

Chapter 1  
Moved by Compassion

Sister Christian

*August 19, 2020.*

I woke and went out to check on my grown son, Zephaniah, who had been sleeping out in the van to escape the chaos of the house. As I approached the van, I noticed that he was up; and after opening the back hatch I saw an enormous pile of tissues (from allergies) among the miscellaneous trash, food, and drink containers. I spouted off quickly for him to “get it cleaned up,” slightly frustrated. I walked back into the house and was met with even more frustration as my dad began to offer his opinion of the goings-on. Suddenly, I felt God speak to me, “Go now!” I quickly recognized the Holy Spirit’s urging and went back out and told Zephaniah to pack everything up; it was “Time to Go.” Saying this led me to discern a previous experience.

In retrospect, four months earlier, On April 19, 2020, Zephaniah and I were in the car, more than ready to go, as tensions in the house were high. We had been planning this trip back to Deming, New Mexico, for quite a few months, and we had planned to leave on that day, April 19th. For weeks prior to that date I began preparing to take him back there, with the intention of him staying in the shed at the other end of the porch at his grandmother’s trailer in Deming, instead of having him move into the house on the property, which was still occupied with the current tenants. I had allowed the tenant couple to stay there in order to take care of the property— and who just so happened to be my ex-boyfriend’s sister and her boyfriend.

In preparation, I had purchased a mini-fridge, a bed-in-a-box, and a list of miscellaneous items like toilet paper, shampoo, soap, allergy medicines, ibuprofen and so on—the car was loaded! We were in the car, buckled up, engine running, and getting prayed-up for the trip, and I had heard, “Don’t go.” My heart sank and I knew it was the

Lord asking me not to go yet. I looked over at my son who had patiently been waiting months for this day to come and I said to him, "God just told me not to go!"

My sweet boy, he just looked at me and said, "Okay." In my mind I was like, *Oh my goodness, now I have to go in and tell my mom and dad that "God told me NOT to go."* I knew that I heard Him correctly but I was just as ready to "get away" as my son was. Nevertheless, I marched in, exclaiming, "God just told me not to go; I do not know how to explain it to you, but I know that is what He said," and with hesitation they abided by my revelation.

This was the point when Zephaniah had moved from the dining room floor to the broken-down van outfront of my parents' home in San Diego. Months went by, and then . . . ! August 19, 2020, one year exactly to the day I first moved from Deming to San Diego to help my family, God told me, "Go now!" Looking back and remembering the call He gave me to move to my parents', by overwhelming my heart with compassion for the needs of my family, I recall Him saying then, "Go, and take nothing with you!" And now! One year to the day! He had me returning there to leave it all behind, including my son!

And so it happened: August 27, 2020, I had just dropped my son, Zephaniah, off, successfully moving him back to New Mexico. It would be the first time in twenty years that I wouldn't have my baby with me! I had such mixed feelings and had already been praying that the Lord not let me fall into depression or into empty nest syndrome. And God's goodness and grace have surely protected me! As I pulled into Yuma, Arizona, I really wanted to just take a day and reflect on what was going on and how God was moving. I looked at my prepaid card to see if I could afford it; I could not. However, I checked on my Choice Privileges app and noticed I had half the amount of points needed for a "free night." So, I prayed and then called customer service to see if I could apply my points and cash to "make it doable." God graciously provided a king suite with a jacuzzi tub in it! One of my very favorite things to do is relax in a jacuzzi tub. He provided the room with my existing points and just eighteen dollars cash, which left me with fifteen dollars to get through the rest of my trip. The very next morning, He got me up early, rising joyfully around 3:00 a.m. After packing, showering, and getting ready for the day ahead, I checked out of the hotel and went to top off my tank.

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I was leaving Yuma, Arizona, precisely at 5:55 a.m. and heading back to San Diego. The sun was just rising and it was so majestic. As I was driving down the road, a rush of thoughts overtook my mind: candles, boxes, engraving, packaging, writing, and so on. It was then that He gave me the fragrance for the first candle in *The Trinity Candle Collection*, but *that* is yet another story, for another time . . .

The next day, August 28, 2020, I knew that once I returned from New Mexico to San Diego I would need to find a place to stay for at least two weeks, as we were under the Coronavirus pandemic lockdown, and especially with my elderly parents and the state of my mom's health, I couldn't go back to staying with them. So upon my return, I went to Moonlight beach, which I reached by 9:00 a.m. As soon as I got there, I began to pray and worship, as I knew that the Lord was about to answer my prayers for a clean, safe place, near the ocean with a private bedroom and bathroom and a nice yard area where I would be able to worship and study His Word! I sat in my car in the top lot contacting new and old friends to see if they may have “*even a couch*” available, as my flesh strived to understand just what God had in mind. After contacting everyone I could think of, I just continued in prayer, thanking God that He had gotten me back to San Diego. I thanked Him that it was a beautiful day and that I was at the beach, and I thanked Him for what He was going to do in providing me a place to go!

About five hours later, I got an instant messenger text with a link to a song on YouTube, “Sister Christian!”<sup>1</sup> The first seven lyrics of that song (the number 7 represents God’s work): *Sister Christian oh your time has come!!!* When I got this message from my friend Michael, I had let him know that I was sitting at Moonlight beach waiting on God to provide me a place to stay. I had asked Michael a week earlier for a place, as I had been trying to “plan ahead” before returning, but at that time Michael said that he already had a housemate. When I mentioned my immediate need, Michael said, “well, come on up! My housemate moved out four days ago!” I later found out that this was a very

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<sup>1</sup> Night Ranger. “Sister Christian.” Track 2 on *Midnight Madness*. MCA, 1984.  
<https://youtu.be/z92bmlcmq0>

unexpected move. The woman who had been staying there did not even tell him she would be leaving, but when he returned from being out one day, she was just gone! By providing a room at Michael's, God had placed me in a home that had everything I had asked for and more!

The Lord shared many revelations with me over the next couple of days; but the revelation from the song *Sister Christian* that, "my time had come" came to me in retrospect, on October 7, 2020. Also revealed in the course of recording these stories was the significance of the street names located nearby—Carey (Carry) Road and Mission Avenue! God was letting me know He is using the Holy Spirit to carry out His Mission! It was that October when He gave me unknown wisdom to prepare *tHe trActs*, beginning with the "Believers Tract," which was written as a "Modern Day Parable," as my pastor dubbed it. And that launches a whole other story . . .

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God had originally given this parable to me in 2009, while I was sipping my morning coffee and spending time with Him. He had said to me, "Get a pen and paper." He had been saying that for a couple of days during this special time with Him and it took me that long to listen. As soon as I did, He began sharing with me how "living life well-centered in Him (Christ)" compared to the process of making candles! This completely blew my mind, because just a few days prior, I had no knowledge of candle making. As a matter of fact, I was still a bit bitter from the fact that my then-husband had purchased a candle company after I had expressly shared with him that I felt it was NOT the right time to do so. We had just opened our third store as an indirect agent with Verizon Wireless, and I felt overwhelmed by the fact that within six months, we went from a seemingly comfortable "easy life" to a very, very, busy life. It began with just one store, but with my husband's resourcefulness, we quickly found ourselves with multiple stores. In my mind, at that time, we had way too much going on to go out and buy another business!

So, begrudgingly, I had stood with my arms folded in the middle of the garage while my husband began to show me how to make a candle. I shook my head "yes" as he asked if I heard what he was saying, and gave him a couple of "uh-huhs" just to let him know I knew there were words coming out of his mouth; but really, I could have

cared less. Looking back now to that moment, I see how naive I was to what God had planned to give me out of this, how blind I was to the “BIG PICTURE.” Those words do not roll off my tongue easily, as it was usually the theme of my husband’s venom in an argument: “That’s the problem, Rona! YOU can’t see the big picture!” With that being said, I think you get the picture? I want to just leave that there and get on with the rest of this story. Where was I? Oh yeah, the Modern Day Parable.

As soon as I decided to listen to that small still voice asking me to pick up a paper and pen, He just began having me recall step by step the process that had been shown to me days prior—immediately I knew this was Holy Spirit guidance, since, as I said previously, I had not been “paying attention” during this process.

*I just want to interject right here that I believe this gives a good reference to how the Holy Spirit uses God’s Word in our lives even if we feel that we do not “memorize” it well. Reading the Bible allows the Seed of God’s Word to be planted in our heart and He will be the one to recall them to our memory in His perfect timing.*

I shared what God had given me to everyone who would listen and I felt so impressed by what the Spirit had given. Little did I know that Satan was about to attack—I did not have a clue. I was not aware of his attacks and really I had no knowledge of him at all! It was not until 2020 that God began opening my eyes. So, while “life happened,” the “Modern Day Parable” would sit dormant for more than ten years!

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## Chapter 2

Life Happened

Back in 2008, our lives seemed to be moving right along, day after day, pretty much with the same stuff. I had my dance studio and my husband had his website development business. We had decided to homeschool Zephaniah since kindergarten and by this time, he was pluggin’ along just fine in the fourth grade. My dance studio served the Lord and that made my heart happy. As I grew up knowing and loving Him, the best I knew how, I used all-Christian music and omitted any

“worldly” movement from the routines. The one “worldly addiction” I knew I had in my life was smoking cigarettes, which I hid from my husband, my son, and my students, everyone, pretty much the best I could.

Each year I would have two recitals, one in the spring and one in the winter. Because I was friends with the secretary at my church and she was super good with Microsoft Word, each time, along with her regular duties, she would help me polish up the recital programs with her expertise. During this process we spent a lot of time together and talking about all kinds of things. She often mentioned that she thought Mike and I should go and talk with Mr. B about a business that he was selling, saying she thought it would be a great match for us! After probably six or seven weeks of her putting the idea in my ear, I mentioned it to my husband, Mike. Mike jumped at the opportunity, and before we knew it, we were to become owners of a new business! Mr. B had been in business for many years as a photo processing company, but because Walmart had moved into town the demand for his photo finishing business had nearly diminished. In an attempt to save his business, he connected with Verizon as an indirect agent. Mr. B was in his eighties and really had no interest in the newfangled technologies of all the devices available and only sold the simple flip phones, while he discussed the possibility of selling in order to retire.

It had seemed like God had literally just dropped this opportunity into our laps! Now, Mike was very technically savvy. I, on the other hand, not so much—but in a matter of just a few short weeks, an offer that seemed to be unbelievable was taking place. I was not privy to all the details of the transaction, though it seemed we were being given a huge blessing from God. All I knew was we had nothing to offer in exchange for this business; we were barely making it week to week, yet suddenly we became owners of Deming Wireless! Within approximately six months we had built a whole new store across town and we were opening a third store in Lordsburg, New Mexico. Things got really busy, really quick! And I really had to learn on the fly.

At the beginning of our third store opening, Mike decided to take his work back to the home office for the majority of the work week, leaving our newly-hired workforce, in addition to his brother and me, to run the stores. I was not exactly happy about this decision, and I felt as

though I was drowning in the unknown of how to run a business of this size, and definitely was not finding time to spend with God. And this is when the candle company acquisition and my reluctant lesson in candle making added to the strain.

*In the middle of the year in 2009, I began spending more time in the Word and things in my life began to change; it was during this time I had given up smoking. God had also spoken to me about not watching the news in the morning, as He let me know that it was falling on me as a burden. It was also then that the Lord shared with me the Modern Day Parable of living life well-centered in Christ.*

Somewhere between the opening of our third store and buying the candle company, my mom had come to Deming for a visit, although I do not remember all the details. I remember that she had stayed at the Comfort Inn. On the last day of her stay, she had fallen out of bed and suffered a broken rib. Of course, I was not about to send her home with that new injury, so I invited her to stay in our home. The next day we had invited some friends over and we were all chillin' in the living room. The next thing I know, my husband is yelling at my mom, recalling things that had happened years prior and causing havoc, as he often did. Something in me could just not handle the way he was treating my mom! Mike and I had been together since 1994, and I had heard him spew venomous remarks one too many times! That was *it!* I had *had* it!!! I grabbed a nearby item, the "couch coaster" that was right next to me, which was made of wood with a ceramic tile center, measuring about a foot square. And as soon as I had it in my grasp, I jumped up on the couch, lifted it above my head while jumping over our guests, who were sitting on the couch next to me, and ran toward him! Just as I got close, he ducked into the office and slammed the door! It felt like electricity running through me, I tell ya! I was in tears and shaking uncontrollably. Never before have I ever reacted to one of his bipolar fits. I knew that my friend smoked; so I began begging her for a cigarette! And with that first drag, I knew that I was hooked again!

The next day in my devotional time, I remember writing in my journal a prayer to God to please "Get me out of this situation." I believe my mom stayed just a few short days after that, and we all walked on eggshells for months to come. Days came and went as life

happened about us, never paying mind to the evil that was seeping in. We stayed busy and cordial and things seemed to be moving forward. Mike was mostly working from home with his website business, while continuing to manage the stores from afar and continuing to promote the candle company through school fundraisers in our area. Mike is an extremely intelligent man and kept his foot in many businesses—not to mention, he remained an extremely active dad, coaching every sport you can think of. To be sure, he was thoroughly involved in his son's life.

Just about this time, in 2010, we decided to enroll Zephaniah into a Christian school for his fifth grade year as things were surely busier than ever! Pastor Liela was the principal. Years seemed to fly by, and my memories of 2011 are somehow blurred. I know it was busy and full of both good and bad: I remember volunteering to run VBS and Harvest Festival for a couple of years; hosting a Ladies Bible Study and Fellowship Time called L.I.F.T (Ladies In Fellowship Tea); as well as quarterly Teas at my home church. Like I said, *busy, busy, busy*.

In 2012, Mike began traveling a bit to London and other places to meet with people that he had been working with on the internet. I really had no idea what he was doing or why he would need to fly to meet them but I did know that he was extremely intelligent, so I left it at that. In the middle of 2012, he began planning a trip for us—Zephaniah, himself, and me—to travel to Thailand, Bangladesh, and Hong Kong. It just so happened that passport pictures were one of our products offered at our Deming Wireless stores. Needless to say we quickly got our pictures ready to begin the passport process.

In September of 2012, we flew out on this great adventure! The trip itself was meticulously planned! From the moment we flew into Bangkok our every need was tended to; we had arrived late at night so the hotel was just a quick shuttle ride from the airport. The next morning we jumped into a taxi to the port where we caught a boat over to Koh Chang Island, also known as Elephant Island, because of its elephant-shaped headland. There we were greeted by one of the people Mike had been working with. The island was so very beautiful, with clear blue waters and with the coast lined with trees that exuded beauty; each tree had the most adorable swing hanging from its limbs. We enjoyed local cuisine, elephant rides, and even danced with snakes! The time escaped us and we were off to the next destination.



Bangladesh! As the plane landed, you could see that this place was not the same as the last. Stepping off the plane, I was gripping my son's hand and holding close to my husband. Immediately upon exiting the plane, we stepped into a whole new world; it seemed as though the whole military was standing before us dressed in fatigues, with long-barrel guns in hand (rifles I think, I'm not big on guns). Thankfully, before we could take more than twenty steps, we were greeted by five men who were coworkers of Mike's, and they knew exactly what to do. After saying their hellos, they surrounded us and moved us out into the area of the taxis. Each day we met, and each day they surrounded us as we walked along the beach or through the village. On occasion, they would gather beside us and allow the public to approach. Everyone was curious about us "Americans" and wanted to have a picture with us. They wanted to know what we thought of our president, Barack Obama. I learned so much from visiting this country and their beautiful people! We visited St. Martin's Island; the waters there were eighty-four degrees fahrenheit, making it very enticing to escape the outside temperature which was ten degrees hotter.

