

Tilly Harder Testimony

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Tilley Harder Testimony: I Met Jesus at Tent Meeting Says

Tilly Harder

Pastor Max, had you not been obedient and preached the whole gospel under the powerful anointing of the Holy Spirit, I do not believe my story would have been one of redemption.

I so often think about what would have happened to me, and my family, had God not brought you into our lives. We were introduced to "The Holy Ghost and fire," and we were never the same again. It kept me from going insane as a child, literally!

If you had not been there, and brought ALL of Jesus with you, I believe I would be dead and perhaps eternally lost. I value those tent meetings and what happened inside my heart 58 years ago, more than you could ever know. The impact you made on my life through the Holy Spirit's working, leading and guiding was for *eternity*.

Thank you for giving the little girl in this story, me, hope in Christ, and just hope. I had none at all, but I sensed the comforting tangible love of God in the Precious Presence of the Holy Spirit, The Great Comforter.

Precious Redeemer how I love you. Lord, please take this testimony and use it to bring honor and glory to You. Lord please use it to comfort, to encourage, and to bless others in ways that only You can do, through the power of the Holy Spirit.

GOD LOVES YOU!

If anyone has lost hope, or is losing hope in their particular life situation, may they understand, that You can make a way where there seems to be no way! In the mighty name of Jesus!! I believe with all my heart that God wastes nothing!! He does not waste our experiences and He will not waste our pain.

I want you to know today, that God loves you with an everlasting love. He cares so deeply about everything that has impacted your soul. He cares about your wounds. Jesus understands and is intimately acquainted with you, and because of this He does not make light of your pain or of you. He is acquainted with your journey.

The Bible says: ***“They overcame him (Satan) by the Blood of the Lamb and the words of their testimony.”*** (Rev. 12: 11)

I believe that when glory is given to God for the redemptive work He has done and continues to do in our lives, I think it makes the devil just a little bit upset! And I believe

that the words of our testimony can be powerful spiritual warfare!

At times we may go through seasons when it seems that there is little natural evidence of God's faithfulness... I went through some of those times. Especially when unanswered questions seemed to loom larger than God Himself.

But if we are God's children then in the ***supernatural***, He is working out His plan and purpose in us and for us. Not in our time frame but His. God does things ***always*** with eternity in mind. Sometimes, it is only in hindsight that we begin to see just how faithful He has been. ***And oh!! how I see now!***

No matter how your life's pages read right now or have read in the past, there is a wonderful plan and purpose for your life and mine! Let's Trust Him! Let's relinquish our plans and purposes, for His. Let's trust Him to be faithful!

JESUS WANTS US TO TRUST HIM!

Allow the One who created and designed you, access to the questions of your life. The doubts, the fears. We have a High priest who IS TOUCHED WITH THE FEELINGS OF OUR INFIRMITIES. He is intimately involved with our pain and grief. He is as faithful in the valleys of our lives as on the mountain tops. He longs for us to trust Him, no matter

what. We do not do this perfectly! And how messy this can get, with its ups and downs. But life is so, so much easier, trusting Jesus. He alone knows His handiwork and He is the only one who is able to bring us from the depths, and deaths of our losses, into the hope that is in His Life. Sometimes we hear of intervention needed in someone's life, because of their being caught up in addictions, or a cult. They are unable to get out on their own. They have become powerless to help themselves. When little children are held hostage to evil, they do need intervention. They are powerless! I want to read you a verse found in Isaiah 59: 19 (Amplified)

“As the result of the Messiah's intervention, they shall [reverently] fear the name of the Lord from the west, and His glory from the rising of the sun.”

I KNOW interventions were done, and are being done, on my behalf by my Redeemer! The verse continues. ***“...When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him and put him to flight [for, the Spirit of the Lord will come like a rushing stream which the breath of the Lord drives].”***

When the enemy comes in like a flood against us, the Spirit of the Lord lift's up a standard against him. When the Spirit of the Lord, Himself, comes against our enemy like a rushing stream, I can almost hear that mighty woosh!! I want to encourage you today, know that Jesus stands in the gap for you, as an Advocate, as an Intercessor, but also as a rushing stream against your enemy!

