he put his faith in Jesus, our Savior and Healer. It is written: *“So then faith comes by hearing and hearing by the word of God.”* Romans 10:17

With the Word shared and inspired by the Holy Spirit, I believed her faith came to a level where by God’s grace, she can now receive the miraculous. With their permission and a personal willingness to

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do so, I led them to pray a prayer of repentance. This is very important when ministering healing to sick people. Sin separates us from God! Death and sickness in any form are results of sin, referring back to Genesis. I don't want to waste my time praying for the miraculous for people in need if they are not willing to fix their relationship with God, in the spiritual. God is a Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth. The blind woman received Jesus Christ as her Lord, her Savior and her Healer. That made her part of the family of God – now a recipient of God's blessings.

With the authority that God has given to His church and even to His servant, and with the Holy Spirit in me and at work in the ministry He has called me to do, I cast out the demon of blindness out of her and every unclean spirit oppressing her and her family. I commanded them to leave her right then and then, and they left, by faith, as Jesus promised. In obedience to His Word, I laid my hands on her commanding her sight to come back to her. Allowing now the Holy Spirit living within me to do His will, I looked at the blind woman and I declared, "Woman, according to your faith, receive your sight!" And immediately, she received her sight, all for the glory of God! "She said, "Barok," means son in Ilocano, "I can see you like smoke!" I spoke to her again, "Woman be made whole in Jesus' name!" And her eyes were opened clear from that time on! She went home alone, this time without needing any further assistance, walking on rice

BLIND WOMAN RECEIVED HER SIGHT

paddies without falling. For that day she met Jesus, the Healer of the blind!

God was glorified in that part of Ilocos Norte that day. The testimony was heard and many more doors opened in other towns for us to minister the message of reconciliation between God and man, through Jesus Christ, following signs, wonders and miracles, as Jesus promised to those who believe in Him. Glory to God!

It is written: *“So Jesus answered and said to them, “Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, ‘Be removed and be cast into the sea,’ and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says.”* Mark 11:22-23

CHAPTER 15

Woman Raised from Her Deathbed

“And He said to them, “Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.”

Mark 16:15-18

Your servant was led to write my story for a local radio program. In Christian circles, it is called “My Life Testimony” with the Lord Jesus Christ. I employed the help of an award-winning Ilocano writer to translate my English manuscript to Ilocano so that I may send it to the local radio program called “Lagip Ti Napalabas” which means “Remembering The Past”.

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This radio program was very popular in those days that it was being broadcast via the airwaves to several Ilocano speaking provinces in the Northern Philippines. I was one of those many aficionados of the said radio program.

My story was voted “Best Letter of the Day”, then of the week, then of the month and then of the year. When my story was being read on air, I believed that it was providential that one of our JIL Church town pastors, Pastor Roldan Garcia was sitting with his friend and a former associate in ministry. I came to learn later that this man and his wife were fresh graduates from the Assemblies of God Bible College and now pioneering a church in some part of Ilocos Norte.

While they were listening on the radio, Pastor Roldan mentioned to the man that your servant was graciously used by God to minister healing to the sick and to the needy with good success. Of course only for God's glory. The man was then reminded of his mother-in-law who was dying and in a coma in her deathbed. This is where the story in this chapter begins!

So a meeting was arranged for us to visit and to minister healing to the woman. As we were getting close to their place, looking at the foot of the nearby mountain the Word of Jesus just became alive to me saying, *“This sickness is not unto death but for the glory of God!”* Praise be to God! My friends, when manifestations of the gift of the Holy Spirit including the gift of the “Word of Knowledge” comes in, especially in the course of ministering to people in obedience to Jesus’

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command, you better be ready because God is about to do the miraculous. Glory to God!

Approaching the house, we were welcomed by a group of bystanders, mostly women. Some of them were carrying their babies. They were looking at us as if another “witch doctor” was coming to try to heal her and will fail again this time. I told them, right there and then, “We are not healers and we will never be healers. But the good news is the Great Healer is with us today, Jesus Christ!”

And an elderly sickly person caught my eye and I asked Pastor Roldan, “Pastor, I thought we are coming to pray for a woman, how come I see a sick man walking out the doorway?” “Oh pastor,” he said, “that’s the husband and he is sick too. But the woman is in much worse shape.”

It is written: *“The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.” John 10:10*

We were ushered inside and then to a smaller room where the woman was laid. Lying flat straight on the bed like a corpse, not a single movement can be seen, not even her eyebrows. She was in a coma.

Prompted by the Holy Spirit, this time surrounded by curious women squeezing themselves inside that small room, I said in faith, “Woman, in the next few moments if you listen to the Word of God now and receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior, your Healer and

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your Deliver, you will rise up from that bed and walk!" Mark 11:22-23. What you say is what you get! The women laughed at the peak of their voices to ridicule me. I was told that while the sick woman was still conscious, she asked for all the members of the family to come so she may see them for the last time and die. And now a stranger is telling her to rise up and walk in the next few moments!

There are two words in English that are seemingly the same: The "fact" and the "Truth". The "fact" is always governed by our natural senses - what we see, what we feel, etc. The "Truth" on the other hand, is Jesus Christ - the Word of God. The fact said, "the woman is dying and lying flat dead and hopeless." The "Truth" said, "By His stripes we were healed."

The Bible says: *"He sent His word and healed them. And delivered them from their destructions."* Psalm 107:20

"So Jesus answered and said to them, "Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, 'Be removed and be cast into the sea,' and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says."

Mark 11:22-23

What we say is what we get. Jesus was laughed at and ridiculed by people around Him. And I am just a servant. And no servant is greater than His master.

Excited more than ever, I preached the Word in obedience. Faith comes by hearing and by hearing the Word of God. With God's power

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and authority given to the church, even to his servants and in Jesus' name, I destroyed the power of darkness in that place. In Jesus' name and by the power I have in that name, with the Holy Spirit at work in my life and the ministry he has called me to do, and in obedience to His word, I cast out the spirit of death, the spirit of witchcraft (the woman's family background involved witchcraft), the spirit of sickness and disease and all other spirits that do not belong to the Holy Spirit, I cast them all out in Jesus name! By faith as it is written, they were gone!

And with the same power I have in Jesus, I commanded life, healing and deliverance over that woman's life by faith, right there and then. I commanded her to rise up and walk! Nothing happened. Do you know why? If that woman stood up at my command immediately, the people present there would have worshiped me. Which is not and will never be proper. God deserves all the glory and must be always.

But the truth remains, God saves, heals and delivers, even today! Lifting up my face up to heaven, I asked, "God what is happening?" With a gentle but firm voice He said, "Make the woman sit down." "Lord they will kill me here. Shall I force the dying woman to sit down?" I protested. But I told you His voice was firm. Making all things work together for good, God gave me the wisdom. I asked her son-in-law, "Pastor, the Lord said we will sit her up!" Sheepishly, he climbed up the bed so he can firmly hold the woman's left arm while

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I held her right. Obviously, tension among the bystanders was now rising. Still nothing happened.

Coming again back to God, I asked, “God what’s happening?” The natural strength was coming to an end. Doubt and fear were dawning. I’m sure you know what I’m talking about. This is one thing I learned and I’m still learning. When our human ability ends, it is there where the supernatural intervention of God’s power comes in.

Again with a gentle but a powerful strong voice I heard Him say, “Walk her around the room.” “Oh Lord they will really kill me here!” I responded. You know what? Jesus is sitting in His throne. And as long as the Holy Spirit is reigning in our lives, He is in control of everything. Yes! And I believe that. “Pastor, the Lord said let’s walk her around!” I told the son-in-law. This time, holding her even firmer, her apparently lifeless body was literally dragged between the two of us. We did the first round. Nothing happened. God said, “Do it one more time.” As we started were walking her around for the second time, the woman strengthened by God’s supernatural power, shook her hands off from us and she started standing by herself! To everyone’s amazement including your servant, we were left standing there in awe. The woman said to me, “Son, I want to walk more.” I responded, “Then walk you go!” Glory be to God!

Well, I have nothing more left to do for the woman, so I turned my eyes to those women who were ridiculing me at first when we arrived. This time their eyes were now brimming with tears in

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amazement. Maybe for the first time in their lives, if not the only one, they saw the miraculous happening right before their very eyes.

With all humility, I asked them if I can also pray for them. And their glorious response was a racing, “Yes! Yes! Yes!” Glory to God! They all received the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Savior. *“And I, if I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all peoples to Myself.”* John 12:32

Believers describe that experience as “a seed of faith” being planted in that part of town of Vintar that day. Not long after that, we held the first crusade and the miraculous also happened. Heavy rain stopped, just before the crusade - a demonstration of the mighty hand of God at work that day. Finally, a local church was established in that town, all for the Glory of God!

CHAPTER 16

Confrontation with the Witch Doctor

“And when Simon saw that through the laying on of the apostles’ hands the Holy Spirit was given, he offered them money, saying, “Give me this power also, that anyone on whom I lay hands may receive the Holy Spirit.” But Peter said to him, “Your money perish with you, because you thought that the gift of God could be purchased with money! You have neither part nor portion in this matter, for your heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore of this your wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of your heart may be forgiven you. For I see that you are poisoned by bitterness and bound by iniquity.”

Acts 8:18-23

During the time of my God given pioneering work at JIL San Nicolas and in accordance with the prevailing healing and deliverance anointing from God to His church and to

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those who willingly submit to the gentle leading of the Holy Spirit, only by God's grace and mercy, we were privileged to witness the manifestation of the supernatural in our lives and ministry.

The church leadership received a call from a JIL Filipina overseas worker in Hong Kong. I found out later that her family, the Ildefonso's was my mother's relatives. She was requesting for spiritual help for her husband in the Philippines who was lying on his deathbed – which is spiritual oppression.

