

A Testimony in Prayer to the Blood of Jesus from an Abused Person.

A very long time ago, Father, I was frantically searching for the “gate.” It was a gate that would somehow set me free from the darkness and lead me into the green pastures. At a given time you had my pastor show me that your altar was that gate for me. From that time on it has always been special to me. It has been the place where I could always be certain that you were there and you were listening to me; the place where I could feel certain that you welcomed me with open arms; the place where you feed me with the most special nourishment, the body and blood of Christ; the place where I can come to cry, to weep, to pray, to receive, to be healed, to be forgiven, to be loved and cared for. It is the most special place with the most special sustenance. And you have always provided me access to an altar, as you did last night.

When you showed me the “gate,” dear Father, I thought that there would never be anything that could come anywhere near the almighty blessedness of that. But then today, Father, you brought to me a blessedness through the blood of Jesus that I never knew before. It is only because of You that I have known how special Holy Communion has been to me. I have known forgiveness and healing and nourishment through the blood of Jesus. I have known how I was cleansed with his blood and have really associated that then with being covered with a robe of righteousness. Then today, Father, you revealed to me that since I am covered with the blood of Christ, the abusive “beast” can never touch me again. I know that you know what I felt on hearing this. This was a revelation that nearly knocked me off my feet upon hearing it. It gave me freedom; it was as if I was unshackled. It was like an immaculate shower that washed and cleansed the filth and stench and decay of Satan from my body. At one point, for just a moment or two, I felt as if I was completely naked as the blood was washing so much off and away from me.

I was stunned and shocked, amazed and flabbergasted not only at what I was hearing but also at what I was feeling, and what it was feeling like. It was almost as if I couldn't believe my ears? I kept thinking and saying, “The evil one can never touch me!” The emphasis was on “never” and “touch.” This brought such releasing and relief, such freedom and safety, and such cleansing! Such, such cleansing! It was as though You were bathing me there and then. It was like something unbelievable. I can't find the right words to properly describe what your word did for me. But You, my God, You know! You know what kind and how great a sense of freedom and releasing this brings to me. The “beast” can no longer touch me! I am safe now. And protected! God has set me free from it. I don't know, Father, why I never knew this before. You know what I felt then and still feel now. You know what is in my tears as I write this! Please accept them as a token of my deepest gratitude and thanksgiving for what You have done for me and given to me,

Father, everything is in your hands. Nothing that you brought about today, nothing that was made known to me could be done by any other hand than Yours. I cannot wash myself clean with the blood of Jesus; only You can do this! I cannot set myself free or unshackle myself from the shackles of the evil one and what has happened to me in the past; only You can do this! I cannot heal the deep hurts and spiritual wounds that lie within me; only You can! I cannot kill in order to make alive; only You can! I cannot fill my heart with joy and make Christ dwell within me; only You can!

Father, you know how long I have yearned to no longer be a product of the past, where my actions and reactions are the rattling of shackles and lies and hurts. Please take from me all the lies, all the twisted distortions. Create in me a clean heart and restore to me the joy of my salvation.