When things appear the darkest, He is there. Don't just invite Him into your heart but invite Him into your pain, your disappointments, your anger. Psalm 51:6 says, "Behold, You desire truth in the innermost being, And in the hidden part [of my heart] You will make me know wisdom." Don't keep secrets from the Lord, no matter what they are He already knows all your secrets.

This verse is so very encouraging to me, and I hope to you also. God invites truth in the deepest places of your heart, and then says He will make us to know wisdom there. That is so powerful. In Isaiah 49:13 &14 there is so much encouragement as well.

It reads, ***"Heavens, raise the roof! Earth, wake the dead! Mountains, send up cheers! God has comforted his people. He has tenderly nursed his beaten-up, beaten-***

down people.” (Do you need tender nurse care today? The Lord God is a Friend that sticks closer than any brother, ever could. (Proverbs 18:24)

Verse 14 continues, ***“But Zion said, “I don't get it. God has left me. My Master has forgotten I even exist.*** (Personally, this is how I felt for years, so abandoned). But God replies in verses 15 - 18. ***“Can a mother forget the infant at her breast, walk away from the baby she bore?***

BUT even if mothers forget, (and I will share later in my testimony why these words are especially precious to my experience). **God said, I would never forget you—NO! never. Look, I've written your names on the backs of my hands.”**

Before I read the rest of this passage, I want to say that God gave me verses of promise at the beginning of my healing journey that **says** He would rebuild my ruins. One day when I was reading my Bible one verse jumped out at me about God rebuilding ruins, I didn't put much thought into that.

Then I skipped to another chapter and there it was again. I opened my Bible to another place because by now, I began to realize that God was giving me a strong message of hope, and there it jumped out at me again!

Ezekiel 36:36 (Amplified) says, “Then the nations that are left round about you shall know that I the Lord have rebuilt the ruined places and replanted that which was desolate. I the Lord have spoken it, and I WILL DO IT.

Isaiah 61:4 says, “...And they shall rebuild the ancient ruins; they shall raise up the former desolation's and renew the ruined cities, the devastations of many generations”. Abuse is, many times, a generational sin, and a curse, that is why it is so important that the cycle of abuse is stopped!

Again, in **Isaiah 58 verse 12**, ‘And your ancient ruins shall be rebuilt; you shall raise up the foundations of [buildings that have laid waste for] many generations; and you, God, shall be called Repairer of the Breach, Restorer of Streets to Dwell In. Hallelujah!!

Back to my reading in **Isaiah 49, Verse 18** says, “The walls you're rebuilding are never out of my sight. Your builders are faster than your wreckers. (This is a comfort when you feel like you are making no progress, isn't it? Your builders are faster than your wreckers) I love that!

At times on my healing journey I felt that the wreckers had done so much damage that the Master Builder couldn't possibly rebuild these ruins. I had lived trying to dodge the wrecking ball, but God brought me to the place where I had to deal with the aftermath, the consequences of the abuse.

Otherwise, I would have continued to live captured by my past for the rest of my life. Praise God, when we surrender our broken pieces to Him, He will not fail to run with it. when we surrender to the One who knows the thoughts and intents of the heart, even if they collide with the thoughts and intents of the flesh, He knows and He sees and He determines what the mind of the Spirit in us is.

PRAYER IS SO POWERFUL!

And even if we know that our mind and heart are not aligned with His, if we surrender even this to Him in humble obedience, asking Him to give us His mind, He will! To give you an idea of what I mean when I say God will run with what you surrender. I remember, on my healing journey, so many times when I was in intense mental, emotional, and spiritual torment, and God would pierce through the tent of agony that would enclose me.

