

The Healer

By Chaplain Paul 193 Jan 24 2021



The Healer

I was born on the 23rd of December 1991, I really didn't know God had given me this great gift until I reached the age of 30 because that's when things really started to happen. My name is Orian and I live Fountain Hills Arizona and this is my story.

It all started one morning while I was driving to work, O did I mention that I work at the Bread of Life Bakery as a Baker? Well there I was driving west bound on Shea Ave, the light had turned red and a woman began crossing the street, she almost made it to the other side when a car that was making a right hit her by accident. I immediately got out of my car and ran over to see if I could help, the woman was badly injured, the man who hit her called 911 and as all this was going on I was moved by the Spirit of God to lay hands on her and pray, I placed one hand on her forehead and my other hand on her shoulder and as I prayed I felt the power of God flow through me and into her then suddenly she opened her eyes, sat up and said,

“I feel fine, I'm OK, I'm really Ok, thank you, thank you for healing me Sir.”

She stood up, brushed yourself off, thanked everyone and just walked away. The man and I looked at each other in absolute amazement, the woman didn't have a scratch on her and what I mean by that is before I prayed with her she had bruises and scrapes on her body then after I prayed with her they were gone. I thanked God then I got in my car and continued on my way to work. Then as I was driving I notice something, scrapes and bruises began showing up on my body. I was in pain, I pulled over, I could not understand what was happening to me, it would seem that the woman's injuries had somehow transferred on to me. I sat there bleeding, I began to pray to God for relief as the scrapes and bruises continued to get worse. I was bleeding and in great pain. I prayed as I sat in my car for what seemed to be for at least 30 minutes or so, then I noticed that the cuts and the bruises on my body began healing and were soon completely gone.

Later when I returned home I sat and thought about what had happened that day, I prayed to God in asking Him to please reveal to me what this was all about. I mean this whole thing was pretty scary. I came to the conclusion that it was a onetime thing and that the woman had been blessed through me and I left it at that, after all something like this can really drive a person crazy as we become consumed by our thoughts in trying to figure out what really happened.

Two weeks passed by and I received a phone call from a good friend of mine, she told me that her husband John was in the hospital fighting for his life with COVID-19, he had contracted Covid pneumonia. She asked me if I could go to the hospital and pray for him but the hospital wasn't allowing any visitors, she begged me to go and at least try. The reason she had called me was because I serve as a Volunteer Community Chaplain in acute respiratory care center in Phoenix Arizona and she thought because I was a Chaplain I could get in the hospital. I said I would try. I got in my car and immediately drove to the hospital.

Upon arrival at the Mayo Clinic Hospital I asked to speak with Chaplain Nina and thank God she was able to get me in to see my friend John. I had to first put on a surgical gown, gloves, a surgical mask and a face shield. When I arrived at John's room he was very happy to see me. I offered to pray for him, he nodded yes then I placed my hand on the top of his head and my other hand on his shoulder. I began praying for him, his condition was worsening, and they were considering placing him on a ventilator which would have been awful. I continued praying for John, suddenly something amazing happened, the power of God began flowing through me and into John and within 10 minutes he was completely cured of his Covid. The doctors, nurses, and staff members were totally amazed, some of the people who were there began to cry, some fell to their knees and still others held hands and began to pray thanking God. John sat up, he was breathing perfectly fine, all of the Covid had left his body. The doctor in charge recommended that John stay the night for observation so they could test him in making sure that he was completely healed. I invited all who were there to hold hands in a prayer circle and pray, then I left to go home and as I was driving it happened again the Covid19 that was in John's body was now in mine and getting worse by the minute.

I got to a point where it was very hard for me to breathe; once again I pulled over and began praying. I thought I was gonna pass out, I thought I was gonna die, then about 30 minutes later the Covid19 left my body and I was fine.

When I returned home I thought about everything that had happened that day, I realized that God had given me the gift of healing, I also realized that when I use this gift that somehow the pain and suffering of others gets transferred temporarily on to me. This was very concerning because if I tried to heal too many people at once it might kill me. I needed to keep things secret because if word got out about this there's no telling what would happen.

