

I'LL FORGIVE YOU OVER **YOUR** DEAD BODY

Have you ever thought about how harmful holding a grudge against someone can be? Unforgiveness will always take you further into bitterness than you want to go, cost you more in grief than you want to pay, and keep you in bondage longer than you intend to stay. How do I know? This is my story.

In October of 2002, while preparing my eldest son's lunch for school, I noticed that his left leg was much thinner than his right leg. He had been limping around for about six weeks, yet I attributed it to growing pains when he had told me that his hip was hurting. When I looked at him that morning and saw how much skinnier his left leg was than his right leg, my heart sank and fear overcame me.

I made an appointment with the doctor that day and took our firstborn son Christian to the doctor, who examined him thoroughly and made him walk around to note how he limped. We explained that he had been in pain for a while, so the doctor referred us to Baylor Irving Hospital for X-rays. As I left his office, the doctor told me that he would have the results the following Monday, yet at 6:00 p.m. that evening the phone rang. I did not expect it to be our doctor, but it was. When I picked up the phone he said, "Terri, there is something wrong with your boy." Those words brought fear, and my heart sank. Great bedside manner, don't you think? He began to tell me our son had a disease called "Legg Calve Perthese," but he wasn't familiar with the disease. He gave us the name of a specialist to call first thing Monday morning. That was a long weekend. After hanging up the phone, my husband and I immediately searched the internet for more information. We learned this disease affects the top portion of the femur head. There is a lack of blood flow to the femur head, and since life is in the blood, Christian's femur head was disintegrating. We couldn't believe this was happening to our son!

Through a series of events, we were led to Scottish Rite Hospital. They put our son into traction for about a week, which did seem to relieve some of the pain. Then they told us they prescribed surgery on his leg which, of course, we didn't want to do. At this point, I began to question my faith. I knew that God heals, yet as we prayed, we didn't see God move and heal our son. So we opted to do surgery the following Thursday. The surgery would require sawing the femur bone in two to reset it in a more favorable position. The thought of doing this to my nine year old was torturous. I wanted to run; I did not want to make this decision. The doctors couldn't really tell me what the outcome would be, only that they felt surgery was best. Legg Calve Perthese disease is very rare, and there is very little known of its origin. I know this, though -- it is not from God. The name of the disease comes from the three doctors who discovered it, Dr. Legg, Dr. Calve, and Dr. Perthese. It would be a year-and-a-half before I would know that small fact. Imagine -- I went around for a year-and-a-half wondering why they spelled legg the wrong way. Go figure, it's the doctor's name, what a coincidence.

We were to do surgery two weeks after discovering the problem. We just received what the doctors said as our best option, and gave them the okay to go ahead with the procedure. Yet in the back of my mind, I remembered something our Pastor, Robert Morris, had said many times about Psalms 103:3. He said, "God heals all of our diseases. Do you know what that word 'all' means in the original Hebrew? It means ALL!" I always thought I believed that. Yet my spirit was in turmoil, believing that God heals all of our diseases, but seeing that my son was not being healed.

After they had taken Christian out of traction but had not released him from the hospital, we were in the courtyard trying out his new crutches. The doctors came out to discuss Christian's pending surgery with us, and I asked them what I could expect afterward. With Christian standing there, the doctor began to explain that Christian would be in a body cast from the waist down. I guess none of us could have predicted Christian's reaction. Upon hearing the doctor say "body cast," he threw his

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crutches as far out on the lawn as he could, and began to scream and cry, "No, mom! No! Don't let them do this to me! You don't have to let them do this to me! You can say No! Please! Please! Mom, don't let them do this!" He grabbed my shirt, buried his little face in it and wept bitterly. I fell to the ground, scooped him up in my lap, and there we sat in the grass weeping together. The two doctors walked away, allowing us to have our moment. After much discussion we felt we needed to have the surgery. We didn't want to look back and not know that we had done everything humanly and spiritually possible for our son. So we allowed the doctors to do surgery.

On the morning of surgery, they gave him something to drink to make him loopy, then they wheeled him off as he reached his hand out, crying to us, "Don't leave me, don't leave me!" Frank and I went to a room alone, held each other and cried. We were not sure we had made the right decision. When I saw my son next he was in a body cast from his chest to his knees. He had an epidural in his back to help control the pain. We had decided that Frank would spend the first night with Christian, and in the middle of the night his I.V. came out. He screamed at the top of his lungs when they said they would have to put it back in. So for the sake of everyone within screaming distance trying to sleep, they left it out. This meant the epidural would have to be turned off. It sounded like a good idea at the time, but when the effects of the epidural wore off, his screams were even louder. They told Christian that they would have to put the I.V back in to turn the pain medicine back on. The pain was so intense, he quickly agreed.