In that moment I would cry out to God and release to Him what I felt powerless in my humanity to change. In my spirit, I sensed that God took my prayer, even though in the natural, in the moment, it seemed ineffective, but in the supernatural it was huge. I would see that in hindsight.

Oh, prayer is so powerful. Even when it doesn't even feel like a prayer. Even when it feels like you are about to take your last desperate breath, Jesus hears that cry of pain. He hears it!! When Jesus was being tempted by Satan in the wilderness, even though it was a legitimate need.

Jesus was hungry, (*Hunger in our lives can wear many faces*) Satan wanted Jesus to meet it illegitimately, on his terms. Satan wanted Jesus to bow to him and worship him, but Jesus refused. Was Jesus still hungry? I believe that He was. The hunger was not the sin, the satisfying of the hunger illegitimately was.

No matter how strong the temptation, how overwhelming the pain, if we surrender it to the Lord and invite Him to help, He will!! If the very idea of your ruin which can be anything, ever being rebuilt is impossible for you to imagine, we serve a God of the impossible. Believe it! Trust HIM!!

I am living proof!! There's an old song that goes like this, "Got any river's you think are uncrossable? Got any mountains you can't tunnel through? God specializes in things thought impossible. **And He will do what no other power can do.** He is A God who delights in doing the impossible!!

Many times in my life I surrendered to the Lord, while in the center of unbelievable, out of my hands, storms. Tormented by body memories that took me to the brink of hell, in what felt was my sin, my shame, my evil. But Jesus walked in the fiery furnace with me. Even though I felt completely alone.

You see, I could not understand that God would want to be with His child when I was years away from the past, yet at the same time that evil would bear down so hard in my present that I couldn't breathe. How could God remain in my curse? I felt that He could only remain with me when I was mentally, emotionally, physically, and spiritually, separated from all the effects of sin.

In all the ways I was abused I felt I must be free from any consequences, all of the severe damage of that abuse. In other words, I expected from myself, what God didn't expect, because He Himself says in His Word in Luke 11:13:

If you, Fathers, are, know how to give good gifts [gifts that are to their advantage] to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask and continue to ask Him!

Jesus expected, from fathers and mothers, even if they did not know Him, or acknowledge Him, He expected good gifts from them for their children. Never evil. Never evil! But I had been trained so well under my father's terrorism, and my mother's abandonment of me emotionally, that I believed, somehow, in my child's mind, that God would accept nothing else, than a whole, undamaged child and adult.

This was an impossible expectation. The abandonment factor was so severe. The responsibility factor was so great. The guilt was so huge that at times I had to hold back from literally walking into a police station and asking them to lock me up because of the pain of feeling responsible for the abuse and what it had left me with . . .a burden greater than I could bear. I reasoned if they would lock me up, that somehow I could be free from the guilt.

I felt I had to pay. I could not understand why I felt the way I did. I could not understand, that this was not by choice. It was not my choice. It had been the result of

years of abuse. Spiritual, physical, mental, emotional and sexual. Deposits had been made that in seasons of my life felt like they weighed more than life was worth.

THE SIN OF MY PARENTS!

I could not separate myself from the sin of my parents, and the environment I was raised in. What powerful verse's these are in Romans 8: 35 to 38;

“Who shall ever separate us from Christ's love? Shall suffering and affliction and tribulation? Or calamity and distress? Or persecution or hunger or nakedness or peril or sword? Yet, in the midst of all these things we are more than conquerors and gain a surpassing victory through Him Who loved us.”

This “Yet” would take a while for me to understand. I didn't have a sense of a 'now' apart from the yesterdays of pain and could not comprehend the greatness of "the ashes. God., YET!