I decided to only use this gift when absolutely necessary because the experience of it was very painful. I also knew that God would bring people into my life to be healed. The next few weeks not much happened I continue working at the bakery and serving our Lord as a Volunteer Community Chaplain it was very hard for me to go into the facility and not help heal all of the patients but I realized in doing that I might die in the process. There had to be a balance, there had to be a way to make this work, then after thinking about it for quite a while I decided to heal one person a week who was in a facility, I didn't want to draw attention to myself by healing too many patients at a time.

Today I was visiting Laurie who is a patient in the facility she has become a dear friend and I decided to ask God to please heal her. She's on a breathing machine and I knew I had to get out of the facility right away and get in my car before her illness transferred on to me. I couldn't risk drawing attention to myself by passing out in the room. Laurie was sleeping when I entered her room, I pulled a chair over by her bed then I opened my Bible and I began to read psalms 91. I prayed to the Lord asking for Lori would be healed. I asked God for the pain I would be receiving that it not be too extensive. I then placed my hand on Laurie's shoulder and I placed my other hand on her right hand and I began to pray to God for His healing power and love to touch Laurie's heart in order to heal her.

Then as I was praying the Spirit of God began to flow through me and into Laurie, I continued to pray for about 20 minutes and Laurie began to be healed for the glory of God, she woke up, looked at me, smiled and said,

"Thank You Orian."

I knew I had to get to my car right away. I got up and began walking to the elevator, I barely made it inside the elevator to push the 1st floor button and then I passed out because I could barely breathe, I kept going in and out of consciousness. I was rushed to the emergency room and administered oxygen. I began praying in my mind begging God for relief as the doctors and nurses were working on me, the Lord's healing power began flowing into my body and I began to breathe normally once again. The medical staff in the emergency room could not understand what happened they said it was probably an asthma attack and I was very lucky to be alive, then about an hour later I was released from the hospital and went home.

This all happened on Friday then on the following Tuesday when I return to the facility everything was abuzz, staff, nurses, and doctors were all talking about Laurie, she had somehow had a full recovery and she was breathing normally. I went to see her and there she was standing up walking around in her room praising God and breathing normally, as I looked at her with tears in my eyes she winked at me said,

“Thank you so much, this will be our little secret don't worry.”

I gave Laurie a hug and prayed with her, we sat and talked for a little while then the doctor came in and announced that Laurie would most likely be discharged the following week, he was calling what had happened a flat-out miracle from God. I looked over at the doctor and said,

“Doc, God is good, all the time.”

He answered and said, “He most certainly is Chaplain Orian, He most certainly is my friend.”

Pastor Shawn was a patient in his 50s, he couldn't walk and had to have dialysis treatments three times a week and was suffering dearly. I knew if I asked God to heal him I risked having my kidneys shutting down and quite possibly I could find myself unable to walk. I had to figure out a plan, if I go in his room and pray for him would I be able to get out of the facility and get back to my car in order to pray for my health to return? After thinking about it for a while I decided to inform Pastor Ken about everything. Pastor Ken serves in the health care facility with me. I needed his help just in case I passed out or something went terribly wrong at least he would know what was happening and he could pray over me so I could be healed.

I called Pastor Ken on the phone and told him everything that had happened, he listened attentively then he reminded me about the healers in the Bible he said the Apostle Paul was a healer, he said Peter was a healer, Elijah was a healer, Elisha was a healer and so many others throughout the Bible, then he said, "Welcome to the Lord's Club of Healing Orian you are in very good company my Brother."

The next day we both went to see Pastor Shawn, when we arrived at his room he was very weak having just had a dialysis treatment, we informed him about the healings then he looked over at us with tears in his eyes and said,

"Praise God, praise God."

I reached over and took Pastor Shawn's hand with my left hand and I placed my right hand on Pastor Shawn's forehead and began to pray. Pastor Ken placed his hand on Pastor Shawn's shoulder and was praying as well, then the power of God began flowing through me once again, so much so this time I almost passed out. About 15 minutes later Pastor Shawn sat up he was radiant, I told him that the healing process had begun in his body and that we had to go right away. Pastor Shawn nodded and then said,

"Praise God, go my Brothers and thank you."