Somehow we made it through the four weeks of body cast, a couple of weeks in a wheelchair, and the trials of learning to walk again. As time went on, we continued to pray for complete healing. We continued to go to our regular check ups. Things were going as well as expected, but for me, that was not good enough. You see, I serve a big God and I did not want to settle for "good enough." I wanted it all -- all that Jesus did on that cross. He took thirty-nine stripes on His back for our healing. Wow! We were healed before one nail went into His hand.

Over the next year, I cried out for God to give me more faith. For a year-and-a-half I prayed, "God, give me more faith to believe for my son to be healed." I did not want to receive what the doctors were saying. In some cases these kids grow up having to use arm crutches, have a terrible limp and suffer from arthritis, or worse -- have to have complete hip replacements at around age 30.

One year after the first diagnosis, my son began to complain about his right hip. He wasn't limping anymore, now he was waddling from side to side. Once again, an X-ray would reveal Legg Calve Perthes. What a kick in the gut. This time the doctors would tell us they could not do surgery. When I asked why, the only answer they had was that this time the Perthes was different and they didn't feel surgery would be effective. We left the office that day with my son now begging me to make them do surgery. Can you imagine your son begging to have his bone sawn in two, an epidural in his back, and a body cast? This was where my son was -- he was in awful pain. I was giving him doses of Tylenol, followed by Motrin thirty minutes later, around the clock. At night he would still say he was in pain, after all that medicine. We continued for the next three months to ask the doctor to do surgery. They stood by their first stance -- that surgery would be ineffective on this leg. Even though this made no sense to me, when I asked why, they had no answer.

Approximately one year and three months into this journey, I was on the phone one day with a Christian neighbor. I was sharing with her about my son and the fact that I had had four miscarriages, and my second son, Caleb, was suffering from asthma attacks. She said, "Terri, you must be under a curse." I thought to myself, "Oh boy, she's one of those. Doesn't she know I can't be under a curse? Jesus became a curse for me on the cross!" But I was nice and let her think what she wanted to think. Then she asked me a question that would be the catalyst that would change the course of my life, and the lives of my family. She asked, "Do you have any

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unforgiveness toward anyone?" I didn't have to think about it for even a second before I blurted out, "Sure I do, Frank. I can't stand him." As the words flowed out of my mouth, my brain was thinking, "So what does that have to do with anything?" She began to tell me how holding unforgiveness would bring a curse over my life. She told me about some healing tapes she had heard that were really great. She said they would show me how holding a grudge against my husband would bring me under a curse. "Oh yea," I thought, "that's just what I want to hear." To tell the truth, that part held little interest for me, but the part about healing -- now that, I desperately wanted to hear. Soon after that phone conversation, she brought over the teaching tapes.

As I listened to the very first tape, the guy said something that caught my attention. He said, "I have people ask me all the time to pray for them that God will give them faith to be healed of cancer. I always tell them the same thing -- I cannot pray that prayer for you." He had my attention now, even though his voice was so annoying I could hardly listen. I was just going to listen because Vicki asked me to and I told her I would. But remember, I said I had been praying for God to give me faith to believe for my son to be healed. Then he said, "There is only one way to get faith -- Romans 10:17. 'So then, faith comes by hearing and by hearing the Word of God.' The only way to get faith is to read our Bibles, and then believe what God says." Okay, so I'm a ding-dong spiritually. You already knew this, right? Well it hit me right were I was living -- all that while praying for faith, when what I really needed was to read my Bible and believe it.

I began studying the Word like I did when I first got saved. Why did I ever stop? I looked up every place I could find the word faith in the Bible. I wanted to see if this guy was right -- that I couldn't get faith praying for it. To this day, I have found no scriptural basis for praying for faith. Then I looked up the word *healing*, and came across this passage in Isaiah 53:1-5. It starts by asking this question, "Who has believed our report?" Then it goes on to explain what happened at the cross. I'm sure you already know this, but let me tell you what God showed me. Isaiah: 53-4 says, "Surely He (Jesus) has borne our griefs." This word *griefs* in the original Hebrew means sickness. Jesus bore our sickness on the cross! Then it says, "And carried our sorrows." This word *sorrows* means PAIN! Wow! This was an awesome revelation. If Jesus bore Christian's pain on the cross, then why were we allowing Christian to bear it?

