

# MIRACLES



# ABOUND!

(LUKE 1:37)

BY ANNA F. BEHRENS

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by Anna F. Behrens © 2009

## CONTENTS

<b>Title</b>	<b>Page</b>
In The Beginning...	1
All That Tongues Jazz	3
Trust	5
God-Speak	6
The Mysterious Visitor - Part A	8
The Mysterious Visitor - Part B	9
The Day God Stopped Time	11
Healings	12 -17
Forgiveness	18
The Wind of The Spirit	19
Lost & Found	19
The Flying Metal Disc	20
The Key	21
The Legs Thing (Ken's Testimony)	22
Teruah Ministries	24

## MIRACLES ABOUND!

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This book is dedicated to everyone who could use a little hope right about now. “Our help is in the name of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth.” (Ps. 124:8)

I sincerely pray for all of you who read these anecdotes: “May the God of all hope give you peace.” (Jer. 29:13) What the Lord has done for me, He can do for you - and more!

Sincerely, in the love of Jesus,

Anna

January 2009

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**Contact Information:** [annabehrens2@netcarrier.com](mailto:annabehrens2@netcarrier.com) or (302) 424-1277 8 a.m. - 5 p.m.

**In The Beginning...  
(Jer. 29:13 & Acts 10:34)**

All I wanted was for the pain to stop.

It was 1973 and I was 23 years old. I'd been married for almost 5 years to a high school sweetheart. What I'd expected to be the marriage of my dreams, complete with all the happily-ever-afters, had turned out to be a shouting match between a very immature, selfish young girl and a recently-returned Vietnam Veteran who'd seen enough suffering for 10 lifetimes.

To try to fill the emptiness, I'd spent the past year and a half reading everything I could get my hands on about paranormal phenomena including subjects which I later learned were seeped in the occult.

Having been raised as a Roman Catholic, I had a strong belief in God. I thought, however, that He was a stern, punishing, score-keeping Father, Who made sure He marked it in His book whenever we even thought of getting out of line. I believed that He existed, sure, but He really didn't care about me, since I was just a speck in His creation.

During one of my treks to the library, I discovered a new book on the shelf titled, "What Difference Does Jesus Make?" written by an Episcopal priest. For no reason I understood at the time, I picked it up, brought it home, and couldn't put it down once I started reading it.

On page 11, in essence the author stated, "Jesus is not just a historical figure, He is alive and real now. He will be your friend. All you have to do is ask Him to help you, and He will."

I was stunned. That information pierced my heart as it rolled around in my brain. What a revelation! Jesus is real - now. I'd never thought about Him like that.

Well, I'd been so full of pain and self-pity that year that I'd been contemplating suicide. I figured I had nothing to lose, so I decided to "sneak" out of bed that night when my husband and infant son were sleeping, and go try to hook up with Jesus.

My search began on a Monday night. I felt like a complete idiot, speaking quietly to the air, telling God all about my problems.

"I don't know if you're real, but if you are, I need your help. Otherwise I will just kill myself." That wasn't a threat, I was serious. Seeking God was really my last resort.

Nothing happened. But, since I was desperate, I decided to try it again the next night.

This time, when I began reciting my problems, I felt like there was someone else in the room with me. Like maybe I was talking to God and not just the air. I felt better at the end of my speech this time, but didn't feel like anything had really changed.

My stubborn streak drove me to try to find Jesus a third night. When I spoke that night, I heard His answers in my head. We talked for a long time.

I heard myself saying, "Lord, I want to live for You."

“If you do, you will suffer,” He answered.

“I don’t care, I want to live for You,” I replied.

With that declaration, my life changed forever.

I don’t know how much time had passed, but I came to myself on my knees on the other side of the room, experiencing the feeling of chains breaking off of my whole body. Jesus was so real to me that it took faith to believe in the living room furniture. I experienced His reality like this for the next six months.

My former (and now late) husband and many of my friends thought I had lost my mind. I couldn’t eat. I rarely slept. All I could do was pray. Things that had appealed to me before held no interest for me anymore. I saw the Bible as God’s Word instead of a collection of fictional works and I couldn’t put it down.

Since I had truly become “so heavenly minded that I was no earthly good,” as the saying goes, my first husband found a woman with whom he could relate, and left after two years of putting up with my preaching and euphoria.

The rest, as they say, is history. I was a single mom for 7 years, through which God was ever faithful. In 1981, I was blessed with my husband and best friend, Ken Behrens. We have ministered together, mainly through music, teaching and writing, in Upstate New York, Southern Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Presently we are semi-retired in Milford, DE. Ken and I celebrated our 28<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary in 2009, the year I published these anecdotes. God is always full of mercy and compassion. He has *never* let us down.

The Lord urged me to share these stories of His miraculous intervention in my life in order to bring hope to those who may be in need of it. God is no respecter of persons (Acts 10:34). What He has done for me and Ken, He can do for you.

Jesus is real. Jesus is our Hope. He is the Answer. Seek Him.

**(1 Corinthians 14:5)**

“I don’t know about all that tongues jazz, Lord, but just give ‘em to her!” my very concerned and sincere Pentecostal friend, Mark, prayed for me after a music rehearsal at my place one summer evening in the mid-70s.

His prayer was the outcome of an interesting debate we’d just had on whether or not a person was *really* saved if he or she didn’t have the gift of tongues.

I knew I had been saved for the past 2 ½ years, but I didn’t have tongues yet. Mark’s theology stated that if I was really saved, I’d have the “evidence of speaking in tongues.” I’d put a crimp in his theology because he knew that my life had drastically changed and I acted saved and Baptized in the Spirit.

We bid good evening. I put my young son to bed and started praying out loud, in my usual fashion before I retired.