Pastor Ken and I walked as quickly as we could to the elevator, but I started feeling very weak and slumped to the floor of the elevator. Pastor Ken looked at me and said,

“Don’t worry Orian, when the elevator opens I’ll get a wheelchair and get you out of here as quickly as I can.”

When the elevator opened there were two nurses standing there they helped get me up and in the wheelchair that Pastor Ken had come running over with. I was in pain as I could feel my kidneys shutting down. Pastor Ken wheeled me out of the building as fast as he could, he got me over to my car and we started praying with all our hearts. I thought I was going to pass out the pain was intense and getting worse, then it felt like a blanket of warm peace came over me and my body began healing. Pastor Ken began praising God with his arms held towards the heavens. Both of us were thanking and praising God for about 20 minutes or so and soon I was completely recovered for the glory of God.

After we had prayed with Pastor Shawn he began to have a phenomenal recovery, first his kidneys began functioning again, at first they were at 10% and with each passing day they began to function more and more stronger and within two weeks they were at 90% and as this was going on Pastor Shawn’s legs began to strengthen, soon he was able to stand with a walker, then within a two week period he was walking slowly down the hall of the care center totally on his own. Once again the staff, nurses, and doctors were completely awestruck and amazed they were calling it a true miracle of God.

Many people who worked in the facility were now coming to see Pastor Shawn for guidance and prayer, it was truly an amazing sight to see; as for me I decided to kinda hang low for a while I didn't want to draw any attention to myself because after all it was God Who deserves all the glory for these healings not me.

Over the next two weeks I thought about who I would choose to be the next recipient of God’s healing little did I know God was making those choices for me. I decided to take a drive up to Kingman for a little change of scenery it was a nice day the sun was out the sky was blue with big billowy white clouds. The drive up to Kingman is a very nice drive with a desert landscape dotted with sahuaro cactus, there's even an area along the highway with hundreds of Joshua trees which seem to be raising their arms up to the heavens in praising God.

When I arrived at Kingman I decided to stop in and see Chaplain Basye, we had a good talk. When I told him about the healings he became filled with peace and joy. Chaplain Basye invited me to lunch, we went to Cracker Barrel, I had a turkey sandwich with fries and a chocolate shake it was awesome, afterwards Chaplain Basye took me over by the Church that he and the towns people of Yucca Arizona built a few years earlier and as we were parking out walks my old buddy Pastor Doug with a great big smile on his face, he walked over to the car, shook my hand and said,

“Orlan, it sure is good to see you my Brother, peace be with you and your family.”

Chaplain Basye, Pastor Doug and I went in the Church and talked for quite a while, we talked about God and life and world events, soon it was time for me to get going, it was about 4pm when I got on the freeway headed home.

As I was driving I noticed there was an accident up ahead of me that had just occurred. Cars were stopping on the side of the road, people were yelling because one of the cars had flipped over. I pulled over and ran to the scene of the accident, a few of the men were trying to flip the car back over onto its wheels then after about three tries they were successful.

There were three people badly injured in the car that had flipped over, the driver of the pickup truck that had hit their car was Ok. the people in the car were a man and a woman with their young son of about 12 years old the man and the woman were badly injured and bleeding their son was hurt but not as bad.

I informed the people that were there that I was a Chaplain and that maybe I should sit in the car and pray for this family in order to comfort them until the Fire Department arrived. I got in the car, I put my hand on the woman's shoulder and I placed my other hand on the man's head and began to pray and once again the power of God came through me in such a powerful way I can barely remember what happened next. This time there was a flash of white light that stunned everybody that was around they couldn't believe it, then I slowly got out of the car, everything was surreal as if it were happening in slow motion then within about 20 minutes the people in the car were perfectly fine. When the Fire Department arrived the paramedics checked the family's vital signs and to their amazement they were all Ok, they didn't even have a scratch on them.