I now had the Word to stand on. We began to thank the Lord that He bore Christian's pain. We thanked Him that Christian no longer had to bear it. Gradually, Christian stopped asking for pain medicine. We were so excited. Within about three weeks, Christian stopped asking for any medicine except on rare occasion. We were claiming his healing based on God's promise in Isaiah 53:5, "By His stripes we are healed." This word *healed*, in its original Hebrew, means "*healed; to cure; to heal; to mend; to stitch.*" This passage is referred to again in Matthew 8:16-18, "When evening had come, they brought to Him many who were demon-possessed. And He cast out the spirits with a word, and healed all who were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, 'He Himself took our infirmities and bore our sickness.'" As I read the meaning of these passages, I said out loud, "We've been trusting the wrong doctor." The Lord spoke to me right then and said in my spirit, "Seek the Healer, not the healing."

I understand now that God desires so much to have a relationship with us. He equally wants us to be healed. God does not bring sickness to teach us or punish us. All sickness comes from the devil and we must stand against him. We must hear the Word of God and believe the Word of God. When Jesus went to His own home town He (Jesus) did not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief (Matthew 13:58). It is interesting to note that it wasn't Jesus' lack of desire to heal them, it was their unbelief that blocked their healing. I desperately needed to learn this important truth. We had come to believe the word of the doctor, not fully understanding that it is God's will to heal every time. We also began to stand on 1 Peter 2:24, "Who Himself bore our sins in His own

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body on the tree, that we, having died to sin, might live for righteousness -- by whose stripes we are healed." Then I found 2 Corinthians 1:20, "For all the promises of God in Him are Yes, and in Him Amen through us." Notice He says *through us*. Wow! With a promise like that, I knew I could not lose.

Something else the Lord showed me during this time was Matthew 17:20, "If you have faith as (not as *small as*, as misinterpreted in the NIV, but rather *like unto*) a mustard seed, you will say to this mountain, move from here to there, and it will move, and nothing shall be impossible for you. 21 However, this kind does not go out except by prayer and fasting." (If you have the NIV, verse 21 will not be found in your Bible.) This scripture is explained to us in Matthew 13:31-32 (NKJV), "Another parable He put forth to them, saying: 'The kingdom of heaven is like a mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field, which indeed is the least of all the seeds; but when it is grown it is greater than the herbs and becomes a tree, so that the birds of the air come and nest in its branches.'"

What I learned from this scripture is that you can't move mountains when your mustard seed is still "buried" in the ground and hasn't been "watered" with the Word. You cannot move a mole hill -- much less a mountain -- with that faith. But when your faith is full grown and has been "watered" with the Word, and you believe the Word, then you shall move mountains and nothing shall be impossible with you.

The next thing God dealt with was my unforgiveness toward Frank. While listening to another teaching by this man, I became convicted. He talked about how our health is directly affected by our love walk, and how our sin can affect our children. He was teaching on the unforgiving servant, referenced in Matthew 18:21-35 (NKJV).

"Then Peter came to Him and said, 'Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Up to seven times?'²² Jesus said to him, 'I do not say to you, up to seven times, but up to seventy times seven.'²³ Therefore the kingdom of heaven is like a certain king who wanted to settle accounts with his servants.²⁴ And when he had begun to settle accounts, one was brought to him who owed him ten thousand talents (\$3.8 billion in silver).²⁵ But as he was not able to pay, his master commanded that he be sold, with his wife and children and all that he had, and that payment be made.²⁶ The servant therefore fell down before him, saying, 'Master, have patience with me, and I will pay you all.'²⁷ Then the master of that servant was moved with compassion, released him, and forgave him the debt.²⁸ But that servant went out and found one of his fellow servants who owed him a hundred denari, (\$3,200) and he laid hands on him and took him by the throat, saying, 'Pay me what you owe!'²⁹ So his fellow servant fell down at his feet and begged him, saying, 'Have patience with me, and I will pay you all.'³⁰ And he would not, but went and threw him into prison till he should pay the debt.³¹ So when his fellow servants saw what had been done, they were very grieved, and came and told their master all that had been done.³² Then his master, after he had called him, said to him, 'You wicked servant! I forgave you all that debt because you begged me.³³ Should you not also have had compassion on your fellow servant, just as I had pity on you?'³⁴ And his master was angry, and delivered him to the torturers until he should pay all that was due to him.³⁵ So my heavenly Father also will do to you if each of you, from his heart, does not forgive his brother his trespasses."