The healing and deliverance team and I were privileged to go for that mission for spiritual warfare. Actually, the sick man's sister and her husband were new members of our church and were used as instruments for her sister-in-law to connect with us.

After having prepared in prayer and in spiritual unity for the Holy Spirit to lead us, we went to minister to this woman's husband. Prompted by the Holy Spirit at that time, I was led to ask for the man's other family member who was not just a driver but had a transport business, for reason yet undisclosed to me by the Holy Spirit. So another sister with her husband came along with us with their locally assembled jeep.

We showed up at the man's in-laws' house where he was laid, only to find out that there was a "Witch Doctor" presently attending to him, apparently ministering to him with all the lies of the devil. His father and mother-in-law were really surprised to receive us because they were the ones who initiated the coming of that witch to their

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home and they can't just chase him out now after we got there. And since the two sisters of the sick man were with us and with the awareness that it was their daughter in Hong Kong who requested us to come and minister to her husband, they were obliged to make a drastic decision. That is to let us in, which means, chasing out the witch. Obviously, it took them a lot of courage to tell the witch who was busy doing his abominable rituals that we were there to minister to their son-in-law.

They went in to tell the guy that we were there. They came back out with the guy's request, "Give me at least two weeks to attend to him and do my thing. And if it doesn't work, then you can take over." This time, with the Holy Spirit at work in us, I humbly told the couple, "The moment we received the request for help from your daughter for her husband, your son-in-law's life and welfare becomes our responsibility. Anything happens to him without us helping, knowing that God can use us now, his blood will be upon us. That's why we are here now – as ambassadors for Christ." Of course I didn't tell them the last part. They would never understand.

Again, prompted by the Holy Spirit within me and at work in me as I obeyed, I told the couple, please go tell the guy inside, I'm giving him thirty minutes, after that we'll take over, or I should say, we'll let God who lives in us by the Holy Spirit take over. The couple went back in for the second time. It didn't take long before we can hear from inside the house that the witch was really furious, shouting

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loudly so we can hear him and his frustrations. We were waiting by the door.

I remember Jesus once said, "*You are the light of the world.*"
Matthew 5:14

My friends, when light comes into the darkness, darkness can't do much but to let the light prevail. The witch doctor can no longer stand under the mighty presence of God in that place where His worthy vessels were, so he started packing up his garbage and left. On his way out, he had to pass through us by the doorway really angry. But praise be to God, his anger never had the power over God's vessels. He walked out babbling with his evil thoughts saying, "Let me see what you can do!" Pure as the devil's threat! The devil and his hosts are never right and he is wrong again this time. We never do things with our own human ability. God always does the miraculous in the lives and ministry of those who are willing to believe and obey Him and that includes us.

I turned to him with a smile, believing that he may have that privilege to see the light of God manifesting through His vessels. But at his own will, he chose to look down so he can't see the light that would have led him to his eternal freedom. If he had yielded to that opportune moment God has given for him to hear God's Word, that would have led him to repentance and receive Jesus Christ as His Lord and His Savior.

CONFRONTATION WITH THE WITCH DOCTOR

The enemy's foothold on the sick man's family has lost its power simply because of God's presence. The Anointing that breaks the yoke of the enemy was there. The enemy's vessel has been defeated. His demons assigned oppressing the man and his family were about to be cast out. God just needed a man who believe in His Word and obey Him.

Jesus said: "*And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.*" Mark 16:17-18

Now God has turned the darkness into light. The couple at first ushered a devil's agent to bring destruction to their son-in-law. Now they have been given the privilege to usher God's servants to bring about the Word of God, the needed power to bring healing and deliverance to their son-in-law from his deathbed.

It is written: "*He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.*" Psalm 107:20

With the presence of everyone at this time, I told them plainly and as simple as I can. "I am not the healer and I will never be the healer. Jesus is. Therefore, I have to do it God's way."

I shifted my attention to the man in coma. His motionless body, if I may describe it, for some reason has become so hard like stone. You have to really struggle to bend his joints. That place is not like

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North America that when somebody is sick, you can bring them to the hospital. Hospital is unaffordable for poor families. They call for the witch doctor out of their ignorance instead. Little did they know that such will even bring more destruction to their family. He was never brought to the hospital to diagnose his condition. One thing for sure, he was in coma. His hardened body was laid down on his deathbed and he was dying.

I didn't even need to be bothered about knowing his name. God knows him well after all. Besides, if I learn to know him so much, I may tend to grab the glory that only God deserves when the miraculous happens. By faith to the author and finisher of our faith, Jesus Christ, I said to the man in the hearing of everyone. "Man, in the next few moments, if you listen to the Word of God right now, be convicted, repent and receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior and your Healer, you will rise up from that bed and walk." What you say is what you get.

It is also written: *"So Jesus answered and said to them, "Have faith in God. ²³For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, 'Be removed and be cast into the sea,' and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says. Mark 11:22-23*

Your servant had the privilege in sharing God's Word to them that day. God will never force Himself to anybody. I am just a servant so nor will I force anybody to repent and receive Jesus. Only those

CONFRONTATION WITH THE WITCH DOCTOR

who are touched and convicted by the Holy Spirit will pray the prayer of faith with me.

To those who were willing, I led them to pray a prayer of repentance, received Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior and, for the sick, as their Healer. By faith, God honored our prayer.

Now everyone was switched from the natural to the spiritual. The Holy Spirit's presence was at work in us to do the supernatural through us who believe and obey Him.

In Jesus' name and with the authority that I have in that name, I cast out the demon of death out of the man! I cast out every demonic spirit oppressing him and his family, including especially, the demon of sickness and disease, foul spirit, demon of witchcraft and every spirit that does not belong to the Holy Spirit. I put them all to stop, cast them all out in Jesus' name! And they left, by faith.

With the same power that I have in Jesus' name, I laid my hands on the man in obedience to His Word. I pronounced blessings of healing and deliverance upon him and invited his helper and comforter, the Holy Spirit, to take full control of his life from that time on with His angels protecting him and ministering to him and his family according to his need and his family's need. All by God's grace and mercy. In unity of spirit, we thanked God for the supernatural intervention of His power when we obeyed that day.

As we were leaving the door, the Holy Spirit prompted me to ask the man's sister with her husband driving his jeep to take their once

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sick and oppressed brother out of that house and transfer him to their family house so that the witch doctor will never have access to him should his in-laws call him back. It required five strong men to get the stone-like man carried to and seated in the jeep.

After three weeks of visitations and home Bible Study in their family house to feed them spiritually, the man rose up from his deathbed and walked, as pronounced three weeks ago! The man lived normally, bringing glory to God's name within his community and to everyone who knew him. Glory be to God!

The Bible Study we started in their home became an avenue to reach out to the family's relatives and friends as we moved from one house to another every week and as the Holy Spirit led. The restored man was blessed with a passenger jeep before he got bedridden. Now that God had healed him, he drove his jeep every Sunday filled with family members and friends for the church worship service, glorifying God for what He has done in his life miraculously. Praise be to the Living God!

It is written: *"And I, if I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all peoples to Myself."* John 12:32

CHAPTER 17

Three Days to Live and Die

“Again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven.”

Matthew 18:19

Like any other human being, even as a believer, I have had my own version of weakness in life called “pride” drawn from the line of the religious pride of the Pharisees during the early church. There was a time in my Christian life that I decided to get serious in serving God. In line with my heart’s desire and with the open door made available for me to go for a one month JIL Church sponsored Missionary Intensive Training Course (MITC), designed for beginners in church leadership role including town pastors, I gladly responded to the opportunity. I would say and with God’s grace, I did well in that training course considering comments and reactions of other people including the pastor-facilitator who heard my pre-graduation final preaching presentation. When the said pastor

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had a chance to meet my provincial pastor after the presentation he wanted to commend me by saying, “Pastor, with all the excitement, Pastor Dionie’s gift is for international. Once again, it was a prophetic word this time from a servant of God, to a lowly vessel, destined to be fulfilled at God’s appointed time, preaching the message of the Gospel to people in Hawaii, Montreal and then in Calgary, Canada.

For every God given victory there is always a challenge to be overcome. During the time of the course, the Program Director and her staff apparently received a call from my former business partner which destroyed my reputation and made their own silent judgment against me without even bothering to ask or hear my side. To cut the story short, I graduated with just a passing mark under a cloud of suspicion. My hope that graduating from MITC will move me to a higher level of serving God was never realized within the umbrella of the church organization. It was even an unpleasant experience sitting with all the graduates in all their excitements, which in my part, was stolen by the enemy. I would say, that was the longest graduation exercise that I ever had, waiting patiently towards the end under awkward conditions.

Once back home in Ilocos Norte, on the next Sunday Worship Service after our graduation, the fresh MITC graduates including me were asked to share our testimonies. Everyone was given enough time to share their versions of victories in that so-called church initiated training course, glorifying God for His guidance and blessing. Then

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my time came to share mine. Still reluctant because of what had happened in the course, knowing that our pastor and his wife were part of the training staff of the said course and at that moment they were also present to hear what I have to say, the more I decided to limit what I have to say. In the course of my testimony, prompted by a sign language from the front row, the assistant pastor moved quietly towards the back. She positioned herself outside the window fronting the stage where I can see her, raised both of her hands with a time-out sign, to stop me talking. And as soon as I got the message, I did a quick wrap-up statement. The very abrupt ending left a big question mark to the church congregation. Even within the confines of the church, challenging circumstances can occur just to mold the characters of would-be servants of God.

