



# Making Hearts Merry

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*By Phyllis Ramia*

A Lady Prophetess Speaks Out From Hawaii

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*O taste and see that the Lord is good. Psalm 34:8*

Taste His Holy Word. Open it up, read My Word, dear child, and taste and see that My Word is good and sweet.

**My Words will make your heart merry.** My Word will make your heart to hope. My Word will give you comfort in your times of need. My Word will make you whole. My Word will inspire confidence. My Word will teach you My ways so that you don't stumble and fall. My Word will pick you up and establish you on the Rock of Christ. Taste and see how My Word can fill thee. You can count on My Holy Word.

Peace be unto thee, My sons and daughters. I shall keep you in perfect peace because your mind is set and stayed on Me and My Word.

I love you, Your Father

## LORD, KEEP MY WORDS

Lord, keep my words  
Always light and sunny  
To make others laugh  
And find things funny.

Lord, keep my heart clean  
With nothing to hide  
Putting away now  
All arrogance and pride.

Keep my mouth full  
Dripping like honey  
With pleasant words to speak  
Worth more than money.

Lord, let me show  
Your merciful side  
To forgive and forget  
And never to chide.

Lord, let our words  
Fall onto your people like flowers  
Refreshing them daily  
Like soft spring showers.

**"YOU HAVE THE GIFT FOR GIVING WHAT YOU WANT TO EXPRESS IN PARABLES"** (Letter from Pastor and Prophetess Opal Rushings)

Dear Phyllis,

Since the second letter you wrote me, I have wanted to tell you something I feel I perceived in you, and that is, shall I say, "A gift for giving what you want to express in parables." This is a great thing and merits developing, so pray about it and ask the Lord to help you use that talent and let it grow.

The Lord spoke to me by prophecy one time and said, "Give My Word in parables and in prophecy"- and after a while, I discovered I was giving it in both ways at the same time, like a parable of the Kingdom.

*All these things spoke Jesus unto the multitudes in parables; and without a parable, spake He NOT unto them: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open my mouth in parables. Matthew 13:34-35*

Jesus constantly used these parables when speaking to the crowds. In fact, the disciples said He never spoke to them without at least one parable.

*For it had been prophesied, I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world. Matthew 13:35*

Well, He is still opening His mouth by parables for the way He speaks now is through us, His mouthpieces and His instruments. Keep speaking parables, Phyllis.

Love, Opal

## **PHYLLIS' POWERFUL PROPHETIC PICTURE PARABLES**

I believe God gave me what I call "**powerful prophetic picture parables**", and these picture parables often go into personal prophecies. I've been giving these out for some 40 years- long before I joined a church here in Hawaii. The Spirit of the Lord has anointed this ministry as I have given personal prophecies (which are recorded on individual tapes) along with general prophecies to the whole body.

I believe a prophet should tape the prophecy and give it to the one he ministers to. It can then be "judged, tested and confirmed." I have given out hundreds of tapes here these past 40+ years in the Islands.

**Quench not the Holy Spirit. Despise not prophesy. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. I Thessalonians 5:19-21**

We know the gifts are all in part and prophets can make mistakes. We're human, we get tired, and we prophesy in part. One must **not** try to prophesy from their own hearts. Pray for His clear stream. True prophecy comes from the heart of God.

**I sent my prophets to warn you with many a vision and many a parable and dream. Hosea 10:12LB**

## JESUS WANTS TO LOVE ON YOU, LEAD, AND GUIDE YOU

Dear Ones, remember the voice of Jesus never puts fear in you. God will fill you with His powerful Holy Spirit and with His love and peace.

***II Timothy 1:7 says: For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind.*** Christ Himself is our way of peace.

He will overload your spiritual circuits with joy when you are properly plugged in. His joy will give your heart strength and courage to go on. You will be healed- mind, soul, body and spirit, Beloved. Be still and hear Him speak. He wants to love on you and lead and guide you all by Himself. **His sheep know His voice and they will follow no other!**

## MAKING HEARTS MERRY

When I am out there ministering prophetically to a group, sometimes I get so lost in an anointing and such a happy spirit of joy; but truly, underneath it all, I'm as serious as a heart attack about the prophetic words I am speaking. After 50 years of prophetic streams flowing out from my lips like a rapid river current, I still find the Lord's dear Holy Spirit will stop me to interject a funny little prophetic picture parable that will powerfully affect the people and make their hearts laugh and be merry.