I had said, “Praise You, Jesus!” a few times when, all of a sudden, I felt the weirdest power coming from my stomach area. Then I felt power all around me in the room.

Just like Scripture says, “from out of your belly shall flow living water”(John 7:38), a churning, surging force of spiritual water rose up from my spirit. To my utter amazement, at the same time, a bunch of very foreign sounds started flowing out of my mouth. The words poured out with great force and I was, of course, afraid.

“If this is from You, Lord, don’t let me block it. Please take away the fear.” I prayed in my mind.

The words continued to flow out of my mouth late into the night. I heard myself praying paragraphs and paragraphs in distinctly different languages. I didn’t understand a word I was saying, but I knew it was of God. I felt excited and peaceful all at once. I’d finally gotten the gift of tongues!

I don’t know when I finally fell asleep.

After all the beautiful words I’d heard myself saying the night before, I awoke with the ability to speak only one word, “Pit-tee-key-tee.” Believe me, this sounded very comical. Don’t ever tell me God doesn’t have a sense of humor!

I went around for about two weeks with only this one word, much to the amusement of my tongue-speaking friends. They told me that if I continued to use that one word, the tongues would develop and grow. I persevered.

After a few months, my prayer language did develop into different dialects for different occasions. When I prayed for certain people and situations, I noticed the language would change. I still think this is a very cool aspect of tongues.

When I had first gotten saved and was devouring every book I could find on the Christian life, I came across a few books that mentioned the gift of tongues and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

None of these books, however, had given any instructions on how to get tongues. It had never occurred to me that I had to actually open my mouth and say something in order for the tongues to come out.

After I'd read my first book on the subject, I'd sit cross-legged on the floor of our little upstairs den, pray with raised hands and ask the Lord to please give me the gift of tongues. Then I'd get real quiet and serious, brace myself and cringe a little, as if waiting for God to drop tongues like a ton of bricks out of heaven onto my head. After repeating this "technique" several times without any results, I'd given up.

Until Mark and I had our little debate a couple of years later, I'd never heard that I needed to open my mouth and pray out loud in order for the tongues to manifest.

I have always loved the gift of tongues. I especially like singing in tongues. Some of my more religious and serious friends would think me very sacrilegious when I'd sing in tongues to the tunes of familiar TV commercials. But, remembering the Pit-tee-key-tee Era, I figured God didn't mind.

I am very grateful for my prayer language for three reasons: It has snuffed out the desire to sin during times of strong temptation; it enables me to pray with God's heart when I don't know how to pray for situations; and it has been like a spiritual umbilical cord, tying my will to God's when I'd rather go my own way instead of obeying Him, or when it feels like He is far away.

The gift of tongues has always been my assurance in dark times that God is always so much closer than I think.

Personally, I don't believe that a person has to receive tongues to prove that he or she has been Baptized in the Holy Spirit. I also do not consider those who speak in tongues as being "better" or closer to the Lord than those who don't have tongues. I do, however, believe that God loves to give this prayer language to anyone who has truly made Him their Savior *and* Lord and who asks Him for it.

## Trust

(Proverbs 3:5)

Once during my single mom days, a couple of men knocked on our door to notify me that in four days they would be coming to take all my furniture and appliances in order to recoup money on a defaulted loan.

I was very upset. It was not that I felt attached to that particular furniture, but I really needed the refrigerator and washer and did not have the finances to replace them. So I prayed.

Immediately, the Lord gave me a very distinct vision, like a split screen movie. One half was pure bright gold light; the other half was pitch black. I didn't need to hear words to grasp the meaning, I just knew. Choose to trust God and walk in the light; choose fear and worry and be caught up in the darkness.

I chose to trust and immediately I felt God's grace kick in.

On the day the men were to come for my things, I'd planned to go to church at noon with my friends, as we did most every day. I left my door unlocked and went to church. I didn't even think about the furniture.

Upon returning, to my great joy, all my stuff was still in the apartment.

My cousin, who was also my friend and landlord, called me on the phone. My apartment was over his store.

"Two guys came over and wanted to get into your place to take your furniture," he said. "I negotiated with them and gave them \$200 for it, so they wouldn't take it. You can pay me when you get the money," he continued.

What a gift! I had never discussed the situation with him and had never anticipated this solution to my problem. The Lord had put this on my cousin's heart. I was so grateful to both of them.

And the Lord provided the money for me to pay back every penny.

Even to this day, when I need to choose to trust God in a challenging circumstance, I can still see that gold/black split screen.



**God-Speak  
(Matt. 10:17-20)**

“I thought they said hardly anyone would be here!” I said to my girlfriend as we wended our way through the crowd to find a seat.”

“Yes, I’m surprised, Kathy answered. “This is a really good turn out.”

They were all there - about 800 parents, teachers, clergy, panelists, TV reporters and the Bishop. The auditorium was buzzing with excited speculation.

Dominick, a friend and leader in our prayer group, had invited us to participate. People from different churches and groups had been asked to present their ideas to a youth organization panel on how their programs could be improved or enhanced.

Dominick had volunteered *me* to speak. I had agreed without realizing what I would be getting into.

I gulped. “Even the TV stations are here!”

I could never speak without preparation and come off sounding articulate, let alone sounding like I had a working brain.

“Oh, no! They have a microphone, too!” I observed. I usually got tongue-tied in front of a microphone.

Kathy and I made our way up the aisle to the front where our fellow prayer group members were saving seats. After exchanging hellos, I decided that the only way I would ever make it through that evening was with lots and lots of prayer.

So I asked them all to be praying for me when it was my turn to go up to the microphone. They agreed.

A woman came up and asked who the spokesperson was for our group. I gave her my name.

“You are Number 28,” she said.