The valleys were shrouded in a heavy mist of sorrow and shame, and great emotional and mental distress. But on God's side, the “Yet” He saw for me would come. Being more than a conqueror and living victoriously, He was making sure would happen. But

only in His time. Through His power in my weakness, and through my surrender to Him. Romans 8:38, 39 reads, **“For I am persuaded beyond doubt (I am sure) that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor things impending and threatening nor things to come, nor powers, nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”**

It says, "not things impending, or threatening," and I always had a sense of impending doom that greatly threatened me and was wreaking havoc in my emotions. Even though it may feel like stuff has separated us at times, God remains fixed. He does not move.

Our world may be spinning out of control, when everything that can be shaken is being shaken, still God does not move. He is in control. I want my testimony to encourage you, even if some parts may seem discouraging. I hope you can see, with me, how faithful God has been. I say it with all my heart, God has been faithful to me!! I am so very, very grateful to Him, for what He has done in my life. I cannot wait to see Him face to face. What a day that will be!

To quote Corrie Ten Boom, "There is no pit so deep that God is not deeper still." He has proved that over and over again in my life. I would only begin my healing journey after my father died of cancer. God knew that I couldn't have begun this journey till he was gone. I remained yoked to him emotionally, and mentally well into my adult life. I was scared to death of offending him.

My mother died in 1978, still a young woman at the age of 46, in a pedestrian/vehicle, accident. She had been dropped off close to her home in Winnipeg but as she was crossing the street she was hit by an oncoming truck. My husband and I, and our almost 2 -year- old little girl were living about an hour's drive away when we received the call from the hospital saying that mom had been in a bad accident and that her condition was very critical and we should get there as soon as possible.

MY FATHER ABUSED MY MOTHER!

She died 3 hours later. It was a terrible shock. I never had questions as to why she was taken home so young. She was emotionally, mentally and physically exhausted. She never recovered from my father's abuse of her.

But she died a Christian and what a comfort to go into her room, after leaving the hospital, and finding her Bible open on her bed. Just a year before this she had been a closet drinker. I wish many times that we could have had a mother daughter relationship. Things would have been so different for me. God, in spite of what seemed to be insurmountable and overwhelming odds, redeemed, and still is redeeming, the years that the locusts had eaten. I want to say that God's work on broken vessels is unique, as we each are so individually unique.

Each one of us heals differently and progress seems slow sometimes, but God's timing is right on. He works redemption His way, not ours. I could not have handled it any other way. It is next to impossible for a child who is living in an environment of parental abuse, which is spiritualized, to relate to God as Love. To relate to Him as Father.

So, God had his hands full with me as an adult. Maybe He didn't, but I would often feel I was too much for anyone to handle. I wrote up a poster to remind me, in big bold type I wrote, "I am never too much for God to Handle. He does not give up on me. He will never give up on me," and I put it up on my fridge.

Earlier I quoted the verse where God asks, “Can a mother forget the child at her breast, even if she does”, I never will. My mother did forget about me. She forgot I was her daughter. She seemed to forget that I was a child. While my father was sexually abusing me, she chose to see me as the other woman in his life, not as her daughter.

When she finally asked me if my father was leaving me alone, she invited me to respond by saying she would love me more if I told her. In hindsight it was a terrible thing to say, and how desperate I was for love. Once I told her, she offered me nothing, no hug, no comfort, no hope. She walked away from me with a triumphant look on her face, with a look of victory. She now had a trump card to use with my father. I was it.

I cannot express the agony of this. I felt so worthless. I felt even more alone than ever before. Mom had now physically walked away from me and left me with the devil. I became very depressed. My father raped me frequently, sometimes violently. Most normal control was taken away from me.

When dad could he interfered with even my going to the bathroom. He taught me to swim while molesting me underwater. Tobogganing, he would lay on top of me and we would go down the hill, meanwhile I felt like I was suffocating. What should have

been childhood joy could not be. It was perverted.

When I received a gift it came with the price of me being a "good" girl. At times he would not let me go to sleep and I would have to sit in a hard chair while he sat across from me, watching me. I had to keep my eyes open, looking him in the eye until he gave me permission to go to sleep. There were sadistic beatings. Times when he was very calm.