I will never forget this one encounter with a man and his daughter. She was twelve years old and dressed very well. She was so very beautiful! Her father said these words that will forever echo in my memory: "Take her to America," as he pushed her toward my husband and me. My heart sank and I desired to accommodate his wish but I had no idea how to even begin the necessary legalities, and my husband quickly hushed my desire to oblige the man's wishes. Earlier in the week, we had visited Cox's Bazar, and there had seen kids as young as five years old marching the shoreline selling souvenirs. While my mind could not understand why a child so young would succumb to such a heavy position at such a young age, I was also impressed by their ability to manage money and exert such a knowledgeable way of salesmanship. In the same whirlwind of things happening around me, I was surprised to see a young boy running around, playing outside of a Kentucky Fried Chicken; but as soon as he saw us "Americans" he bent down to scoop up some mud, and wiping it on his checks, he turned with his hands out, asking for money. This behavior blew my mind; and the whole experience over the past week had left me feeling quite perplexed.

I was glad to have spoken with our new friends about Jesus, even though it was done quietly, as we listened to the prayers of their people being broadcast throughout the city on loudspeakers from every rooftop. This led me to wonder, *Why is Jesus not shouted from the rooftops in America?* Matthew 10:27 (NIV) says, “What I tell you in the dark, speak in the daylight; what is whispered in your ear, proclaim from the roofs.”

Last but not least, we were off to Hong Kong! I had planned some pretty cool sightseeing things to do while we were there, as this stop, unlike the others, did not have people waiting on the ground to greet us. This portion of the trip would open my eyes to how important it was to have people to guide us as “tourists.” The one thing I was most excited for was Kung Fu on the rooftop of a hotel. We did not wake up in time to do this, and because we did not have anyone to guide the way, we found ourselves very unsure of how to get around.

So, instead, I decided I was in need of a manicure, and the boys needed haircuts. I went down to the concierge desk and asked for “a nice place” to have these things done, and soon Mike, Zephaniah, and I got ready and jumped into a cab to the suggested location—which happened to be in a mall. The taxi ride cost us more than we had expected, and that was just the beginning. Once at the manicurists’, I had them remove the acrylic nails that were tattered from low maintenance and replaced with a gel manicure, and, after a smooth sales pitch to decorate my nails with beadwork, I selected the ring finger on both hands to be decorated. I found out later from my husband that we were charged an arm and a leg, nearly \$300 USD for my manicure! He said to me, “Rona, do not ever go to the concierge desk of a five star hotel and ask for a “nice place” to get anything done . . .” Thankfully, he kinda chuckled with a, “you should’ve known better” attitude, and left it at that.

We were blessed with the opportunity to visit the Noah’s Ark in Hong Kong and we went for dinner at Hong Kong’s Floating Restaurant. One last memory I wanted to share was that McDonald’s in Hong Kong is exactly the same as the United States; but the Pizza Hut, not so much. Hong Kong was the last leg of our trip and needless to say, I could go on for days about all of the different experiences that God allowed us to have! We boarded our return plane and

approximately twenty-two hours later we were back in New Mexico, and back to the grind.

A few months later, Mike asked me if I would move to Thailand! After discussing it with him back and forth a bit, I said I would not live there forever; so we agreed on going to Thailand for one year. Things got set into motion so quickly! Before I knew it, we were closing all of the Deming Wireless Stores and giving away all of our belongings!

I wasn't sure of anything during this time but I knew where my heart was: my heart was on Jesus and I wanted to be able to share Jesus in Thailand. We decided that Mike should go ahead of us in order to get things set, find us a home, a vehicle, and so on. By the time he got on the plane, the only things we had left were a few personal belongings and my suburban, as Zephaniah and I had planned on going to San Diego, CA, to see his Mema and Papa along our way to Oregon to see the rest of my family before leaving the country. We took our time visiting with family, as we knew it would be at least a year before we would see them again. After a couple of weeks, I asked Mike how it was going, and he replied, "Not yet." This conversation took place a couple of times over the next couple of weeks, until finally his reply changed to, "You know, Rona, I don't ever plan on going back to the United States." I was stunned by this reply. We had thoroughly discussed the fact that I did not want to move Zephaniah nor myself to Elephant Island forever!

I replied, "then I am *not* going to Thailand," and all of a sudden, my eighteen-year relationship, our marriage of fifteen years, was over. I lost my husband and Zephaniah lost his dad, for a time.

Once again, "Life happened . . ."

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Chapter 3

Living in My Comfort Zone

So, to recap: Mike had left for Thailand in January of 2013, and Zephaniah and I had stayed in Deming a few weeks longer tying up loose ends and preparing for the road trip ahead. In February, we made it to San Diego, CA, to see Mema and Papa (my mom and dad). While we were there, I found out things were not going very smoothly and that they wanted to move. Because I was able, at the time, I called my brother-in-law and asked if I could hire him to come up from Deming, NM, to help them pack. I rented them a U-Haul and followed behind them on the move to Oregon.

*This is when I received the news that Mike's plans had changed and he was not ever going to come back to the United States.*

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*Now what?* I thought. I had given everything I owned away! Where am I supposed to live? Lord! Am I supposed to stay in Oregon? Afterall, I had just helped my parents move from San Diego, CA, to Silverton, Oregon, to live in the granny flat behind my sister Darlene's house. I really did not know what to do. Without even thinking about it, I turned to my then twelve-year-old son and asked him, "Where do you want to live—in Oregon with the family," which he did not know all that well, "or do you want to go back to Deming?" which had been his home since he was one. He decided he wanted to move back to see his friends. My mind was preoccupied with so many "what ifs."

I remember having a blast with my family at Easter time; and soon after, Zephaniah and I left to return to Deming. Fortunately, when I returned back to Deming, the home I was living in prior to moving was still vacant and I got it back; back in my comfort zone. I loved this home. It was on the same property as the trailer owned by my mother-in-law. We had moved from the trailer to the house in 2009. Over the next couple of months, I did my best to acquire furniture and

doodads for the house. I put Zephaniah back into the Christian school as long as I could but I really could not afford it.

In December of 2013, my sister Darlene talked her boyfriend into paying for Zephaniah and me to fly out for the holidays. We had decided to just get a one-way ticket and figure it out from there. I had no idea that there was a bigger reason my sister wanted us to do it that way. As soon as I began discussing purchasing the return ticket she began saying, "I think the girls and I will just take a vacation and drive you back." Wow! That sounded amazing. I was definitely all for it and I couldn't wait to show her my quiet little town. Then whispers of her real plan began emerging as she was planning to escape the man she had been dating for over four years.

Late January, 2014, Darlene, Destynie, Jocelyn, Zephaniah, and I packed into her minivan and drove off into the daybreak. We got as far as Weed, CA, before the car started acting up! Darlene called Danny and demanded he send more money so that we could get a room for the night and pay for a mechanic to fix the van. The next day, we were back on the road and the rest of our trip proved to be successful. We stopped in San Diego and visited with my sister Mandy, who went to the Zoo along with my Uncle Drummond and me.

Once we were home, we had some things that needed to be done that neither of us girls wanted to do, things like moving furniture, painting walls, and hanging pictures. Darlene said, "Don't you know someone that could help us do these things?" and I replied, "Yes, but it's gonna start some trouble." You see, I had already thought about who I would have come to help, and I already knew that I had "a thing" for him, and I already knew that God would not find it "ok" to do what I already knew I wanted to do. I did it anyway.

So the man came over and was just as cordial as could be, and got all of the things done that needed to be done. He didn't have a way home, so I drove him home, and when I was dropping him off, he asked me to "not forget him" and to come by and see him sometime. The very next day, I was at his door. I went over to watch him play the drums and visit for a while . . . One thing led to another, and well, I'm sure you can figure out the rest of that story. That was Valentine's Day, 2014.

Between Valentine's Day and Easter, we had enrolled the nieces in school and Girl Scouts, and Zephaniah began attending his

first public school for the eighth grade. Everything seemed to be falling into place. I got Darlene and the girls plugged in with my church family and we attended church pretty regularly.

Shortly after things began to seem somewhat situated, my sister began talking to me about not being around much longer, and I told her she didn't know what she was talking about; I did not know that she had already had a bad report about a cyst on her pancreas. She asked, "If something happens, will you take care of my girls?" I said, "Yes, of course, but come on, Darlene, nothing is going to happen." At that time I remember her saying, "God has already told me that I am going to die." I did not believe that she heard from God or that she was going to die. Sometimes we just don't understand things if we do not experience them for ourselves and at that time I had never "heard" anything from God. Sure, I believed His word and I trusted Him to be guiding me in life; but to hear His voice—!

About a week later, I was rushing her to the hospital. I had no one to watch the kids so I had asked "him" to come over and watch them. My sister's condition was more severe than I knew, and the hospital in Deming had her transported to El Paso, TX.

Well, I still was not privy to the full extent of her condition, and because I did not know how serious it was, instead of spending time with her and her daughters I let things get "more serious" with "him." Before I knew it, I was moving into his house and my sister and her girls were taking a train back to Oregon.

That was in April of 2014. *If only I had known she wasn't going to be around much longer.* In November of 2015, we got news that she had pancreatic cancer, and by February, 2016, she had passed away. I remember a few things that she had said, giving details about her experience of being so near to entering Heaven. She described a remarkable fragrance and vibrant colored flowers that were boosting colors that she had never seen before in her life! She also told my sister, Mandy, that she could see her sitting in a tree, with her feet dangling as she sat on the limb of the tree, just *outside* of Heaven.

I remember a recent Mother's Day, 2021. Mandy had come over to see mom and give her a Mother's Day card. I remember the Holy Spirit urging me to share the memory of Darlene seeing her in the tree. So, I prayed that if I was supposed to share that memory, *would You, God, please give me "an in," for the conversation.* The card Mandy

chose for Mom was a beautiful 3D pop-out tree! Well, there was my “in;” so I did share the memory.

Between November 2015 and February 2016 Darlene had had legal paperwork drawn up, leaving two of her beautiful daughters Destynie and Jocelyne in the hands of either myself or my older brother, John. Because the girls grew up near John in Oregon, it just happened that it was the best place for them to stay, and her oldest beautiful daughter, Mackinzie, would stay with her dad in Las Vegas—which is where she had spent the majority of her life, as Darlene usually only had Mackinzie during the summer. My sister, Darlene, had also requested that I hold on to her jewelry boxes and that when the girls reached an appropriate age, I was to go through her things with them and allow them to each take a precious piece to remember her by.

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Like I mentioned before, I had moved in with this man. Our first “date” should have proved as my warning of my obvious wrongdoing, as the night went something like this: he said to me, “after this, we’ll see how long you stick around.” So we headed out the door and over to the home of one of his friends—I’m gonna call him Jerry—and we arrived at Jerry’s home and they loaded up his vehicle with guns and alcohol. The next thing I know, I am sitting in the center, on top of the console and the stick shift is thumping into my left knee as we go down the road. We drove up into the Florida mountains (which I love) and stopped in the middle of a dirt road. It was dark, but in the shine of the headlights, I could see that this place is most likely frequently visited, as my eyes focused on a couch off to the side of the road. Now, the boys are leaning back on the hood of the truck, laughing, drinking, and carrying about as I sat sideways in the passenger seat to allow my feet to rest on the ground as I thumbed through YouTube on my phone, looking for some music to play. I do not drink—never have—and I stayed “sheltered” in the vehicle, as I am not a gun enthusiast. I was in my “usual” state of mind, nonchalant. My man casually moved towards me and remarked, “I think I just shot myself,” and I was like, “come on, stop kiddin’, not funny . . .” But sure enough, he had! Right straight through his knee! We piled back into the truck, and Jerry drove back to his house, where I picked up my Suburban. I kept saying, “I’m just gonna take you to the hospital,” but he insisted that we go to his mom!

As we arrived where she was, I got out of the vehicle, telling her to come to the car and let her know what was going on. She began saying, “well, what the *h-e* double *I* are you doing *here*!?! Get him to the hospital!” Needless to say, after she said to go, he said, “Okay, let’s go.” She followed behind.

*Yes, this was still “living in my comfort zone.” My life had been somewhat chaotic, but to me, it was just normal.*

Long story short, he suffered a torn patella tendon, it was blown straight through his knee; so as he was being taken care of by the doctors, I was left to deal with the police. This was my least favorite part of the night. Even though my life seemed chaotic, I never had to deal with law enforcement before.

As the loving girlfriend that I was, after just a few short weeks, I stayed with him and began taking care of his every need: physical, emotional, financial, etc. After he healed, he went back to work part time in construction, his trade for over twenty years.

We spent the next four years building a business together. I worked graveyard shifts as a server and worked the day at the candle shop. When we first opened the business, he knew nothing of making candles nor did he have any business experience at all. He had a God-given gift of art; he could draw anything he viewed. As a matter of fact, I had had him paint those popular teardrop-eyed children in the girls’ room at the house when Darlene and the girls were with us. I had always enjoyed personalized gifts, so I was aware of many ways to accomplish adding special memories to physical gifts.

Since he was such a good artist, I urged him to learn how to do glass etching, as I had seen videos of how easy it was to do. At Christmas time that year, we had gotten a decent-sized order for glass etching on ornaments, and that is when I decided to look into a more efficient way of etching. I found out all about laser engraving and introduced the idea to him. I had found one on Amazon from China that was somewhat within reach financially, especially with it being the end of the year and tax season was coming up. So I did it! I was so excited! I took that tax refund and bought a laser engraver. We had no idea how to work this thing and the instructions came in Chinese. Prior to it arriving, I had been watching every YouTube “how-to video” I could



find! He handled the mechanical side of it quite well, and I could research the how-tos and pay attention long enough to feed him the information. In no time, approximately three months later, it was running all day long! Of course, along the way “life happened” and I had moved out of his home and into my own place with Zephaniah. But because of the business, we continued to work together, and just eleven short months later, I moved back in with him. I had gotten him to agree to attend church with me that year. I remember being invited to a dinner with one of our friends who happened to be a deacon in the church, and he spoke gently to us about living right apart from one another, as we were not married. And again! I was moving out. This time, I had decided that I had to let go of the business that I had worked so hard to get going. I knew that God was calling me to what was right. After all, the candle business was to bring glory to God, it was to be used as a ministry. I felt that God was “teaching me something” and preparing me to be able to accomplish what I had seen as a possible ministry. My vision statement read:

*I have had quite a few different visions for building a company. I am choosing to begin with local business and internet sales, although one day, I would like to incorporate more of the ministry side to it. I have envisioned meeting with a group of women in a convention, or group home-type setting and sharing with them the process of candle making—the front-end and back-end of the business relating to candle sales, marketing templates, and so on; and, of course, last but not least: how God ties it all together!*

You see, ultimately, in order to have this above-mentioned ministry, I would need to be willing to “give it my all,” and then turn around and walk away, to allow the women independence in their own company. I wanted to be able to help as many as God would allow, so the ability to completely walk away would be necessary to be able to achieve helping multiple women.

Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 4

My Next Step

During this time I was in the middle of evicting my ex-boyfriend's mom from the trailer. I reached out to a friend, Deb, and let her know I was in need of a place for my son and me to stay. She graciously offered to rent us a room for myself and the upstairs loft portion of her home for Zephaniah. My finances were not in order, so I had reached out to a local ministry that helped provide the money needed to move in. That night, I lay in my bed sobbing, praying, asking God to please give me a man with very specific qualities, two of which were for this guy to look like Christ physically, and in his heart.