Such a church setting negatively impacted and discouraged me so much that the sin of pride, self-pity and unforgiveness started to separate me from my healthy fellowship with God in the spirit and with other fellow believers. I stopped attending the provincial church worship services for six solid months. Instead, I attended the JIL San Nicolas worship services which was just beside our home, the ministry that was passed on to another willing vessel when I left for Papua New Guinea for the second time. I rationalized things those days to justify my failure to believe and failure to forgive and to live in humility.

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I am sharing all these things so you may know that in spite of our weaknesses, when we learn to repent and forgive others, God will forgive us and restore us back to our rightful place with Him. And when we submit to the gentle leading of the Holy Spirit, He will fill us with His power and use us for His kingdom purpose, only for His glory.

During the six months of pity party and spiritual separation from fellow believers, I left Ilocos Norte and stayed with my sister Josie's family doing some business in Manila. By that time, Joshua, one of my younger brothers was blessed to be working with a manning agency, Dolphin Ship Management in the capital city. I believe it was providential that he happened to work with one of Sister Nancy's cousins. Nancy was one of the worship leaders of JIL Ilocos Norte. Joshua learned from his lady colleague that her uncle, Nancy's father Florendo, was given by his doctors from Ilocos Norte in Batac General Hospital three last days to live and die. But before he went into a coma, the patient requested his family for him to be brought to the Philippine General Hospital (PGH) in Manila. The apparent last request was granted by his children who really loved him. Some of them at some point worked abroad.

One day, during one of the lowest points of my spiritual journey with God, I received a call from my brother Joshua, unexpectedly. "Manong Dionie," he said, "do you remember Sister Nancy from JIL Ilocos Norte?" "What about her," I inquired. He informed me that her

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father has terminal urinary tract cancer and now in a coma confined at PGH. Doctors from Batac General Hospital apparently gave him three days to live and die. And that was starting yesterday! Leaving us one and a half day left from the provincial doctor's 3 days to live pronouncement. "Would you like us to go and minister to him?" Joshua asked. That would require an exercise of real faith and the prayer of agreement with him.

As it is written: *"Again, I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am there in the midst of them."* Mathew 18:19-20.

At first, I thought Joshua was asking the wrong person to agree with in prayer for God to do the miraculous in the life of this dying man. Besides, the man was just brought from Ilocos Norte. The JIL family, the pastors, leaders and the prayer warriors for sure have all fasted and prayed for God to touch this man's life and heal him. Who was I, a man out of active church ministry and at his lowest spiritual state, to go and pray in agreement with my brother for this man's healing? Little did I know that when God called you in the first place, He has called you and will surely use you, when you obey. It is not what people around including church leaders think or perceive about you that counts. It is our healthy spiritual relationship with God that always prevails. When God forgives, he forgets. In His book, your transgressions have never happened if you repent.

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It is written: *“I, even I, am He who blots out your transgressions for My own sake. And I will not remember your sins.”* Isaiah 43:25

When we allow Him to take His rightful place in our hearts, He will also restore our life back to Him. He blesses us with His anointing and uses us for His kingdom purpose and for His glory alone.

It is written: *“But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to each one for the profit of all: for to one is given the word of wisdom through the Spirit, to another the word of knowledge through the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healings by the same Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another different kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. But one and the same Spirit works all these things, distributing to each one individually as He wills.”* 1 Corinthians 12:7-11

To make the story short, I finally responded to my Brother Joshua's request which, I also believed was a Spirit-led ministry initiative – to go and minister healing to the sick. In turn, it was an avenue for God to restore me back to my rightful place with Him in the spiritual and to bring about the needed healing to this needy person. And of course again only for His glory.

I was getting ready to go from my sister Josie's house when the Holy Spirit spoke to me in a small still voice saying, “Bring a piece of Sky Flakes crackers and a grape juice as you go.” And I responded, “Lord, you mean you want me do holy communion service at the

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hospital today?” He gave me no answer and I didn’t have any other choice but to obey. I believed the manifestation of the gift of the Word of Knowledge was in operation – a supernatural revelation from God about the past or the present. In this case, the present. When there is a manifestation of one or more of the gifts of the Holy Spirit in operation, in the course of our God given ministry, we should prepare ourselves because He is about to demonstrate His power for the obedient vessels to see the miraculous. Even so today!

When my brother and I arrived at the main entrance of the PGH two security guards were manning the gate. Not necessarily to regulate access because they were just letting people go in and out of the gate. They were not even frisking the people coming in to make sure that no deadly weapon is sneaked into the premises. They were just standing there as visible symbols of authority.

I believe that all authority is ordained by God and any violation of that said authority will give the enemy a foothold against anyone who fails to conform to it. In a spiritual sense, if my brother and I fail to submit to such an authority like the security guards and even to the hospital staff at the nursing stations, we would have lost our moral ascendancy. That will only give the enemy the legal right to hinder us and even to those we are going to minister unto from experiencing the blessings God has in store for us. We access the premises to exercise our God given authority to cast out the demons of death, sickness and

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disease and to minister healing to the sick only after securing appropriate permission from established assigned authority.

When we asked the security guards' permission to access that government hospital, they responded, "You don't have to ask us, you see everyone is going to and fro. Just get in!" In the natural sense they may be right but in the spiritual sense, our act of submission crippled our spiritual enemies and instead led us to our victory with the Lord even to the extent of God allowing us to see the miraculous. When we finally got into the room, we saw Florendo on the first bed on our left lying on his bed in a coma. He was expected to die in 36 hours as his doctors in Batac have predicted. Nancy, her daughter, was sitting on his bedside looking exhausted. Worn out, her eyes were reddish with eyebags obviously caused by days of crying and sleepless nights because of her father's condition. With the compassion of Christ and by the Holy Spirit reigning in my being, I looked at her in the eye and saw a child of God in real distress. I shifted my eyes to the man laid on the bed unconscious and motionless. In faith to Jesus our Lord, the author and finisher of our faith and prompted by the Holy Spirit within me, I started to speak words of faith unto him saying, "Man, in the name of Jesus Christ and with the Holy Spirit within me and at work in the ministry He has called me to do, in the next few moments, if you listen to the Word of God, repent of your sin, receive Him as your Lord and Savior, your Healer and your Deliverer, you will rise up

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from that bed and walk!” Nancy and all the people around looked at me in disbelief. I cannot blame them.

There are two words in English that are often interchangeably used: The “fact” and the “truth”. The “fact” is always governed by our natural senses: what we see, what we hear and what we feel, etc. On the other hand, the “Truth” is the Word of God, Jesus Christ Himself. It is written: “*Jesus said to him, “I am the way, the **truth**, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.”*” John 14:6

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God and the Word was God.” John 1:1

The “fact” says, the man lying in that bed is in a coma and dying. The “Truth” says, Jesus is our Healer, our Deliverer.

Many people, including self-professed Christians in this generation may just accept the fact without a fight - exercising their faith in God. But as a believer today, I prefer to be just like a little child putting my faith in Jesus Christ and His words and Him alone!

Jesus spoke to His disciples: “*So Jesus answered and said to them, “Have faith in God. For assuredly, I say to you, whoever says to this mountain, ‘Be removed and be cast into the sea,’ **and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that those things he says will be done, he will have whatever he says.**”*” Mark 11:22-23

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I believed, in faith and obedience to God's Word, I just spoken the word in faith when I said, "You will rise up from that bed and walk." And that is Biblical, as a matter of fact.

I have to honestly tell you also in advance, that I am not the healer and I will never be, nor am I a miracle worker. Jesus is. Having said that, I am not going to do it my way, it will be very futile. Instead, I'm going to do it God's way, according to His Word.

It is written: "*He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.*" Psalm 107:20. It is also written: "...*for I am ready to perform My word.*" Jeremiah 1:12

Jesus also made His promise to His Disciples at the Great Commission: "*And He said to them, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He who believes and is baptized will be saved; but he who does not believe will be condemned. **And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly, it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.**"*" Mark 16:15-18

I believed I have all the promises I needed to experience the miraculous. As I continued ministering to them I said to Nancy, "I believe God loves you and your family and He is more than willing to bless your father and the whole family should you believe and obey Him. But the truth remains that God also loves those three other

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patients in this room. Would you please go ask them if they would be willing to hear the Word as well so I can also minister to them later?" The patients and their families looking after them gladly agreed. Our planned personal ministering, with God's grace, turned out to be an evangelistic meeting in that hospital room. Glory be to God!

With God's grace and mercy, I shared the Word to them from my heart. In obedience to His command, I believed our act of faith and obedience went up as a pleasing aroma to His Throne of Grace. Inspired by the Holy Spirit, He made His Word alive to those who heard it. It convicted them, including the men in coma. With my help and of course with God's grace upon all of us, they repented of their sins, received Jesus afresh in their lives as their Lord and Savior. I believed God restored them back to their rightful place in Him in the spirit. Now they were ready to receive their spiritual blessings. I believe that whatever spiritual blessing we receive, there is always a parallelism in the natural. Healing spiritually will also mean healing physically, by faith, of course!

In Jesus' name, I commanded the spirit of death to stop, every demonic spirit behind every sickness and disease including cancer be uprooted and be cast out of this man's life and his family. And in obedience to God's Word, we laid our hands on him, pronouncing healing to his body as God has healed him spiritually by faith. The surging resurrection power of the living God came into him first in the spiritual and now in the natural. He was made whole in Jesus'

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name! After a time of ministering with the other patients and their families, and as we were being led in the beginning, we did the holy communion service together. The ministering service was over and nothing in the physical manifestation has happened. Praise God for that! Should there be any immediate supernatural manifestation in our presence, it would have been easy for those people to thank or even worship us like the people in the early church and so may grab the glory that only God deserves.