The firemen were completely dumbfounded they couldn't believe it and as I walked over to my car everyone who was there was looking over at me, some were crying, some were thanking God and still others were just shaking their heads in disbelief they couldn't believe what they just saw. I got in my car and began driving knowing that something bad was about to happen to me, maybe I should have stayed at the scene of the accident because the paramedics were there and they may have been able to help me. As I was driving the pain began and it was getting worse, I pulled over, all three of these people's injuries had now been transferred on to me. I started praying and then I lost consciousness, when I woke up I was in the hospital this time I wasn't healed as quickly, this time it took four days for me to be completely healed and even at that the doctors and the nurses and the staff we're absolutely amazed. I realized if I heal more than one person at a time I could die.

I allowed three weeks to pass before I decided to heal another patient in the facility where I serve with Pastor Ken. Dorothy had become a friend of mine and I visited her often, her condition was worsening, and the doctors told me that she might not be with us very much longer. I decided to go see Dorothy and lay hands on her in the hopes that God would heal her like He had done with the other people I prayed over. When I walked in the room Dorothy could barely speak, she reached her hand out to me and took hold of my hand and I said to her,

“Have faith Dorothy, I believe that God is going to heal you today, is it Ok if I pray for you?”

Dorothy looked at me, smiled and nodded her head yes.

I held Dorothy's hand and I placed my other hand on her forehead and began to pray and as I prayed the room became filled with a peace and I love that surpassed all understanding and in a very short time the color began to come back into Dorothy's face, then she opened her eyes, sat up and said,

“Thank You Chaplain Orian, I'm feeling much better, praise God, this is a miracle, I'm so grateful, thank you, thank you, thank you?”

I knew I had to get to my car right away, I said my goodbyes to Dorothy and rushed to the elevator, when I got to the first floor I was exhausted I could feel the pain coming on quickly, I staggered out front almost falling to the ground. I made it to my car, I knew I should've had Pastor Ken come with me. I thought I could handle this on my own, next time I'll know better. I opened the car door and fell inside and passed out. When I regained consciousness, I was breathing oxygen, apparently the nurse saw me and notified the doctor and they came running to my car and started administering oxygen. I began to pray, the pain was awful, I was holding the nurse's hand while they were administering oxygen and taking my vitals. I prayed out loud and within 20 minutes the pain began to stop then within 40 minutes I was Ok. I told the doctor and nurses that I had had an asthma attack again, they looked at me said I had better get checked out by my doctor just in case. I thanked them then I drove home.

Over the next few days I thought about who I would ask God to please heal next, I waited about two weeks, by this time Dorothy had had a full recovery. Once again staff, nurses, and doctors were amazed, word was getting out that something extraordinary was going on. People began to question and talk about the incredible events that were happening. I decided to wait a little longer before asking God for another healing. I waited for about two months, then one day I was told that Joanna another patient that I had become very fond of was getting worse.

This time I was sure to bring Pastor Ken along with me for this healing. We decided to go see Joanna on a Friday morning around 10am. Joanna was suffering from Lou Gehrig's disease and the disease was now in its final stage. I knew Joanna's healing would be a really big deal here, so I didn't want the staff put two and two together in realizing that I had anything to do with it.

On a cold rainy January Friday morning Pastor Ken and I went to see Joanna, when we arrived at her room she was very happy to see us, I thought that this was just going to be a cut and dry situation, you know, we pray, she gets better, I run to the car, I experience great pain, we pray and then all is well. What would actually happen that day would be a very different thing altogether. Joanna's roommate Janelle was having a hard time of things, she was also very ill and

somebody that I cared greatly about. You see I had befriended her husband Al, Al is a really great guy and he got me through a very rough time of things once.

Al has a way of making a person feel good. My girlfriend and I had broken up and I was going through a really hard time. One day while I was on the second floor visiting some of the patients I walked over and sat down in the sitting area and there was big Al eating a big ole hamburger, well we started talking and one thing led to another and he began ministering to me. Al told me everything was gonna be Ok and that God was in full control, like I said Al has a way of making a person feel good about life.