Notice how the effect of the unforgiving servant's sin was passed on to his wife and children, and that they were afflicted as he was, because of his sin against his master. So that servant fell on his face before his master and begged forgiveness, and the master forgave him all and released him of

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all his debt. This is a picture of us (the servant) and our Lord Jesus Christ (King over us). Then the forgiven servant found someone who owed him much less than he had owed his master, and he had his fellow servant thrown into prison until he could pay his debt.

As I heard this teaching, the Lord gave me a vision of my husband behind bars -- the bars of my unforgiveness! You see, I had spent ten of our eleven years of marriage in unforgiveness. There had been hurtful things my husband had said and done to me over the years, and I had not forgotten a single one of them. I could even tell you the clothes he was wearing when he did what he did or said what he said, where he was standing, and the scowl on his face!

As the teaching continued, I became even more convicted. His fellow servants saw what he had done and they were very grieved and came and told their master. So he called him back and said to him, "You wicked servant!" (By then I knew the Lord was speaking directly to me. You may think the word "wicked" seems a little too strong, but I didn't say it, God did in His Word.) "I forgave you all your debt. Shouldn't you have forgiven your brother his debt?" His master was angry and delivered him to the torturers until he had paid his debt.

When I saw this Scripture, I received revelation: "WOW! This was grace speaking. Those were red letters! That was Jesus!" And the Word goes on to say, "So my heavenly Father will also do to each of you, if each of you from his heart does not forgive his brother his trespasses."

It hit me like a ton of bricks in that moment. Because of my unforgiveness toward my husband, I had been turned over to the tormentors, not because God wanted to punish me, but because sin opens the door for our enemy, Satan. My son was not only afflicted with Legg Calve Perthese disease, but my second son had just begun to have asthma attacks. I had experienced three miscarriages in a row, and began to see a pattern of destruction in our lives. Our marriage was falling apart. We were miserable!

As we talked one night about our situation, my husband informed me that he was preparing to leave me. I thought to myself, "You're leaving ME? You should be grateful that I am still here after all you've done to me!" I started to pray, thinking of course, that God was on my side because I was a really trying to do the right thing. As far as I could see, Frank was not trying to do right. So I prayed, "Lord, just take him out in a car accident." I know how shocking and harsh this must seem, but that is how hardened my heart had become. I prayed for my husband to die! I figured I could collect double indemnity on his life insurance, and would not have to lose the lifestyle to which my children and I had become accustomed.

After hearing the message on unforgiveness, however, the Lord dealt with my heart in a mighty way. What had seemed the impossible task of forgiving years of heartache suddenly transformed into an immediate need to release unconditional forgiveness and love! What had seemed so hard before now seemed so easy! I came to recognize that forgiveness has nothing to do with feelings over the wrong done. Instead, it is a decision we choose to make. I chose to make the decision to forgive because I knew that, if I continued down the path I was walking, that path would lead to further torment and destruction. On one hand, there would be blessing if I forgave; and on the other hand, curses if I did not. Let's see, do I want to be blessed or cursed? Duh!

By the time I got the kids in bed that night it was about 10:00. I immediately went into our room where my husband lay, trying to sleep. I flipped on the light and asked, "Can we talk?" This is every man's nightmare. He's thinking, "What she really means is, would you like to stay up till the wee hours of the morning and fight with me over a problem we haven't been able to solve since our wedding day?" This night, praise God, would be different. I told him about the teaching I had heard and how God showed me how wrong I was. I told him that I loved him and would walk in love

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toward him, that there was nothing he could do to make me walk in unforgiveness ever again, and that I would not give place to the devil -- not in my life or my children's lives. When I finished speaking, there were tears in his eyes.

I then began to "walk out" my words, day by day. Unforgiveness was no longer an option or excuse. It simply was not worth it! From that point forward, God began restoring our marriage, and I prayed diligently for my husband to live and be blessed! I placed a prayer cloth under his pillow and began to pray scripture over him. In the morning while making the bed I would take the cloth out, pray scripture over it, then place it back in his pillow case.

