

Story of Deliverance

I didn't know what to expect. I had been 'stuck in my ways' for so long that I just wanted some reprieve. When I first came down to Kentucky, I was a recent Bible college graduate seeking the will of God.

Over the course of two days, the team worked through ten focal areas of ministry. Each segment took at least an hour to complete. As a result of prayer, things came to light that I had never talked to anyone about before, things I had buried deep inside. As uncomfortable as it was, I knew I had to be honest about every area in my life. In this time, I saw the Holy Spirit heal the crack in my soul. I felt demons release themselves from my body. They would manifest in ways of coughing, spitting, and numbness in parts of my body. Some manifestations wouldn't stop until the demon was called out (for example: there was a spirit of doubt that would cause me to shake.)

We asked that God would show up. We prayed His will be done in my situation. We began with Scripture, and Isaiah 61:1-4 was read. I pushed back my sleeve, revealing my tattoo of Isaiah 61:1 – this is my call into ministry, to “go and heal the broken.” We knew from there on out that God was going to do *something*. During the time of ministry, I would be anointed with oil, just as Scripture says.

The manifestations felt strongest while we were in the fear segment. Despite thoughts of where the activity might increase, this was the crescendo. I took my written notes and started speaking each area of intense fear, commanding it out and away, when my hands went completely numb. I was “used” to this as the numbness was something I had dealt with long before the ministry. My hands were the biggest culprits of my private sin – hands that cut myself; hands that surfed for porn; hands that were used for my personal pleasure in masturbation, to mention the “big three”. This numbness localized itself in my ring fingers. I was silent and bent over with my head in my lap when I was quietly asked, “How are you doing, sweetie?” I tried to express that I wasn't okay.

I explained what the numbness was doing, and it was quickly determined that the rings I was wearing had something to do with it. On my left ring finger, I wore a ring that symbolized a prior commitment to celibacy turned reminder of whatever God would have for my life. On my right ring finger I wore two rings; one, my mom's wedding band to my dad, and two, a wedding band symbolizing the remarriage of my dad to my stepmom. In those three rings, one major theme echoed: sexuality. I carried the weight of familial/generational sin.

When the rings were taken off, I instantly felt a spirit of masturbation leave me through my fingers. I had struggled with my sexuality since I was four – it was something I had ‘always’ known. It was something I'd held deep shame, guilt, and regret over for eighteen years; something I'd been told by well-meaning people was ‘normal’; yet it was something that in that moment, whatever urge/tendency I had within me for it was gone.

I gave permission for the rings to be gotten rid of. That's when the ‘thought’ came to me: “Something tells me they need to be burned!” So we took the rings out back and watched the flames engulf them. It seemed wonder had filled each of us in the team – fire, with its roots in refining and purification; fire, where the Bible speaks of its use as getting right with God (such as the burning of books used in witchcraft [Acts 19:18-20]).

I sat on my knees, watching the fire before me, staring at the cross, while humming the tune to a little piece I know that simply says, *"Lord, prepare me to be a sanctuary, pure and holy, tried and true. With thanksgiving, I'll be a living sanctuary for You!"* My anxiety had melted away; I was at peace.

When we were finishing with the ministry of the Holy Spirit, I had a vision. I saw a four-year-old me reach into the hand of God, to be pulled into His arms. Ministry truths were spoken over my life, to go and do as God Himself has called. The peace inside me increased, and I felt the crack of my young soul mend.

Have faith. Trust in the power of God, who raised Jesus Christ from the grave. You, too, can be healed.

Grace and peace to you,
Kady