



YOUR INSIGHT

July 2014

My Testimony of
God's Grace in my Life

By Glenda Thornley

Nearly four years ago, I was saved by the Lord Jesus Christ. The amount of healing that I experienced overwhelmed me. In its entirety, these four years have been a constant healing and guiding time. Before I was saved, I had only left the house a few times within two years. This was due to severe panic attacks and very bad depression.

It took time and faith in the Lord, to even catch a bus into town. I know that to someone who hasn't experienced panic attacks before, this everyday task would seem so easy and a capable thing to achieve. But to me, it was just too unbearable. I get on the buses quite regular in and out of town now... Praise the Lord! Short journeys are achievable.

But in the last three months, the Lord has prompted me into undertaking longer journeys. But I would say to Him, that I had already done two long journeys within the past four years. And they both were like a white knuckle ride. They were very uncomfortable. So frankly, I really didn't want to go on another. But He kept prompting me, so I was obedient.

Even with His prompting, I was still terrified. One journey was to Bedford and another one was to Bradford. Both of the journeys were comfortable and with no anxiousness at all.

I spoke out loud to our Lord and the sister in Christ, with whom I was travelling with, and I was so well put together, that you wouldn't have believed that there was ever a problem in the past.



I also mentioned to Simon, my Husband that the Lord was up to something, for why has He got me going on all of these long journeys. Within the last six months, a number of things have started to get on top of me. The state of the house is one thing. It is so run down and the list of how many items need replacing is extensive.

For most of our furniture has been given us. And with being on the social for a long period, we had no means of replacing them or buying new. So when Simon finally got a job (praise the Lord), I thought that I would be able to add to our home, slowly and to get in to some sort of order.

But it soon became apparent, due to the backlog of debts, that the money coming in would only reach to pay the bills and buy the groceries. There was no surplus money for anything else. All of this added to me feeling down.

On top of this the atmosphere within the house, because of the children, is constantly a battle ground. It is just argument after argument. I realise that teenagers argue, but no matter how many times I tried to intervene and sort out the situations, they simply would not listen. The frustration that I feel inside of having no control over my own children, made me feel so sad. Often the frustration led to tears, plus a number of other things, all added to me feeling low.

Exhaustion gripped me and I felt tired all of the time. Thoughts like; "what's the point?" often gripped my mind. I would often pray, "Why Lord, is my household

like this?" I felt torn, like I am leading two separate lives. For when I go out with H.O.T.S (Healing on the Streets) and Paths Of Love (outreach missions), to serve people in love, to pray with them and to tell them all about You, I feel absolutely awesome! You allow me to see so many wonders, like cancers healed and salvation after salvation. To see the beauty of people who feel Your presence, just burst in to tears, with the relief and acceptance of Your great love for them. With that, healing occurs. The beauty and the honour of this would very often overwhelm me. But then I would return home to the battlefield, feeling a failure in my own personal life.

Then the Lord showed me quite clearly through scripture, about all of the vessels that He had used; Noah-an alcoholic; Joseph-a slave; Moses-a murderer; David-a womanizer and Saul- who persecuted and killed the followers of Christ. None of these vessels of God were perfect. And neither was I. But of course it didn't matter, because it is through Him that we achieve all of what He asks of us. I don't have to have it all together to be His vessel. It is in the mess and the storms of life, that we must still serve others. This is what He has taught me.

Even with this revelation coming to my heart and mind, I still felt extremely tired of my situation. I would often cry out to God, "Just get me out of here, I can't take it anymore!" Anointed on one hand, but on the other, not having it together at all.



But then Paul would come to my mind when he said, "this thorn in my side." And the Lord would answer, "My grace is enough." It came to the point that I knew that I could go no further, and then the Lord's grace touched me, when the phone rang...