That happened on Friday afternoon. At four in the morning of Saturday, we heard that Florendo woke up from coma, asking for food because he was already hungry. Nancy at this time by his side was a little bit startled, well aware that this is now the third day and now his father may be having a delirium. The man realizing her daughter's fear and doubt said, "No my daughter, I'm not dying. Jesus has healed me!" Strange as it may sound, he continued, "Remember somebody prayed for me yesterday? I'm healed and I'm hungry, so please give me something to eat." When the Holy Spirit inspires the Word of God as they are being shared by obedient vessels, even people in an unconscious state will hear it.

The following Monday I went back to the hospital to visit them. Of course, they were thankful and excited to see me back after all their spiritual experiences that past few days. Family members of the other patients in the room that I also ministered unto that day came running to me, putting hundreds of pesos in my pocket which I initially

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refused. When I realized that what they were doing is really coming from their hearts and just wanted to express their gratitude, desiring to bless me in return according to how God has blessed them, I gladly accepted it. I believed that God, in their willingness to sow seed on a fertile ground, will open wide the windows of heaven for them to receive their blessings. Besides, I was unemployed at that time, depending only on my siblings' financial support. One of the ladies who gave said, "If you don't need it, use it for your taxi fare to go home." True enough, I didn't have to squeeze myself inside the public jeepney transport this time on my way home because God has allowed me to enjoy the comfort of taking a taxi ride. Simply because I obeyed in serving Him through people's lives.

As per the family, the PGH doctors acknowledged what has happened to Florendo as a miracle. Nevertheless, they performed a series of tests and as per Nancy's sister who briefed me later about the doctor's report, when their father was in a coma and expected to live only 3 days more, he had over 3,000 counts of cancer cells. A normal human body could not have survived such a high number. After God's supernatural intervention, their last test revealed that the cancer cells have come down to as low as 1,700 which was a manageable level according to his doctors. His doctors also suggested that they proceed on conducting surgery on him so they could remove the remaining plaques from his body. After the operation, his doctors gave him another seven months to live and die. But of course, that

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would be considered another “fact”. When there’s a “fact” there is always the superior “truth” in accordance to God’s Word. I told the man, “If you continue in your faith and obedience to Jesus Christ, if God made you overcome three days, He can always make you overcome another seven months.”

As a result of this miraculous experience in this man’s life, many in the family made a commitment to become workers in God’s vineyard through the JIL Church. They decided to start a new church outreach in their home town of Solsona. I heard later from a man who knew the family that even though their Sunday Worship Services were being done in their home, the man preferred to go walking in their rice fields in place of hearing the Word of God which brings life, despite being made available in his very house. It did not take long after and the man eventually went to be with the Lord.

After having restored my relationship with God and my fellowship with the brethren in the JIL Church in Ilocos Norte, He started using me again in the area where He has gifted me – healing and deliverance – all by His grace and His mercy. Our provincial pastor and mentor, Pastor Bong Gonzales, the man God used to deliver the needed guidance and discipline in my life and ministry, once whispered to me at an altar call during the JIL Paoay Anniversary. I remember vividly. “Don’t worry Brother Dionie,” he said, “we heard how God has been using you in the ministry.” What a comforting word that was. Praise be to God!

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It is written: *“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.”* Romans 8:28

CHAPTER 18

The Power of Prayer and Agreement

“Again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven.” Matthew 18:19

I was an overseas contract worker in Papua New Guinea in the early part of the 1990’s. At the same time, as a born-again Christian and an ambassador for Christ, I was preaching the message of salvation following signs, wonders and miracles, as Jesus Himself promised. When you are a child of God you are always a vessel of the Holy Spirit. God reaches to people who are in need through His willing vessels to demonstrate His power so people may come to know that He is God and we are His children.

I was resting one night inside my company provided accommodation when I received a radio message from one of my Security Supervisors looking after the Port Moresby Hospital, informing me that one of our Security Guards collapsed and he was rushed to the emergency room. My house was a block away from the

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hospital so as soon as I received the call, I immediately responded and went to see him.

During those times in Papua New Guinea, hospitals were not as advanced or as strict as in the developed countries in North America. I can just enter the emergency room and remain with the medical staff attending to my sick man. I said to the one who wore a long white robe assuming that he was the doctor in charge, "Doctor, I'm his boss. Please do everything you can to help him!" He just ignored and looked at me without a word. Because of that, as they were doing their own thing, I had all the time to do my own thing too. As a Christian, that is to pray!

The Bible says: "*Or do you not know that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit who is in you, whom you have from God, and you are not your own?*" I Corinthians 6:19

If the Holy Spirit is with me in that emergency room where my man was fighting for his life, greater is He that is in me than death that is trying to take the man's life. I said, "I rebuke death out of this man and out of this room in Jesus' name!" And death cannot do much but to obey, by faith!

Shortly after, a group of people arrived at the hospital with a seemingly demon-possessed woman. She was angrily shouting and fighting everyone around her uncontrollably. As they were entering the emergency room, she looked at me straight in the eyes and pointed her finger at me. Her eyes were burning with hate and shouted at me

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with their native language that I can't even understand. She kept shouting at me motioning her hand for me to go out. The moment she did that, I realized in my spirit that if I leave the room while she stayed, my man will die. I had the faith to believe that the Holy Spirit's presence in that room through me His vessel was sustaining the life of my security guard. With the Holy Spirit's anointing, I said to the spirit within her, not to her, while pointing my finger against her, "Devil get out. Get out of this room, get out of my sight, in Jesus' name!" Immediately, the woman left the room in a haste as if a mighty invisible power dragged her out. Young minister as I was, I should have cast out the devil out of her and not her out of the room. For God loved her too. I learned my lesson.

The doctors attending to my security guard was not able to revive him. Instead he went into a coma. They brought him into one of the rooms to observe and see.

That night while meditating on God's Word, the verse in Matthew 18:19 became a "rhema word" to me. I needed someone who has faith to agree with me for God to restore this man's life. Early the following morning I went to the church to see Pastor Nono, a Filipino missionary to Papua New Guinea through the Christian Revival Crusade, Port Moresby. One Bible College student once described that Pastor Nono has a "hyper faith". Some people, even Christians, sometimes cannot comprehend the true meaning of faith in God through Jesus Christ. It is limitless in itself. And nobody and no

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adjective can limit the Word itself. It is supernatural. It is one of the fruits of the Holy Spirit.

Pastor Nono with his wife and son were living in a missionary room about 4x4 meters in size. That same room served as their bedroom, living room and kitchen with all the refrigerator, stove, etc. One day their refrigerator just stopped working. Every morning after his devotion, he laid his hands on the refrigerator like laying hands on the sick as Jesus commanded His disciples. He did that for about six months until one day the Australian church maintenance guy came by the area. He said, "Brother can you please check on my refrigerator! One day it just stopped working." The man took his spanner and just gently hit the gas tank repeatedly and suddenly, the refrigerator started working again. That's the kind of person I want to agree with in prayer. A man of faith to the author and finisher of our faith - Jesus Christ!

Arriving at their doorstep, Pastor Nono asked me, "Brother Dionie, it's not Sunday yet, why are you here so early?" I told him one of my Security Guards is dying and in a coma in his hospital bed. I needed somebody to agree with in prayer so God will restore him back to his normal life. Wasting no time, he dressed up and we left for the hospital. While we were entering the main gate of the hospital compound, we were met by a crowd of about thirty seemingly angry local men and women shouting at us in their native language. I found out later that they were from the same tribe from where the sick man

comes from. Traditionally, when a man dies while working in a company, the bereaved family would ask for monetary compensation. I asked if there was anybody among them who can speak English who I can talk with. One man raised his hand. Coming close to him I asked, “What are they saying? Why are they angry with us?” He replied, “Because you are our brother’s boss.” Obviously for some reason they recognized me and they were asking for compensation.

At this time my regenerated spirit rose up within me and told the man to speak these words to his people. “I am not just his boss but I am also a Christian. You see, my pastor and I came to pray for your brother for him to live and not die. So please don’t talk and ask me for compensation because nobody is dying today. Your brother will live!” When they heard it, they all become suddenly quiet. I went on to say. “Now my pastor and I are going upstairs to pray for your brother for God to heal him. I don’t want anybody who doesn’t have faith to come with us. It will only hinder our prayer. But should you change your mind and believe God can do a miracle for your brother, you are most welcome to follow us.”

I positioned myself at the man’s foot and Pastor Nono on his head side. In agreement and with faith to the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Great Healer, we laid our hands on him believing in His Word as it is written. *“And these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; they will speak with new tongues; they will take up serpents; and if they drink anything deadly,*

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it will by no means hurt them; they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover.” Mark 16:17-18

When we opened our eyes, we saw the man who interpreted for us standing with us in prayer. Glory to God!

It was Friday when the man went into a coma. Saturday morning, we went to pray for him a prayer of agreement. The following Sunday just after our church service, I went to my car radio to call the hospital full of expectancy. My Security Radio Operator at the hospital responded saying, “Boss, the man woke up from coma already and he started talking.” It was already time for lunch but I was not hungry anymore!

Jesus once said: *“Jesus said to them, ‘My food is to do the will of Him who sent Me and to finish His work.’”* John 4:34

I went straight to the hospital thanking and praising God for the miraculous He has done for this man’s life. Three weeks later the man came to our office walking and with a big smile simply because he was a recipient of God’s miraculous hand! I never saw this man’s relatives asking for compensation ever again. Death was defeated and so were the wrong traditional beliefs. The name of Jesus is greater than them all!

Glory to God forevermore!

CHAPTER 19

The Power of God's Word

(Man Revived from His Hospital Bed)

“He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.”

Psalms 107:20

By God's grace, out of my own native land, the Philippines, He gave me a privilege to work overseas for the first time. I came to believe that it was not only for secular reason but at the same time for the fulfillment of our God given ministry to the Lord through people's lives in various nations of the world.