This was more terrifying because in rages he would beat till his rage was spent, and then he was relieved of whatever it was that drove him to that rage. When it wasn't rage that drove him, the lack of any emotion was even more terrifying. There was a cold merciless spirit in him. He would beat my mom and I together at times. I would scream and beg for mercy but there was none.

He would beat us till he had no strength left, and he was a strong man. He left me screaming and begging for mercy, with the promise that he would be back in so many minutes to start again. He would go into another room for a few minutes while I waited in terror for him, and he would come back and beat us again. I was not human to him. I had no value.

If my screams and my terror could not move this man, then what was I worth? That was the message that was seared into my soul. I remember looking after one beating and was surprised that my skin was black. During and after these beatings my mom offered me no comfort, and never tried to protect me. I spent years of my life trying to be comforted. I would not be comforted. I did not know how to be comforted. I felt unloved. I felt like no one could ever love me.

As a teenager I became very careless with my life, and my body. One particular time it almost cost me my life. I would be ok for a while and function but then the emotional and mental pain would catch up to me. It would build up and it felt like I would explode with the pain. That is when I began using alcohol as a pain killer. I would mostly drink alone.

From early on my life had been filled with the sights and sounds of brutality, physical violence and shameless sexuality. The murderous rages of my father were absolutely terrifying to witness, and to experience. In my father's family there was a severe loyalty. There were few places you could go to be free of the sights and sounds of rage and abuse.

But I had a bike. I loved my bike. I wasn't allowed to have friends over. I wasn't allowed to visit friends. There was no safe place in my father's family, and that was where our lives revolved around. My mother's family was out of the province. If we went visiting, we remained in family circles for the most part. In those family circles we were witness to child and wife abuse, on a regular basis. My father was so cruel, that I really I wrestled with God being a good Father. I wrote in my journal:

Dad, you painted A PICTURE of the God that you knew and over His picture, Hung a portrait of you, And the God that I saw, dad I saw Him through you.

Had my father not professed Christianity. Had he not used his Bible as a tool, and a weapon to promote ungodly obedience, it would have been easier. Now, I understand that my father and mother were created with a free will. I really wrestled with that one.

You know I am so glad that God understands the damage that abuse does. The deposits that it leaves. The terrible feelings of worthlessness, and shame among so many other things. Oh, I am so grateful to God for the grace and time that He

gives for healing. I know this sounds strange, but in hindsight I would go through the hardships of this life all over again to have the joy of salvation.

To KNOW Jesus and His love and faithfulness. I have learned to know the Lord, in such a deep way. A song I love is "**Jesus Is Lord of All**" listen to the words, you may have sung them before in church, but these words are so much my testimony especially these verses:

All of my conflicts, all my thoughts, Jesus is Lord of all. His love wins the battles I could not have fought, (I could not have fought the tormenting battles alone. Never!! Never!!)

Jesus is Lord of all. All of my longings, all my dreams, (the longing for comfort. The longing for a mother's arms to hold me close. To be loved. To feel like I mattered. Oh, such huge longings!) Jesus is Lord of all. All of my failures, His power redeems, (Isn't that amazing grace!! All of our failures His power redeems) Jesus is Lord of all.

When I was about 11- or 12-years old God intervened in my life in a mighty way. This was an intervention that would change the course of my life for eternity. Even

though I had accepted Jesus as a young child, the way Christianity was playing out in our home was having quite a negative impact on me, spiritually.

Powerless religion was not enough to keep this wounded family spiritually alive. God knew this. Something was about to happen in spite of dad's free will. My father became interested in going to a Pentecostal church in Winnipeg once in a while.

This opened the door for him to be interested in camp meetings that were taking place just outside of Steinbach MB, in a canvas tent with a sawdust floor. This is where I experienced church as a living, breathing, life changing, powerful revelation of God and His love.

