

Well Digger

“The water that I will give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life” (John 4:14 ESV)
June 2018

Isaiah 12:3 speaks of a well of salvation that we can draw from with joy. From that well, in April, love came flooding to me like a gusher. I knew from that well all the other wells would flow! The first was abundance in finances! I lined up my speech and faith with a prophetic word I had received that April would be the month of abundance, May would be miracles and June would be Jubilee. I daily came into agreement with that word, looking for the fulfillment. I testify that in April the financial well opened with an increase of \$300 extra per month. As of today (June 17), that has doubled! God is fulfilling his word to me, and he is no respecter of persons. He is a respecter of faith, and he absolutely loves it when we believe him, for it pleases him!

In May the well of healing came gushing forth. Every day I would confess my faith and go in expectation looking for someone to love on. I was heading to work and saw my neighbor T. sitting out on her front porch. I pulled over to say hello. She wore sunglasses. “Have you been walking?” I asked. “No,” she said, “I’m blind.” I got out of the car and came to the porch. She said that in the past two days she had lost her sight and that she had lost it previously to diabetes. I asked to pray, and she agreed. I

could feel the anointing of the Holy Spirit in my hands. I asked her to take off the sunglasses. I placed my hands on her eyes, cursed diabetes and prayed for restored site. I hugged her then left for work. Later, after work, I heard a knock on my door. It was blind T., crying and *seeing*! We cried and praised God together! The next day T. came to church and testified that Jesus had healed her eyes!

Three days later, I shared with another neighbor what God did for T. “I need a miracle, too,” she said. She had stomach issues and needed to be able to sleep. We prayed. Next day she reported that she slept, had peace, and that her stomach was healed. Hallelujah! She had another issue, so we prayed, and God took that pain. The next day, we visited another lady who was suffering with Lyme’s disease. Here, I will call her M. I wanted my neighbor to see God heal and to testify that the river of healing was flowing. I shared the testimony of T.’s eyes having been healed, and my neighbor also shared her testimony. Then I prayed for M. Afterward, she said that during the prayer God showed her she was like a big tree with her roots growing deep and spreading out and that God was healing her. She got her shoes on and went for a walk! Hallelujah!

Wells of healing are being released in Williamsburg and Jesus is showing himself strong as healer!!

L.

Taking my morning walk, on a whim I took a different route than usual. An older gentleman coming out of his yard started to talk to me about all the rain we’d had the night before. Soon, our talk turned to spiritual things. “If you died now, do you know where you’d go?” I asked. With confidence, he declared his faith. He knew the Lord. “Can I pray for you?” I asked. His only ailment was his shoulders, which had been giving him a lot of trouble, though being some improved in the last few days. I gave a short thanks to God for his goodness and told the shoulders to be healed. It seemed like a remarkably lifeless prayer and command! I no sooner finished speaking than he began to move his arms around, a little at first, and then more and more. He swung them in circles. “I couldn’t have done that fifteen minutes ago!” he declared. We thanked God, and I told him, “Now you have a story to tell.” He seemed very happy.

R.

Visiting my elderly dad on Father's Day, I found that he was not doing well. His stomach was hurting, and this made his head swim as well. He looked miserable. We prayed three or four times. The pain left his stomach, his head cleared, and within a short time I told him he looked as ornery as ever.

R.

In the first story, T. was healed in her eyes. More recently, she came to church after having fallen down the steps. She had old nerve damage in her leg, and the fall had made it worse. She limped into church on a cane, no feeling in her leg, looking sorrowful. She came to the altar at the end of the service. We thanked God for his goodness and told that numb leg to feel again. On the first command, some feeling returned. On the second, much more returned. She put down the cane. "Walk over to the curtain over there and walk back," I told her. She went off on her walk across the front, and the rest of us just worshiped Jesus. When she got back, her leg was totally healed. We cried and praised God and hung the cane on the cross by the pulpit to declare that Jesus did it all when he died there. She had to take the cane home, but only to return it to the person from whom she had borrowed it.

R.

My 7-year-old grandson had a large cyst on his right wrist. It

became larger till it was about the size of a small marble. The doctor said he too young to receive an operation on his wrist. One night, my grandson and I prayed and asked Jesus to heal his wrist. The next morning, his eyes wide and a big smile on his face, he came into my bedroom. The cyst was gone.

D.

As I walked toward my house, a woman about to get into her car remarked something about how hot the day was. I agreed, and we began to chat. I noticed she was limping, so I asked about her knee. It was, in fact, her hip that was the trouble. "I've had one replaced," she said, "and now this other one hurts because I've leaned on it so much." She explained that she had to wait a couple more months, and then she would have it replaced also. "On a scale of 1 to 10," I asked, "how much does it hurt?" She didn't hesitate: "Oh, it's a ten," she said. "Can I pray for you?" I inquired. She agreed, and I prayed once. "How is it now?" I asked. Looking a little surprised, she said it had gone to about a six out of ten. Some of the pain was gone, but it hurt considerably in one area. "Can I pray again?" I requested. Again, she agreed, and I did so. Bam! All the way! Her pain went to zero. She was grinning. "Jesus likes you," I told her, "and he put a smile on your face today!"

God is looking for well-diggers. He wants to open a well of his healing and power here in Williamsburg. He wants this town to have a legacy in the kingdom of God, so that people for generations will say, "Do you know what God has done in Williamsburg?"

To get it done, he needs people who will drill down in prayer and seek him out. He needs people who will be relentless in seeking for what he wants to do.

When well-diggers pick and dig their way through dry, rocky soil, they can get discouraged. God's word for us today is, "Don't be discouraged! Keep digging!" He has promised that if we seek him we will find him, and he is 100% faithful to his promises. The question is whether we come after him.

Well-diggers who have labored long and hard might get excited when they hit moisture. "We are on to it!" they might shout. They might have a bit of a party when they find some wetness in the dirt at the bottom of that deep, dry shaft. But wouldn't it be foolish of them to get so excited about some wet dirt that they quit digging? The little moisture they have found means the real flow is a little deeper down. Keep digging! Put in the shovel, and one of these times the water will start to pour in.

We must keep going after God if we are going to see the fullness of what he wants to do.

Jesus is King!