“Number 28!” I thought. “You’ve got to be kidding! Let me go on early and get this over with!” I noticed a flock of butterflies circling my stomach.

It was already well after 7 p.m. with no sign of the program beginning. I had not bothered to write a speech or to make notes. I had expected about 20 people in a room with three organizational staff and the Bishop...not people from every town and hamlet and TV reporters.

“What will I say?” I asked Kathy. The butterflies decided to take up residence.

“Don’t worry,” she reassured me, “God will tell you what to say.”

As was our custom before embarking on any activity, our prayer group prayed...in English and in tongues.

The program began. The tongues continued under our breath throughout the entire evening. We prayed through the welcome, through the panel introductions, and through 27 speakers. We prayed ceaselessly, as Scripture exhorts us (1Thess. 5:17), for about two and a half hours.

“Number 28, please come forward and state your name and where you’re from.”

My legs felt like rubber when I got up to walk towards the microphone.

“Shun du la ke tu la...in Jesus’ Name...Praise You Lord!”...I could hear the group’s prayers intensify behind me.

I stood before the throng and opened my mouth.

“My name is Anna Feliciano of Love of God Prayer Group in Utica and *I come in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ!*” I heard my voice bellowing throughout the auditorium

I could not believe my ears. I had not planned to add the last part.

The voice over the speakers continued to proclaim, “*I hear you speak of programs, of plans, of projects..but what about Me? What of My plans? I say to you, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all else will be given to you...*”

After that, I don’t remember a thing. They say I spoke for about 15 or 20 minutes.

I felt a power, like an electric pressure, lift off of me and I perceived the audience again.

To my utter amazement they were all on their feet, clapping and cheering.

Even the Bishop, who had listened politely, but unenthusiastically, to the previous 27 speakers, was smiling and clapping.

Feeling unbelievably stupid and having no clue whatsoever how to end a speech I’d given but never heard, I stammered, “Praise the Lord!” and stumbled numbly back to my seat.

In excited whispers, my fellow prayer group members told me that the message was very good. It had been about putting the Lord first in all the planning and that He would give His direction...and that it was very important to Him that He be put first.

Apparently the Lord had wanted to speak to the people and our two hours of prayer had enabled Him to do just that...through me. It was, to say the least, a very mind-blowing and humbling experience.

We were all reminded that night never to underestimate the power of corporate prayer.

And I realized more than ever that my God was indeed a God of surprises.

## The Mysterious Visitor - Part A

(Hebrews 13:2)

Right after I had given my life to the Lord, I moved from the countryside to the city where I had been raised. I decided to try my hand at leading the folk Masses that were being initiated with all the other Vatican II changes in those days, around the mid-1970s. The church was St. John's, the downtown church where I had sung in the choir as a teenager.

So I sought and received permission to lead the hymns at the Saturday evening Mass with my voice and my guitar. The nun in charge also let me bring my girlfriend. This was great because Mary also loved to sing and we could do harmony together. Every week we'd practice in the little room behind the altar, going over our songs for that evening's Mass.

One night, when we were feeling particularly discouraged about things going on in our lives, an intriguing black gentleman came into the room to visit us. He was of medium build, about 60 years old, and had lots of gray in his short-cropped hair. He wore dark slacks and a charcoal gray sweater with a hole in the front near the bottom. And he had a British accent.

At his appearance, the presence of the Lord immediately filled the room with great intensity. It took our breath away. We could hardly respond to his greeting.

"Hello!" He smiled, "I just wanted to tell you two that this is a good thing you are doing with your music here. Don't stop."

And then he left us as quickly as he had come in.

Hearts pounding, we recovered our ability to speak.

"Did you feel that!?" Mary exclaimed.

"Yes, I have never felt God's presence that strongly!" I said. "Who *was* that guy???"

We finished up our last song; it was time for Mass to begin. We noticed that our mysterious visitor was sitting near the front middle section of the church. He smiled at us through the whole Mass.

When our final song was over, I looked up to locate him. He was no longer in his seat. My eyes scanned the section where he should have been, but there was no sign of him. It was like he had simply disappeared.

"I wanted to see if we could talk with him after Mass," I told Mary. "I was too much in shock to really say anything when he came to see us."

"I know," she agreed, "I couldn't talk then either."

"I wonder if he was an angel," I said, mystified by the whole thing.

And I continued to wonder for the next three years.

## The Mysterious Visitor - Part B

Three years later, a few fellow prayer group members and I attended a weekday noon Mass at St. John's. We filed down the aisle and sat together toward the front. After sitting there for a few minutes, I noticed a black gentleman who seemed strangely familiar sitting across the aisle a few rows ahead of me to my left. I fixed my gaze on his back, trying to figure out if and where I had seen him before.

Apparently he felt me staring, as he turned around with a big grin and waved hello. I smiled and waved back. Then it hit me - he looked a lot like the black gentleman who had spoken to me and Mary that night before Mass. Only the man in front of me had black hair with no gray, and a slightly larger build. He was wearing a long, brown blanket-like cape with a hood. Whenever I would stare intently at him during the Mass, he would turn around and grin at me, so I quit staring! But I decided that I would definitely try to speak with him after Mass.

When the Mass ended, I bolted up the aisle toward him, with two of my prayer group members trailing behind. He was standing in the aisle holding a suitcase. I said hello and asked him where he was from. He told us his name, which I can't remember, and said that he was a retired Army veteran who was traveling all around the country, visiting different cities.

I did not believe him. This man did not have a British accent; he spoke like an American. He did not have gray in his hair. He looked about 10 or so years younger than the man who had spoken to me three years ago. But his facial features were the same...I *knew* it was the same person...I could feel it.