Deb was the manager of a gas station and mentioned that she was in need of more help; but because Zephaniah was only seventeen, he was not qualified to work there. So, after thinking about it for a while, it seemed right for me to do it. I worked the janitorial position graveyard shift—*ugh*, back to the graveyard. I did this for a couple of months while I looked for a position as a server, as I really, really, really enjoy serving. Sure enough, I took a position at a restaurant serving a couple days a week. So much was happening so quickly. I got my trailer back, but needed a new car, as the trailer is situated five miles out of town. I got a new van, a new home, and a new job.

My very first day, as I walked into the dining room, I noticed a man sitting at the counter. My heart made a hop, skip, and a jump, and I thought to myself, *No way! This guy looks like Jesus!* I walked over behind the counter and immediately caught his attention with a great big smile, exclaiming, "Hello!" We began speaking, and I told him I had just been hired as a server, and then he let me know he also worked there, but that he was just on his lunch break. My mind began spinning; I immediately announced my love for Christ, because I just

had to know if he felt the same?! He did! He professed his love for Christ and shared scripture with me.

Over the next couple of weeks, we spent time at work sharing Jesus with one another. Then, I found out that he was basically homeless! He owned his own property south of town, but he had been living out of a tent! This was in July of 2018, and I remember watching fireworks on the 4th of July in the parking lot of the restaurant. July in Deming is quite wet as flash floods fill most of the month. I became concerned for Peter, that he was living in a tent with the flash floods happening, and began inviting him over, announcing that he could stay on my couch.

Again! Within weeks we were up to no good and he moved in with me. After the initial *woohoo*, we discussed that this is not what Jesus would want for us to be doing, so we decided that we would put the intimacy part of the relationship aside until we could get married. His birthday was October 1 and mine October 15, and we also had the same servant personality. I had always been drawn towards men that had a bit of an anger issue, but this time it appeared to be so different! He would literally untie my shoes when I got home from work and jump up to serve if I even made mention of wanting something.

This is when the Men-O-Pause really started kickin' in—no, really! Hot sweats, mood swings, you name it! And it really did not appeal to me to have him “blow on me to cool down;” I thought this action was quite absurd! Needless to say, things started feeling different and his personality was clashing with mine. Nevertheless, we went forward with our plans to marry. We set the date for January 1, 2019, and we hired a friend to officiate but chose not to do the marriage license.

In May of 2019, I attended a *Grace and Power Women's* Conference in Carlsbad, NM—the conference where I took Pastor Leila's last minute offer of a spot, despite being broke. The tagline for the conference was based on 1 Peter 5:10 (ESV):

*And after you have suffered a little while,  
the God of all grace, who has called you to his eternal glory in Christ,  
will himself restore, confirm, strengthen, and establish you.*

This conference was WAY different from the many conferences I had attended before. There were people running around the room, speaking in tongues, and basically included a whole lot of hootin' and hollerin' that both energized me and made me feel—unsure. So, I just kind of joined in with the worship the way I felt led, energetically, on my feet in front of my chosen seat. I prayed, *Lord! As long as what they are doing is honoring to You! Who am I to say it's wrong?* I felt such a release and knew I was in His presence!

On the third day of the conference, I went forward to receive the Holy Spirit, and did I ever!!! But! It was not until two years later, God would recall this to my memory, as I was attending the third annual Grace and Power Women's conference titled "Honey, I'm expecting!" So, here I was, all "Spirited up" and going back to this man I really had no interest in. Things began becoming pretty rocky, but we had already committed to running a fireworks stand for the week leading up to the Fourth of July, so we muddled through this new experience as a fireworks vendor.

After that very, very, very, long week we got back to the house and went about our days in each other's way; and fittingly, "fireworks" broke out! An argument arose between Peter and my son, and in his anger, he threw a punch in the direction of my son and gouged a huge hole in the wall of the porch! That was *it!* That most definitely was NOT ok! "You're out of here!" Peter did not have a car, so I would have to drive him out—out and away. He had been eyeing an RV and we decided that we would take the money earned from the fireworks stand and go see if we could get the RV with a partial payment and promise to pay. Thank God the man agreed to the terms that would accommodate our financial situation. I left him there at that man's house and told him I would get hold of him in the next couple of days to return his belongings to him.

I remember standing underneath a hedge at this man's house; it was kind of out of the way, and it provided shelter from the hot sun. I remember praying, *Thank you, Lord Jesus, for Your hedge of protection!*

The next day, I agreed to meet with him in the parking lot of a Denny's restaurant to return the things he had left behind. As I was waiting, I went in to use the restroom, and in the stall on top of the toilet paper holder there was an envelope. It said, "He 4 12," and I

thought to myself, *"That seems like a Bible verse.* It was! Hebrews 4:12 (NIV) says:

*For the word of God is alive and active. Sharper than any double-edged sword, it penetrates even to divide soul and spirit, joints and marrow; it judges the thoughts and attitudes of the heart.*

I was like, *Wow! I love it!* And I began sharing with my friends what had happened and about this verse I had found! I remember saying, "This is not the *usual* verse someone leaves behind, I mean, if they are going to evangelize, they would share John 3:16."

*For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life. (NIV)*

I knew the Lord was speaking to me! As I changed my prayer from "Please give me the perfect man" to, "Lord! You know me better than I know myself! I don't want to do anything without You! You already have the 'right man' chosen for me!"

It hadn't been but one day, and I was already praying for another man. But God, He knew my heart and He was about to do things—incredible things!

I began hearing from my sister Mandy in San Diego that I should move back to Cali, like my parents did. My mom had been sick and recently had had issues with her diabetes and many other illnesses. So, the contemplation began, but I was somewhat reluctant, for many reasons. I had recently moved back to the trailer, and Zephaniah and I, aside from the recent mishap with Peter, were very comfortable here. Besides, his friend Devon had been living with us since our stay at Deb's house, so I not only had to think about Zeph and I but now I also felt responsible for Devon. I thought maybe I could leave Devon and Zeph in charge of the trailer, but when I mentioned it, they did not seem interested. As a matter of fact, Zeph said he was "ready for change" and he would want to go with me to Cali. That week, my dad had called and mentioned he was having problems handling everything himself. He said that he was struggling with my sister Martha's workers not showing up to care for her. Martha was born with Microcephaly, a birth defect where a baby's head is smaller

than expected. Babies with Microcephaly often have smaller brains that might not have developed properly—thus, my sister was in need of long-term special care.

After speaking with my dad, I mentioned that I might be willing to move out and help him, and told him I would pray about it. And I did—and God answered! That night, as I laid down for the night, I prayed, *Lord! If You want me to go, You need to change my mind about this. I don't want to move back in with my parents; I don't want to leave this house that I have just put back together, and what about . . . and what if . . . !*

The next morning, I had barely opened my eyes and a memory was recalled to me: the memory was of my sister Martha at a dance class I had attended with her at the previous visit to Cali. I remember her with a great big smile on her face while she attempted to emulate her instructor. Her shoulders bounced up and down and up and down. Suddenly, a gushing feeling poured from my heart and tears began running down my face as I heard the Lord tell me to go and be a friend to my sister.

As I got out of bed, I quickly began the process of “getting things together” to move to California. One of the worries I had was going without having any health insurance, and I really had bad anxiety about going to a dentist. So, to resolve this issue, I figured the best thing to do would be to get dentures. In just a few short weeks, all the appointments were set, thanks to me urging my dentist by letting him know I would be moving to California in just three weeks. He rushed the process, and I had my beautiful new full upper and partial lower set of dentures in no time!

Aside from that, I had asked a family friend who had grown up in my home alongside of my son if he would like to stay in the trailer, rent free, though he would be responsible for the \$125 a month lot rental and the utility bill. He agreed, and with that, I was ready to begin packing stuff up for the move. Now, I really felt the Lord telling me to go with nothing; but with my ability to think rationally I figured He didn't really mean *nothing*. Slowly but surely, I began putting a little bit of this and a little bit of that together, including my new beautiful spaghetti strainer—like I was going to need that while living in my parents' home, lol. And, of course, because my son said he wanted to go, I most definitely was *not* going to leave him behind!

On August 18, 2019, Zephaniah and I got on the road and made it as far as Yuma, AZ, where we had planned on staying for the night. The next day we hit the road in our “move of compassion!”

Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 5

Moved by Compassion

*August 19, 2019*

As Zephaniah and I were pulling into Cali, we decided to go by Grossmont hospital, which is where my mom was in recovery following partial amputations of two of her toes and an emergency surgery to repair an issue with her heart. While visiting with her, she mentioned that she had finally gotten an “okay” from dad to get a kitten for Martha, after years of him refusing; and that the local animal shelter in Bonita, near their home, was having a FREE kitten give away!

Although it was not on my list of something fun to do, I obliged my mom’s wishes and took Martha to the shelter. Martha and I went over to the shelter, waited in line, did some paperwork, and then waited some more. It was already around 3 p.m. when we finally got our turn to view the kittens that were up for adoption. Everytime Martha and I

would agree on one, the lady that was helping us gave a reason why the kitten wouldn't be "a good fit." After a while, Martha and I looked at one another and agreed that we probably were not going home with a kitten that day, and we did not.

The weeks went on and Mom had spent much of that time in rehab. Dad was glad to have me here because it allowed him to get to work when he had work to do; Zephaniah seemed to be settling in just fine. Those first few weeks went pretty smoothly, as Zephaniah and I had the living and dining room space to ourselves after dinner until daybreak. At least, that was until Mom got home from rehab. My mom, dad, and Martha are all hard of hearing, but my mom likes—even "needs"—a lot of noise to rest. *Ugh.*

Here started the frustration; and as the days went, we all started feeling the pressures of living in such close quarters. I began praying and asking God, *Why would you let my JOY be taken from me!?* The more God and I talked, the more and more I *felt* Him; the more I *heard* Him. I said, *Lord! All my life I have been able to experience Joy! I've said for years, JOY stands for let Jesus Overcome You! It was my thing! My comfort in hard times! No matter what had been going on, I felt Joy!* And I knew that I had stepped out in obedience to him in moving there to help my family! I also knew that without a doubt, a blessing was attached to my obedience in faith to do what I felt the Lord calling me to do.

What I did not know and was not aware of was that the enemy was attacking me! Now, I knew the verses in the Bible that tell me about the enemy coming to kill, steal, and destroy; I just hadn't realized that it was happening in *my* life, to *me*; to me, it was "just life!" In John 10:10, Jesus says,

*The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full. (NIV)*

~

On October 15, 2019, my birthday, for the second time in my life, I spent the day at the hospital where I was born with my mom. A year later, I would write about this time in my journal that gives a good picture of what it was like:



*Just imagine! Mom and I are asleep in the living room, it is 3:00 in the morning, and you know that moment when your body begins to signal you to wake up? I think my ears woke up first! All of the sudden, I heard the TV (TBN which is always on, lol, and at 80% volume). I think it was T. D. Jakes sharing his love of the Lord; and the laptop was also basically in the same shared living room/dining room area—also full blast, with speakers attached. I cannot remember the song that was on but in my mind it seems like a very upbeat jazzy rendition of “When the saints go marching in.” I bounce up to sit at the foot of the couch to achieve maximum closeness to the fan blowing at my feet as I am at that tender age where crashing waves of heat roar throughout my body! Thank you Jesus I am alive! So by this time I am wide awake and go for my “now very much needed recompense” Hostess Ding Dong!*

*October 15, 2019*

*One year ago today! Approximately 3 a.m. I hear Mom saying . . . “Rona, Rona, oh Rona,” softly but repeatedly. Mom and I share the same name! And again my ears are the first to wake; my whole life I’ve been a very deep sleeper as I’m from a family of six and have always lived in close quarters, anyway, now! I try to stay attentive to Mom’s calling as I know that sometimes assistance is needed, so I heard her calling and sure enough my poor Momma was on the kitchen floor in a lot of pain. I went in to let Dad know and then I quickly grabbed a pillow for her head and rushed back to her side. Dad comes into the kitchen and says, “Well, Rona Lee, I didn’t mean it literally . . .” My dad had recently bought a sign that hangs above the stove; it says: “If you want breakfast in bed, sleep in the kitchen!” Despite the pain Mom was in, we all had a good laugh! Shortly thereafter, the ambulance arrived and let us know she would be taken to Sharp Mira Mesa because the other surrounding hospitals were not as equipped to handle this type of injury (broken hip) and my mom exclaimed, “That’s where you were born, my Rona!!!” And so, fitting as it seemed, she and I would be there the early morning of my birthday! Fun stuff, right?! This gave Mom another stay in rehab and Zephaniah and I a brief escape from the usual bustling about. Around and around we go . . .*

*Beginning of November Mom is home again and the house seems edgy. Then, out of the blue, we hear that the property that we are living at was recently sold and that we would need to be off the property for three days while they tent up the house, and fume it for termites. Boy, did this throw a wrench in where it seemed there were already enough “tools,” so to speak, floating around in midair! Dad, being faced with this new situation, felt trapped and that he had to move, right away! Dad had a more than generous deal with the previous owners and was fearful that the same agreement would not fly with the new guy. He insisted that we begin looking for a new place to live. I hadn’t been at my new job more than a couple of weeks and had no proof of income, not to mention my credit was atrocious at 510; I believe as result of the recent divorce and a former foreclosure. I went to the church we had been attending for prayer, asking that whatever God’s will was in the situation, Let it be! We had found an apartment that was just up the hill, with 3 bedrooms and 2 baths which was definitely an improvement to the situation but I would also be making an even bigger commitment of being tied down to residing with them long term and honestly didn’t believe that is what God had in mind. We were trying to get into this new apartment before Mom got out of rehab, and I thought we were going to be able to move in so I ran down and bought a Christmas tree. I wanted to set up the tree and leave a cane in the corner of the room, so that when Mom came in, she would see it like the scene from our favorite Christmas movie, Miracle on 34th Street. Well, we did not qualify as I had no proof of income and horrible credit. I was relieved and thankful that we did not qualify, but Dad was terrified . . . The day after Mom got out of rehab we had to rent 2 hotel rooms for 3 days to house all of us during the tenting. Dad ended up staying with Mom and Martha a total of 5 days at the hotel, as he really did not feel comfortable with the chemicals that were being used in the tenting. As a matter of fact, we (I) pretty much packed up the whole darn house and rented a storage unit to put stuff in during this time—Dad wanted all of the dishes and everything out of the house while it was being tented. I think we got back in the house in the middle of*

*December and as a tradition Martha and I began planning to make a cake for Jesus' birthday.*

*December 27, 2019 (my first wedding anniversary)*

*Mom fell in the middle of the night and broke her wrist: back on the carousel!*

About a month later, in early February, 2020, my dad had visited the nursing home to discuss with them that we felt it would be very difficult to have Mom come home in her condition, as she still would not be able to handle her own toiletry needs. They kept her a few more days, but let her come home on Valentine's Day. Dad and I were not really sure we were happy about this, until a couple days later, when the whole world went into a Coronavirus pandemic lockdown! This is when Zephaniah and I begin to plan moving him back to Deming in April of 2020.

Driving from the storage unit one day, after dropping some of my extra belongings off there, I remembered God saying not to bring anything with me, and sighed. I figured, though, since I was helping to pay for the unit, I may as well empty out my van; good thing I did! As I was driving up the hill, my van stopped! It had done that once before, recently. I just didn't think anything of it. Thankfully, I was able to pull into the turning lane, put it in park, and turned it right back on! When I got back to the house, I let my Dad know what had happened and before I knew it, I was sitting pretty in my brand "new" used car! My dad co-signed for me and God found me a really good deal! No money down, and only \$167.00 a month! God had provided me with this new car just before the shut-down and lay-offs.

Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 6

Mothering A Movement

*Mothering a Movement* was a prophetic word given in August of 2020 by Lana Vawser. In the beginning of August, I got a Facebook message with a link to this video of Lana, from a dear friend I had not talked to in years! She said to me, “Rona, I was driving to work and heard this word and God told me to share it with you!” After viewing this video, I was exhilarated!

