



Nov. 1, 2013

Dear Friends,

What a beautiful day it is! The sun is shining, the air is crisp and my little dog is snoring softly by my feet. Today is one of those days when I look around and with tears in my eyes thank God for all that He has done and all that He is doing. Life is good and so is the Giver of that life. Danny and I pray that the Lord would bless you and your family this Thanksgiving season with lots of laughter, deep expressions of love and gratitude. May He flood you all with His highest and best—all for His glory!

Marjory's testimony:

By the time I reached the Farm, I was in desperation mode. I felt as if my life was unraveling from the core despite my love for the Lord. I couldn't verbalize what was hurting or even what needed to be healed. I had prayed for healing ever since I had become a believer several years ago. I had resolved that my past was to be the "thorn in my flesh" since healing never came. I knew that I had walls but I couldn't tell you why. I knew that I was self deprecating in many ways but I couldn't tell you why. In fact, I could tell you everything negative ever verbalized about me but couldn't tell you why. It was at this place of desperation and hopelessness that my Lord, Yeshua, met me. He not only met me there but He **ROCKED MY WORLD!**

When I arrived on the farm, I was met with a lot of kindness and A LOT of people. I love to have fun, but a big crowd I do know has never been a welcoming situation for me and my "uncomfortable meter" hit an all time high!

The next morning, after class, I arrived at my Pastoral Care leader, Denise's, home and was greeted by a smile and an offered hug. I rejected both of them. My initial thought was, "Who does this lady think she is?" I was so sure that she was fake and I wasn't going to fall under her "schemes". I learned a long time ago that adults in authoritative positions hurt me and I needed to protect myself. I wanted real and wanted to experience God in a very real way and this lady had become my first roadblock. As I lifted my hand in rejection to her, she said, "It is Ok. We want you to feel safe and will wait for you to be ok with us hugging you."

Seriously?! This interaction made me even madder. Who are you to try and affirm me?! Nobody affirms me! This can't be real because it definitely DID NOT fit in my box of life. Oh, and did I mention this woman loves to pray and would often times pray for 28 minutes at a time?! Annoying at best. In my church, prayer was scheduled at 6:00 pm and happened for no more than 3-5 minutes. I didn't have a box for that either. She didn't keep a perfect schedule either. I spent the next 2 days loathing this process and this woman who said she cared about me. Yeah, whatever. In fact, one of my house mom's, Connie, was so shocked at my frustration and disenchantment with Denise that she motioned me over to the table. She looked me square in the eyes and with the biggest smile and warmest touch of her hand she said, "Marjorie, I know that God has GREAT things planned for you because NOBODY hates Denise!" She giggled and then reached in to hug me. I got up and left the table.

In true Yeshua style, however, on the third day He rose up and called my spirit to His Mighty attention. It was my turn to have my first God Encounter session and I had been praying for REAL. No exertion or trying really hard, Lord, I just want the REAL YOU. I also had been praying that I would be honored and protected in my dealings with adults in authority especially here on the farm. My life had been living proof that I could not trust those in authority to care for me or protect me. I have spent my life racing to the top of wherever I was to ensure I was in charge and in control so that I could protect myself. I wanted to know that this experience was from Him and not created by me.

Denise asked me if she could gently touch my arm or hand if things became difficult in my session to which I quickly reminded her that I was a "big girl" and "I didn't need her or anyone else" – I got this, or so I thought. My encounter began and at one point there was darkness and I experienced demonic activity for the first time in my life. It was real and terrifying. I couldn't make this up if I tried and so I knew this was real. I come from a Southern Baptist background. I jumped from where I was sitting as the terror sank in and Denise was there to catch me before I fell to the ground. Denise placed her hands on my head and began to pray in such a mighty way that I could FEEL the powers of heaven moving.

It was at this point my life was changed forever because of the Lord's power and love. Denise had placed her hands on my head – following the prompting of the Holy Spirit – and this is significant because the Lord knew that to me, the most sacred place to bless someone is where He enters according to Jewish customs – the crown of my head. I heard Him speak over me and He said, "I promised to honor and protect you, My Child. You will be honored and protected here. I love you. Rest, My Child. Rest." At this point, I could feel the walls come crashing down in my heart. He ushered out in that moment the critical spirit I held onto to protect myself. He ushered out fear. He ushered out skepticism. He ushered out the need to

do life by myself. He ushered out my need to keep track of every wrong. He ushered in MORE OF HIM. I had a peace that I had only ever heard about or read about but never really experienced. THIS WAS REAL. THIS WAS YESHUA. This was my new life!