I just couldn't leave the room without healing Al's wife Janelle as well. I knew that this would put me in grave danger and might bring a lot of attention to Pastor Ken and I. Joanna was in her wheelchair so I wheeled her over by Janelle's bed and I held each of their hands, Pastor Ken put his hands on each of their shoulders and we began to pray and just like the times before the power of the Holy Spirit began filling the room and then as we were praying a white light begin to glow brighter and brighter and suddenly a great force knocked me to the floor and I became unconscious. Pastor Ken tried to revive me but couldn't, he ran out of the room to get the staff to help me. I was sent to the hospital next door and I laid in a hospital bed for over a week, this time I really did almost die. The doctors said it was a miracle that I had survived, they couldn't understand how my illness had left my body so quickly, they were calling it a miracle of God, meanwhile over at the health care facility Joanna and Janelle were going through a miraculous recovery so much so that the media got involved and began swarming the healthcare facility, everything was abuzz, everybody was trying to figure out what was happening and then they realized that all of these healings had one thing in common, I had prayed over the patients. Soon the media was coming to see me, I had to be moved to a private room with security because it was getting so out of control.

When I finally got released from the hospital to go home I notified the healthcare facility where I serve and informed them that I would be taking a few weeks off in order to rest. I asked them not to tell the media where I live and they agreed.

I had decided not to try to heal people for a while, it was a very hard decision because there were still many other patients in the facility that I cared deeply about but I didn't want to run the risk of dying and I started thinking maybe things were getting worse, like the symptoms that were being transferred to me were getting worse as in intensifying in pain and lasting longer.

After thinking about it I decided to take a leave of absence and go up north for at least a week to kind of unwind and spend some time with God and nature. I decided to go to Flagstaff there was a fresh snowfall and a change of scenery would do me very good.

While I was in Flagstaff there was one patient that had been on my mind, his name is Greg and he is paralyzed from the neck down. Greg is my buddy and one of the nicest guys I have ever met. Greg has got a great attitude about life and he loves the Lord. I wanted to give this man the gift of God's healing so I decided to pack it up and head back home after staying in Flagstaff for about 5 days. I got on the highway heading South, I had just passed Prescott and noticed a school bus driving in the same direction up in the distance. A red pickup truck was coming from the other direction then it suddenly crossed the centerline of the highway, the bus driver seeing this swerved to the right slamming on his brakes and the bus flipped over onto its side, as I was watching this accident unfold, I thought to myself,

“O my God not again Lord.”

I was the first one on the scene, cars were pulling over just like what had happened during the other accidents, I ran over to the bus and realized that there were grade school kids on board, they were all screaming and crying, the bus driver was unconscious, I began to unbuckle the children so they could get off the bus. A couple other guys who ran over to help began helping the children. The bus driver regained consciousness and was helped off the bus and was now sitting on the side of the road, people were helping him. 911 was called, the Fire Department was on the way. Then in the back of the bus there were at least seven injured children, some of them were unconscious. I knew if I prayed for all

of them it might kill me. I had to at least try. I crawled to the back of the bus, I raised my hands in the air to God and I began to pray for the children. Some were bleeding and screaming out in pain, it was an awful sight to see. I began praying my heart out with tears in my eyes, I told the other men to get off the bus, then as I was praying a white light engulfed the entire bus, the people that were there could not believe what they were seeing, some fell to their knees, others were in shock and awestruck with tears in their eyes and still others began calling out to God joyfully. Suddenly there was a powerful force of God's healing power then Christ Yeshua reached out His hand to me and I felt completely immersed in our Lord's peace, comfort, and love. Amen

(1 Corinthians Chapter 13 Love heals all wounds:)



The Old Man Who Sat by The Tree

By Chaplain Paul 193



Judges 6:11-12 Gideon Called

Now the Angel of the Lord came and sat under the Terebinth tree which was in Ophrah which belonged to Joash the Abiezrite while his son Gideon threshed wheat in the winepress in order to hide it from the Midianites. And the Angel of the Lord appeared to him and said to him,

“The Lord is with you, you mighty man of valor.”