I identified with the whole message. The most affirming word was hearing Lana say, “You know that you know that you know!”

I had never before heard a spoken Word like this! For the past few weeks, whenever I talked to friends or family, I remember saying, “I know that I know that I know God is about to do something big!” There was no doubt in my mind; and I remember sitting out on the porch talking with God and saying, “Come on Lord, I’m ready! I’m ready,” ready for the blessing I know you promised me for stepping out in obedience to the call to help my family. In that moment, He asked me three questions:

1. Will you work diligently?
2. Will you be bold?
3. Will you speak wherever I send you?

I said, “Yes, Yes, Yes!”

Lana’s Word so resonated in my heart with what I felt the Lord telling me! It seemed as if the Holy Spirit filled me and began making some necessary growth happen. This movement was so new to me, but I was so hungry to hear God! I was so ready to only move when He moved! I was at a crucial juncture: *Testing, testing, 1, 2, testing.*

One day, I had gone with my son to pick up a pizza for lunch at Dominos. I was really really hungry and in a hurry because I just wanted to get my pizza, go home, eat, and get ready for work. As I pulled up to Dominos, I noticed a flower shop directly in front of me and the Spirit spoke to me and said, “go buy two bouquets of flowers.” I literally said out loud, “You’re kidding me! I just want to go and get my pizza, I’m hungry! So I went in, grabbed my pizza, threw it on the dash of the car and put my car into drive. Again! I heard the Spirit speak to me about going and buying two bouquets of flowers. At that time, I began a dialog with the Lord, *Why two bouquets?* I settled my “human

spirit” by believing I was to purchase one bouquet for my mom and one bouquet for my sister. In my human nature, it brought a smile to my face, thinking that I would be giving each of them flowers; so I said *ok*, and went over to the flower stand, purchased two bouquets, and jumped back in the car, ready to go!

The Spirit then led me to notice the young lady in the car to the left of me. I noticed whomever she was with exited their vehicle and left her sitting there, alone. The Spirit then asked me to give one of the bouquets to the lady in the car next me; I again began a discussion with God on whether or not it was His desire for me to do that. I mean, why would I just give away a bouquet of flowers to a complete stranger that I had just bought for one of my own family members? I looked over at her, rolled down my window, caught her attention by extending the flowers toward her, and announced, “I don't know why, but for some reason I am supposed to give you these flowers!” The smile on her face burned such a peace in my heart through the whole day.

That same day, as I was driving to work, I remember wondering, *Did I really hear God ask me to do that? Am I really hearing from God?* So, I cried out, asking God for a sign whether or not I was doing what He wanted me to do. *Am I on the path, God?* Immediately He answered me by showing 555 on my odometer which was at 197,555 miles on my van and then I looked up to notice 55 (the speed limit sign) on the side of the road. I believed it was a clear sign; although I had no idea what He meant by it! I remember saying, “*Five fives! But what does it mean?!*”

Over the next couple of weeks I began studying the significance of the number five in the Bible. Five In the Bible references God's Grace and it says that five times itself references a double portion of God's grace! I ran with it! I was so moved that He was sharing His loving grace with me!

The Movement of His Spirit was definitely evident, and on August 19, 2020, God told me “Go Now.” That day, I had plans to go swimming at a girlfriend's house, and it didn't take long for Zephaniah and I to get everything loaded back up (like we'd had loaded before, in April), so I decided to go along with my plan.

As soon as we arrived at Charity's, on the way up to her place, Zephaniah's flip flop broke. I had told him a few months earlier that when it was time to get new ones I wanted to take him to get some at

the Encinitas Surf Shop, as he had found some there on our last visit with his Uncle Robert. I kinda hemmed and hawed about it, as I really did not have very much money and it was going to be a little out of the way. I settled on doing it anyway and after we spent a couple of hours at the pool, we headed off that direction.

Zephaniah took a minute and found a pair he liked. They were OluKai Ohana and had a tag with Proverbs 16:9 on it:

*In their hearts humans plan their course, but the Lord establishes their steps. (NIV)*

It was a sign! I knew God was letting me know that I heard Him correctly! Both in April 2019 when He told me NOT to go, and today as He told me, “Go Now!” He was MOVING me!

I mentioned previously that our intentions were to move Zephaniah back to Deming. Our short term plans were that he would stay in the shed at the other end of the porch at his grandmother’s trailer, instead of having him in the home with the tenants, my ex-boyfriend’s sister and her boyfriend, who I had asked to stay there in order to take care of the property. The plan would be for him to be there for a few weeks before moving to Albuquerque, NM, with a friend of his as soon as that friend got his own place.

Two days after being there, as I began setting up his room in the shed, all of the sudden Alice started saying that her boyfriend—who was in jail at the time—was jealous of my son moving in and that she did not think it was a good idea. At that point, my nerves were on end and I told her she would have forty-five days to get out, which was per our written agreement. She asked to please be able to live there, explaining the exorbitant amount they would have to spend on weekly hotel rates, and I hesitated, I really did! I remembered spending three months getting her mom out of the place in July, 2018, so I felt bad and gave in, giving her at least that amount of time to get out.

But immediately afterwards, I felt betrayed and lied to and frustrated! So, I hired a process server to demand she move out within forty-five days. During this time, my son told his dad what was going on, and Mike called me to tell, “That trailer isn’t even yours, Rona! It’s my mom’s first, and mine, second.” I was, like, *Um, ok, I have spent*

*the last seven years maintaining the property and dealing with having tenants come and go.*

Upon having this news, and having it start to sink in, I felt a sense of relief! The next time there was an issue with Alice, I would simply let Mike know and tell him to handle it—*ahhhh*. Ok, well that handled that; but Zephaniah still needed a place to stay. He knew where he wanted to stay—with his friends—so I approached their mom, Lisa, and explained what was going on, and let her know that *prayerfully* the trailer would be available for Zephaniah in forty-five days. Lisa reluctantly allowed him to stay, but she did with an agreement of a very small monthly payment. I was able to continue that payment for about six months; but then with Covid issues and other circumstances, I fell off on my ability to pay. I am praising God still, to this day, that she had allowed Zephaniah to stay in her home as long as she did.

So, by now I am getting pretty aware of when the enemy attacks, and I recognized that whole situation as such. The day before I was going to leave to go back to San Diego, my son called me about 8 a.m. and asked me to spend the day with him. He was uneasy and filled with anxiety, and I thought he had been behaving this way due to the fact that I would be leaving the next day. I let him know that if he still had anxiety about it the next day, I would stay an extra day! I prayed with him and consoled him the best I could.

Later that day, around 6 p.m., he said to me, “Mom, [so and so] asked me if I wanted to try acid.” As soon as he told me this, I felt his anxiety melt away! *Aha!* The real reason for the anxiety was uncovered. We discussed both scenarios; that as a young adult, he had choices to make on his own. If he did decide to take it, he was to call me and let me know, although of course the majority of the conversation was pointing him to the possibilities of brain damage, addiction, a bad trip, etc. He told me later that day, “I told my friend, nah man, not this time.” Oh, thank God! So, as my mind was now swimming with all kinds of thoughts about leaving my baby behind to deal with all this “new” on his own, it comforted me to know that he would be in a household with three other boys his same age and a mom that at least had some oversight to the goings-on in the home. All I could do was pray, and place my trust in God to guide him and protect him as I knew Zephaniah knew Jesus as his Lord and Savoir!

Whew, got my son's move done! Now it was time for me to get back on the road! Heading back home—well, kind of . . .

Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 7

And—Action!

Now, cut back to the scene where I left off earlier:

*“I knew that once I returned from New Mexico to San Diego I would need to find a place to stay for at least two weeks, as we were under the CoronaVirus Pandemic quarantine guidelines, and especially with my elderly parents and the state of my mom's health, I couldn't stay with them. So, upon my return I went to Moonlight beach. I reached Moonlight at 9 a.m. As soon as I got there, I began to pray and worship, as I knew that the Lord was about to answer my prayers for a clean, safe place, near the ocean with a private bedroom and bathroom and a nice yard area where I would be able to worship and study His Word!”*

This beautiful home—wow! My friend's home seemed the perfect answer to my prayer! I was feeling so blessed. I was feeling like, finally, finally, God was moving on my behalf! When I went to Michael's, I let him know that I was hoping to be able to stay fourteen to forty-five days, and that I didn't have very much money. He explained to me the “going rate” for the room and use of household amenities was listed as \$1,100 a month. I let him know the best I could do was \$100 a week.



Just a short while later he looked at me and said, “How about this much?” holding his hand up in the shape of a ZERO! I couldn’t believe it! He was going to allow me to stay for nothing!

Wow! God! Wow! I insisted on paying \$100 a week and so every Monday I would bring him \$100. The schedule I kept once my “quarantine” period was over was as follows: Monday through Thursday, I stayed in Oceanside; and Friday through Sunday, I stayed in Bonita. This arrangement allowed me to help out with my mom and sister during the day. Then on weekends, I worked as a server from 3 p.m. to around 9 p.m.-ish. I kept this schedule off and on, as the restaurant closed and reopened according to the shutdown rules, and since there was a very limited staff needed, my hours were down to near nil. I worked there until just after Thanksgiving 2020.

Over the next five months, I experienced a filling from the Holy Spirit. His Word was most definitely alive and active! As stated at the start of this story, this is when He gave me supernatural wisdom to prepare “tHe trActs.”

*Definition of a tract: A tract is a literary work and, in current usage, usually religious in nature. The notion of what constitutes a tract has changed over time. By the early part of the 21st century, a tract referred to a brief pamphlet used for religious and political purposes, though far more often the former.<sup>2</sup>*

God spoke again, giving me instruction as to the dimensions of the tracts. He instructed me to prepare each panel in the shape of a cross and the panel sizes were to be 5 cm high and 10 cm wide except for the two winged panels which were to be 5 cm high but only 7 cm wide. I had made a makeshift, handmade example to take around to numerous printers to see how it would be possible to have these made. I visited one in Oceanside who was very excited about the design and even had asked for permission to take pictures of it. Unfortunately, the quote they gave me was far too high.

In a conversation with my dad about hunting around for a printer, he had suggested two that he knew of, one was in La Mesa and seemed fairly nearby, so I tried there first; but they said they really had no idea how to even accomplish making the design. The other was

<sup>2</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tract\\_\(literature\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tract_(literature))

a very high-end commercial printer in downtown San Diego, and even though I didn't think they were the right fit, I trotted right on down and into their shipping and receiving area—as, due to the Covid lockdown, the retail shop above was not open to the public. The man there was very patient with me as I went on and on about how God had given me this big idea. He described to me the machines that would be necessary to make a sample cut of my design and let me know of a place that would be able to at least give me a quote on it—L&L Printers in Carlsbad, CA. I jumped on the freeway toward L&L Printing and made a phone call to see if they were even seeing customers at this time. I let them know they came highly recommended by the company I had just spoken with, and apparently throwing that name around gave me a little clout. L&L Printers has a huge, beautiful location, and this printer also seemed to be a bit over-the-top for what I was doing.

Nevertheless, they treated me very well. Dan, my host, led me into the conference room where there was this huge fifteen-foot table, with oversized, high-backed plush leather seating. I have to admit, I felt a little out of place. Thankfully, the Holy Spirit had led me to pull over on the side of the road en route, to change out of my sweats that I had slept in the night before, and brush my hair.

In this first meeting with Dan, I rambled off the project details for printing the tracts, but I also shared my passion for Jesus. I felt the Spirit leading me to share, “He gave me the instructions for the tracts in the same way He gave Noah instructions for the Ark!” I was so sure of this, as I had been given signs that are attributed to this statement, as well as the discernment of knowing His voice!

And so the process began. Over the next seven weeks and five days (7—God, and 5—Grace!), I would go in and meet with Dan at least once a week to see the prototype that had been worked up by the architect of the die cut stamp. Each time, I had to repeat myself, “God gave me the measurements for each panel, and they are not to lose any measurement as it folds up; the loss needs to be taken from the scoreline.” Dan continued to respond, “I am being told that that would be IMPOSSIBLE.”

One morning, I was feeling so frustrated that this process was taking so long (we are now at the beginning of November), and I had plans to take samples of the tracts to Colorado to present to a company called God's Glory Box. I was hoping to be able to initiate a

contract for the tracts to go into their subscribers' monthly box. God's Glory Box had over 10,000 monthly subscribers; I was already familiar with them because just a few years prior, my ex-boyfriend and I had contracted with them to have two products in their 2019 boxes. We were now in 2020, and the contracts were finally being fulfilled. We were scheduled to have delivery December 1, 2020, and here it was, at the end of the month of October, and the prototypes weren't even done!

~

It was October 20, 2020 (my kiddo's twentieth birthday!), when I sat down to try to figure out how in the world I was going to make a mockup with exact measurements that would help end the confusion. So I sat down at the dining room table with a cup of coffee, a pen, and paper. Thank goodness my dad came over to see what I was up to and lent me his expertise! I contacted Dan with the following note: "I was blessed with the ability to sit down with my dad who is a seasoned contractor and has many years experience with drawing up blueprints. Here is the blueprint he helped format." With this new drawing, I felt led to go directly to the company creating the die cut stamp. Once there, I approached boldly, stating that, "I think something is getting lost in the communication between what I have said to Dan and how he is relating the information to you." Thinking maybe he had left out my clear mandate, I explained, "God gave me the measurements for each panel and they are not to lose any measurement as it folds up; the loss needs to be taken from the scoreline." And yet again I was told, "That is IMPOSSIBLE." I looked the guy straight in the eye and said with confidence, "**My God would not ask me to do something that is impossible**, for *all* things are possible."

*Jesus looked at them and said, "With man this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." (Matthew 19:26, NIV)*

With that he scratched his head and said, "You need a double scoreline, let me try something." He marched off to the other room. He spent about forty-five minutes making a sample to bring out to me. During that time God impressed on me that a "double scoreline" looks like an equal sign and that having this attribute was exactly what He wanted! He said to me: *the price of sin has been paid in full!*

Sin + Jesus' death on the Cross = PAID!

*For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Romans 6:23, KJV)*

I had just gotten this revelation when he came back in with exactly what God had asked for! Needless to say, I was elated! I took that sample and drove right on over to L&L Printing to share it with Dan. I was so excited to show him that it WAS POSSIBLE! A few days later, I related it to him in this email:

*"After relaying the same information to the guy at the die cutting shop, it took forty-five minutes with them and we got it done correctly. It WAS POSSIBLE. And it did get done according to God's specified design. Now, you can call me crazy for saying God spoke to me; but I am glad to say, you can no longer say that what God gave me to do is impossible." With God all things are possible!*

*Jesus looked at them and said, "With man this is impossible, but not with God; all things are possible with God." (Mark 10:27, NIV)*

The next day, October 21, 2020: Finally! Time to take it to print!

## Moved by Compassion Chapter 8

### On The Move

Sometime in October, I was discussing with Michael that I really wanted to go to Deming to see my kid and that I would probably be

delivering tHe trActs around along the way. Michael looked at me and announced, “I feel God telling me to be your provision. Plan a road trip with places that you want to go and I will pay the way. As long as you are okay with it if there is a roadside attraction that I want to see, that you won’t mind the sidetracking . . .”

Oh my goodness!!! Lord! It’s a miracle, another miracle! Not only have I been living near the beach with a private bed, private bath, a beautiful backyard with green green grass and fence-lined with beds of roses, I was now being offered this trip! For *free*! Now I had all expenses paid for traveling!