It is written: *“But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.”* Acts 1:8

Mr. Peter Yama is a prominent businessman turned politician in Madang, Papua New Guinea. He is married with two wives. In Papua New Guinea, their culture and tradition permit a man to marry more than one wife provided he can support them. Mr. Yama is one of the

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richest, if not the richest, man in his province. He owns the Yama Group of Companies in which Yama Security Services is one of its subsidiaries where I worked for. Mary, the second wife is a medical doctor by profession and also a born-again Christian. That spiritual affinity made me a brother to her and the rest of the family. Family members enjoy better privileges compared with other company employees. We had time of fellowshiping at the church together. I had the privilege of dining with them at their private home with the family at times. Perhaps it is also important to take note: family privileges come with relational responsibilities in God's own timing.

I did my on-the-job Security Manager Training at our head office in Madang. I was then 31-years old. As young as I was and with my skinny build compared with my big-built local black Security Guards, my new boss would not put me to work that easy. He may have been concerned they will kill me not long enough. So for almost a month, I literally got paid doing nothing but smiling to people when needed, observing, eating and drinking, etc. Until one day, I got tired doing nothing. Without my boss' permission I went to ask the Security Supervisor during their pre-posting briefing if I can talk to his men, this time assembled in a very lousy platoon formation. Briefly, I introduced myself and went to work. I may be the least among the cadet officers in my high school days but with a training as a MIAA Policeman, I believed I had something to offer to these guys who did

not even know how to stand in attention when a superior is present among them.

Clothed with the company's management authority and at the same time God's mandate as a believer, I told the guards to listen up carefully and move fast at my command because if they don't I will punch them in the belly. They may have been wondering where this young skinny man has come from. They found themselves yielding to every command I gave. With a "fall in" command, I instructed them to stretch forth their left hand from one person to another, seven persons in one line, then to the next line and then to the next. At first, I had to run between lines with my right hand ready to punch bellies which were not lined-up to the rest. In no time, that same afternoon at my simple command, "fall-in!" the guards were in an orderly platoon formation within minutes for the first time in their security lives. Some of these local guards were from rascal backgrounds.

People inside the offices from the two long buildings of the company headquarters compound including my boss came out to see the new scene among the security personnel. From that time on, my boss started to book me in to travel to one city branch to another within Papua New Guinea to train our security guards. Before that happened, it brought me to the climax of my subtitle.

I Gave Him a Jesus Smile

I terminated one of my security guards for sleeping too much at work.

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For him to receive his final monetary entitlement, he had to return his company issued security uniform. For many of them, to have a uniform gave them a sense of pride. This particular person wanted his money but was not willing to give back his uniform. At first, it would have been a very simple exchange but it went too far unexpectedly that eventually led to giving glory God.

The guard's name was Zaki. I was told he has been waiting for me by the office gate day after day for over a week for his separation entitlements and yet was unwilling to hand back his uniforms. I suspected that he did not even have a proper meal for those periods of waiting. It eventually stressed him out until one day he waited for me by the door of my office. As I came out of the office, Zaki, hungry, angry and very frustrated grabbed and wrestled me down. As I laid flat on the ground, he picked up a boulder larger than the size of my head from the planted area. Without saying any word, he raised that boulder over my head ready to stone me to death. At that moment I knew for a fact that even for the smallest sign of retaliation on my part, even just a little move of my finger, he will drop that huge stone to crash my head and kill me.

Praise God! For Christian believers, when human ability ends, it is there where the supernatural intervention of God's power comes in. I gave the man who was ready to kill me a "Jesus Smile." The power of God came down mightily upon him, suddenly changed his mind, shifted his hand holding the boulder to the side and dropped it slightly

right beside my head just enough not to scratch nor harm me in any way. As I was still flat on the ground, he turned his back from me and walked away. I was grateful to God for my new life. Even without the permission of the company, through my Supervisor, I sent Zaki's final entitlements this time without him having to return the uniforms I was asking for. I also sent him word that I have forgiven him and he doesn't need to be ashamed in any way to come and see me. However, during my stay in PNG, I never saw his face again.

As it is written: *"You are of God, little children, and have overcome them, because He who is in you is greater than he who is in the world."* 1 John 4:4

Mr. Peter Yama Revived at His Australia Hospital Bed

While being the Chairman of the Yama Group of Companies, Mr. Yama was elected by his district to represent the people to the Papua New Guinea Parliament. Becoming even more popular, his political career went soaring unexpectedly. During the time of the then PNG Prime Minister Julius Chan, Mr. Yama was one of his Senior Cabinet Members, designating him as Minister of Transport and Works in PNG. If I may share one notable experience with them. A close-in aide of Mr. Yama and I went to visit him in the Office of Parliament. On that day, walking with the minister along the corridors of parliament, we happened to meet the Prime Minister with his men walking toward us. With their elevated levels, Mr. Yama introduced

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me to Prime Minister Chan as his Security Manager in Port Moresby. Prime Minister Chan in turn introduced me to his man at the Port Moresby Airport who was managing his aircraft related businesses. He later on became my counterpart in our company's security business. It is always nice to meet the Prime Minister of the land. But to be an ambassador for Christ in this wicked world is of much more worth. That is who we are as Christian believers.

While Mr. Yama was sitting as Minister of Transport and Works, it came to my knowledge that he became abruptly and seriously ill. His wife Dr. Mary and the doctors in Madang Province were not able to cure him. It was then getting late so they had to charter an Air New Guinea flight from Madang to Port Moresby, the PNG's capital, where I was based. They wanted to avail of the best medical attention they could possibly get within PNG. It was already dark when his chartered flight landed at the Port Moresby Airport. Other members of Parliament and company big shots were there to meet him. But no amount of help with their presence could meet this man's need at that point. I was also there and I thought to myself, "If only I have a chance to pray for him and lay my hands on him, God will heal him." But my weak soul said, "Who am I? I am just a lowly contract worker from a foreign land. Should I stop everyone so I may pray for him and be healed?" Such a fear stood over my true heart's desire. The best doctor in Port Moresby also came to meet him at the airport. He brought Mr. Yama to his clinic and did a quick but thorough medical examination.

Recognizing the seriousness of the illness, the doctor finally decided to immediately send Mr. Yama to Cairns Australia Hospital for better and immediate care. That's how serious his condition was.

Again they chartered that same Air New Guinea flight to Australia for my boss to get a better medical service. I heard later that the company paid about \$40,000 for that Air New Guinea chartered flight alone! I was all along there with them at the airport during the process until we sent them off to Cairns. After the plane took off, we all went home. I was just approaching my driveway home when I noticed that somebody was following me. It was Joe Yama, a Policeman and Mr. Yama's younger brother. He had a message for me from Mr. Yama himself. Joe went on to say, "Dionie, the Minister sent me to tell you to please pray for him and his healing." I responded, "If you happen to talk with him again, please tell him that I have desired to pray for him personally but to no avail. Yes, I'm going to pray for him." Little did I know that even at the very moment when I desired to pray for him, God was already at work in the situation.

It was a Friday night when it all happened. Early the following Saturday morning, I was having breakfast with five tourists seeking to have proper documentation to work legally in Papua New Guinea. These people were also in need of the miraculous in their lives. They needed jobs badly and urgently. They came from different faith backgrounds. One of them claimed to be a graduate from a Catholic

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Seminary and even boasted to us that he brought with him a holy water and some mass paraphernalia should he need to conduct a mass. But I doubted it. It was all boasting. They were temporarily living with me. I helped them with food and provided them accommodation. My boss gave me a 5-bedroom house to live in so I can be a blessing to others as well, at times, I guess.

That morning while we were all having breakfast, my telephone rang. It was a long distance call from Mr. Peter Yama from his Cairns Australia Hospital bed. He said, "Brother, are you praying for me?" "Yes sir." I responded. "If you want to, I'm also going to pray for you right now." At this point, my guests who were having breakfast with me were stunned. Why in the world would a Senior Minister of Papua New Guinea who is sick and dying at his hospital bed in Australia ask for prayer for God's miraculous intervention in his life from an ordinary contract worker in his company? He must have seen something in this man's spiritual life.

I said to Mr. Yama, "First of all I would like to tell you that I am not a healer and will never be a healer. The good news is, the God that I am serving is the Great Healer, Jesus Christ. By His wounds we were healed. And because I am not the healer, I'm going to do it, God's way!"

The Bible says: "*He sent His word and healed them, and delivered them from their destructions.*" Psalm 107:20

THE POWER OF GOD'S WORD

“This means that I have to share the Word of God to you right now in the telephone, long distance call, which of course will cause you money.” I didn't actually say the last part. You see when you are dying, you will avail of every possible way to be healed and delivered. Mr. Yama said, “Yes. Please brother go ahead, I'm listening.”

It is written: “*So then faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.*” Romans 10:17

It may have cost him a lot of effort to patiently wait and listen but whether he understood it or not, by doing so, his faith was raised to a level where he can now receive his miracle from God. When that happened, with the authority that I have in Jesus' name and with the Holy Spirit in me, my God given Helper, I cast the demon of death out of him. I also cast out every unclean spirit including spirit of sickness and disease that was oppressing him and his family. And with the same power that I have in Jesus' name, with the Holy Spirit giving life to my spirit and every word that I am now speaking, I commanded life and healing to this man's body, wherever he is, right now in Jesus' name! By faith, I believed God healed him!

For the second time, he called me again the following day. It was Sunday and I believed now that he was born in the spirit, his spirit needed to be fed with spiritual food, the Word of God, the only food for the spirit of man. I ministered the Word to him as needed and we had a bit of prayer and fellowshiping on the phone. One good thing, if a person is born in the spirit, money and time spent, will no longer

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be an issue. He can forget all the telephone charges incurred. Blessed be His name!

