

Within minutes I was safely on my way to the emergency room where X-rays and an MRI confirmed what I already knew; nothing was broken, and there was no internal bleeding, because God had already healed me of the most serious of the injuries inflicted 32 hours earlier.

There is no doubt in my mind that I should not be alive to be telling this testimony today.

Had it not been for the supernatural intervention of a great and mighty God, my life and death would already be a statistic. But even if I *had* died that day--I would still have been all right, because I have the assurance of eternal life...do you?

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You Can Have Assurance of Eternal Life

Romans 10:9-10,13 says anyone who calls on God to save them through faith in his risen son can have eternal life.

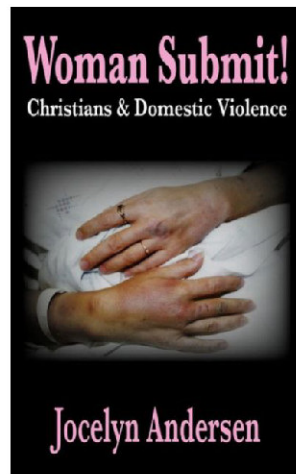
Do you believe Jesus is the son of God?

Do you believe God Raised him from the dead?

Are you sorry for your sins?

Call on God now and tell him that!

Talk to God *right now* and ask him to save you and *forgive you* of your sins. *He promises that he will.*



www.WomanSubmit.com

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HungryHeartsMinistries.com

Woman Submit!

I Should Be Dead--but I'm not!
testimony of Jocelyn Andersen

In my distress, I called upon the Lord...
Friday, 8:30 a.m., August 29, 2003

“Jesus won’t help you!”

With those words ringing in my ears, John brought his loafer-encased foot crashing down onto my face. Then, as suddenly as the violence started--it stopped.

It hadn't yet occurred to me that I was lying on my back, staring at the ceiling, in the opposite direction and in a completely different position than I had been in just moments (or so I thought) before when I had cried out to Jesus for help.

It also began to dawn on me that I could not raise myself up from the floor. I wasn't in any pain; I simply could not get up. I knew I must have been injured very badly.

I asked John if he would take me to the emergency room. He said, “No, you’ll call the police. It was obvious he was afraid he had fatally injured me, and I could see that my repeated requests for help were beginning to agitate him.

I knew I had said all I could safely get away with, so from that point on, I would ask for help only from God. I consigned myself to his care and began praying for rescue.

There was a telephone on the nightstand just next to the bed I was lying on, but I was too injured to even reach for it.

Unable to do the slightest thing for myself, a portion of the sermon our assistant pastor had preached just two days previously kept running and rerunning through my mind, “The Devil,” he said, “comes to steal, to kill and to destroy, but *I have come....*” Those words were a like a lifeline to me. I repeated them over and over to myself and said to the Lord, “You came, Jesus. You *came*.”

But it concerned me that I didn’t have a definite sense of the Lord’s presence.

I remember thinking, “God, where are you?” He answered my question with a question of his own,

“Do you feel this peace?”

Yes I did.

And I knew that peace only came from one source—God. It was good to know I wasn’t alone.

Sometime during the night (about 20 hours after the attack) I woke up and realized I felt different. I felt *better*.

I thought, “*I think I can sit up,*” and I sat up.

I thought, “I think I can *stand up,*” and I stood up.

I thought, “I think I can *walk.*” And I walked!

I knew that a supernatural healing from God had just taken place.

The peace of God that defies all understanding guarded my heart, and I was in a deep sleep most of the time. I awoke at some point during the second morning and found myself alone; of course I headed straight for the phone. *But it wasn’t there.* John had removed all of the phones from the house.

This was a *big* problem, because even though I could walk, I moved very slowly, and my balance was still extremely bad. I was afraid to leave the house to try and go for help.

I was confident the Spirit was leading me not to try just yet, so I laid back down and drifted back to sleep.

When John returned, I asked, “Am I a prisoner?” He said, “No.”

I was nervous about questioning him, but felt a boldness to go on, “Then why are all the phones gone?” I asked.

He said he had removed them so I would not call the police.

I promised him, before God, that if he would return the phones I would not call the police; *and he did*. Then he left again!

But now I had another problem. I had made a vow before God that I would not call the police. I stared at the phone and mentally worked through my options--breaking my vow was not one of them.

I picked up the cordless phone, looked at it, thought about it--then carefully set it back down.

I knew I was having difficulty thinking clearly, but I was confident God was leading me. John returned after being gone only a short time and made a point of looking to see if the phone had been moved. It hadn’t. I had returned it exactly as he left it. Then after a few hours, he left again.

This time I didn’t hesitate. I picked up the phone and quickly dialed my pastor’s cell phone number. God’s timing is always perfect. My pastor and his wife were in my neighborhood, just blocks from my home.