~

*It was at this moment that I recognized that the theme for my book-in-progress, Moved by Compassion, which I thought was a story of God changing **my** heart and filling it with compassion for my family, was in reality the Grace of God moving, revealing Himself to me and sharing His Love and Compassion for me!*

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November 9, 2020, it was receiving time—finally! I was able to pick up 300 of the long-awaited tracts from the printer just in time to hit the road! This was only a partial amount of the order but because of the die cut process taking so long there was no way for them to fulfill the whole order.

We hit the road! Over the next three weeks, we traveled here and there, leaving tHe trActs everywhere God led me to, planting seeds at parks, beaches, churches, bathroom stalls, etc. Michael took me to Maricopa, Sedona, Phoenix, and Tucson, Arizona; Deming, Hatch, Truth or Consequences, and Carlsbad, New Mexico—just to name a few! In Sedona, I had a vision of angels flying in a tight-knit formation over the mountains. Their flight was in a horizontal position, although not in motion; it was more like a hovering presence over Sedona. This was only the second time I had ever seen a vision that I could remember. I remember feeling that God had shown me this as a sign of His protection over the area that I was in, so I quickly praised Him for His continued protection, as we were also still in the middle of the Covid pandemic. I remember being curious about this vision. *Did it really happen? Was I just “making this stuff up?”* Then, God affirmed what I had seen! Just twenty minutes later, Michael posted on Facebook that “God’s Angels were watching over Rona!” He had not

been in the room with me at the time of the vision, and had remained absent for about an hour.

*I do not know how to explain the feeling of getting movement like this from God. I really wish that I could find “just the right words” that would speak to y’all but there just aren’t any. It is an experience you should seek God for.*

I already knew that I would love Sedona as I had heard from my dad and my pastor of the majestic lure of the mountains. They appeared to breathe new life into the surrounding city! I hurried Michael over to a little market and art gallery called Tlaquepaque, which my dad had encouraged me to visit, as it was his favorite place to go while in Sedona. With just one sip of a mocha latte on the cobblestone patio, I, too, was captivated by its serene atmosphere.

One of Michael’s side trips was to go to Devil’s Bridge in Sedona. We got to the parking area of the trail somewhere around 3:00 p.m. and spent the next two hours walking toward our destination, with me stopping every two steps in an attempt to capture the pure beauty around me. The way back only took about seventy-five minutes, as we hurried to beat the quickly setting sun!

Exhausted from the day, we headed back in for the night. While in Sedona, we gave a “two thumbs up” and five star review for our favorite of favorites for dinner, Tortas De Fuego! From authentic decor to delicious desserts, our memories of the restaurant carry on as a must-do-again! I visited the famous Chapel of the Holy Cross and admired its stunning architecture. The interior of the church displayed an enormous depiction of Christ on the cross. At the full height of the cross’s structure, branches of a leaf-lined tree came bursting outward. To me, it was a reflection of new life from His death on the cross. I spent about thirty minutes inside and used this opportunity to share the trActs with many fellow tourists there. This was unlike quite a few of the churches I had visited, which had all had a sign on the door about being closed during the pandemic. Since I was in Sedona on a Sunday, and the Masters Bible Church was still holding services, I decided to attend service there.

*Google description of the Chapel of the Holy Cross:*

*“The Chapel of the Holy Cross is one of the most magnificent sites in all of Sedona. This Roman Catholic chapel was built on a spur of rock that rises 200 feet (60 meters) off the ground. A breathtaking 90-foot (27-meter) cross cuts down the center of the chapel and looks like it has been wedged into the rock<sup>3</sup>.”*

And off to the next location! I planned to stop in Tucson to meet up with a Facebook friend, Olivia, a fellow sister and encourager in Christ. This lady—let me tell ya! Her continued posts of her love for Jesus and encouragement of the Hope found in Him led me straight to her! I could not wait to share *tHe believer’s trAct* with her, as they were made to encourage the hearts of believers (in contrast to the tracts meant for the undecided). These carry the message that living life well-centered in Christ produces the fruits of the Spirit within us and leads us to be hungry, ready, and anointed to share Jesus with the world! I met her at a park near the zoo; with just a quick hello and a prayer, I handed off of tHe trActs to her, and I was back on the road!

Yea—we were nearing Deming! I was gonna get to see my baby! It hadn’t been too long—only what, six weeks? But that felt plenty long. When Michael and I got to Deming, he pretty much just kicked back in the room while I borrowed my friend Amber’s truck and got myself around. My son and I planned on reconnecting the next day, so in the meantime, I headed to Pit Park, where I passed out some tracts and spread the goodness of the Lord with whomever would listen! My friend John came and hung out with me at Pit Park, and we spent almost two hours talking about our mutual friend, JESUS!

The next morning, as my eyes were creaking open, I had another vision, or, I wondered, *was I recalling a dream?* I wasn’t really sure, but I heard the Lord say to me, “It’s a Net Rona.” As I sat on the edge of the bed, I remember shaking my head “yes” and saying, “ok, a Net.” I got up and went straight to the coffee maker, which by the way, is my usual routine (coffee coffee coffee coffee!). Anyway, He began saying to me, “I am going to use you to build a net of believers to stand united against the forces of darkness.” I was like, *Woah! Ok!*

Well, I went about my morning enjoying my coffee and felt an urge to go walk around the parking lot. As I did, I looked up and

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<sup>3</sup> <https://chapeloftheholycross.com/>

noticed a basketball hoop, and God said to me, “A Net Rona!” Now, this basketball hoop was next to a dumpster, but obviously was not trash—it looked brand new! Yet, it had been placed in between parked cars and had little-to-no-room for anyone to be able to toss a ball and “net it.” Whoa—again! I had gotten affirmation within twenty minutes of what I heard God say, just like with the angel vision. Almost unbelievable, but I did; I *did* believe Him!!!

That day, I picked my kiddo up and spent some time with him, sharing all these miraculous things that were happening to me!

The days came and went; and then it was time to go on to our next stop: Carlsbad, NM. Michael had wanted to go to the Carlsbad Caverns, so we added this spot to our travels. I remembered that the previous year, 2019, I had attended the Grace and Power Women’s Conference there and felt led to share the trActs with them, too. From there, Michael and I kind of just boogied on back to beautiful Oceanside, CA.

~

When I got back to my parents’, I remember standing perplexed in front of my mom as she was laying on the couch, looking her straight in the eye, and saying, “Mom, I just don’t understand why God gave me five 5s!” I mean, He could have just as easily given me a billboard with a “thumbs up” or a “Just keep going” memo—why the numbers? Suddenly, In my spirit, I felt an epiphany and heard God say to me, “My sweet Rona! This day has been planned since before the earth was even formed! It is your birthday!” The realization that we arrived exactly on my birthday stunned me; I thought to myself, *And here I go again—tears! Man, oh, man! I just CANNOT MAKE THIS STUFF UP! Ok, Rona—talking to myself here—just breathe! Can you IMAGINE!?! This CHANGES EVERYTHING!*



Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 9

This Changes Everything

Yes, God had just completely rocked my world!

***“My sweet Rona! This day has been planned since before the earth was even formed! It is your birthday!”***

Calculations ran through my mind: Okay y’all, my birthday is October 15th—the 15th day of the 10th month. And I saw my 5s: three 5s on my odometer, which is 3 times 5, which equals the “15;” and with two 5s on the side of the road, that equals the “10!” It sure was pointing to my birthdate! *Wait! What!? Since before the earth was even formed! What? Huh? How?* I don’t know; I still don’t have all the answers, of course. But I do know, that I know, that I know—God told me this!!! I was already blown away by the moving of the Holy Spirit; I was already in awe of the miraculous provisions! This was October; but fast-forwarding to yet another God story explains “the change” the best. Up to this point, when I shared my testimony with those around me, it had been about what *I* had to say; God was teaching me to speak what *He* wanted to say. And it took two eighty-year-olds to do it!

I had already been sharing my experience of God with everyone, everywhere! On April 17, a Saturday, I was out running some errands preparing for a trip to Longview, Texas. While I was at Office Depot in line for the business center I struck up a couple conversations with the people in line, and listened as the gentleman in front of me and the gentleman behind me conversed.

During this time I had prayed, asking God how I could share my story with them. The gentleman in front of me suddenly announced that he had somewhere else to be and that he could not wait in line any longer; that left “Dennis” (not his real name) and me alone to talk. I knew I wanted to share my testimony with him so I began with, “I am from a family of six, but really a family of seven, because my oldest brother I have never met—he was given up for adoption.” With just those twenty-seven words, God had spoken to him through me. You

see, the difference here—“the change”—was that instead of me talking, I had asked *God* to speak! My story did not change, but my approach sure did! I had never brought up my eldest brother before when sharing my testimony. I did not want this man to hear words that mattered to *me*, I wanted him to hear words he needed to hear. And did he ever!

Earlier in the conversation I had professed my faith in God, and I said to him, “I would like to share with you my testimony.” While I was talking, he took a picture from his wallet and proudly announced, “This is my wife,”—I believe he said this is my “Gracie”—but at the time, I was so excited about the opportunity to share my story with him, the name did not hit me until the next day.

Dennis instantly began walking slowly and moved himself into an aisle, looked at me with quite an odd look and said to me, “I need to tell you a secret my wife has had. I told her I would never tell anyone; but you don’t know me and we will probably never see each other again.” He explained, “I was in my thirties when we met, and she is six years older—she’s my cougar,” he said, with a twinkle in his eye. He proceeded to tell me that through a series of events, somehow he began noticing his wife having somewhat regular phone calls from someone he did not know. He began to tear up as he shared with me that after fifty years together he found out that she had had a child before they met; he was so mad at her for keeping the secret. At that time Dennis took a moment to let me know he also believes in God but that his wife does not. We were interrupted briefly to tell the clerks what we needed done, but immediately after, I began to share, saying, “Please listen! And give it a chance, as it may seem a bit obscure. I was driving down the road one day . . .” and I told him about the 5s and that the number 5 in the Bible stands for *grace*!” with that he could hardly take anymore! He began crying, shaking his head and repeating over and over, “Grace, Grace, Grace!”

The conversation ended with prayer and I felt led to share with him a “Believer’s Tract” as well as a “Back on Tract” for his wife. The “Back on Tract” was written to share Jesus with those who are living life unaware of and undecided about the love Jesus has for them.

The very next day, April 18, 2021, shortly after coming home from church, my dad asked me to sit down and got my mom’s attention to let her know that he had something that he wanted to share with us.

He said, “I am praising God today, because yesterday I had a big burden lifted off of me!”

Now, before I go on, I'd like to share with you that it was my story of the man at the store that lifted his burden. My dad went on to share that he had no idea that I had known about my brother, which I learned about from my mom some years earlier, and that for all these years he had felt burdened by this secret!

I like to jokingly say that that day I helped two eighty-year-old men. I know it was NOT ME. I know who my helper is! At the moment of this “change” is where there became such a deep desire to surrender all to Jesus! It was actually a little scary at first; I was fearful of “making the wrong move, doing the wrong thing.” I noticed quickly that this was a reverential fear, and in the same moment I found it freeing that God already knew all my fears! This is such a new way of moving through life: continually remaining in Him for guidance and comfort.

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You're home! Just a quick mention of my trip to Longview. Do you remember me mentioning planning on leaving April 19, 2020? I had planned to take Zephaniah back to New Mexico—and God had said, “Don't go!” Well, a year later, on April 19, 2021, I left Bonita to first pick Zephaniah up from New Mexico and then head to Longview, Texas—another one-year-to-the-date trip! While in Longview, I heard the Holy Spirit speak to me: “You're home.” My first response was, “I do not live in Texas!”

This moves me on to my next bit of testimony. Back in 2019, God had shared with me that He did not want me dating anyone! He said to me, “When you are with someone your focus is not on Me.” Fast-forward to December, 2020, and I was still living at Michael's, near the beach in Oceanside, CA. I was just his housemate; I had been praising God that there had not been any sexual advances made towards me. That year, Michael had planned a super duper fun trip to the desert for New Year's Eve. We each had our separate rooms near the dunes in Glamis, CA, and the plans were for a five-day get-away! It was the perfect little staycation to kick off the year.

On that December 30, there was a light rain outside and I was on my way from Bonita to Clairemont to meet Michael at a Riders

Supply warehouse, as I needed to get some protective gear for the upcoming trip. As I was driving up the highway and passing a bridge, I noticed a semi-truck that said, “Jesus Christ is Lord! King of Kings! Lord of Lords!” And there was this big, beautiful, double rainbow over it! I felt the Lord prompting me to pull over and get a picture! But, it was raining and I felt that it might make me late to meet Michael—I do NOT like to be late anywhere. So I kept going; yet again and again I felt that the Lord was asking me to pull over. And yet again, as I passed by the truck, I had an urging to turn around. Well, I didn’t.

I got there on time and Michael was standing there watching me park, so it was obvious he had gotten there before me. As soon as we walked in, he instructed me to go pick out a pair of riding gloves, which I did; but for some reason he wasn’t happy with my selection. He stated that there are over a hundred pairs to choose from and to go and find a pair I want. I said, I *did* . . . and from there we continually bickered throughout the store. We just couldn’t seem to get “on the same page” at all. We left with the items we somehow agreed upon and headed back to the house to pack up for the New Year’s trip.

At 3 a.m., God woke me up, and He said, “Pack everything up.” I was like, *Ok, everything? Do you mean everything that I need for the trip?* And He said, “No, I mean everything!” So by 5 a.m. I had everything in my car. I saw Michael sitting in his office, and I asked him what time he wanted to leave. I do not remember the exact answer but it had nothing to do with a time to go. Again, we seemed to be having trouble communicating and I felt the Lord tell me to give him back the key to his house, and go. With that, I said, “Michael, thank you so very much! You have been more than kind, but I believe God is telling me to go now.” And off I went, somewhat reluctantly, back to my parents’ home.

Again: I know, that I know, that I know God was disciplining me for not listening to Him about taking the picture. Of course, I have no room to complain, as it truly was an answer to prayer to have a beautiful place to stay for five months! It was only by His Grace and Mercy! I did not take this revelation lightly! I took it to heart! I thanked God for allowing me to become aware of His hand in discipline.

Moved by Compassion  
Chapter 10

The Oregon Trail

It was June 18, 2021, and I woke to my dad sitting in his rocking chair next to me. I could tell that he was eagerly waiting for me to open my eyes. I glanced over and said a good morning, and the next thing I knew he was saying something . . . I prefer an hour and two cups of coffee before hearing anyone speak to me in the morning. Even so, I heard him say, “I would like to take your mom and Martha to Oregon in August.” I said, “Ok, have fun with that!” And I got up and headed into the kitchen for coffee.

Once my day got started, I was off to Bonita Nails to get my nails done, and on the way I remember being prompted to pray about what my Dad had said earlier. “Lord, I will know that you want me to help my family go to Oregon in August if I receive my back pay from unemployment today.” I had been expecting to either receive it or be notified that it was denied. At 11 p.m. that night I began hearing my phone notification sound over and over and over again so I got up to see what it was. He had ANSWERED MY PRAYER! I kept receiving texts from the EDD (Employment Development Department) that a deposit had been made! I was in shock! My mom was in the living room so I shared with her, “I know that I know that I know God wants us to go to Oregon in August!”

Now, the next morning I was the one who was eager to talk to my dad! We have a ton of family in Oregon; so as soon as I knew we were going, a family reunion began working itself together! Over the next few months I began praying and planning on how to actually get this trip accomplished. At that point, it seemed I would be going with

my dad, mom, and my sister, Martha. My dad, who, as he likes to say, “is in his eightieth year,” is slowing down and needs a very regular meal schedule and special diet. My mom had been ordered to stay off her foot, as she had been dealing with a recurring foot ulcer for the past year, even though through prayer God had already healed it four times! So there was that miracle, along with her dealing with diabetes and a slew of other health issues. And finally, there was my sister, Martha Love, who was born with Microcephaly. Martha at the time was forty-seven years old but she functioned socially as would someone between nine and fourteen years old. So in order to travel under these circumstances I decided on about a four-day travel time, up and back, and that we would stay in Salem five nights.