He was sent to Australia for medical help on a Friday night. I had a chance to minister the Word to him on Saturday morning and again on Sunday morning. On Monday morning, I was expecting him to call me for spiritual feeding but time passed by till lunchtime without any call. Three o'clock in the afternoon passed and still no call came. The enemy started to shake my faith by instilling doubts in my mind. My soul said, "Maybe he didn't make it and died." But my spirit said "Hang on to your faith. You still have time for the day." By the time the clock hit the 4 o'clock dial and while I was about to leave my office that day the telephone rang. It was Mr. Yama calling! "Dumayag," he said. You see, when he needs help from God he calls me brother. When he talks to me in a professional level, he calls me by my last name. "I am now calling from my hotel room. Jesus has healed me! Thank you for your prayers." "Praise be to God!" I whispered.

It became even more exciting as he continued and said, "Wait there because I'm coming back to Port Moresby to pick you up. You and I will come back to Australia together for holiday! Because you prayed for me and God has healed me." Again, Praise God! Praise God!! Praise God!!!

Few weeks before this incident happened, I was led to apply for a US tourist visa. Maybe because I was once in the US for a course

sponsored by the Department of State, the US Embassy in Port Moresby gave me a 10-year multiple entry visa. Taking a sense of pride of what I just had, I also went to the Australian Embassy to apply for a tourist visa, just out of curiosity, without any money in my bank account to prove that I am able to travel for holiday. Three days later, they also gave me a 10-year multiple entry visa to Australia, matching what the US has given me. At that time, having not enough money for any holiday, although I had the visa required, it was far from my comprehension of ever using my visa in the near future. But now that Mr. Yama was blessed with my life and my God given ministry, that dream of going to Australia was becoming a reality. Simply because I prayed for a man who needed God's help. In turn, God used him to bless me.

Our travel to Australia for holiday was a little bit delayed for some reason. That delay caused my boss to realize and also reward the long-standing faithfulness of his Company Managing Director and our Company Lawyer. In short, with his two wives, he brought the two along with us for a week-long holiday in Cairns, Australia. Mr. Yama even gave us pocket money for shopping.

And that was not all! My boss plays horse race betting. His second wife, Pabene the Managing Director and Oscar the Lawyer plays horse race betting too. My boss in every turn, win or lose, gave me money all the time. In the end, Pabene and Oscar gave me their winnings too! You see, by all means, I am always at the winning side!

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Finally, when I decided to come back home to the Philippines for the ministry call and as the Holy Spirit was leading me, Mr. Yama told me that I do not have to go home to do the work of the ministry. “I’m going to build you a church by the seaside close to downtown Madang,” was his offer to me. It was tempting but I preferred to minister to people as the Holy Spirit was leading me to rather than to pastor in a building governed by man.

My decision to leave PNG not only brought me home to the Philippines for a reason, but also eventually led me to enjoy what God has entrusted to me in Hawaii, in Montreal and now in Calgary, Alberta, Canada!

It is written: *“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.”* Romans 8:28

Glory be to the living God!

CHAPTER 20

Deliverance from the Hand of the Enemy

“The angel of the LORD encamps all around those who fear Him and delivers them.”

Psalm 34:7

I started as a Security Branch Manager in Madang, Papua New Guinea. Then I went to Lae City Branch. Finally, to the Port Moresby Branch, the capital city of Papua New Guinea. From this branch I found myself supervising at least 190 security personnel including drivers, radio operators and supervisors. Many people were hostile to me at first but when they saw the discipline, the military training type I introduced, gradually they learned to accept me as their Branch Manager. Of course, with the help of my God given Helper, the Holy Spirit.

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Not long after, I started to introduce a brief Bible Study among the guards while in platoon formation during their briefing before going to work at night. Skeptics may say you cannot do that considering freedom of religion. I believed the only reason why I managed to do it without any opposition was that I employed the help of our God given Helper, the Holy Spirit, for divine guidance and to take full control of everything. My job here is to do what He wants me to do.

For it is written: *“And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.”* Romans 8:28

For some reason, our company through our Accounting Department was sending us our people's payroll very late and very often. I believe it was one of the management's strategies to encourage or even compel the Branch Manager to collect the clients' payments on time, ready for payroll. One particular night, the payroll came very late as usual. On top of this, the preparations for the cash to be placed in individual envelopes added to the delay. Over 100 Night Shift guards became unruly outside the office building where our pay masters were preparing the payroll envelopes. They were shouting until they directed their hate against me, the management representative at our branch. My mind was clear and maybe without malice. But the guards, some of them with their families with them that night, were hungry and very frustrated. It may have been an

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unwise decision on my part when I went down to talk with them and tried to pacify them. My people inside did not want me to go out but I went out anyway, believing in my God to protect me. As soon as I reached the ground level, about a hundred agitated employees thronged me. Some of them were there to support me but I cannot deny the fact that more people were there hating me and wanted to harm me. It was just a matter of time for them to get very violent, I would say, humanly speaking.

One man among the crowd angrily shouted at me saying, “Go back to your country. We hate you and we do not need you here.” By then, I knew that it was the father of hate, the Devil, speaking through that man. And if I was not going to stand in faith, I will let him win the battle that night. Charged with the Holy Spirit’s power in me, with the angels of God encamped round about me, an obedient believer of Jesus Christ, despite all the darkness all around, I went closer to where the voice was coming from and said, “What did you say?” “Get out of my country. Go back to your country!” he responded angrily. “Wait a minute” I said. This time everyone was listening. “Do you believe God created the world?” I asked. The people shouted, “Yes!” “Including Papua New Guinea?” Again the people shouted “Yes!” I continued and said, “Don’t you know that God is my Father. And I obey Him! He called me His son because I am obedient to His Word. What about you?” I shouted to peak of my voice for everyone to hear, even the Devil. “Are you an obedient child

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of God or a rebellious creation of God?" There was a brief silence because no one wanted to be embarrassed in the presence of everyone if he was a rebellious creation of God. I believed at this point God was in control. Clothed with God's authority, I said, "You Devil and to you too agents of the Devil, get out from my Father's property! Get out of my sight, in Jesus name!" They all became silent and left. I went back upstairs to my office. No one among the guards ever bothered me again from that time on.

Jesus is sitting in Throne at the right hand of the Father interceding for me. I am one of His Ambassadors here on Earth, I represent Him here.

It is written: "*You are of God, little children, and have overcome them, because He who is in you is greater than he who is in the world.*" 1 John 4:4

My boss Mr. Peter Yama later came to know what happened and how I defended the company even to an imminent death by a mob. As he was pleased, he later sent me home for a holiday. The money he gave me was more than enough to book my flights not only to Manila, but to Hawaii and San Francisco. Coming back from Hawaii to my home town in San Nicolas, Ilocos Norte, there in the post office awaiting me was another 50,000 pesos of Money Order from Papua New Guinea. When I got back to Port Moresby, I asked Geno, our Office Administrator in the branch who sent me the P50,000 when I was on holiday. He said it was Mr. Yama. He said he was going to the

bank one day to send my leftover wages. He was asked by Mr. Yama, “Geno, where are you going?” “I am going to the bank to send Dumayag’s remaining pay before he left.” Mr. Yama said, “Give it to me, I’ll send it to him myself.” Mr. Yama rounded it up to P50,000 Money Order for me to the Philippines. You can never out-give God when we listen and obey Him!

Victory Over False Accusations

Mr. Jacob (not his real name) is a prominent man in the company. He works with Niesinel 77, another subsidiary of the Yama Group of Companies. Their office was just adjacent to our Security Office.

One day, perhaps motivated by jealousy and hate, he mustered many of our security personnel to sign a petition letter against me. I was being accused of payroll padding or putting ghost names in the payroll allegedly for my personal interest. There were other baseless accusations the enemy has put in their evil hearts.

That petition against me alarmed the Head Office in Madang. Mr. Yama with his Top Management guys - the Managing Director, the Accounting and Administrative Manager, the Human Resources Manager and the Company Lawyer – all had to fly to our branch in Port Moresby just to hear the case against me. Honestly, I feared that I was going to be terminated at once the moment they reached my office, considering that the issue involved their own people against a foreign contract worker.

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When they arrived, Mr. Yama seated them all in my office with me standing by the side because Mr. Yama was sitting on my manager's chair. When everyone settled down, Mr. Yama called for Jacob, the leader of my accusers to come up, supposedly to present his case against me. Before he can even take his seat, Mr. Yama spoke up at the hearing of everyone. Pointing his fingers at me he said, "Jacob, you are accusing this man of cheating? You will cheat but he will never cheat! He is a Christian. From now on you are fired!" And everyone in the room was shocked including me. I can see all their heads bowed down in unbelief to what they have just heard. God was just there for me at that very moment. He touched Mr. Yama's heart not just to protect me but to bless me miraculously.

While the entire room remained enveloped in silence, Mr. Yama, who just assumed his seat as Member of the PNG Parliament was struggling to make his necktie. He said, "Dumayag, can you please help me make my tie?" I had to come closer to him to fix his tie. Perhaps that little gesture further gave everyone the impression that I was even closer to him compared with anyone in the room.

While everyone was still processing what was happening, Mr. Yama looked closely at my face to study it. He started speaking again and said to Jacob, "You are lucky Jacob, Dumayag is a good man and he doesn't want you to be terminated. Therefore, you can stay but from now on, when you come to the office, come up here and report to Dumayag and say, 'Good morning sir. Can I make you coffee sir?"