I spent the next 2.5 weeks fully engaged and when I felt apprehension, I was met with encouragement, patience, and understanding. I know that He handpicked my Pastoral Care Leader, Denise, just for me. Her first “annoying” prayer times taught me how much He really wants to hear from us. Her delight in my pushing through difficult memories reinforced how much He delights in me. In me, wow, what a gift - He delights in me! The blessing of our spirits facilitated by Denise would humble even the hardest heart. She taught me how my Father sees me. The TRUTH of how He sees me always and not just when I am “good”. Redemption and Freedom!!! Thank you Lord!!!

The men who work and live on the farm are men of valor and honor. They were so gentle and kind. They were careful not to approach too quickly or without our knowledge. They spoke to us only when invited by us. I know that the intensive healing group was prayed for by each of these men as well. I had the honor of being blessed by Denise’s husband, Al, once the Lord ushered out the fear of men who could overpower me and replaced it with His confidence and peace. It is a major triumph to be delivered from a stronghold of fear and still another complete victory to walk through a situation to experience the full healing circle!

My love language is words of affirmation and although no one knew it, the Lord knew it. He ensured that the words spoken to me were solidified through action. I suffered a great deal of verbal abuse as a child that traumatized and wounded my spirit. Rhonda did not know this yet each time she encountered me; she would greet me by saying, “Hello beautiful” or simply approach me to affirm how much the Lord had for me. She didn’t do this with everyone so I knew it was from the Lord. After the 3rd time, I shared with her what it meant to me for her to speak such life over me and she began to cry and just hug me for a really long time. Blessings not asked for but received; love not expected yet lavished on me; kindness expected because “it was a ministry” but the depth was so great that it is indescribable. It was the healing through His people just the way He designed the Church to be - yet often times the Church acts as quite the opposite and is not safe, transparent, or healing.

The farm is an amazing place of love, protection, honor, and grace. I was a broken and wounded spirit who was very tough on the outside and yet they took the time to know me, love me, and accept me right where I was. I was released from shame, regret, bitterness, forgiveness, defensiveness (self-protection), worthlessness, hopelessness, mistrust, unbelief, fear of rejection and abandonment, fear of failure, and the list goes on. I had held onto a deep anger that I was completely unaware of until the Lord revealed it to me! He replaced everything that was removed from me with MORE OF HIM. I will never be the same. He really is ALL that I need!

I never believed that I was worthy enough for love. Why would anyone who was worthy of love be subjected to physical, emotional, or verbal abuse on a constant basis? Any sexual abuse steps it up a notch to absolutely not worthy of anything and definitely not love. I could not fully receive love from anybody. I could give it and I did - lavishly. I could serve from my heart and I did – with all my heart. I could give and give and I did – without hesitation. However, believing that I was worth it in His eyes was never Truth for me -- until now. ***To be loved was only just a dream to me, as I never believed I would ever do or be good enough to deserve it.***

My life has been altered forever because He loved me and led me to a farm that He made a way for and firmly placed the people He chose to serve on it. In this moment, I was confident that I am wanted, accepted, worthy, loved, honored, protected, and I really do belong. I belong to my Savior! He promised me all throughout my encounters that He would never let me go. He kept His promise and lavished upon me so much more. I am fully alive IN Him and I am brought to tears with every remembrance!

If you give in any way to this ministry, I want to thank you for being a part of my healing journey. Our Father’s Farm is just that – it’s HIS farm. Be blessed in the knowledge that your giving has made an eternal difference in His Kingdom!

On a personal note, several people have emailed asking if the necessary funds have arrived for the adoption of our newest granddaughter. They needed \$27,000. They still need almost \$10,000. Would you please consider asking the Lord if He would have you partner with us in providing a family for this precious baby girl? Your gifts are tax deductible (write “adoption” in the memo).



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