A Norwegian evangelist, Pastor Max Solbrekken was preaching. And oh, how I loved it when he sang!!The power of God was so strong in that old canvas tent. It was literally tangible for me. There were many miracles and testimonies. Testimonies that moved this young girl so deeply. Testimonies of God's power. Power to deliver. Power to save and to heal.

One day after being in the meetings I was baby-sitting my younger sister while my parents were away. My sister got her big toe caught in the wheel of her trike. Her toe

nail was ripped off. She was in severe pain and I panicked. But I remembered from the camp meetings that God healed! I prayed for God to heal her and immediately her pain was gone. That was a miracle. That boosted this child's faith let me tell you.

In those tent meetings is where my worship experience with God began. Oh!! it was like water being poured on a desert. God breathed something in me that Satan would try to destroy over and over again, but he would not win.

The experience of God's power through the Holy Spirit was indestructible!! I needed to experience God's power in order to continue to live.

**I NEEDED SOMETHING THAT
WAS BIGGER THAN MY DAD!**

Something that was bigger than the demonic. And even though I would become quite the prodigal, later in my teen and young adult life, the power of God was something I could never forget.

God was real, I now knew beyond all doubt. I would not have survived apart from that. I still feel overwhelmed all these decades later. I still do not know how to thank Pastor Max for his obedience, because he was persecuted there. He could have picked

up that tent and left, **BUT GOD!!!**

I speak for myself only, because I know many were saved and healed, but God saw a brokenhearted little girl who had reached the end of her hope and who had **NOTHING** to live for. I cannot explain to you the depths of my despair. Jesus met me there!

Otherwise there would be NO testimony and I am convinced, I would be dead. **THIS WAS PART OF GOD'S PLAN AND PURPOSE FOR MY LIFE!!** Part of His plan was to give me a future and a hope. I encourage you to Look deep into your life and look for those interventions that saved you. Look for the miracles that brought you to the Cross of CHRIST.

I NEEDED HOPE! My dad continued to have free will during this time, and he continued in spite of everything, to abuse. His brutality did not stop. **But God had breathed new life into me. Something that would keep me till I could spiritually breathe again. Nothing in hell could separate me from this new found love. But hell would try. Worship because a very big part of my young life.**

I remember playing accordion, sometimes guitar in my room and singing worship songs and the power of God would fill the room as I would worship. God gave me very intimate times in His presence. I had no other intimacy. I had found someone who cared for me even though I could not seem to receive it or believe it as deeply as I would have wanted to. But in worship that was not my reality. In God's holy presence I was in heavenly places, in Christ Jesus.

There were many demonic manifestations in the different houses we lived in and also at my grandparent's home. But never as strong as in a house we lived in west of Lorette. One day dad decided I had not been 'good enough' and he took the family and went away for the weekend and left me in that demon filled house alone.

I was such a captive to my father that the thought to not sleep in my upstairs bedroom didn't even enter my mind. I remember sitting at the foot of the stairs for a long, long, time. I was so terrified to go upstairs to bed. I finally did and the last thing I remember is running to my bed and pulling the blanket over my head. I don't remember anything after that. I know many times part of God's protection was just me blanking out. My mind could not have taken it otherwise.

When my father was dying it was really difficult for us as siblings, because we did not know if he was ready to die. He had taken us out of his will with the reason that we had not cared about him, or for him. It was still about him. I had tried to always be there for him. I had always loved him.

Finding out that he felt neglected after how he had treated us kids, I must honestly say that I felt I would lose my mind trying to make sense of this. I had to give it to the Lord. God gave me a very, precious gift in the form of two identical visions several years after his death. In them I saw my father's face and his face was so different. His eyes were so full of love for me that it overwhelmed me. I saw such redemption. I saw such a holy longing in his eyes for his daughter, and his eyes spoke so much of how eagerly he was waiting to see me again. How he couldn't wait to see me. I have seen God's completed redemption in my father's face. I saw Jesus's love for me in Dad's eyes. That love I have never seen in any human eyes. **I know where my daddy is and he is healed and he loves me!** Oh, I can't wait to see him for real. Two father's who love me are waiting for me. Never lose hope for someone. There is always hope.