Many of these funny little prophetic picture stories I have given on the radio or spoken into a person's life seem to really help the people waiting their turn for a prophetic word from me. These stories seem to percolate up and out like a good strong cup of coffee. It

stimulates the people's interest and people always ask for a few more cups full. It helps those waiting to be more patient.

Sometimes I find that this prophetic teaching through short stories on life actually mean more than the personal prophecies. God seems to fill more cups through the simple outpouring of telling these funny little experiences. It's a proven fact that people can learn more through humor. I guess God knew that.

Sometimes the Lord would show me a vision of something way off the wall in a funny picture parable, and I would ask, "Lord, is this really You?" But each time I was brave enough to speak it out, it fit perfectly and it brought release and laughter and freedom through its simple humor. The Lord has a great sense of humor. I especially like to tell things on myself and laugh at myself. But, dear ones, always be careful not to joke at each other's expense! It could hurt and we never want to hurt any of the Beloved. The people love the way the Lord speaks intimately and individually in such a fun way to fit them like a glove. We all laugh at ourselves and I know the Lord laughs with us. Isn't it nice to know we have a merry-hearted Lord?

### **"FAMILY WERE LIKE COOKIE CUTTERS"** Letter to Phyllis

Hi! How are you today? We hope that you are doing well and your strength is being renewed daily. Angie and I just want to say "Thank you very much" for ministering to us and our friends from Mililani. We really appreciate you, Phyllis. Thank you so much for encouraging us with words straight from the throne room of God.

This past Tuesday, you ministered to our friend, Denise, and told her she was like a piece of dough being pressed and pounded on by

people and that her family were like cookie cutters trying to cut and mold her into what they thought she should be. And you said that she was God's sugar cookie baked to perfection. She was so blessed! Did you know that in real life she is the head baker at Mililani High School? Praise the Lord- yeh!

We all cried when we heard her prophecy because we knew it was God Himself speaking through you. Thank you for loving Jesus and loving His people. We love you too, and we are continually praying for you and your family. Say hello to Joe. God bless you!

Agape, Brian and Angie Kano

**"I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAYCHECK TO SEE AGAIN WHAT I SAW TONIGHT"** Letter from a couple Phyllis ministered to in Shiloh

Dear Phyllis,

May God's peace and rest be yours today. We love you and thank you for giving and giving and giving of yourself to us here in Montana!

In addition to thanking you for your gifts and your love, I want to give you confirmation of how correct (in the spirit) your words have been for me and for others. In December, you spoke a word over me. I had come to you, at peace, but wanting to be reassured that, in this time of my husband and me being unassigned, we would know God's next move for us.

Your words began quoting Jeremiah 1:6. Ten years ago, God called me sovereignly into service with Jeremiah 1:6. What a comfort to hear it again from you! The Lord gave you imagery of birds flying south, and many times the Lord had used this image in our lives this

past year. And then you said, "You'll know when the time comes. You'll know and you'll go!" What an encouragement! What an exact answer to the longings of my heart! Bless you, my friend! My husband was so encouraged as were my personal friends in Aglow who knew of our situation. Thank you for your obedience to the Holy Spirit.

Also, in December, you had a word for my best friend. You said she had an intercessory prayer ministry, and that at 10 o'clock at night, God would give her prayers. You used an image of an archer and that she shoots prayers out all over the place. Phyllis, you couldn't have been more accurate. I know this woman intimately, and this is who she truly is. Many times in the night she has called me and we have prayed for others. Her burden for life is to pray for others to be set free!

Sunday night, this same woman came up to be ministered at Shiloh, and you gave her the same word. The Holy Spirit is consistently in you. Be encouraged! Phyllis, I can't thank God enough for how He used you Wednesday night at Shiloh. As my husband and I were returning to our car after service, he (a conservative man, not given to effusive comments) said, "I'd give a month's paycheck to see again what I say tonight!" He was referring to the prophecy and prayer you ministered to some friends of ours. During the past nine months or so, we have been intensely praying and fasting for this brother to be set free again in service to God in the spirit as he once was used so mightily. Your prophetic prayer of the Living Waters flowing from him in the gift of prophecy was so brilliantly correct.