He excused himself for a minute, left his suitcase with us, and went up towards the front of the church to pray. He stood with raised hands, palms lifted up, like we charismatics do. He prayed quietly for about 15 minutes, as we waited for him.

Then he turned and spoke with us for another few minutes before continuing his journey. He said he was going to the bus station and wanted to know if any of us had any money so he could buy a ticket. We were all living on very limited incomes in those days, so all our thoroughly-searched pockets yielded was a meager \$3. We handed the money to him apologetically, wishing we'd had more to give.

He beamed his thanks. "In two weeks' time, you will receive this back 100-fold," he proclaimed. I believed him.

We walked him to the door, bid him goodbye and God speed, and he left.

We went up the aisle and out the other door, discussing who he may have been. I told my friends that I really thought he was the same person who had visited Mary and me three years ago...and how weird this whole thing was.

It got weirder.

One of the prayer group members attending Mass with us that day was named Joe. He was being raised up by the Lord as an evangelist and wanted to hold a revival in a poor neighborhood where his church, St. Francis de Sales, was located.

He had been telling us for months about the revival meetings he felt God wanted him to lead, and had recently shared that he needed \$300 to rent a tent.

Exactly two weeks from the day we spoke with the Mysterious Visitor at St. John's, an envelope with \$300 with Joe's name on it was left at the rectory of St. Francis de Sales Church. Joe used it, of course, to rent his revival tent.

It has been over 30 years now, and I still wonder about that black gentleman... was he indeed an angel?

In my heart, I do believe he was.

## The Day God Stopped Time

My husband and I were going to celebrate our 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary in two weeks. Since I am very much a party person, I had persuaded him to let me throw a big one for all our friends, complete with a Christian band which would play at the catered dinner. I was very excited about the whole thing.

I had just come from a meeting with the caterer. Since I don't drive, I was walking through a series of busy roads back towards the bus station. Whenever I walk, I pray in tongues. This time I was praying *and* absorbed with party plans, totally oblivious to where I was going.

"BEEEEEEP!" I looked up, startled to find that a city bus was speeding towards me in the middle of the one-lane access road I was crossing. It was only about 4 feet away, heading for my left side. The bus driver looked absolutely panicked, as if he could not possibly stop in time to avoid hitting me.

All of a sudden, against all reason, I was totally calm. I thought to myself, "Which way should I go...backward or forward?...How can I avoid the bus?...Surely my left hip or leg will get hit." A picture of me in the hospital wrapped in a large cast came into my head.

I decided to continue walking forward, towards the curb, which was about 3 steps away.

Once on the curb, I turned to look at the bus, which had stopped about 6 feet down the road from where I was standing. The driver was very agitated, very white. He was waving his hands and saying something to me which I could not hear. But it did not look friendly.

Then he drove away.

The realization that I had just walked blithely into the middle of the road in front of a moving bus slammed into my consciousness. I began to shake.

Then I remembered how it had felt out there in the middle of the road...no panic...just peace...no time...just lots and lots of thoughts coming into my head in slow motion.

"God must have stopped time so I could get out from the path of that bus," I realized. I went immediately to the bus station, paying careful attention to traffic while crossing each street, to call my husband and son.

"God just saved my life! I walked in front of a bus and did not get hit. I really should have gotten hit. It was like He stopped time for me!"

They, of course, were amused by my absent-mindedness, but also very grateful that God had saved me from getting hit by the bus.

I don't think I stopped shaking for a couple of hours.

This is being published almost 20 years later. I have often wondered why the Lord intervened in such a powerful way to save my life that day. I don't think I will know the answer 'til I am in heaven with Him. To Him be all the glory, power and praise!

*Healings*

**(Isaiah 53:5)**

If I were to chronicle all the healings which I have received from the Lord, it would take another book. I once counted over 40 times that I have been healed through prayer, either through the laying on of hands and prayers of fellow Christians, or simply by being in a church service when the anointing of God was flowing.

I have been healed of a swollen and sprained ankle, numerous burns, the pain of many scrapes and black-and-blues from falling, cuts, torn muscles, headaches, toothaches, nausea, diarrhea, fevers, colds, sore throats, and flus. Prayer has always speeded up the recovery of just about any of my physical afflictions if it did not heal them immediately.

Below are the healings which have impressed me the most over the years.

**The Broken Leg**

One January, on the way home from school when I was in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade, I slid off a snow bank and landed hard on my left leg onto a cement driveway. The leg sustained multiple fractures. I was in lots of pain. A passerby noticed and called my mother, who called an ambulance.

The injury resulted in a week-long hospital stay, a month out of school, the adventure of learning how to navigate on crutches, and having to wear a variety of different-sized casts over an eight-month period. The last cast that the doctor gave me was a “walking cast.” It went up to my knee and had a little rubber thingy on the bottom, so I could walk on it.

“Don’t walk on this for at least two weeks,” the doctor admonished. Keep using your crutches. If you walk on it too soon, it will not heal correctly and you will have pain in your leg for the rest of your life.”

“Frankly,” he continued, “you will always know when it is going to rain or snow, because the pain in your leg will tell you.”

Being very, very tired of the cast-and-crutches situation, I decided it was time to chuck the crutches and put some mileage on my new rubber cast thingy. So I hobbled around on the cast without crutches for another six weeks or so.

When it was time for the cast to be removed, the place where the leg had been broken was tender. I figured it would wear off. It didn’t. By the time I got into my late 20s, my leg not only predicted the rain and snow like the doctor had told me it would, but it was also still tender to the touch.

One night during the first year of marriage to my husband, Ken, the place where the leg had been broken began to throb. I got sick of the throbbing after about a week.

The Lord has often used Ken to impart healing to myself and to others for whom he prays. So I naturally asked my husband to pray over the spot...which had by now developed a rather pronounced lump at the old break site.