Every day on my way to work I would see an old man sitting by a tree, I didn't know who he was but he had a very kind face and he would always smile and wave at me.

As time went on I began thinking more and more about this man, I mean who is this guy anyway? Then one day I decided to stop and say hello to the old man who sat by that tree and when I walked over he smiled as he looked at me,

“Well hello there young man, my name is Red what's yours?”

I told the man my name was Daniel, then he said with a very kind face,

“Please sit and stay for a while.”

I told the man who sat by the tree whose name was Red that I couldn't stay long because I had to go to work but I could stay for 30 min. or so, then man looked at me and said,

“Well that will do just fine.”

The man began telling me a fantastic story about his life experiences and before I knew it 30 min were up. I wanted to stay and hear more but I had to go. The old man who sat by the tree whose name was Red invited me to come back soon and so began Thursdays with Red.

I would go and visit Red every Thursday for about an hour and we would talk about life and about God and we would share each other's life experiences.

This went on for about a year or so, I grew very fond of the old man who sat by the tree whose name was Red. Then one day I was saddened to see that my old friend Red who sat by the tree was gone so I began looking for him, it would seem Red had gotten very sick and was taken to the hospital. When I found out what had happened I rushed to be by my friend's side.

I walked in Red's room and there he was on a breathing machine looking up and smiling at me. Then he handed me a letter that he had written shortly after we had first met that read,

Dear Daniel don't be sad for the Lord is holding me securely in His hands. You were a true blessing in my life by spending a little time with me during my last days here on earth. We laughed and we cried, we shared life stories and we learned a great many things about what is truly important in life. Thank You Daniel for just being you, I know our Lord truly loves you. I will be just fine and I will always be watching over you. Remember to read your Word and please ask the Lord to lead you to someone like me who is all alone so that the two of you can be a true blessing in each other's lives. You take care kidd, we will see each other again one day in eternity basking in Christ Yeshua's glory and love.

Always remember Kidd, love holds the answer to every question and the solution to every problem, Love your Pal Red.

John 14:27 Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.

WILTED FLOWERS



Wilted Flowers

By Chaplain Paul 193 Oct 29 2020

As I walk the sad and lonely halls of the care center where Pastor Ken and I serve I realized that many of these poor suffering people are like wilted flowers. Flowers require warmth and the love of God's sunlight and gentle rain, they require the help of bees to be pollinated and they require fertile soil in order to grow otherwise they slowly wilt away and die.

The human condition needs compassion, encouragement, kindness and love in order to thrive and grow. We require the Son's warmth and healing light of compassion and love for our own spiritual and physical healing and growth. We require fertile soil which is a receiving heart of obedience, forgiveness, compassion, and love. As I sat bedside and held Laurie's hand today it was as though a wilted flower had reached out to me desperately seeking the life giving waters of compassion, kindness, and love.

I began praying for her then I softly began to resight scripture verses from memory. She opened her eyes and smiled and made a heart with her hands and mouthed thank you.

There are literally thousands of miles of wilted flowers living in nursing homes, care centers and medical rehabs across our nation who are desperately in need of the life-giving waters of kindness, compassion, salvation, and love. These poor souls are being starved for attention, compassion, encouragement, the Word of God, kindness, and love.

Each of us needs to find it in our heart to go and start a compassionate garden of our own by going into these places of sadness, hopelessness and despair and being a blessing to a wilted flower by sharing the love of Christ.

Please contact the Activities Director at any nursing home, care center, medical rehab, or hospital and offer to be a blessing to someone that is all alone and suffering, Thank You and God Bless You from Chaplain Paul 193 John 14:27

Ps There are plenty of things we can do right from home in helping someone who is suffering and all alone in one of these places.

WILLOW



WILLOW

By Chaplain America 8-23-20

This is the story of The Willow. The Willow was as happy as happy can be, in fact it's because of The Willow that all the Happiness Trees were renamed Weeping Willow Trees.

It all began one faithful day in the month of April or maybe May. All of the Happiness Tress were all as happy as bumblebees. They were all singing and laughing and swaying about as they all lived a life of not having to do without.