Next, the Lord spoke to me about fasting and praying. One of the first things I saw God do as I began to pray and fast was to heal all three of our sons from strep throat. In the past, they contracted strep throat about three times a year, passing it from one to another. We were used to taking them to the doctors and getting antibiotics, but this time I stood on the Word. For three days I prayed, "God, I know that it is Your desire to heal." At the end of the third day, the Lord gave me this scripture to declare over their strep throat: "The Lord rebuke you." (Jude 9) The next morning, all three boys woke up healed! No Doctor! No antibiotics!

Then I witnessed God heal my middle son of asthma. One evening, after I had prayed and fasted for him for weeks, he had an asthma attack. I prayed diligently over him for over an hour, when suddenly, in one second and in one breath, he began to breathe normally. This happened 1-1/2 years ago and he has not had one attack since then. He is healed. Hallelujah! Praise God! He is healed!

As the Lord began to deal with me concerning fasting, we started spending a lot of time fasting, praying, and reading the Word. I took Christian in for another check up -- it had been about three months since our last appointment. I really thought they would say he was healed. On the way to Scottish Rite Hospital, I heard a still small voice say, "You are about to be tested." They did the usual X-ray, then sent us to an examining room. The doctor appeared moments later with his nurse, and began to tell me why they had originally thought it unnecessary to do surgery on the right leg. The femur head on this leg had been dissolving faster, and to a greater degree than on the left leg. Thus, they thought surgery would be ineffective. He continued, "Now the bone has stopped dissolving and we would like to do surgery. We have an opening this Thursday."

I wanted to laugh out loud, but at the risk of being misunderstood, I refrained. You see, I had been telling everyone that we were standing in faith and that I wouldn't do surgery for anything. We were going to stand and see God heal our son. Well, standing in faith is not a hard thing to do when the doctors are telling you they cannot and will not do surgery. What else were we going to do? Now we were faced with the question, "Do I really believe what I am saying?" I will say I was challenged that day. Frank and I talked about it and decided we would continue to stand on God's written Word. We had peace.

Three months went by; God was asking me to fast forty days. I really felt that would be impossible. However, another trip to the doctor would push me over the edge. This time the doctor practically begged us to do surgery. He told us of all the reasons he thought it would be best. The other thing we had to consider was that this doctor was the number one Perthes doctor in the world, and chief of staff at Scottish Rite Hospital. I left there in tears and drove straight to my friend, Patty's house. I had a good cry and we prayed together. Pastor Robert called while I was there and we talked for a while on the phone. He assured me that whatever we decided to do, he and Debbie would stand with us. Thank God for His body of believers. We never have to stand alone.

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I decided at this time that I was willing to do whatever I could to see my son healed. I knew I needed to fast forty days. I decided I would not tell anyone I was going to fast that long, not even Frank. I didn't want to be accountable. I figured if I failed, no one would know but me, so I started fasting. I was also taking communion three or four times a day, as a result of reading a book entitled *The Meal That Heals*. My marriage was getting better all the time, but I still felt my husband wasn't much of a spiritual leader. I continued to pray over the prayer cloth. I was praying that God would make him the spiritual leader He intended for him to be.

One morning, on about the thirtieth day of my fast, the Lord asked me a question, "What does the word *submit* mean? You know, James 4:7 -- 'Submit to God, resist the devil and he will flee from you.'" I knew this meant to go look it up in the concordance. I ran and got my Bible and concordance, and looked up the word. This is what I read: *to subordinate; to obey; to be under obedience; put under; subdue unto; submit self unto*. Remember, I was thirty days into a fast. I began to say, "Yes, Lord! Yes, Lord! I want to completely obey you. Halleluiah! Praise God!" I got up and the Lord asked me another question, "What about that scripture, 'Wives submit to your husbands?'" I quickly sat back down and began to look up those scriptures -- Ephesians 5:22 and Colossians 3:18 -- all the while, saying, "God, you've got to be kidding me. This word submit here can not mean obey. You cannot be saying I should obey Frank. Lord, you know he's not seeking you like I am. He's not as spiritual as I am. Lord, this is not a good idea." I finally found the reference, and much to my horror, it did, and still does have the same reference number in the Greek concordance -- #5293.