“It probably did not heal right because I quit using the crutches too soon,” I informed Ken, acknowledging my stubborn streak.

My husband placed his hand over the lump and prayed. It began shrinking immediately. In about 3 minutes, both the lump and the pain had disappeared...neither has ever returned.

And from that night until the present day, my leg can no longer predict the weather.

I praise God every day that He loves me in spite of that stubborn streak!

### **Dog Bite**

My good prayer group friend Sister Betsy and I were visiting our good friend, Father Dick, at his new parish in Southern NY. He had recently been given a very lively golden retriever puppy, who was bouncing around in the backyard while we were getting ready to leave.

Since I am a great fan of just about any type of animal, I decided to play throw-the-stick with the dog.

Not current on stick-throwing rules however, I tried to take the stick from the dog's mouth before he was ready to let go of it. He opened his mouth wide and chomped down hard to get a firmer grasp on the stick. Unfortunately, I did not realize that this would be his next move, and he did not realize that my thumb was on top of the stick, directly in the way of his chomping.

He drove his tooth into my thumb, leaving a hole at least 1/4<sup>th</sup> inch deep, right at the base of the nail, splitting the nail up to the top.

Thankfully, he opened his mouth quickly when I yelled.

“He really didn't mean to bite me. It wasn't his fault!” I quickly assured Sister Betsy and Father Dick as they raced to my side to see what had happened.

It really, really hurt. And then it began to really, really bleed. After applying peroxide and a band aid, Sister Betsy and I drove off to get me to a hospital for a tetanus shot.

“You probably won't need a rabies shot,” Father Dick called to us reassuringly as we drove off. “He's had all his shots!”

All the way home Sister Betsy and I prayed in tongues that God would heal the wound and that there would be no complications.

In about 2 hours, I received my tetanus shot. The pain and bleeding had subsided. I was told that my nail would fall off and die. It would not grow back, they said. I would be without that thumbnail for life. No big deal, I thought, considering the rabies option.

Father Dick reported the bite to the local authorities...they monitored the dog for 2 week...no rabies...all was well, praise God,...whew!



A week later, I ran into a couple of doctors who were friends of a friend. During our conversation, they noticed that my thumbnail was split in half and inquired about the cause. They took a closer look at it.

“Because of where the dog bit you, your nail will probably never grow back. If it does, it will grow in split in half. It will always be split; it will never grow together. We see this type of wound a lot, and we know.” They were very confident.

“No,” I responded, “It will grow back ‘cause God is going to heal it.” They did not agree, of course, but I didn’t care. I knew the Lord would heal it.

The nail fell completely off. In about a week, a little baby nail began growing. In a month I had a brand new, perfectly whole nail.

For a few years, there was a little indentation where the hole had been at the base of the nail, just under the cuticle. There is no trace of it today.

## **Goodbye to Glasses**

When I was in college, I found that if I sat in the back of the room, I couldn’t see the blackboard. So I usually sat up front. Then I noticed street signs a block away were blurry. A visit to the eye doctor resulted in prescription glasses for nearsightedness.

After having the glasses for a few years, I attended an afternoon healing Mass where a charismatic priest would lay on hands and pray for people at the end of the service. I’d had chronic bronchitis every winter for three years straight. I went up for prayer to put an end to it.

The bronchitis subsided, and I’ve never had it since.

Two weeks later, I had an appointment with a different eye doctor. He was getting upset with me during my eye test, and I couldn’t figure out why.

“Why are you wasting my time?” he asked tersely, as I called off the letters on the eye chart correctly.

“What do you mean?” I asked, never imagining the answer.

“You have 20/20 vision! You don’t need any glasses!” he explained.

When I left his office, I looked around, paying attention to street signs and realized they were not blurry. Then it dawned on me that the Lord had also healed my eyes when I’d gone up for prayer for the bronchitis.

I never had to wear *those* glasses again. God is so good!

Many years later, the year I hit age 45, I woke up one morning and noticed that the newspaper print was blurry. Back to the eye doctor. Now, at age 58, I wear reading glasses and wait for God to heal the symptoms of impending old age! With God, all things are possible!

#### **4-Way Tooth Split**

I've always loved sweets. Once I was on a corner in Upstate NY waiting for the bus. It was the dead of winter and couldn't have been over 20 degrees. I had just gotten out of work and I was hungry.

I reached in my pocket and pulled out a large piece of licorice. Never guessing that the frigid temperature had turned the usually flexible candy into a solid frozen mass, I bit down hard. Crack! My lower molar split in four sections, right down past the gum line. Man, that hurt!

Never being a big fan of dentists, I decided to let God heal my tooth. When my husband got home, I told him about it. He consulted his medical books and advised me not to eat on that side and to eat soft foods in general. And, of course, he prayed over it, asking the Lord to heal it completely and without any infection occurring.

For three months I ate only soft foods and only on the other side. For three months, my husband faithfully prayed over the tooth on a daily basis.

After three months, the tooth was strong again with no sign of having been split. There was never any infection.

At my next visit to a dentist, I shared the story about how God had healed that tooth.

"You would never have known it was split. There is no sign of it on the x-ray," he said.

Praise God!

#### **Mohawk Valley Catarrh**

That's what the doctors in Upstate NY call it: Mohawk Valley Catarrh. It means mucus drains down your throat all day, especially in the winter, causing you to choke or cough frequently. It is a very, very annoying condition. One of my friends was diagnosed with it and has been on prescription allergy pills for over 30 years.

The doctor wanted me to take pills, too, but I simply could not see living on medication for the rest of my life. I preferred to let God take care of it.