Praise the Lord! He helped you persevere in the anointing. Thank You, Jesus! May the Word of the Lord go on forever and forever. Amen. We are going to try to persevere in prayer for that family that

all You spoke over them in Jesus would come to pass. I also want to encourage you about the word you spoke over our family. We were the "apple" family with the four little children. You spoke so much about our caring for the damaged fruit that no one wants and harvesting what has fallen to the ground. What an image! My husband is in the produce business, and for the eleven years of our marriage, we have salvaged the fruits and vegetables- and yes, apples! But more than that, just last week I said to Andy, my husband, that sometimes I felt my heart was burdened only for the "hopeless cases." Was there something wrong with me that I couldn't give up on these people? PTL!

We love those bad apples, bruised in the fall! Dear Phyllis, there is so much more to thank you for, and thank Jesus for you! Be encouraged! We're praying for you to get some rest. We love you so much!

**"YOU TOUCHED MY HEART EVEN BEFORE YOU OPENED YOUR MOUTH"** Letter to Phyllis

Dear Phyllis,

A light- alone in the midnight darkness was still shining brightly from my bedside as my digital clock struck 2:00 A.M., Friday morning.

The black reading lamp cast its white rays of solitude onto the transposed words you had spoken to me earlier Thursday afternoon. The clarity was impeccable- clarity not of only sight and sound, but of understanding and direction. Your words directed me to the heart of God. It was from His heart that the words emerged and were passed through your lips. I feel as though some of the images you received

from the Lord were images that you yourself did not fully comprehend. Perhaps you were wary of their relevance or of your own accuracy.

I'd like to reassure you, Phyllis, that they were straight from God. You could not have known the extent of their relevance or accuracy. Every word is like gold to me, which is why I listened to the tape over and over again that very night and typed out word for word all that God revealed. You said to look at the way a guy treats his mother. This was the reason I had ended a relationship the day before we saw you. You said Satan had been playing with me like a cat plays with a mouse. I knew this was all too true, but I needed to hear that confirmed understanding from you.

I needed a moment to see through the compassionate eyes of the Lord; Who is so ready to help me every time I am thrown up against a wall. You said I am an open book and that the Lord is reading my heart.

Phyllis, you couldn't have known that reading is my passion. I've written volumes on the wounds of my past- but you said not to go back to them anymore. I just filed the last page of my diary on Saturday, so I take great comfort in knowing god wants the pages of my past to be just like the journaled hurts - FINISHED! You said I am going to enter a whole new field. At the time of our meeting, I was not sure of my acceptance into the Communications/Journalism/Writing Master's Degree Program at Wheaton College, so I didn't know whether to take that word as a "YES" from the Lord or not. Today, I found out I was indeed accepted into the program.

I have read your transposed words without fail every night so far. His thoughts became clearer and clearer. Through you, Phyllis, Jesus encouraged me to keep sitting at His feet often and to "talk

story" with Him during the day. I received some of the words you gave Lavet, Pam and Joe. I don't know if that was right of me, or not, but I felt as though God intended them for my ears as well. Every time you hit the mark, I felt the Lord pull on my heartstrings, causing the tears to roll. You prayed over me against the nightmares I had been having.

The next day, I felt it was going to happen again, so I got out the typewritten words you instructed me to pray and recited them out loud. Then I stopped mid-sentence. I continued to rebuke Satan, but I began using my own words, "Satan, I'll be honest, I don't really care one way or another if you attack me. Go ahead and send your stupid spirits to sit on me and torment me because you know what? Every time you do, the Lord teaches me how to fight you better and better!

I learn so much every single time you attack. When I am weak, then I am strong. God makes me stronger and stronger by letting me practice with your stupid tactics. I am never afraid of you- in fact, I DARE you to come on me and witness God's power and dominion over me!"