It was a sister in Christ. She explained that her Aunty had booked a holiday, but was no longer able to go. I was the first person who came to her husband's mind, when they were thinking of someone who they could give the holiday to. It was to Western-Super-Mere, travelling by coach. It was in a hotel called "The Anchor Head". With lovely sea views, breakfast and evening meals provided, along with some excursions during the week. All completely free! I couldn't believe it. I said "yes" in faith. I knew in that moment why the Lord had been sending me on those long journeys. I prayed to the Lord, as I knew that I didn't have enough clothes, to go on an eight day holiday. And it was Wednesday when I heard about the holiday. I would be leaving on the Saturday.

So on Thursday I went up town with a small amount of money. Being led by the Holy Spirit to a number of charity shops. I acquired two skirts, three pairs of pants and three tops. (Being a bigger sized woman, to come across clothes in my size, was rare.) I was smiling from ear to ear and praising the Lord, especially when I found the pants, which were priced at £1 per pair.

I went on Saturday the 28th of June and to return home on the 5th of July. I took our Aron with me, as Simon couldn't join me. When we arrived, the sea views were absolutely stunning from our bedroom window. The sea literally came up to the walls of the hotel. Everything was wonderful. The food was excellent and they had singers on at the night time. My mind started to switch off. Aron and I hardly ever spoke and the weather was beautiful.

Hearing the waves of the sea constantly was as if the holiday was custom made just for me. For the Lord knows just how much I love the beach and sea. It is my favourite place in the entire world. On Thursday as I awoke to get myself ready for our excursion to Bath that day. I prayed to the Lord and said, "I truly am thankful for what you have done for me. But I feel the same? How can I go back home, when I can't deal with it anymore." We arrived at Bath and Aron and I walked through the streets that we hadn't walked before. Not knowing where we were going, but taking it all in. We bumped in to a healing team and it warmed my heart so. (Fancy bumping in to a team that were doing the same thing as I do in Preston.) So I wasted no time in sitting down for them to pray for me. There were words of knowledge given to me about a book that I had just written. Then the team prayed for healing upon my family. It was a hot summer's day, with not a breath of wind to mention. But during the prayer, a wind started to blow and my hair kept getting swept back. The presence of the Lord fell so strong upon me. The ladies who were praying for me could also feel His tremendous presence. I could not help myself and started to cry. The pain and anguish that I had felt for months and months, was so apparent in my tears. I was overwhelmed with the pain that I felt. I physically felt something be lifted off my heart.

A tremendous relief came over me. And then suddenly the wind stopped blowing. My tears turned to laughter. It was just so incredible. I came home a couple of days later with a new set of eyes and a new strength... basically a healed heart. Even though all is the same at home, the arguments and the stress, the house being run down and all of the money issue, it simply doesn't bother me anymore like it used to. And I can't take my mind off my sweet beloved Jesus.

You see when I was first saved, I was within a romantic bubble and we get complacent with relationships as time goes on. I ashamedly admit that this is what my relationship had become with Jesus. My eyes became more fixed on my problems and not on Him. But now once again, my eyes are firmly fixed upon Him. I am in awe that He has lifted me up and out of my situation. He has healed me and put me back together again. For His plan for me is simply better than that what I have for myself. He has me and He has you dear sisters, in His sights all the time: turning all the bad around for good. It is when we can go no further in our strength that His hand really moves. It is quite alright for us to admit that we just don't have it all together.

For in our impurities-His perfectness and glory shines.

I devote my life to Him now and forever. Nothing that we ask for is impossible for God. He is greater than all that we see and beyond. It's passing our own flesh and knowing that we ask the Divine One-powerful, beautiful and glorious One. He simply is able. But yet when He opens doors and touches our hearts individually, it is an overwhelming feeling that He sees me, and moves situations around for me. I just want to run deeper into His arms. And I want Him to consume me, until He is my only thought. I want to love Him to the point that I can't love Him anymore. All of this world cannot hold my interest. Only He is the One that excites me and makes me feel joy and peace. And no matter how much I seek Him, His depths keep flowing. He is simply greater than all our thoughts put together. But yet He knows every part of me. My impurities, my stubbornness and He takes all of me. How awesome is the Creator of all. And that He loves us the way He does. Praise the Lord!

Lots of love.

From your sister in Christ...

Glenda Thornley

Psalm 50:15

"...and call on me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you, and you will honor me."