There is a song we sing in worship by Lincoln Brewster - it's called **"You are the One."** There is one line that says All Your thoughts toward me are holy. When we sang this for the first time, in my spirit I went WOW!! That was something I had not thought about before. My heavenly Fathers thoughts toward me are Holy!!! Full of love and grace.

This is what God can do. To someone who was shown no mercy, my strongest spiritual gift is mercy. To someone who received no human comfort, God has given me a deep compassion for the wounded ones. Only God can redeem like that. My life's work has been as a caregiver for the most part.

THIRTY YEARS: CHILD & FAMILY SERVICES

I worked for Manitoba Child and Family Services as a caregiver for mentally and physically challenged adults for over 30 years. I retired from that job several years ago. I now do volunteer work. I am a licensed palliative care giver and also God had put a burden in my heart about years ago for the Prostitutes who work in the inner city of Winnipeg, and for the homeless.

I had no idea how to go about helping them, but God did. I was put in touch with a Christian ministry called Love Lives Here. They minister to the physical, emotional and

needs of the sexually exploited and homeless. This has become my mission field, whenever I can go. The bus goes out on Friday nights and we seek out the lost and wounded and broken, offering them food and water and hot chocolate, but most of all, most important of all, we offer them Jesus!

There have been so many opportunities to love and to pray. To hold and to weep with those who weep. I have found that many of these women were sexually abused as children, and I can understand how they would feel so worthless, I did too. They also have a trailer where people can come and be ministered to, twice a week. **This harvest field is white and ready for harvest.**

Some years ago, God brought to my attention the verse. . . “Train up a child in the way he should go and when he or she is old she will not depart from it.” But God gave me a personal perspective. I had little training as a child that was profitable. I did not grow up normal. I didn’t have a foundation to build on. God was saying that He has been and was training me, his child, in the way I should go. It’s never too late to grow up!! How wonderful is that!! Like the song says.

He's still working on me, to make me what I ought to be.
It took Him just a week to make the moon and stars,
The sun and the earth and Jupiter and Mars.
How loving and patient He must be, He's still working on me.

There really ought to be a sign upon my heart,
Don't judge me yet, there's an unfinished part.
But I'll be perfect just according to His plan
Fashioned by the Master's loving hands.

In the mirror of His Word reflections that I see
Make me wonder why He never gave up on me.
He loves me as I am and helps me when I pray
Remember He's the Potter, I'm the clay.

In closing I want to say that God is not limited by time or circumstances. God is not hindered by our human weaknesses, if we bring them in surrender to Him. There is absolutely nothing too difficult for God to handle.

Psalm 57 verse 2 says I will cry to God Most High, Who performs on my behalf. God is my advocate. Who brings to pass, His purposes for me and surely completes them.

God will not leave our lives unfinished. He completes what he starts but we must trust Him. We need to surrender everything to Him. Don't put your trust in human flesh, that is a difficult one. God also promises He will perfect that which concerns you.

Can you trust God with every longing of your heart? Will you trust God with the unfinished business of your life? With the things you don't understand? Can you trust God to be faithful no matter what the circumstances? Psalm 124 is a psalm of testimony it is my testimony

If it had not been the Lord Who was on our side--now may Israel say-If it had not been the Lord Who was on our side when men rose up against us, Then they would have quickly swallowed us up alive when their wrath was kindled against us; Then the waters would have overwhelmed us and swept us away, the torrent would have gone over us; Then the proud waters would have gone over us.

Blessed be the Lord, Who has not given us as prey to their teeth! We are like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we have escaped! Our help is in the name of the Lord, Who made heaven and earth. HALLELUJAH!!

Can you trust Him to be more than enough, for whatever you are facing? I love you. God loves you infinity more! God bless you!! - **Tilly Harder**