Phyllis, do you know the dream I had right after that? I cast a demon out of a little boy- in my dream! At the moment the boy was slain in the spirit, the evil spirit did try to come on top of me again, but this time it was KICKED OFF of me just as fast as it came on! It was as if the spirit just shot in and out like something else on me that repelled it like a magnet! Recently, God has been using my dreams to reveal things to me- TRUTH. My perception is gaining increased focus and specificity of purpose.

I am so thankful to you for speaking the heart, and mind of Jesus to me. I will never forget your kindness and generosity. You took us into your home with such love and motherly care. You touched my heart even before you opened your mouth. I saw Jesus in your eyes, Phyllis. His words filled my ears. I just wanted to thank you for that glimpse and murmur which was so positively of Him. The solitary light continues to shine in this dark world.

### **"GET BACK IN THE SWING AGAIN, GIRL"**

One night, I sat in my car consoling a very dear girlfriend. She cried so hard as we waited on the Holy Spirit. Then I got a clear little picture parable (vision) of her and told her:

I saw her sitting on a swing that was attached to a very large tree limb. You could see how hopeless she was. Her body was limp, her chin down on her chest. She had both arms down, not holding onto anything. She just had no power in her to do anything more to swing herself. I saw myself come up from behind and pick up her helpless hands, place them on the swing ropes, and say, "Hold on, Honey, I am going to gently push your swing." At first, I pushed her slowly as I did not want her to lose her balance and fall off. Pretty soon I did not have to push her as she began to take a new handhold for herself, moving her legs. Her head came up. She was picking up her old momentum. Then I saw her face change. She was smiling and her whole body got back into the swing again. She was beginning to get excited to enjoy the ride and pick up speed.

Beloved ones, this is our job to encourage the fainthearted and strengthen the weak arms. But always remember- first, let it be a gentle push to start them on their way.

I gave her what I saw by the Spirit- this is the interpretation: In life's swing, we have our highs and lows. Sometimes we are still. We have lost our momentum and we are all pumped out! We need a friend to come along and give us an ever-so-gentle push; not a hard, rough push that could cause one to fall off the swing because they are not holding onto the Lord's swing as strongly as they usually do. But after a few gentle swings and the person is reactivated, their arms and legs get strong. Then they themselves can begin to pump back into their own "swing of life." So many times when you feel like you are going backwards, dear heart, remember: It is only to get a stronger momentum to come back forward again.

The Lord told my girlfriend to look up into the branches of that tree she was swinging on and see those branches full of leaves of healing and luscious heavenly fruits growing up high and to swing up and grab hold of those fruits and eat them. These are the fruits of healing, peace and joy- but to be aware of fruits lying on the ground below. Some were rotten, though they looked good on the outside- for the rotten fruits of sin are sure death; and if she tried to pick up these rotten fruits from her moving swing, she could fall off and get hurt.

So keep swinging up higher, darling girl, swing back up into a more abundant life in Christ Jesus. Reach up higher to pick the best fruits Jesus has to offer. Bon appetite!

Watch out! Someday while you are standing there on your wooden swing, pumping up so high and brave in life, you might just be caught up into that heavenly rapture that's coming and leave that swing below-empty! Oh, glory for that day!

PRAYER: Lord, help me to help others swing back into the fullness of life. Help me to only push ever so gently so as not to throw them off their swing in life.

Amen!

## **JESUS PULLED THE PLUG**

One night, I was privileged to minister in a dear couple's home. This was a group of sweet, gentle, but hurting people. A certain young woman (I was told later) came to every meeting overflowing with tears (and they were all so weary of it). Nothing seemed to stop her leaking faucet of tears. Here is the prophetic picture the Lord revealed to me and I spoke it out.

I could see this girl reclining back helplessly in a deep bathtub of water. The waters covered her up to her chin and her head just stuck up barely, her hair floating. The Lord showed me the waters were her tears that she cried and she was literally drowning in her own tears.

The Spirit of the Lord spoke strong through me: The Lord is going to pull the plug on your sorrows, and these sorrows are all going down the drain. Get up, girl, get out of that sorrowful tube of tears, make an effort, throw your legs up over and get out tonight. So by faith, she symbolically "climbed" up out of her sad situation. I had given a word earlier about her having a "gift of joy" before in her life that God wanted to return. She confirmed this, but said she had become so bogged down, so waterlogged almost to drowning in her own tears, there was no joy left; but she got joyful and the whole group really praised God and were greatly relieved. "No more tears, my lady," said the Holy Spirit.