I began to cry. I knew my husband was the bulk of our problems. All these years I knew that if he were just more spiritual, we wouldn't have so many problems. I could easily submit to a truly godly man. Now here I was, seeking God and praying for my husband, and God was showing me that I was not submitting to my husband. I thought, "What does this have to do with Frank being the spiritual leader of our home?" I was devastated and told the Lord, "This is impossible, I cannot do this. If this is what I have to do, I might as well go ahead and eat, and Christian is just going to have to limp the rest of his life." I headed for the kitchen to fix something to eat. Then the Lord, in His wonderful grace and mercy, spoke these words -- "Nothing is impossible with me." I began to weep even more intensely and to say, "I trust You, Lord. I trust You, Lord! I trust You to work through Frank." As I spoke, the Lord showed me the first scripture, James 4:7, "Submit to God, resist the devil and he will flee from you." And then, "Wives, submit to your husbands." It's the same thing: I am only as submitted to the Lord as I am to my husband.

That was a painful day -- I felt sick to my stomach the rest of the afternoon. I had realized, however, over the past few months, that I knew I could trust God. He had done so many wonderful things, so I decided to trust Him with Frank. I began more practical steps to becoming a submissive wife. I began to consult my husband's counsel regarding things that I wouldn't have bothered to bring up before. I made a greater effort to do things with the children that he had asked me to do -- things that I had not thought important or wanted to do. I did not argue with him about every little thing, but instead had a more positive attitude. And as I walked out my submission, I began to see my husband rise to a new level of spiritual leadership over our home. There is so much I could say but there is not time. I will say this -- I viewed him as a totally different man. He became softer, gentler, and less critical with our children and with me.

My forty day fast ended on Saturday, the day before Mother's Day, 2004. The prior week we had received a letter from Scottish Rite Hospital, reminding us of an appointment the following Monday, May 10th, 2004. I had not intended to go back to the hospital, but decided to go see what God was doing for my son's hip since I had obeyed and fasted the forty days. The doctor examined Christian and said that things were "really progressing." I asked him to explain what that meant. He said,

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"Let me go get the X-rays and show you." This was the first time in two years that they had volunteered to show me an X-ray without my asking first. The doctor returned with two X-rays: one taken three months before, on our last visit, and one from that day's office visit. He explained, "Look, the bone is healing very nicely." The bone had begun to grow back! Praise God, Christian's bone was growing back in the right leg, the one they had wanted so badly to do surgery on just three months earlier. Just as Jesus told the blind man to go dip in the river Jordan seven times, and he was not healed on the sixth but on the seventh time, I truly believe that only after forty days of fasting and walking in obedience to the Lord, did I see my son's healing and the bone begin to grow back.

There is a greater place of need and a greater walk in the Lord than we have ever known before: a walk of obedience and holiness. Recently I read in a book, "Whatever you justify, you have not repented of." Repentance is a wonderful gift God has given us. When we release people from unforgiveness, we not only release them to be the person that God wants them to be, but we also are released to be the person that God wants us to be.

Let me encourage you today to never give up on God and to never give place to the devil. Search your heart. Walk in repentance and obedience to God, which brings blessings. I have experienced it personally -- my marriage has been healed. Today I love my husband like I never thought that I could. I have experienced it in intercession for my children, who have also been healed.

Is there someone in your past or present, toward whom you hold unforgiveness or bear a grudge? Someone who has done or said unjust things to or about you? Would you choose to walk in forgiveness and release them, so that you can become the person that God intended for you to be, and they can become the person that God intended for them to be?

In the book of Matthew we are told, "Whatever we bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever we loose on earth will be loosed in heaven." That scripture implies that whenever we bind someone in unforgiveness, we have bound the heavens over our lives, and God will not and cannot answer our prayers. But when we forgive and release them, we release and open the heavens over our lives and theirs. I have found this to be true in my life. I pray that you will be able to choose life, forgiveness and obedience to God today. It is a choice -- you decide to forgive and your actions will follow. Stay in the Word and memorize scripture. Speak God's Word over those you need to forgive instead of speaking curses (James 3: 8-10).

Here are some scripture that were helpful to me on this journey to forgiveness:

Psalm 119 (all)

Psalm 19:14

John 14:12-14

Ephesians 6:10-19

2 Corinthians 10:3-5 (This is crucial in every battle -- memorize it and use it hourly.)

Hebrews 12:12-15

1 Peter 3:1-2 (This is not just referring to the unsaved -- which part of "without a word" do we not understand?)

James 1:5

James 1:12-16

Titus 2:3-5

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