My notes looked something like this:

Prayerful Itinerary: August 2021

Day 1: Fresno (5 hours 25 minutes) \$150 **Update FREE**

Day 2: Red Bluff/Anderson, CA (4 hours 24 minutes) - (To see Martha's Donkey :) \$200

Day 3: Medford (2 hours 49 minutes) \$200 **Update FREE**

Day 4-9: Salem (3 hours 42 minutes) 5-day stay \$700

Update: Sadly, Martha's Donkey is no longer there :(

I felt led to set up a GoFundMe account for the trip; my goal was \$1,500. See, no one knew but me that I had the money for the above itinerary but NOT any money to get back! So as the days progressed I pushed forward, knowing that God answered my prayer and He had NOT changed His mind. Remember I mentioned feeling prompted to pray about whether or not to make this trip? I want you to know that I was also prompted *not* to say it out loud! I prayed that little prayer silently so that the enemy could not have any part of it! This gave me the steadfast confidence of continuing on even when it looked like the whole plan was falling apart! God had me reconnect with a couple junior high and high school friends when I returned to my old stomping grounds, and Diane was one of them. We had reconnected six months prior, in December of 2020, and began hanging out, walking and tossing around a volleyball for exercise. Now, I heard, “Ask Diane if she will go with you to help—she is available, able and capable.” At that time, Diane was a live-in caregiver for a ninety-year-old man who

had cancer, providing care for him in-home and taking him to and from doctors' appointments. So, *voila!* She would definitely be a huge help with my parents! To my amazement, she also was an assistant teacher with the developmentally disabled! *Aaaaand*—due to an unfortunate/fortunate accident, she had fallen and injured her wrist so badly that she was no longer able to meet the requirements of her current live-in position, which left her with no job and no place to live! While the injury most definitely was not fortunate, she had been feeling stuck in the position of taking care of this man and had been contemplating moving, continuing her schooling, and finding a new job.

When I got home that day I shared the information with my dad about asking Diane to help, and he thought that it was a great idea! I could tell at that point that my Dad was wavering on the whole idea of even going and kept saying stuff like, “Yeah, having Diane go would be great—maybe just you girls should go.” Sure enough, come the first week of August my dad decided that he was not going because of the California wildfires, Covid, and many other concerns, and at one point even said to me and others in the family that he did not want Mom or Martha going either!

This is where the need to remain steadfast and confident that God does NOT change His mind; to keep the faith—crazy faith—even when it looked like the whole plan was falling apart! Remember also that it was my Dad's idea for the trip in the first place. Here is where the warfare really picked up, because I posted on Facebook the GoFundMe link and said, “Even though in the earthly realm it looks like the trip isn't going to happen, I believe that because my prayer was so specific and God answered it, I believe what God said and He said YES!” The prayer involved three details: I'd be helping my **family** go to **Oregon** In **August**. So if any of this was untrue the prayer would not have been answered.

With that, I knew at least one of them would be going, and I told my dad I'm not about to go to Oregon and not take Martha; it would break her heart. Because of this post, a “family feud” broke out, as I was being ridiculed and called a fraud for collecting money even though it appeared that the rest of the family would not be going. I received a text message saying, “I want you to know I am ashamed of you continuing to collect money for a trip you know is not going to happen. Dad will not change his mind and is very adamant that he is

not going. I don't see that *miracle* happening. Mom and Martha will not be going, Dad has told me that himself.” By the evening of August 9, I was able to respond that Dad had changed his mind and was allowing Mom and Martha to go and that God did work a *miracle*! Unfortunately, this family member did not recognize the miracle and instead has since refused to have any communication with any of us.

Now, knowing that the trip was still on, Diane and I began sitting down over dinner to discuss the needs and the best way to handle it all. We decided that taking two cars would work out best because of luggage and needing to bring the wheel chair and a walker for Mom. We would also be getting two rooms per night: Diane would stay with my Mom, and I would stay with Martha. So now, my cost had doubled, with twice the gas and twice the hotel cost!

One day, Diane asked if I would drive her car for her while she DoorDashed because it was difficult to do all day as she was still in physical therapy for her hand. While riding with her, I was excited about learning how DoorDash worked. I applied for DoorDash but was told their market was full and not hiring, so I ended up applying for Grubhub. Over the next two weeks, I worked as much as I could to get funding for the trip, and I was able to make about twelve hundred dollars; but with that and the donations, I only had enough to get there and for the five day stay in Salem . . . BUT GOD SAID, “Go Anyway!”

Over the last month, I had been talking a lot to my brother Robert, who lived in Jervis, Oregon, and in the course of our conversations, he shared with me that his oldest son, Alexander, had been displaced from his living situation and was not able to find a place to stay in Oregon, so he would be moving to Midlothian, Texas, on July 30. I thought nothing of it then, but soon would see how unbelievably this played out! I love watching God move!

August 13, I hear from my son that he has been displaced from *his* living situation in Deming, New Mexico, and ended up moving in with some friends who were living in a covered carport with tarps draped to block the wind and sun—definitely not an ideal living situation. But to him, at twenty years old, it was no big deal. August 16, I got a message from my brother, Robert, saying, “Good morning, wondering if you could help me again. I can't get myself motivated to do a canning run today, which is how I got through the last two days.” He had been collecting cans for recycling just to get money for food



and cigarettes and he told me that he had just started standing on the corner with a sign asking for money. Robert had had a good paying job; he worked about forty hours a week. But every week for the past eleven years he had been depressed and used slot machines as a way of forgetting about his depression. I had helped him off and on over the past few years as much as I could. He was always honest when he'd call asking for help, saying, "I did it again! I gambled my whole check away!" But now it seemed that he had fallen even deeper into depression and deeper into the trap of gambling. Most of his depression stemmed from the fact that the mother of his eleven-year-old son Johnie would often deny Robert the ability to spend time with him, which broke his heart; thus the depression.

The next day, August 17, we were two days from leaving on our trip, and I mentioned to my Dad the conundrum Robert was in. My dad said, "That's it! You need to bring him back with you and move him to Deming!" My Dad and I prayed about and discussed this over the next couple days and decided that once we were there, I would let Robert know that he had a choice to make—that God was opening a door for him to move to Deming and have an opportunity to get a new start. There are not any slot machines anywhere near Deming; as a matter of fact, Deming is located sixty miles from any other city in five directions. My Dad said, "That is why God had allowed me to be good with not going . . . so that you would have room to bring Robert back." My dad had just gotten some crisp, new, sequenced dollar bills from the bank teller earlier in the week. He took one bill and ripped it in half, putting one half in an envelope with a note to Robert, and the other half he kept. My Dad shared with me that he felt as if it were like the story of the prodigal son and believed that God was going to be offering Robert an opportunity for restoration!

We did it! We made it to Oregon—Mom, Martha, Diane, and I! Praising God for how smoothly it went, except for the little mishap at the first hotel, where they did not reserve us a room on the first floor, so I asked the guy at the front desk to carry my mom up the stairs, and he did! My niece Jessica and her family hosted the family reunion at their home in Salem, Oregon. The opportunity for all of that was far beyond what we had dreamed for, and we were blessed to experience it! I had asked each of my relatives if they wanted to help offset our cost for food, with providing home-cooked meals. We would be happy

to go to their homes for dinner and suggested either spaghetti or tacos. Well, the first home we visited was my oldest brother, John's, home. My nieces Destynie and Jocelyne made us a spaghetti dinner. The second night we went to my cousin Dan and Brandy's home and they made us a spaghetti dinner. The third night we went to Laurie's home for dinner. She is a very close family friend; *she* made us a spaghetti dinner. My mom and I still get a good giggle every time we talk about the spaghetti dinners. All three of the spaghetti dishes were unique to each family's tradition and ALL were delicious and made with love. The trip was oh, so wonderful, but of course there is never enough time to visit. We had also visited my cousin Don and Michelle's home and they sent us off with their famous pico de gallo salsa.

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Robert struggled with the decision, because even though he did not get to see his son very often, every once in a while he did, and he enjoyed taking him out skateboarding or to the lake for the day. On our fourth day, with tears in his eyes, Robert let me know that the night before when he was praying, he heard God say, "I am answering your prayers!"

So, from July 30 to August 27, *God* had been making a mighty move! Let's not forget Diane needing to move; and God was about to do yet *another* move!

## Moved by Compassion Chapter 11

### The Longview

Between August 19, 2019 and April 19, 2021, God had done so many amazing things, I just had to write a book about it! Yet the weighty results of the first fruits were still to come!

On July 1, 2021, I said, "It's Robert's turn! Lord, I am claiming this for my brother Robert, in Jesus' name. Amen." I had been talking quite a bit to my brother and sending him money nearly every week. I had just watched God work in a mighty move of compassion toward me as He began telling me who I am in Him and restoring me to who He created me to be! I wanted that for my brother, too!

*August 19, 2019 Moved from New Mexico to California with Zephaniah*  
*August 19, 2020 Moved Zephaniah back to New Mexico*  
*August 19, 2021 We left for Oregon; and moved Robert to New Mexico*  
*August 27 . . .*

Back in November, 2020, Michael had told me to look up a few friends of his on Facebook, Brae and Jill Wycoff, who founded *Kingdom Writers Association* and *Kingdom Creativity Association*—what a super great couple; and wow, how God is using them for His Kingdom! Immediately, I decided to get a membership to access all the good stuff they offer. The vision of *Kingdom Writers Association* is “To be a resource center for Christian writers of all levels to empower, encourage, and unlock scribes into their calling . . .” Local to the San Diego area, they are encouraging in so many ways and schedule monthly gatherings to build momentum and challenge all in attendance to go after what they have been called to do—write! In the course of looking them up, I noticed on their website an upcoming opportunity to go see them speak. It just happened to be 1,485 miles away, in Longview, Texas.

I remember being in my hotel room in Oceanside, CA, preparing for an event I had been putting together for April 3, 2021, and messaging Brae that I was praying about attending. He said, “If you're gonna do it, just commit!” Just like for the *Grace and Power* conference I mentioned in the forward, I actually got the very last ticket to the event; God often seems to “get me in” at the last minute!

April 19, 2020, I had had the car all packed up and ready to take Zephaniah back to Deming, NM, but God had said, “Don’t Go!” Well, the following April 19, 2021, I was all packed up and on the road for Deming, NM, to pick *up* my kid and take him with me to this Kingdom Creativity Retreat! Zephaniah is a pretty awesome writer, creates Anime, and writes song lyrics.

So it was that Zephaniah and I hit the road for TEXAS! The retreat was being held at the Potter’s House in Hallsville, Texas, but we had reserved a room in the next town over—Longview, Texas! The retreat was amazing and got me all fired up! But there was this one thing that particularly stirred my spirit. As I was needing some supplies to create a gift for the hostess, Rebecca, I took a quick run to Mardel’s

Christian Bookstore on the Loop 281, and I had stopped for gas. As I was pumping my gas, I heard the Holy Spirit speak to me, saying, "You're Home!" I looked toward the sky and replied, "I don't live in Texas!" Over the next few months, the Holy Spirit continued to speak to me about this move; and wouldn't you know it! I would be moving to Longview, Texas, by November of 2021!

Here's a word God has used, that after some time and discernment has become much clearer. In this, He gave these words that carry much significance to me, confirming over and over again how intimately he knows all of us. My pastor's wife shared the following after I asked her to pray about me moving to Texas:

*September 16, 2021*

*Good morning, sweet sister!*

*God keeps pestering my countenance to text a message He keeps pressing me to send.*

*Normally, I eagerly send messages when I hear them but this one felt so intimate and forward.*

*But, yet He presses me . . .*

*"Rona, I am so tickled by your heart. The joy you bring me is beyond your wildest imagination! My love for you is unending and limitless! Nothing can separate you from my love.*

*Not. One. Thing!*

*Fall deeply into me, child, as I envelope you into my warm embrace!*

*I Am Home."*

November 18, 2021, on my way to Longview, one of my stops was in Big Springs, Texas. As I was pulling into Big Springs, I received a mass text message with a video from Dallas Jenkins, creator of *The Chosen* TV series. The video was sharing information about the release of his movie, *The Messengers* on the big screen and that he and his wife would be at a theater in Waxahachie, Texas, for a meet and greet. I was so ecstatic! I quickly Googled directions from where I'd be living to the theater and it calculated a "2hr 22 min" drive. I had just checked into my room and decided to view the video, and would you believe my room number was 222!

As I was pulling into Texas I knew that the landowner I was renting the room from was out of town, so I would be meeting his daughter to give me the key and to welcome me to the property. The sign on his front door read, "Living on beach time." I found the room on *roomies.com*. It was the very first room I saw. It had a private entrance off of the side yard which you entered through an arbor, with lush green grass as the pathway, and it was well lit by motion sensor light that turned on with each step forward. There was a nice staircase with about seven steps—so, not too many—leading up to the porch, which was big enough to put a couple of chairs out for a seating area. This was the platform for the entryway into the home. As you entered, there was a door to the left which led into the main house, and directly inside the door was the laundry room, and to the right was the door into the master bedroom. On the wall to the left of the door there were many clocks, and one of them had A NEW ERA written on it. The room was just so perfect! It had plenty of space, came completely furnished, it had a mini fridge and microwave as well as a jacuzzi bathtub, and a walk-in closet, which made it feel so special! Again, God was providing above and beyond. As soon as I got into the room fear started filling me; I had been having fearful thoughts off and on along the way. I talked with a friend of mine, David, from Cali, about my fears and he suggested I pray and anoint the property. David's ministry is called Micah Four Ministries. During this time, the Lord had called David to hit the road and travel from San Diego to Florida and many places in between, staking the ground at the entry of each state and declaring victory over the enemy and making declarations for releasing God's promises and blessings over the land.

After a few hours I began to feel comfortable. The next morning, as I was leaving the house, I noticed that a large yard nativity scene had been placed on his front porch, which was not there the day before! I felt the Lord giving me an affirmation of my being there and then thought, "How did it get there?" as I knew Steve, the land owner, was out of town. I sent him a text about it and he let me know that it was actually a yearly "prank" his daughter would do whenever he was traveling during the Christmas season. As we had discussed, upon his arrival back to town, we met up at a local restaurant that he favored. I was glad to be meeting him in a public place. I mention this to add a further notation about the "222s." Our server had "222" tattooed on her

wrist where you would see the face of a watch. By this time, I had mentioned to my brother Robert that I definitely felt a connection to *The Chosen* through these three twos, and said to him, “I must somehow be connected to the show and/or I receive it as a confirmation that I am ‘chosen’ by God for a special purpose.”

Steve was the perfect host, always helpful with knowledge, connections and even hands-on help when needed. He shared his relationship with Jesus freely and I could tell his kind heart was felt by many. The majority of my time in Longview I attended LifePoint Church, and I spent quite a few afternoons in Pastor Brian’s office, sharing with him the move of the Holy Spirit in my life. As I attended a few of the fellowship gatherings at his home, they were beginning to feel much like family.