Then one day big trucks arrived down by the pond where all the Happiness Tress lived. A crew of men dug up the trees with very big trucks then they hauled all the trees far, far, away, there were over twenty Happiness Trees removed from their happy home that fateful day.

All the Happiness Trees were replanted at a brand-new health care facility called The Shady Rest Nursing Home and Medical Rehab on High Ridge Road in Phoenix Az.

Soon after all the Happiness Trees began swaying in the cool Spring breeze, all of the Happiness Tress were as happy as Honeybees. About a year past and by this time the nursing home was just about full, then Corona Virus blew in and everything became very sad and blue.

Then one sunny day all of the Happiness Trees decided to look in the windows to take a little peek and what they saw took their breath away, For within the walls of what appeared to be a place of peace, comfort and rest was actually a house of horrors. The trees saw patients neglected, verbally and emotionally abused. They saw patients being treated like little children who were separated, isolated and heavily medicated. The trees witnessed patients being lied to and treated like prison inmates and zoo animals all for profit and greed.

Then the Happiness Trees began to weep for these poor suffering souls night and day and soon after all of the Happiness Trees were renamed Weeping Willow Trees for they are the trees who weep for the sufferings of mankind.

The Weeping Willow reminds us all that we can do a lot better in the way we treat our sick, suffering and dying. The Weeping Willow is very kind and she has a very compassionate heart and sadly the sins of mankind are breaking her heart...

John 14:27 And Christ Yeshua said, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid...Amen"

ABANDONED AND FORGOTTEN



Abandoned and Forgotten

By Chaplain Paul Oct. 11-2020

Abandoned and forgotten and all alone as I sit here day after day praying that I would be able to go home one day. I'm in a nursing home full of patients and yet I am all alone. My family left me here they never call or visit at all, I still love them and I miss them very much, I hope they're all OK, I hope they'll come and visit or call me one day.

The doctors and nurses are nice but they don't have the time to sit and hold my hand, they don't have the time to hear my stories, but I understand. At night this place can be a very dark and lonely place, I know deep in my heart that the Lord is with me and that He will never leave me nor forsake me, and that helps me to get through the day, but there's nothing like someone who loves you sitting by your side holding your hand with a kind heart and a listening ear just thinking about it I can barely hold back the tears.

Each day is just like the next as I sit here and pray,

“O Lord please send a kindhearted soul my way someday.”

Each morning I am filled with hope then by the afternoon along comes depression and doubt and then by nightfall I'm filled with anxiety and despair because of the realization that nobody really does care. I know the Lord will get me through this just like His Word says in the 23rd Psalm, but it's hard being in this place filled with sorrow and dread, O Lord please send someone to share Your Holy Bread. O Lord I have faith that somewhere out there, there are people who really do care.

Lord if there is only one person then please send that person in to visit the woman next door, she needs a visit more than I do because she is so spiritually poor. She deserves a visit more than I. O Lord please send a kind soul my way before I die.

Please contact the Activities Director at any nursing home, care center, medical rehab, or hospital and offer to be a blessing to someone who is all alone and suffering. We are the answer to someone's prayers and as we bless them they in turn bless us, we bless each other for the glory of God and that's what serving Christ Yeshua is all about Charly Brown.

God Bless You from Chaplain Paul 193. John 14:27

www.miraclesofkingman.com A variety of my books are offered for free as a PDF file on my website, people can download them and share them with others absolutely free. The Bible teaches us the more we give the more we receive and we are to treat others as we ourselves would want to be treated. It's all about sharing the love of Christ with others for the glory of God, God bless you from Chaplain Paul.

Thank You Abba Father for Your Blessings and Love, I pray that the patients in care centers, nursing homes, medical rehabs and hospitals around the world will be touched by Your Holy Spirit, healing power and love. I pray that the patients, family members, doctors, nurses, and staff members receive a peace and a love that surpasses all understanding and I pray this prayer of Faith, Hope and Love in Christ Yeshua's Holy Name...Amen

John 14:27 Peace I leave with you My peace I give to you, not as the world gives do I give to you, let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.