Can I clean your shoes sir?’ That’s what you should be doing instead of accusing him.” The following morning, true enough Jacob came to greet me good morning. He asked me if I needed a coffee, etc., as he was commanded to. But Christian believers like us do not rejoice at the misfortune or humiliation of others. God loves us even when we were yet sinners. As Christ’s disciples, we love others with the same kind of love God has for us even while we were yet sinners.

That day, God gave me the victory. Jacob may have had the numbers behind him naturally. But when with God’s side, we are the majority!

With regard to the Top Management team from the Head Office who came to Port Moresby with Mr. Yama and spent a lot of money for their airfare alone, only God and Mr. Yama know the true reason for their coming along. I can only assume that Mr. Yama, as the head of the company, wanted to convey the importance of the message of “TRUST” among his people from top to bottom. No amount of dollars can ever compensate that lesson learned. To God be all the glory!

Angels Sent to Protect Me and My Friend

Sister Olie was a Filipina accountant by profession in Papua New Guinea. She was in a way our contact person to her circle of friends with whom we did Bible Studies. She loved the Lord and she was a good cook too. There were times when she would ask me, “What do you want to eat for tonight’s Bible Study?” I came to love her favorite

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dish, oxtail soup. I knew she was doing all these so she may have an opportunity to hear the Word of God which she learned to love.

One day she asked me to accompany her to the mall to buy something. While walking inside the mall, Olie was holding her leather purse. It attracted a group of about thirty rascals who then surrounded us to attack and snatch Olie's wallet. Having a little bit of karate skills which I learned when I was younger, I positioned myself to a fighting formation with Olie by my side. Naturally speaking, I knew for a fact that we were completely outnumbered and it won't take long before they prevail against us. Getting my feet and my arms ready to fight, in unison all thirty people moved backwards as in a ripple effect. Before they could manage to come close to us, suddenly out of nowhere, a short teenage boy stood up right by my side and proclaimed to our enemies, "Don't fight him, you fight me!" The rascals were all stunned. Miraculously, everyone left.

When I had the chance, I called our Security Control Room for back-up. In about 10 minutes, Stanley our Security Operations Manager, a 6-foot tall man and a Karate Black Belter arrived at the mall with a truckload of Security Guards to help us. They literally saturated the place. The rascals who tried to attack us were nowhere to be found. They all got scared and disappeared for good.

As to the short teenage boy who came to our rescue, I found out later that he was the son of a Pastor who just came to Port Moresby for holiday. When Mr. Yama heard about it, with a smile, he told me

to employ him and the company will pay him. “You bring him along with you in the car wherever you go to protect you.” Actually, with those rascals’ number, even with the help of that boy, they could have easily overpowered us. I believe the angels of God encamped round about us and protected us. God’s Word is true. It is always true!

My Laughter Brought Healing to a Woman’s Headache

Mary (not her real name) is a baker and a cake decorator in the same company Olie was working for. Mary shared a room with Olie in their company provided accommodation. We had regular weekly Bible Studies in their house but Mary never attended our meetings. One night, according to her, she had a very terrible headache. We were having our Bible Study as usual. After that, we were eating, fellowshiping, chatting and laughing. Mary out of nowhere came sitting in front of me with a beautiful smile. We were both singles but I didn’t suppose she liked me and neither did I. Anyway, she said to me, “Can I record you laughing?” During those days, cassette tape recording was still popular. To my amazement, so with all the others present, I asked her why she would want to do that. “I had a terrible headache tonight and nothing seemed to help me to ease that pain. But when I heard you start laughing, my headache suddenly disappeared. Now can I record you laughing?”

With compassion I told her, “Actually it was not my laughter that healed you. It is the Spirit’s anointing that is in me that destroyed the

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headache in you.” If you need that kind of health and healing, you need to be born again. The same Holy Spirit’s anointing that healed you tonight will be with you as long as you yield to Him. She started attending our meetings for a while.

For it is written: *“He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.”* John 7:38

We can share the Word, but it is only God by His grace who saves us when we put our faith in Him! Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 21

The \$5,000 Miracle

“Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be food in My house. And try Me now in this,” Says the LORD of hosts, “If I will not open for you the windows of heaven and pour out for you such blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it.”

Malachi 3:10

I got born again in 1986. Not long after that, I learned to trust God with my tithes and offerings, of course all by God’s grace. I’m hearing many people including Christians and even preachers talking and preaching against tithing. If they are against it and fail to offer a way for God our Creator for people to be blessed, their words would be empty words. I don’t want to be a part of it. Never will I let the devil steal my joy and blessings!

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It is written: *“If I will not open for you the windows of heaven and pour out for you such blessing that there will not be room enough to receive it.”* Malachi 3:10 . You and I cannot find a better promise than that! It is from the truth of God, His Word himself. And I would say that for any attempt to rationalize this truth of the Word is just simply a result of our failure to believe and obey Him!

My God Given Version of Financial Open Door

I went to Papua New Guinea as a contract worker in 2001. Unlike many contract workers, I did not have a company provided entitlement for going home every year for holiday. Instead, I have God and His promise that He will bless my coming in and going out if I listen to His Word and obey it.

It is written: *“Now it shall come to pass, if you diligently obey the voice of the LORD your God, to observe carefully all His commandments which I command you today, that the LORD your God will set you high above all nations of the earth. And all these blessings shall come upon you and overtake you, because you obey the voice of the LORD your God.”* Deuteronomy 28:1-2

I stayed with my employer continuously for five years with faithfulness to God and to my work. When my holiday was long overdue, I let my boss know that I wanted to go home for holiday with a specifically planned date. A week before that date, I have not heard a word from him or from his accountant. A day before that date, still

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I had no response nor any assurance that I will receive what I needed. My flight was pre-booked on that specific date but up until now I have not paid for it yet. To make it even more challenging, I have not received my company holiday entitlements yet. I did not have the money to pay my flight ticket and I did not have any money saved in my bank account. Whenever I had money, after giving my tithes and offerings, I was sending money to the Philippines to support my family. I was also supporting some Christian Missionaries as the Lord lead me. Literally, I lived by faith!

Like many other contract workers going home for holidays, my humble dream was to bring my mother, siblings, nephews and nieces to Jollibee. That would have been enough for me. What a simple yet noble heart's desire!

It is written: *“And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffers violence and the violent take it by force.”*
Matthew 11:12

I knew that I needed to fight the fight of faith for my battle is not carnal but spiritual. There was no room for doubt for my situation right then. The morning of the day before my planned departure, I did not receive any word from Mr. Yama nor from any of his people. All my hope for a vacation seemed to be gradually disappearing. The good news is the God I am serving is sitting on His throne and in control of everything by faith!

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Through the course of my Christian life, I happened to come across a quotation that I have learned to love and use ever since. “When human ability ends, it is there where the supernatural intervention of God’s power will come in!” My trust is not in man but in God and in Him alone!

About 8:30 PM that day, all the banks were already closed. I received a radio call from my boss Peter Yama and asked me this. “Dumayag, you are going home tomorrow right?” And I said, “Yes sir.” And he said, “I’ll call you back later.” Such may not be that comforting for many, but his promise to call back was all I had then and I quietly treasured it.

By 9:00 PM, Mr. Yama called me again. “Dumayag, can you please check if there is any restaurant that is still open? Mary and I want to have dinner with you before you go.” I made some calls but to no avail. All restaurants were already closed. I called to tell him and he finally decided to meet me in their Port Moresby house for dinner over home cooked dishes.

When I arrived at their house, Mr. Yama and his second wife Dr. Mary were already there. With them was his fellow Member of the PNG Parliament. His driver Jacob, the one that led others to protest against me once, was also there.

As we finished our dinner by past 11:00 PM, I overheard Mr. Yama sending Jacob to pick-up his briefcase at his Parliament Office. When Jacob came back, he handed Mr. Yama’s briefcase to him. By

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this time, I found myself sitting across the empty dinner table with Mr. Yama on the other side. Jacob left. The other Member of Parliament was sitting by the coach chair near the dinner table. Dr. Mary went down from the house and every now and then I saw her walking to and fro. I found out later that she was interceding for us.

Mr. Yama, seemingly feeling uncomfortable, asked me, “Dionie, how long have you been working with us?” “Five years, sir,” I replied. He opened his briefcase and pulled up a bundle of One Thousand US Dollars of cash. By this time, I knew what a thousand dollars in bundle looked like. And I quietly thought to myself, “He is giving me that money.”

Few minutes later, he asked me again, “Dionie, how long have you been working with us?” I said, “Five years, sir.” He went to pull another bundle of dollars. “He will give me that too,” I thought. For the third time he asked me again, “Dionie, how long have you been working with us?” By this time, I was feeling a little upset because he was asking me for the third time. I said in a little bit of rude tone, “Five years, sir!” And again he pulled another thousand dollars from his briefcase and put together with the rest and tied it with a rubber band. I believed he was giving them all to me. He went silent. Intercession downstairs was at work. He stood up seemingly uneasy then sat down again and looked at me and said, “Dionie, how long have you been working with us?” I wanted to be angry but now that I had the chance, I did not want to ruin the night. I said, “Five years,

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sir.” He took another bundle of a thousand dollars. And then he drew out yet another bundle of cash! I said to myself, “He is not giving that to me. It’s too much.” My lack of faith dared to complain.

He bundled the now US\$5,000 with a rubber band and laid it on top of the dining table. I knew that with his human nature, not even a wealthy Christian can just give that much to anybody. He walked to and fro for a moment. I believe at this time there was a stirring in his heart that was urging him as he was processing everything. Finally, standing in front of that huge Parliamentarian, he announced to him, “Brother, God is commanding me to give money to this man,” motioning his hand at me, “and I cannot resist God’s command!” And then he looked to where his wife Dr. Mary was and said, “Honey, come up here now and give this money to Dumayag.” Oh my God! He is really giving all the money to me!