Steve had connected me with a friend of his—who quickly became a friend of mine—named Jenny. She had invited me to join her for church at LifePoint. That very first Sunday I met two other women, Sydney and Kris, who mean the world to me. Jenny had also invited me to spend Thanksgiving dinner with her at her friend's home. Between November 2021 and June of 2022, God continually provided me with many different opportunities to lean into Him. There were many times He asked me to withdraw and seek discernment. I was presented with an opportunity to speak and share *The Tracts* at a ladies’ luncheon at Treasure Church the same week God was asking me to leave and return back to San Diego. I believe He has called me to speak, and one day He will provide the platform; but I believe He was telling me, “not yet.”

During my stay in Longview, I had the opportunity to make multiple trips to see my nephew Alex in Midlothian, Texas. I cherish the time I got to spend with him. Our favorite thing to do was go out for dinner, and Alex always found superb Italian restaurants for us to enjoy our time together. Alex and I even went on *The Chosen* set tour at Capernum Studios in Poolville, Texas. The tour began with a quick skit in front of a green screen as the actor portrayed himself as one of the shepherds who witnessed the Angel going to tell them of our Messiah's birth. On our way home I asked Alex if he knew the story they were referring to, and he had not. So what a wonderful opportunity I had to share Jesus with him!

Surprise, surprise! In February, my friend David had come to Longview and ended up moving there for a season as well. Can I just say, a trip to Walmart with David is quite the experience! His heart to share the gospel flows freely in obedience to the Spirit.

In April of 2022, my dad began telling me that he was ready to continue the search for a dentist to finally accomplish his dental work. We had begun the process in late 2019 but got stopped when the pandemic happened. So my dad was requesting that I return to San Diego to help again. At that time I prayed, asking God if I should honor my dad's wishes for me to leave Texas and return back. Over the next few weeks, I remained, prayerfully waiting on the Lord to lead me. On May 29, I had decided that I was to go; and at that time I let Steve know of my plans to return back to San Diego. Such short notice was not a hassle, as our rental agreement was renewed weekly.

I had known about *The Chosen* preparing to film the feeding of the 5,000 in June, in Midlothian, and I had been following along with the Facebook group, "Texas fans of The Chosen" and I knew there had been plans made for all of the extras that would be flying in from around the world to gather and meet one another at a lake near the filming area. They would meet both the day before filming as well as the day after. God had planned it just so that I would be traveling during this time and allowed me to stop and participate in the gathering! I did not participate in the filming because the PIF (Pay It Forward) requirements were out of my range. I met many wonderful people and enjoyed sharing God stories, encouragement, and prayer with many. God connected me to a very special woman, Shannan, at the lake that day. Shannan has family not far from there and we have had the opportunity to meet up a couple of times. We spent time on the beach in Del Mar and we went to a wonderful get-together where many of the people from the feeding of the 5,000 mingled, which was hosted by a mutual friend, Laurie, and her family. Shannan and I share a love for Jesus and *Crumb* cookies, and we plan to meet up again in July, 2023, as well as in October, 2023, for the first ever "The Chosen Con" event in Dallas, Texas. Through Shannan, I was connected to a loving community of believers, and we stay in touch regularly through a group messenger chat.

The very next day, I was back on the road. I stopped, of course, in Deming, to see my kid and my brother. I had only stopped for one night as I felt the Lord was not asking me to visit long.

Recall that God had spoken, "I Am Home" to me that April when attending the Longview conference. My pastor's message was given just before my move to Longview, Texas, that November, and was a response to me asking her to pray about whether or not I should move to Texas. Recently, I felt I should tell her how amazing her message was for me at the time:

*May 5, 2023, I wrote:*

*Sister!*

*The Lord has led me to recall a beautiful word He had you share with me on September 16, 2021. The basis was, "I Am Home."*

*Today He is pressing upon my heart to share with you an affirmation of the word he gave you to share with me. At the time that you shared this word with me, I was believing that the Holy Spirit had spoken to me, saying, "I'm Home," while in Longview, Texas. And Sister! Take courage as we both had heard the Holy Spirit correctly!*

*Just as Jesus was led by the Holy Spirit into the wilderness, I too was led by the Holy Spirit to Longview, Texas, for a time, to be pruned and tested.*

*"I Am Home."*

*We must remain in Him to be fruitful and we must be willing to hear His voice, even when it may not be what we want to hear. He revealed I had a selfish desire to get away, to be in my own place with my own space. He made it clear to me that He led me to experience a testing of this fleshly desire. God allowed me, and yes, even led me to go and experience this, BECAUSE, I am HOME IN HIM!*

*Blessings and Love to you, sweet Sister.*

~



## Chapter 12

### *Ins and Outs*

I recently heard a sermon from Rabbi Jonathan Cahn. He said (paraphrasing), “The grapes are the first fruits, which are blessings that come from a life well-centered in Christ. Some examples are: an answered prayer, a word that came to you and you knew it was God, and the victories He gives us.” These are all to be used as encouragement to keep us stepping out in faith as each season brings new challenges. God provides affirmations to encourage us to keep going. Here are just a few I experienced during the times written about in this book.

*April 18, 2023*

I had planned on being gone five days ago on another trip . . . but God has allowed my schedule to be changed, again. My original plan to leave for this trip was on March 20, 2023. I had been planning to be gone for three weeks, and during that time I was going to visit Zephaniah in Deming, and both my niece, Mackinzie, and my good friend, Lori, in Las Vegas. I was going to stay at Lori’s for a couple of weeks. She let me know she had an extra room, and I thought it would be the perfect place for some peace and quiet to be able to focus clearly on the editing of this book. Little did I know God was up to something!

On February 21, 2023, I had received a text from my cousin Alana, who lives in Washington. She said, “Can you keep a secret?” and I was like, “well, *yeah!?!?*” She told me that our nieces Destynie and Jocelyne were coming to surprise my mom and dad. On February 6, my mom had begun experiencing health issues and she was in and out of the hospital and nursing homes until March 19, 2023. Now, mind you, she had been well since her miraculous healing before leaving on our trip in August of 2021. When Alana told me this, I immediately began arranging for Mackinzie to come from Las Vegas to join us.

March 8, 2023, I felt the Lord lead me to contact my friend, Lisa Ann, who is the author of *Kingdom Identity*<sup>4</sup>. I met with her March 10,

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<sup>4</sup> Lisa Ann, *Kingdom Identity: Heal Your Soul & Step Into Your Destiny*. Hearts On Fire-Ministries; 1st edition, 2022.

at a little restaurant in Clairemont. I had asked her to bring four of her books with her and encouraged her to ask God for a special word to share with each of my nieces as she felt led to do. Lisa had felt led to bring six books and said she wasn't sure who the other book was for. While I was sitting there with her, I felt the Lord say, the other book was for my brother, Robert. When I told Lisa that, she got an immediate word to write for him, which said, "Have you heard about the big wheels?" She noted the Bible verse in Ezekiel 1:5 and included, "Angels have gone before you to clear the way." A few minutes later, Lisa interrupted our conversation saying, "I just had a vision of your brother!" Mind you, she has never met Robert nor had I talked much about him. She said, "I see him standing in the middle of a field with really tall grass, a lot of tall grass; he is standing on a red tractor, with his hand above his head saying, *Waahoo!*"

This is a text I sent to Lisa, just thirteen days later:

*So, my brother got a car for the first time in almost 2 years. God is truly moving in restoration in his life!*

*I found a few things prophetic as I noticed what you wrote in his book . . .*

- 1. The new car has big tires!*
  - 2. The car was sold to him by a man named Gabriel (angel)*
  - 3. You also wrote that an angel went before him—Gabriel*
  - 4. The angel Gabriel is known to be an angel that brings visions and helps us to understand the meaning of God's Word.*
  - 5. For the picture he stood on the running board and the car was parked in tall grass (like in your vision)*
  - 6. The verse you gave him is about a vision.*
-

*There could be more but I'm not sure . . .*

I had told Robert about the vision the day that she had it, and it was just a couple weeks later, on March 21, 2023, that he recognized the fulfillment of the vision. I believe that it is because of this that on that same day, my brother agreed to get baptized with my Dad. When I was told about my brother's decision I was overjoyed and blurted out, "See if you can set the date for Thursday, April 6." My brother Robert usually worked a six-day work week but usually had Thursdays off.

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Rewind to the above-mentioned conversation with my cousin Alana who had a secret about planning the trip. So, this was a surprise that she had planned, and because it was a surprise, I was to keep my lips zipped. At the time we went to visit her, my mom was in a nursing home and experiencing very scary, yet false, test results and she was fearful that she was not going to live much longer. Here is her testimony of that time:

*My wonderful surprise: there is much to the story. While in the hospital and the rehab, I was sure I was on my deathbed, but my daughter, Rona, told me, "I know you are not, because God has arranged a surprise for you, and he would not have arranged it if you were going to die; so keep that in your thoughts, mom." When I came home from rehab, Rona said that on Sunday we were going to go to Carlsbad for a girls' night out at a hotel, with a pool and a jacuzzi and a walk-in shower—she, Martha and I— just for fun and relaxation! So I thought that was what God had planned for me . . . never in my wildest dreams did I suspect my Sunday surprise of waking up that morning with my granddaughter, Mackenzie, standing there. I was thrilled with that surprise. Two hours or so later, Rona came in the kitchen and said, "Mom, you need to come to the front door," and she came in and walked me to the door, where I saw my niece Alana and my other two granddaughters, Destynie and Jocelyne, and I was in shock but ever so happy . . .*

I had continued to plan with the full assurance in faith that my mom would be home in time for their arrival, and since I had a hotel booked for my niece, Mackinzie, I planned on having mom and Martha come up to spend one night. At that time, I would surprise everyone with gifts associated with royalty—I ended up getting eight tiaras, one for each girl who would be at the hotel. I had invited Lisa to join us, but was unsure if she would make it on such short notice; I got her a tiara as well, just in case. Among other miscellaneous items, I decided to get my nieces each a ring with an “M” for mom and a heart on them, as well as an identical necklace for each of them—with a “mustard seed of faith” theme. It reminded me that I have not yet been able to fulfill my sister’s wishes of doling out her jewelry items, as they were left behind at the trailer in Deming.

Just as planned, March 26, I picked my niece Mackinzie up from the airport at 7 a.m. She knew that the whole thing was a surprise for my parents, so I said to her, “when we get to the house, let’s just act like you were the big surprise.” As we walked in the door, my dad was walking down the hallway towards our front door, and I continued to walk forward, nonchalantly. As Mackinzie walked in behind me, the house was still dark, as I hadn’t turned on any lights, so it was hard for my dad to see who was walking in behind me—he had not expected anyone else to be there. As he focused in, I could see how elated he was to see her! My mom is a late sleeper, and usually not even up and about until around 10 a.m., but after about an hour we were all excited to wake her up. Mackinzie sat down next to her, and after a few minutes of her gentle, soft voice trying to coax her awake, I turned off the sound on the TV, as the silence usually gets my mom’s attention and wakes her from a deep sleep. As she opened her eyes and caught who was sitting in front of her she exclaimed, “Oh my! My sweet Kinzie! What are you doing here!?!” A few hours later my dad and Kinzie had gone out to the sunlit patio to enjoy the beautiful San Diego sunshine and each other’s company. Mom was in the kitchen piddling around with the recycling as I heard my dad exclaim, “Oh my God!” and I knew that the rest of the surprise had arrived. I grabbed Mom by the hand and led her to the front door. From the doorway she could see everyone who had just arrived! She grasped for air, put her hands up to her chest and just about fell backwards with overwhelming JOY!

We all joined them on the patio to visit, and it was during this time that my mom took a letter out from her wallet. This letter was written by my sister, the girls' mom, on August 13, 1994. The letter began in this way, *"Mother and Father, believe in miracles? You should, cause it's a miracle that you're holding this letter. Finally, one made it all the way to you. Miracles, mom and dad, you both are a miracle to me! All through the rough roads you both passed, while we were growing up, not to mention the rough bumps you have hit in the last couple of years and still always manage to keep your whole family together, (in Spirit). Our bond we all share is made from the love you taught us to have for each other and teaching us to believe and love Jesus Christ!"*

What a magnificent testimony to be shared, and of course it was God's perfect timing! I was going to wait until we got to the hotel to share all the goodies with the girls but I found it the perfect time to share the book. If there was only one thing that their mom would want to share with them more than anything, it would be their "Kingdom Identity" and how much Jesus loves them!

I began feeling led to share this letter with my sister, Mandy, who at this time was still not on speaking terms with any of us. I had copies of the letter made on March 30, and because they had already left to go back home, I planned on mailing each of the girls a letter, as well. Mackinzie left that day, and so I had planned on mailing them the next day. Things got pretty busy for me and I was unable to send them that day, so I figured I would try again the next day. During this week I asked Mackinzie, "On what date did you have the conversion with Mandy about the importance of family?" Mackinzie replied, August 13, 2022. So, I said to Mackinzie, "Do you realize you were saying the exact same words your mom wrote, on the same date, just twenty-eight years apart!?! This is not a "coinkydink," as my sister Mandy would have called it. It is the providential hand of God! Mackinzie wasn't even born when her mom wrote those words that she so boldly reiterated that day! Well, the next day was April Fools' Day and I was not about to send a letter out from my late sister with a postmark on that day! Instead I prayed, *"I am choosing not to send it today, April 1, which is called April Fools' Day, and I declare that there are no fools in our family from generation to generation! Lord, Lead me in doing the right thing that is of Your will. In Jesus' name, amen."*

April 2 was the day God had chosen for the letter to be mailed. His presence was so very obvious and the ways He was moving were miraculous! You see, April 7 was my sister Darlene's birthday, so everyone would be receiving the letter the week of her birthday!

~

Here is another example of God moving during this time: The "Vision of the Net" manifested!

*Thank you Jesus! To You be the Glory!*

Here was the vision, from November, 2020:

- 1. The fish swimming southward*
- 2. Believers in Christ marching northward*
- 3. The net is cast over all and as the net is being pulled the fish turn into believers and begin marching, united!*
- 4. The believers seemed to march in groups (gathered, as the Church) extending a hand out to reach others nearby!*
- 5. From above this formation appeared as a "net" and each "group" appeared as "::-" which represented seeds*
- 6. The seeds began to spin into the center of an Easter Lily that was closed but as it spun the pedals slowly opened*
- 7. From the stem, and upward through the center, the 5th seed burst upward and revealed itself as  
The resurrected Christ!*

*I am not much of an artist, but I drew the image of my vision on November 17, 2020, and posted it under the hashtag #netofdefense: it had [describe the picture here].*

I think it is so neat that it was November 18, 2021, when I had that 222 number sign with *The Chosen*— one year and one day difference! There are so, so, so many things we miss. God's working in our lives is so layered, it really is hard to catch everything. None of this even really scratches the surface of how He shared revelations with me, how He spoke to me, and how He showered me with the knowledge of His love for me!

My notes on seeing this vision fulfilled:

*April 6, 2023*

The vision began to manifest with the baptism of my dad and brother! On Maundy Thursday, April 6, 2023, my dad's friend Bruce and his wife, Barbie, had come over to our home to perform the baptisms. Barbie had been friends with my mom since they were teenagers, and Bruce and Barbie are members of the Gideons organization.

*April 7-9, 2023*

At The Jesus Gathering

*This afternoon a portion of my vision manifested, as the group leader encouraged all those in the age range of thirty and younger to stand in the center of the room to represent the Jacob generation, then those in the age range of the thirty to fifty to surround them, who represented the Isaac generation, and adding a third layer with the elders, who represented the Abraham generation; forming a "human net."*

*This evening the leader called for groups of five to gather. He instructed each group to assemble as a group of five with four people surrounding an Abraham in the center (Jesus' lineage is from Abraham).*

*Easter Sunday*

*April 9, 2023*

*Believers joined hands together and began dancing the Hora, a traditional Jewish wedding dance. The dance begins with everyone moving in a circular motion and then inward towards one another with their hands lifted up and then separating, opening up into a circle.*

*Afterwards everyone began chanting  
(((JESUS)))  
with one clap of the hands at each spoken declaration!*

~

*Nov 17, 2020  
#netofdefense*

Once again, I'm in awe! I had a vision as I woke this morning! God is building a human net! Four believers linked elbow to elbow with one of them extending a hand to reach another group of believers, and so on! All over the world! This is a NET OF DEFENSE! As believers we are gathered as a human net in prayer against evil schemes! Against rulers of the dark!!! Stand up, Christian! The state may be shut down . . . BUT GOD IS NOT! God cannot be shut down! Amen.