A few years after the diagnosis, I was attending a church service where Canadian Evangelist/Missionary Peter Youngren was ministering. In the middle of the service, he was testifying about how God had spared his life during different missionary trips.

All of a sudden, I felt electricity fill the room. I felt my throat tighten and something actually close up. I realized that God was healing me.

There had been no healing line - no prayer for the sick. God had sovereignly healed me.

## **Curved Spine**

Just before my husband Ken and I moved from New York State in 1996 so he could enjoy “semi-retirement,” I was a member of a very dynamic, loving fellowship, Resurrection Life Church (RLC) in Rome.

I had experienced back pain for about 16 years, due mainly, I thought, to having slept on poor-quality mattresses during my 20s. A chiropractor had also told me that my spine was curved near the bottom of my back.

During one Wednesday night service, Pastor Jeff called everyone up to the front who had any type of affliction. I went forward, not knowing exactly what would be healed, but with a few things in mind for which I had been standing in faith. Chronic back pain was at the top of my list.

Pastor worked his way down the line, laying hands on everyone who had come forward. When he placed his hands on my shoulders, I didn’t feel a thing. I went back to my seat quietly, wondering what the Lord had done. I knew He had done something, regardless of the absence of feelings.

A couple of weeks later, while pushing my cart in the grocery store, I noticed that my back did not hurt as usual and that I did not have to put my weight on the cart to minimize any back pain. I thought back over the past two weeks...no back pain and stiffness in the mornings when I awoke...hum...what is going on? Had the Lord healed my back???

I monitored the situation for a couple more weeks - you know, when you’ve lived with something for a long time, you think maybe it has taken a vacation or something, but will come back. The pain, however, did not come back.

Bless his heart, Ken used to rub my back to get out the stiffness just so I could get out of bed almost every morning. He felt my back and told me that my spine was not longer curved but straight! The Lord had healed me when I had gone forward for prayer at RLC.

When we moved to Delaware, I needed a job and found one as a staff writer for the local weekly newspaper. My job consisted of sitting in front of a computer for many hours a day - something I could not possibly have done had my spine still been curved and stiff.

I know that the Lord had healed my back just in time for me to work at that newspaper job, which turned out to be a real blessing.

## **Pets**

Maybe some would not agree, but I believe that the Lord heals our pets and animals just like He heals us when we ask.

Once our prayer group attended an out-of-town weekend seminar. The host community put us up in a large house. The weekend hostess had a dog - a beautiful, older female golden retriever, who, we were told, had cancer.

My heart went out to the dog immediately and I decided she needed God's healing. So I gathered a few of my prayer group buddies and we laid our hands on the dog and prayed for her. A few weeks later, her owner called us to tell us that the dog had been to the vet and that she no longer had the disease. I was *so* happy and praised the Lord profusely.

Years later, when my high-strung Siamese kitten Maggie got spayed, she did not like the idea having of stitches. Almost as soon as she returned home from the operation, she began touring the house. Then, to my dismay, she began biting at her stitches to get rid of them. It only took her a couple of hours to achieve her goal.

I was very worried and called the vet. He told me that the incision may split and that I should watch her very carefully and try to keep her inactive. You could tell that he did not know this cat - Maggie always did whatever she wanted. One even needed her permission to pet her. I knew that any compliance with the vet's orders would be *her* decision.

Sister Betsy came to visit, so I told her the situation and asked her to pray with me for Maggie....so the stitches would not become undone and that the cat would not become active. We placed Maggie gently on my bed. Remarkably, she laid on her back and held still for us so we could pray over her stomach.

Even more remarkably, after the prayer, Maggie strolled off to her bed and slept soundly for the next 24 hours. When she awoke, she began jumping on and off the piano, various window ledges and pieces of furniture - she was back to her old self. The incision had sealed up tightly; it was as if she'd never had the surgery.

God definitely heals our pets - because they are gifts from Him and He loves us.

**Forgiveness  
(Matt. 6:14-15)**

One of the hardest miracles for the Lord to work, I believe, is the changing of the human heart. This is due to a little ingredient called free will. And, in my opinion, one of the hardest changes for Him to make in us is from anger and pain to forgiveness and peace.

God blessed me early on in our relationship with the realization that I have no right at all to be unforgiving to anyone since He has forgiven me of so much. I take Matt. 6:14-15 (if we don't forgive others, our Father won't forgive us) very seriously.

When my first husband, the father of my son, decided he did not love me and wanted to leave us, he found another woman with whom to share his life.

Being human and having quite a temper in those days, I was very hurt and very angry. For a year and a half, the Lord had me pray every day for my ex and for the woman who would later become his wife.

I prayed because God told me to; and I prayed because I knew that I could not carry around the weight of all the grief and anger the rest of my life. If I was going to be healed, I needed the Lord's grace and comfort. And to get that, I had to forgive. I had no other choice. So I prayed for them every day.

My ex's mother was very ill and died about three years after the breakup. I chose to go to the wake to extend my sympathies to the family, who had always been good to me and my son.

When I walked up to my ex and his new wife, I know the Lord's power was upon me. I was able to shake hands with both of them and sincerely extend my condolences without any negative feelings whatsoever. This was amazing to me, because any time my ex and I had spoken since the split, I had usually become very upset. But in this instance, face-to-face, God's grace kicked in and protected my emotions.

I was able to speak to the whole family that evening and even attend the funeral the next day - full of the "peace that passes understanding"(Phil. 4:7).

The valuable life lesson I learned through that experience was that if God could enable me to forgive my ex and his wife, I could forgive anyone of anything with His help. There could never be any excuses to hold a grudge.

I have found over the years that if I pray for those who hurt or anger me, the feelings will eventually subside and the compassion and forgiveness of the Lord will take their place. I begin by telling the Lord, "In obedience to Your Word, I forgive them *in my will*."