As you read this, perhaps you, too, are drowning in your own tub of deep sorrows. **Jesus wants you to pull the plug and let your sorrows go down the drain. And you, with Jesus' strong right arm to help you, get yourself up and out! Be filled with His joy!**" I pray His strength will return for each new day to keep you.

PRAY: Jesus, help me pull the plug and drain my sorrows away. Give me back Your spirit of joy. Amen.

By the way, the lady came back to the next meeting rejoicing that Jesus had indeed pulled the plug and she had her gift of joy back.

### **"LADY, HANDS OFF YOUR HUSBAND'S ATTIC"**

One day, a young married girl came to my home and sat down near my feet on the couch. As I prayed with her regarding her deep concerns over her marriage, she cried her heart out and I gently touched her head, stroking her long hair, like one of my own little children. The Holy Spirit began to minister to her need. This was a prophetic picture again.

The Lord revealed to me that her husband's heart was like "an attic in the top of the house." It was all filled up with precious junk (to him) like an old beat-up raincoat, fishing pole, etc.- things he treasured personally. And the Spirit spoke, "You have intruded into his prized possessions to clean and clear out his attic- and baby, did you clean his attic! The boy is angry! You have only made things worse. **You did it without his permission!**

The Spirit of the Lord spoke, "Hands off, Wife, let Me come into his heart first and I will clear out all the debris your husband holds onto. Dear lady, I know you think it is useless junk, ridiculous stuff, but you leave his attic and addictions to Me to clear out."

Then I saw a rocking chair there in his attic and it was nailed to the floor. She was trying to rock in it; and again, the Lord said, "Get out of his chair, get out of his attic, and let ME (let God) do it My way. You cannot find rest in his rocking chair- it is nailed down." The Spirit of the Lord then said, "Trust Me, Child, I will blow open the windows in the attic of his mind and clear out the mildew. **Let My Holy Spirit blow those things out and away from his attic. Hands off, Wife!**"

We, as wives, want to change all the ideas in our husband's minds, throwing out "this and that" when they want to hold on fast to their old habits. **Let go, Wife, let God "clean their attics" (their hearts).** I know this is hard to do, but God will give you grace.

### **"LADY, DECORATE YOUR OWN SECRET HEART CHAMBER"**

Then the Spirit of the Lord spoke to her: And you, My dear Child, decorate your own secret heart chamber. Start to furnish and decorate this beautiful room in your own heart. Keep the precious treasures of God's Spirit and His words in your secret heart's room.

Each time a dear friend drops into our heart's room to share a treasure of prayer and friendship, they leaven a gift of God's love in your lovely room and your room (God's heart chamber) becomes more beautiful. Sometimes they leave a jar of expensive fragrance or "anointment" or some lovely thing which beautifies your heart's chamber when you commune with the Lord. This place, deep within, is

very special and your husband has not learned how to enter this room to really appreciate its lovely furnishings. His feet are all muddy and the rugs in your heart are all white- so he could carelessly destroy all the lovely, delicate things and treasure you have collected from the Lord and people who have pure hearts.

But there is a day coming, dear child, and you prepare now for that time he will come in with clean shoes to sit down and have sweet Communion with you and your Lord and your friends (seated there) and he won't destroy your lovely treasure. I was delightfully surprised and happy when I heard (as she told a friend)- and without her help, God had cleaned out her husband's attic, gotten rid of the addictive junk, and now they are sharing the secret love chamber of her heart.

Ladies, come let us adorn our own hearts and leave our husband's attics alone. Let God clean them out. Just keep praying for the Holy Spirit Housecleaner to come. And He is faithful to clean their house and their "clocks." AMEN!