Photo affirmation! Morning stroll #Waycation He is the WAY!  
#tHetrAcTs He ACTS, really! A basketball hoop (net) in the parking lot of Holiday Inn!

Instead of that staycation with Michael, I ended up spending New Year's 2021 in Deming with Zephaniah. During that weekend I had hired a photographer to get some pictures of what I saw as "the net." I had Zephaniah and a few of his friends pose for the pictures (which can be seen on Facebook #thetracts)

*And now, July 9, 2023, I noticed it is a red white and blue net like the tracts.*

*January 2021  
"Countdown to Worship" Vision:*



As I left on my way back to San Diego from Deming, I was getting on the freeway and I asked God, “Is that it? Or is there more?” His answer came to me immediately, as I had noticed an Amazon Prime truck directly in front of me as I entered the highway! The back of their trucks say, “There is more, A truckload more!” The timing alone of seeing this after asking if there was more, blew my mind! And then, as I pulled up alongside the truck I noticed the side of the cab door had a cross with Jesus on it, much like the image I had chosen for my logo for the tracts.

As I was driving back, I had a vision of thousands of people from around the world singing “He Reigns” by the Newsboys. I was also given “4321,” so I thought God was saying it was a “countdown to worship” and, believe it or not, Easter weekend fell on April 4. Since April is also the fourth month, I held a worship event at 5pm, April 3, in the year 2021—5 (I added), 4, 3, 2, 1.

Instead of asking God for a clear understanding of the vision, I had run with it. In my own understanding, I worked diligently to put together a song list for this worship time and spent many hours planning and preparing for one hundred, as I thought I had received affirmation for “eight dozen” which would almost equal one hundred. I also spent quite a bit of money putting together this event which I had believed God had asked me to host. It wasn't until later in the year that I got to experience what the true vision was. I saw this experience as true pruning from the Father as I am constantly being asked to seek the meaning of all He puts before me, and through this experience, learning to ask for discernment.

*September 28, 2021*

“Countdown to Worship” Vision Manifested:

That September, nine months after the “He Reigns” vision, I was on yet another multi-state trip. While I was in Flagstaff, Arizona, I saw an ad on Facebook that The Newsboys would be headlining a Franklin Graham tour. It was the *Route 66 God Loves You* tour and to my amazement, God had done it yet again! Here I was, unexpectedly at a

concert singing “He Reigns” by the Newsboys with thousands of people, which was also being live streamed to reach people around the world! My vision had manifested! And oh . . . the wifi password to the hotel was 4 3 2 1!

*May 4 2021*

“Araza” (This is my mom’s favorite testimony for me to tell):

God speaks all the time! We just need to recognize His ways!  
In Yuma a few days ago, God prompted me to go to IHOP to see if I had left my glasses there the previous day (I had not). But! I noticed a man walk passed me three times and the **back of his shirt** said, "I AM THE WEAPON." God said to me go tell him that "*I AM the weapon!*" I did not do it at that time, however.

As I left the restaurant to get gas I noticed a license plate that read "ARAZA." God said to me, "look up what ARAZA means."

*Araza* is a Muslim girl's name.

*Araza*: name meaning “**back his shirt.**”

It has multiple Islamic meanings. I was like, WOW WOW WOW! but still I said, “Lord! If you want me to turn around and go back, give me another sign . . .” As I left the gas station there was a huge billboard/sign that said CORONADO HOTEL.

*CO* meaning: joint/mutual "Christ and I"

*Rona* meaning: "me" (That's my name don't wear it out, lol)

*Do* meaning: "Perform an action"

Finally, I turned around and went back to share with this man that *God* is the weapon! When I shared all of this with him and *the man* saw *the meaning of ARAZA*, I could see on his face that God had spoken directly to him! I am praying that the presence of God continually shows up in each of his days!

In Jesus name! Amen

*October 2021*

“I Am Move Solutions”

This happened while I was in Austin, Texas. At that time, I had thought that Austin would be my Texas destination, as I felt that it was closer to Deming, and, of course, San Diego. I had known that a girlfriend from high school was living there, so I felt that at least I might know someone there to connect with. I had taken the opportunity to reach out and say “hi” while I was on this trip. I contacted her around nine in the morning and was hoping to meet up. I texted her to let her know I was in town and that I’d love to see her, but that I was traveling with someone else and did not have access to their car to use to get to her. At that time she let me know that she had already been drinking and that she couldn’t drive to meet up with me. Knowing this gave me a bit of discouragement; and wouldn’t you know, at just the right time God sent in some encouragement for me . . . five guys with I AM MOVE SOLUTIONS on the back of their shirts!

*April 19, 2023*

Note: I am leaving on my trip tomorrow, *April 19, 2023*! The layers continue to amaze me. Although I wanted to edit this book while traveling and had planned on leaving in the beginning of March, He would not let me go until the book was edited and the events that transpired over the last three weeks for the last chapter had manifested, so that His presence in our lives through this vision coming to fruition is evident to encourage those who believe; and to reveal His move towards our family restoration so that it would be recorded in this book. God is so tangible, and if we look for Him, He will show Himself strong on behalf of those whose hearts are loyal to Him (2 Chronicles 16: 7-9, NKJV).

In this, I hope that whoever the spirit is touching as they hear the spirit moving in these testimonies of His goodness and faithfulness, receives it now and begins to *seek* in anticipation for Him to “move in compassion” for your intended future! May you experience the *Ins* (Intentional Noticeable Signs) and *Outs* (Overwhelming Understanding (of) The Spirit) increasing more and more in the days to come!

*But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well. (Matthew 6:33, NIV)*

## **Afterword**

*June 12, 2023*

As I am reflecting and writing about my 2022 return to San Diego, I am looking back in notes and memories on Facebook, and, amazingly, found that I returned one year ago today.

A month after my return, in July of 2022, Pastor Brian from the Longview church, LifePoint, traveled to San Diego with his wife, Kristy. Kristy was here on business and kept a busy itinerary, so I spent a day showing Pastor Brian around and catching up.

David, from the Micah Four ministry, had also returned back to Cali from Longview in October and, as a matter of fact, when he was on his way back, I was in Deming for a visit. So we met up October 3, 2022, at Denny's for breakfast and to catch up with each other's adventures.

My brother, Robert, is doing well and has been clean from the gambling addiction for two years. Robert also moved to San Diego in July, 2022.

My friend from LifePoint, Sydney, is faithful to stay in touch with me. She has since gotten married and I am in awe of this couples' love for Jesus. They recently began a Facebook page called *Branded By the Blood*.

I watch the Lord's faithfulness in my other dear friend from LifePoint, Kris's, life. His glorious faithfulness is shared beautifully in her testimonies on Facebook. Kris had cute declarations whenever

sharing God's faithfulness: she would declare, "Won't He do it!" and "He is Faithful!" Kris also has since been married.

And on that above-mentioned trip this year, on *April 19, 2023*, I moved my kid, Zephaniah to Las Vegas, NV.

We are still in the process of getting my dad's dental work fully accomplished as the dentures he received do not fit him at all. Sadly, they had taken the impressions prior to his oral surgery, where they had done some smoothing out of the gums, which led to a bad fit for the dentures. My dad's recovery from the surgery itself has been brutal as he was already very underweight from not being able to eat with the condition his teeth were in. He also has an overbite, and now, no teeth, so his gums do not meet making the chewing of food practically impossible. He is nourished with Ensure drinks and has recently begun using a food processor to help with the digestion of his food.

My mom is a walking miracle and has had so many challenges with her health. We have watched God heal her many times in many ways and her latest bout with her health is diabetes, kidney issues, and high potassium levels. Her numbers bounce from needing dialysis, to not needing it. After prayer and a change in her diet, my mom remains faithful to declare that there will never be a need for dialysis.

My sister Martha is doing well at this time and we finally have a caregiver for her. Mirna cares about her needs, desires, and abilities and plans things that are suitable for her to enjoy, which has her going out of the house three days a week. We are also thankful for her longtime loyal IHSS worker, Lee, who is a friend to us, as well as a great help to our family. Since 1997, Martha has called me her only hope, as she has no desire whatsoever to ever be in a home for the disabled. It truly is an honor as well as a heavy responsibility.

I have many old and new blueprints from the Lord. I am currently seeking Him for a clear view of what to keep and what to let go of. I believe that God has such an incredible plan to supply all my family's caregiving needs, hopes, dreams and desires—and my own!

I love watching God *move*!

## Front matter notes

### Dedication

To the women whose obedience led to a mighty move of the Holy Spirit in my life. I cannot thank you enough for the work you do for the Kingdom! Be assured that your obedience to serving our Lord, Jesus the Christ, has changed many lives.

You are a true example of living life as a "Christiam"—*Christ-I-am!*

Christ The Anointed One!

I am a *Christiam*

Living assuredly that it is Jesus the Christ in me, giving me all ability to walk in His Ways, authority to share His Truth, and the desire to live the life He has planned for me!

For He is

THE WAY  
THE TRUTH  
THE LIFE

I do not want to be a Christian that seeks only to believe that I am saved by Jesus the Christ and not allow the anointing of Holy Spirit to use me for His Glory!

*Pastors*

*Lelia Gomez*

*Crystal Mollins*

*Connie Tousha*

## Foreword

I am blessed to be one of six children and from a very loving and tight family unit. I can always recall fond memories of being brought up in the Lord as my mother and father raised us. My mom took pleasure in being used in the church as she helped teach many various age groups from children to women's studies. My mom frequently reminds me that as a teenager my favorite song was "Create in Me" (Create in me/a clean heart, oh God . . .) by Mary Rice Hopkins.

As many teens have experienced, I had quite a few colorful years of figuring things out. In 1997, I was married, and on to experiencing the next new adventure! I had an ectopic pregnancy in '96 and had been told that I would not be able to have any children. But to my surprise, and by God's blessing, in 2000 I had my son, Zephaniah! Shortly afterwards, we moved as a family to New Mexico and began a new life!

The first year in our new home was so refreshing, as I had not had to find a job and was able to stay home with Zephaniah, and at that time my husband had decided that we would homeschool him. We chose *Abeka Christian Academy* for his homeschool curriculum. During kindergarten, I decided to open a small dance studio called "Tapping on Heavens Door" and would offer tap, jazz, and ballet classes for ages three up to adults, using all Christian music. What an honor it was that God had prepared me for such an opportunity! The

studio ran from 2002-2009 and was closed in order to pursue a new career. In 2011, God led me to hold a small Bible study/fellowship at my home church, First Baptist Church, which was called *L.I.F.T* (*Ladies In Fellowship Tea*). We joined once a week for tea, fellowship and enjoyed creative ideas to share God's Word.

Through life's twists and turns I can look back and better understand all "those times" I felt that God had left me, when I felt that He just didn't understand what I needed! Boy, oh boy, was I wrong! Now I see what amazing love He had for me by *not* supplying what "I thought I needed" and by removing so many things I had clung so tightly to!

Thank God for the *Ins* and *Outs*.

<u><i>Ins</i></u>	<u><i>Outs</i></u>
Intentional Noticeable Signs	Overwhelming Understanding (of) The Spirit

May 28, 2019, I was contemplating attending a women's conference and had received a message from Pastor Leila that one of the pre-paid attendees was not going to be able to attend. At that time she had felt led to reach out and offer me that spot. This was my response to her offer:

*Hi. Ok, gonna bare my soul here . . . it's been years that I have been in a lull, praying and praising, because I love the Lord, but not reading His word and hiding my pain . . . I feel Him calling me for more but I am afraid of getting out of my comfort zone. I have anointed my home against the evil one and feel that by doing so I have started a fight and the evil one has kept me feeling "comfortable enough" in my walk to stall me . . . also I am contemplating not going because I smoke cigarettes and feel that I might be looked at weirdly because I do . . . and I only have \$100 which covers what I need to go but have no food in*



*the house and struggle knowing that it will take what I have . . . on the other hand I know that God ALWAYS provides. And last but not least I don't know if I am ready for the fight! I know God wins and I know that God is stronger, but am I ready? Ugh! That's a lot of opening up and I am not comfortable with opening up . . . so there is one step out of my comfort zone . . . still praying about it . . . give me until 6pm to get back to you; and pray for me. Thanks.*

....

Pastor Gomez at Power of Praise Fellowship in Las Cruces, New Mexico, helped to bring food into my home and my soul! She had also found and arranged accommodations for me to attend the conference.

God was moving, yet I had no idea just exactly how much He had prepared for me. Ephesians 3:20-21 (KJV) says,

*Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, a world without end. Amen.*

Thus began a series of God moments that I chronicle in these pages. Like scripture says, if we wrote down everything Jesus did, the world couldn't hold all the books it would take (John 21:25). The stories included here are short glimpses into His work in my life, and not nearly the whole. I am in such awe of His *move of compassion* upon me and I have watched Him move in and through me to see many people's lives around me changed! God has so much more for you, too! Will you allow yourself to move out of your comfort zone to receive it?

I pray that you do! And in doing so, may you receive the intended future that Jesus died for you to live! May my testimony to God's provision and guidance build your faith and may you, too, see Him move in your life as the "God of compassion."

Blessings and Favor unto you!  
Your Sister in Christ Jesus,  
Rona Morrison

~

### Resources:

1. Grace and Power Women's Conference, hosted by New Beginnings Church of God, Carlsbad, NM:  
<https://www.facebook.com/COGCNM/events/>

2. Ministries of Brae and Jill Wyckoff:

Kingdom Writers Association website:  
<https://www.kingdomwritersassociation.com/>

Kingdom Creativity International:  
<https://www.kingdomcreativityinternational.com/>

3. Follow Facebook stories by searching:

#tHetrActs  
 #Waycation  
 #TrustMeTexasTrip  
 #netofdefense  
 #WatchingYouLongviewTexasMove  
 #a19net

"Araza" vision:

#Godspoke #motheringamovement #ObediencelsTheKey  
 #Godisgoodallthetime #netofdefense #tHetrActs

~

### **About the Author:**

Rona Morrison is a mother, entrepreneur, and an inspirational speaker and writer who lives in New Mexico when she's not traveling to visit family or networking among Christian leaders. Her journey to hear God's voice more deeply began several years ago, when her direct answers to prayer led to more open doors and a ministry of evangelism. Along my travels, I speak out as the Holy Spirit leads me to, as I follow a calling to gather more unto Jesus. Find me at my website [thetracts.com](http://thetracts.com).

### **Back of book blurb:**

*Moved by Compassion* chronicles Rona Morrison's often stunning journey in learning to hear God's voice and her experiences seeking to radically follow Him, even when it involves leaving it all and moving across the country. Rona's honest stories tell of moments of doubt, faith, and her ultimate realization of the goodness of God in the midst of often devastating setbacks. Join her in her struggles and life lessons that uncover a twist on what "moved by Compassion" means to her.

When I read this message from May 28, 2019,  
 I couldn't believe my eyes!  
 I cannot believe I wrote this!

I had stated, "I know God always wins . . ." but, ". . .I don't know if I am ready for the fight!"

Is everything that has just been recorded over the last three years in this book been an answer to these very statements?