By this, I am acknowledging that the negative feelings and emotions are there, but that I am willing to give them to God, trusting that He will heal me and work all things out for my good (Rom. 8:28).

Also, being prone to having a bad temper, I have to remind myself that "God's righteousness is not served by man's anger"(James 1:20), regardless of any injustice I may feel has occurred.

*Wanting* to do His will is the key to being able to forgive. As people in the early Charismatic Renewal used to say, “Go by the facts (in God’s Word), and your feelings will follow.” Prayer for those who have offended us turns bad feelings towards them into compassion; this, I have learned by experience.

*The Wind of the Spirit*

One of the little non-denominational churches in NY that I attended regularly did not have air conditioning. The summer was unusually hot and humid. We had been praising the Lord dripping wet in the services for about a month.

During praise and worship time, my girlfriend and I were sitting near an open window. The air was damp and still; there was no breeze coming in. We were both singing our hearts out, praising God, and “glistening, not sweating,” as my friend Susie says we women do.

All of a sudden, we felt refreshing, chilled air swirling all around us. The church had not gotten an air conditioner; we knew this was God’s doing. The cool air continued to blow gently around us until the praise and worship was over and we took our seats.

We compared notes and thanked the Lord profusely for cooling us off that day.

*Lost & Found*  
(Hebrews 1:14)

I am one of these people who lose things all the time. When I was growing up, people used to tell me to pray to saints so they would help me find lost objects. I really don’t remember ever doing that.

Since I gave my life to Jesus, I figured I would ask Him to help me find stuff, like I asked Him to help me with everything else. He has always, to this day, helped me find misplaced objects.

Once when my son was young, we lived in low-income housing in a poor neighborhood. None of my fellow apartment dwellers had much of anything. It was Christmastime. I decided that it would be nice to put up a tree in the building’s main hallway and get a bunch of gifts for my neighbors that they would find on Christmas morning. The tags would read, “Love from Jesus,” of course.

When hearing of my project, my prayer group friends began giving me unsolicited donations to help buy the presents. Someone had given me a \$20 bill, which I needed to complete my shopping. Naturally, I had misplaced it.

I went off to my prayer meeting and when I came back, I opened the Bible on my living room coffee table. The \$20 bill fell from the page I had opened. I hadn’t put the money there, so of course, I knew that the Lord had dispatched an angel to put it there for me.

And by the grace of God, the people in the apartment were blessed by His gifts.

One of my more remarkable lost and found situations was the time I could not locate a watch that someone close had given me. It was during the winter. I had worn it out to the prayer group that night, but could not find it when I came back. I had been in my apartment a few hours when I realized it was missing. I prayed to Jesus.

A few minutes later, I walked through the kitchen and there on a table near the window was the watch. I picked it up and it and the metal band were ice cold.

Evidently God had sent one of His angels out to pick it up from where it had been dropped in the snow. How great is His loving kindness!

### *The Flying Metal Disc*

When we lived in Dover, DE, I was a member of a wonderful, faith-filled fellowship. At that time, the ministry was holding services in a rented building, which held about 450 people.

The place we were renting was in an older building which was in need of some repairs.

One day during the opening praise and worship, I don't know why, but I happened to glance to my left, up at the high ceiling. Just then, one of the fairly large-sized metal heating discs looked like it had been torn from the ceiling and hurled down towards the people in the pews below. Then, to my utter amazement, in mid-journey, something diverted its straight downward plunge, and it flew down, landing on the pew behind a young girl holding an infant. She was standing and singing praises to God and never noticed the disc land behind her. Had the metal disc continued its straight course, it could have hit her or the baby directly.

This all happened in a flash. I turned to my right, and saw that another member of the congregation had also witnessed the disc's fall.

The other member called an usher, who immediately came and retrieved the disc. We were so grateful to God that no one had gotten hurt.

As I shared with the Pastor after the service, when that disc changed course in mid-air, I could just imagine an angel tapping it lightly, changing its course and protecting the people in its path.

Once again, I had witnessed first-hand the faithfulness and protection of the Lord!

*The Key*

This is perhaps my most interesting miracle. It is what we call a “creative” miracle, where God makes something from nothing.

The Delaware newspaper where I worked had two doors in the front entrance - an outside door and a door to the reception area. I needed to unlock both doors in order to get into my office on Saturdays when no one else was working.

I had recently been given a new key for the inside reception area door because the first one did not work. Even with the second key, the lock was finicky and it took minutes to wiggle the key just right in order for the door to open.

The door became harder and harder to unlock with each passing week. Whenever I need the Lord’s help, I pray in tongues. The only way I was getting that key to work was by praying in tongues while working the lock back and forth. One Saturday, I had to pray for over 5 minutes until the key finally opened the lock.

The following Saturday, the lock was doing its usual finicky thing, and I began to pray in tongues. I ended up praying in tongues for 25 minutes, twisting and turning the non-relentless lock back and forth the whole time.

Then I heard this idea come into my head: “Try all your keys.” I had 10 different keys on my ring. “What the heck, I’ve tried everything else,” I thought, and began trying my house keys and extra keys one by one. Then, all of a sudden, the door unlocked

I took the key out of the lock and stared at it. “Where did this key come from?” I wondered. It was silver. It was strong, unlike most of my other keys.

“One, two, three...seven, eight...eleven,” I counted. But I had started out with only 10!

The new key had “True Value” imprinted on it. I had never made or received any keys from True Value. Had God actually *made* me a key? There was nothing to do but to praise God for His provision and to go to work.

Every Saturday thereafter, I used my True Value key to open the reception area door. Every Saturday it slid in fine and worked immediately. My only conclusion is that God, indeed, had made that key for me.