It was like an awarding ceremony happening in the middle of the night. At this point, everyone’s eyes were brimming with tears. Each of them gave their speech expressing their appreciation for the work and service I have been doing. When my turn to speak came, I said, “Tonight God has exceedingly blessed me through your lives. The very reason for that is simply because you are also descendants of Abraham, the man of blessings. God promised Abraham, whoever bless you I will bless them!” While I was still talking, Mr. Yama rushed to his briefcase and opened it. I am suspecting he wanted to give me more but this time his human nature hindered him. Quite

THE \$5,000 MIRACLE

apologetically, he said, “Anyway, first thing in the morning, the accountant will send you your flight ticket. I made a request from him, “Sir, can you tell the accountant to send me the cash equivalent for my airfare instead so I am going to buy it myself.” And he did. When I received the money the next day, it was another thousand dollars on top of what I already had. I just added another \$50 and I was able to purchase my flight tickets to Manila, Hawaii, San Francisco and back to Papua New Guinea!

The next day while waiting for my time to go to the Port Moresby Airport, Elizabeth, Mr. Yama’s sister and a wife of a former Ambassador of Papua New Guinea to the Philippines, was sitting with me by the poolside in front of Mr. Yama’s rented properties. After I told her my testimony from the night before, she pulled up her check book and wrote a hundred dollars for me saying, “Dionie, this is from me. If you don’t need it, give it to your mother. She will be happy to have it.” And she was!

When I got back home from Hawaii to Ilocos Norte, waiting for me was a Money Order notice from the municipal post office apparently coming from Papua New Guinea. There was another 50 Thousand Pesos cash for me, which I have earlier mentioned in Chapter 20.

It is written: “*Call to Me, and I will answer you, and show you great and mighty things, which you do not know.*” Jeremiah 33:3. In simpler translation, the last part says, “... *and I will show you great*

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and mighty things, things that you will never expect that comes into your life.”

Glory be to God!

CHAPTER 22

Prominent PNG Woman Healed from Heart Disease

“Then she said to her mistress, ‘If only my master were with the prophet who is in Samaria! For he would heal him of his leprosy.’”

II Kings 5:3

I just came back to PNG from holiday when I attended our Filipino Community Bible Study Group in Port Moresby at the home of Brother Edwin and Sister Miles. Miles’ housemaid was there in the Bible Study and heard some of my healing testimonies from home. She remembered her cousin who was dying of heart disease. I learned that she was no longer working, has given up and was just hopelessly waiting for her death. Despite being cousins, they were not in good terms. But their blood relationship was more powerful than hate. She desired for her to be prayed for so she

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may be healed miraculously also. She told Miles and in turn, Miles told me and asked me if I was willing to go and minister to her. And I said, yes!

The appointment was arranged and so we had an opportunity to go and minister to this woman who was dying of heart disease. This woman was considered prominent in Papua New Guinea. She worked in the Justice Department and her job involved organizing the judges and justices of PNG. In addition, she was a widower of a Major in the PNG Military. During that time, there was only one Colonel in PNG Military and a couple of Majors, one of which was the late husband of the woman in our story. She was a well-known woman.

As we were getting ready to leave the church compound, a number of missionary students came to join us including Pastor Peter, a PNG pastor and missionary to the Philippines. He happened to be in PNG at the time and when he heard about the sick woman he wanted to come with us too.

When we got there, we were welcomed by a considerable crowd in the house of this woman. It looked like she invited her relatives to come and have Bible Study with her in their home. We started our meeting with praise and worship and then we had the Word of God preached. Because Pastor Peter was the most senior church representative in our group, he was logically the appropriate person to share the Word. And so he shared the Word. He did it as a regular Bible Study, closed in prayer and done. While our group were leaving,

PROMINENT PNG WOMAN HEALED FROM HEART DISEASE

some of them were already by the door, I looked back and I saw the housemaid who invited me looking at me. She obviously sympathized with her cousin who needed to be prayed for and the rest of the family with them with an implied question in her face, “What happened? Why did you not minister to my cousin? Wasn’t that what you have come for today?”

The Holy Spirit gave me a little courage to stand in faith and announced to everyone, “Brothers and sisters, before we leave I would like to pray for our sister’s healing first.” They seemed to agree with my request but they remained standing. “You don’t understand.” I said. “I want us all to go back and sit down and I’m going to share the Word of God, (that is in relation to faith and healing – I meant it in my heart) and I’m going to minister healing to our sister.” And everyone went back sitting.

Frankly, when ministering the Word for healing I used to tell the people, “I am not the Healer and I will never be the Healer, Jesus is. For that reason, I have to do it God’s way.”

It is written: *“He sent His word and healed them and delivered them from their destructions.”* Psalms 107:20

I allowed the Holy Spirit to take His rightful place in me. I took time in sharing the Word of God with my heart’s desire for the Word to become a Rhema Living Word to the recipient especially to the one who needed the miracle. To those who were willing, I led them to pray the Sinner’s Prayer. I needed to make sure that they are right

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with God in the spirit, especially to the woman who really needed the miracle.

It is written: *“He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.”* John 7:38 With the authority I have in Jesus’ name and with the Holy Spirit at work in me, I addressed and cast out the demon of death and heart disease out of the woman, in Jesus’ name. And took time to do the same thing to every unclean spirit oppressing and stealing the joy of the woman and her family, in Jesus’ name. And they left by faith! In obedience to God’s Word, I laid my hands upon her with a prayer of faith for God to heal her, also in Jesus’ name. And very important, again with my God delegated authority, now with the Holy Spirit at work in her life, I sealed her life and healing in Jesus’ name. Amen!

As we were exiting the door for the second time, the woman rose up from where she was sitting to thank us and to announce to everyone saying, “By the time you leave the house, I am going out to drive my car which I have not done for a long time. And tomorrow I’m coming to your church. By the way, where is your church?” Sunday came and lo and behold, the woman and her family were there for the Sunday Worship Service. They also came the next Sunday and the following Sundays thereafter.

The Chief Justice of Papua New Guinea, Sir Arnold Amet, a brother to many, was worshipping with us at the Christian Revival Crusade Church. When he saw the woman in church, he commented,

PROMINENT PNG WOMAN HEALED FROM HEART DISEASE

“Has the dead risen from the grave!” The woman replied, “Some of your church people came to pray for me yesterday and Jesus healed me!”

Glory be to God!

EPILOGUE

FAITH AND THE HOLY SPIRIT IN US

Saving Faith – for salvation:

“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.” Ephesians 2:8

After the fall, by nature we are all sinners and have fallen short of the glory of God. Sin separated us from God. Through faith in God and His Son Jesus Christ who redeemed us from the curse of sin and death, we were saved.

Jesus described that experience as: *“But whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst. But the water that I shall give him will become in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life.”* John 4:14

Faithfulness – builds-up our character:

“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness.” Galatians 5:22

When we believers continue to walk with God in the spirit, the character of God which is represented by the Fruit of the Holy Spirit will become our character. Allowing the Holy Spirit to reign in our spirit, the Fruit of the Holy Spirit will flow freely from within us.

The Gift of Faith – for power to do the works of the ministry:

“But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to each one for the profit of all: for to one is given the word of wisdom through the Spirit, to another the word of knowledge through the same Spirit, to another faith by the same Spirit, to another gifts of healings by the same Spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another

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discerning of spirits, to another different kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. But one and the same Spirit works all these things, distributing to each one individually as He wills."

I Corinthians 12:7-11

When Jesus' disciples received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in Acts Chapter 2, they started to preach the Word of God with power starting from Jerusalem, Judaea and Samaria and to the ends of the earth, with signs and wonders following.

Jesus described that as: *"He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water."* John 7:38

Receive Jesus as the Lord of Your Life

(You can start living a supernatural life now.)

“...that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved.”

Romans 10:9

Lord Jesus, I believe that You are the Son of God and the only way to God. I believe that You died on the cross for the sin of mankind, including mine and my family. I believe that You were buried and on the third day You rose again from the dead, so that whoever believes in You shall not perish but have everlasting life.

Today, I come to You as a sinner Lord Jesus. I'm asking for Your forgiveness for my sins. I also forgive those who have sinned against me, as You would have forgiven me. By Your shed blood, cleanse me from all of my unrighteousness including every guilt in my mind associated with those sins I have committed.

I accept You now as my Lord and Savior, Healer and Deliverer. And with the help of the Holy Spirit in me now, I'm going to live my life as citizen of heaven, honoring and serving You, until I come and live with You in eternity. Thank you Lord Jesus for saving me!

“I say then: walk in the Spirit and you shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.” Galatians 5:16

God bless you real good, in Jesus' Name, Amen!

**For prayer and personal ministering of healing and deliverance,
please write the author at dumayagd@gmail.com.**

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Dionicio (Dionie) Dumayag currently serves as an Associate Pastor at The Way Christian Mission Fellowship (TWCMF), a church based in Calgary, Canada. Through the years, God has used him to minister God's love and healing upon the lost and the sick in the Philippines, Papua New Guinea, Hawaii, Montreal and now here in Calgary. His ministry training is from the "School of the Holy Spirit".

He is a college undergraduate under Philippine educational standards as due to abject poverty he fell short of a year from completing his BS Civil Engineering course at the University of Saint Louis in Tuguegarao, Cagayan. Nevertheless, by God's grace he received bachelor's degree equivalencies for both Management and Business Administration when he moved to Hawaii. His comprehensive security management work experience and participation to specialized courses sponsored by US and UK based training institutions were taken into consideration.

Pastor Dionie also volunteers for pastoral care ministry for the homes of the elderly, as a chaplain at Calgary Airport and as a religious community visitor ministering to the sick and their families at five (5) hospitals throughout Calgary.

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