After that, *nothing* surprised me anymore where God was concerned.



*The Legs Thing (Ken's Testimony)*

I have always known, that if and when I wrote a book about some of the miracles the Lord had done in my life, the last chapter would be about my husband. I was right.

I am writing this in 2009. Five years ago this May, my husband, Ken, started learning how to walk again.

On Feb. 9, 2004, he had tripped and fallen on the sidewalk in Hamburg, Pennsylvania, and couldn't get back up. Up until that point in our then 23 years of marriage, we had *never* had to go to doctors, as we would pray for healing and God always answered our prayers. It was a real shock to our lifestyle to find ourselves in an ambulance racing towards the hospital in West Reading.

The hospital kept Ken overnight and a specialist looked at him early the next morning. He calmly told his assistant, "Look at these indentions over the knees; both quadriceps are severed." This meant that the muscles in both legs that ran down the front of the legs, from the hips to the ankles, had torn apart just above the knees. Remarkably, Ken had never experienced any pain at all when he fell.

This was our first miracle. (In fact, that miracle of painlessness continued throughout the whole time, except for a 12-hour period immediately following Ken's surgery.)

Then the Doctor told Ken, "We'll schedule you for surgery tomorrow. If you don't have surgery, you'll never walk again." So the couple that never had to deal with health issues began a 5-month journey from surgery and a three-week hospitalization to physical therapy and Ken's learning how to walk again. The entire time, God kept me in the "peace that passes understanding."

The circumstances did not overwhelm us; this was our second big miracle.

Friends and pastors in our hometowns from Utica and Rome, NY, Dover, DE, and Hamburg, PA, rallied around us with phone calls, prayers, cards, encouragement, and support. A miracle-believing pastor friend of ours went to the hospital to pray for immediate healing. This time, however, the Lord chose not to heal Ken directly and immediately, but to use the doctors' intervention. But He never left either of us for a second and we were very conscious of His Presence and care throughout the whole year.

Ken was out of work for 5 months; we had no medical insurance. The Lord caused what little savings we'd had to stretch and put it on peoples' hearts to send us money. We had just enough to keep our bills up as well as to pay for the hospital equipment rentals, ambulance trips to and from doctor appointments, and other medical bills. Then, the Lord totally blew our minds as the facilities, organizations and companies with which we were dealing began giving us big discounts. The hospital forgave our \$17,000 debt to them and only charged us \$100. Ken's employers graciously held his church organist and math teaching jobs open for him.

The way the Lord provided for us financially was our third big miracle.

The doctors had “warned” us quite solemnly that “some people with this injury never walk again and are wheel-chair bound for the rest of their lives.” We did not receive that, in Jesus Name! We prayed daily for Ken’s legs and watched the progress of healing that we expected.

They took the splints off of Ken’s legs at the end of April. Our awesome “guardian angel” Christian physical therapist, Bob, stayed with Ken for a few extra sessions until he felt Ken was ready to be on his own. Ken was walking without a walker or cane by the end of May. He returned to his teaching job at the Community College, and by mid-June, was able to stand for 2 hours at a time. He was also able to negotiate steps and return to his organist/choir director position.

Ken’s being able to walk independently again was our fourth miracle.

Words cannot adequately express our deep and lasting gratitude to our Lord and to His People during Ken’s time of recovery. To name all the people the Lord used to bless and give us tangible, practical help at that time would require another book.

We pray for 100-fold blessings on each one who came to our aid.

All praise and glory to Our Mighty God Who turns what the enemy intends for evil into great good and Who is faithful to us beyond our wildest dreams!

## *Teruah Ministries*

*Updated March 2011*

When Ken and I married in 1981, 30 years ago, our desire was to minister together as a couple. We wanted to be used by the Lord to help build His Kingdom. To us, this meant providing opportunities for Christians serving in different parts of the Body of Christ to work together. We see this as very much like the building of Nehemiah's wall in Neh. 4:16-20. When a Christian working on their part of the wall calls for help, we come.

The Lord gave our ministry the name "Teruah" (pronounced Tear-oooh'-ah). This is a Hebrew word which means "to blow a trumpet," "to shout for joy," and "to share the Spirit."

We founded Teruah Ministries in 1983 in the Utica/Rome area of Upstate NY (an hour's drive from Syracuse). The ministry operates in service to the whole Body of Christ and its mission is to encourage and facilitate respect, unity and cooperation among believers in the Lord Jesus.

Over the years, Teruah Ministries' inter-denominational projects have included: Teruah Newsletter, Shekinah Music Ministry, Shekinah Kids Drama Troupe, Shekinah Music Publishing (all in NY); The Hamburg Area Believers' Bulletin, Jammin' For Jesus (both in PA); and the founding of In His Presence Fellowship, a weekly prayer group (DE).

The ministry has sponsored and produced Christian conferences, teaching seminars, retreat days, coffee houses, prayer breakfasts, worship dance workshops, and has booked Christian musicians. We continue to create and hold special events as the Lord leads.

We have a special interest in Christianity's Jewish roots. When and wherever possible, the ministry holds "A Christian Celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles" (Sukkot). Sukkot is a prophetic feast which has been restored to the Church since 1980. Teruah Ministries demonstrates, through teaching and hands-on participation, how Jesus fulfills every aspect of this ancient and most important Jewish feast.

Teruah Ministries continued in Dover, DE, from 1997 to 2001, was established in Pennsylvania from 2002 to 2007, and is presently based in Milford, DE.

For more information, contact Ken & Anna at (302) 424-1277 from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; [kenbehrens@netcarrier.com](mailto:kenbehrens@netcarrier.com) or [annabehrens2@netcarrier.com](mailto:annabehrens2@netcarrier.com).