## **"HE IS A SQUARE EGG"**

One day as I prophesied over a dear lady in a women's group, the Spirit of the Lord gave me a prophetic picture and I related it to her. The Lord has such a sense of humor; yet, it is a serious word. I saw her like a mother hen, tending her unhatched eggs, but she was real uncomfortable and just could not get settled. She got up to look down to see what was poking her in her "behind feathers." Lo and behold, among the round eggs was a square egg. This one egg was sharply poking her, so she could not sit right on it.

The Lord revealed to me: This egg, with its uncomfortable square corners (if this were at all possible) was her husband. She had no business sitting on top of her husband as a mother hen trying to hatch him out like she did her other chicks. He would always be uncomfortable if she persisted to sit on him. We all laughed and cackled! She laughed with us and said, "Yes, I guess I have been treating him like a child. I am sorry, Lord, I have henpecked my husband too much."

**MORAL OF THE STORY:** Ladies, you cannot "hatch" your husband. Do not henpeck him, trying to turn him around. Keep giving your "square poky" egg husband back to Jesus. Jesus is the only one

Who can sit on him. Let the Lord hatch him out. He who the Lord "hatches out, is hatched out, indeed!"

## THE SAD LADY AND DA ANT-EATER

One day, the Lord showed me a lady's husband. Funny thing, he was sitting on an ant hill, and these ants were covering him. She, like an anteater, came and relieved him of his dilemma. She got sick to her stomach.

**INTERPRETATION:** Her husband had many evil spirits bothering him, eating at him, crawling all over him, but he just sat there. She, being a good wife of 36 years, tried to help him; but in accepting these spirits, she got sick and they became too much for her. Until he is ready to get off the ant hill, she cannot be a part anymore to take off his ants as she just received them unto herself and got sick.

Jesus is the only One who can deliver us from the evil-crawling spirits. Beloved, each one of us must make the decision to get off and away from the creepy, crawly ant hills of the devil. We must shake them off and move on into God for ourselves.

**PRAY:** Jesus, help me off this ant hill, deliver me from these demon ant bites. Oh, Lord, I give my life to You and shake off all creepy spirits in Jesus' name.



## **'BEWARE: OCTOPUS!'**

Some years ago, a dear older Christian couple called and said, "Phyllis, we have got some big problems. Can we come over and talk?"

In my home, she related, "At night, my dear husband feels like he is drawn to jump out of our high-rise apartment building, and I do not know what to do but sit on him in the bed and pray like crazy to hold him from jumping. He even fights with me. He is just not himself in the middle of the night."

We joined hands and prayed for wisdom and implored God through the Holy Spirit to show us what his problem was and how to pray. Almost immediately, I saw a picture of this giant octopus sulking behind this dear couple. (They were not aware of his presence behind them.) I was made aware of its arms wrapped around this couple and I saw its arms also wrapped about their oldest child's neck and head, holding him captive.

This Christian family seemed to be in the clutches of an ugly enemy. These octopus arms were coming from behind, holding on strongly with little suction cups. The Lord gave me an interpretation of the cups being evil spirits of hurt, bitterness, anger and suicide all wrapped up about this couple and older child- just choking the very life out of them. By the Spirit, I could see as the couple would fight, they were fighting with each other instead of the culprit behind them, the octopus. (Please, you octopus lovers, I know they are good and timid creatures. This is only an example I am using for my story)

Every time this couple fought with each other, if they turned to see the octopus behind them, he would put up a dark ink screen of confusion and escape quickly from their sight. The Word says we do not fight against flesh and blood, people, but we fight against the unseen powers and principalities of darkness. So many times before I had helped to rebuke Satan's octopus-like clutches from them, chopped off its arms, only to see another arm come back around to put them in bondage again, so there had to be another solution.

Impressed by the Holy Spirit to counsel, I spoke, "Look, you both must learn that you have the power through Christ Jesus; Name and His precious blood to turn away and look square into the face of your enemy. Take that powerful double-edged sword of God's Word and thrust it in his face. You will defeat him; render every arm helpless as you kill him with the Word of God, then all the arms will automatically fall away. Do not be afraid to face the unknown enemy.

With both of you in agreement, take up your sword and go forth in Jesus' Name, *for God has not given you the spirit of fear but of power; love, and a sound mind. (II Timothy 1:7)*

Put on your armor daily and do not forget to sleep in your armor at night, too. Plead the precious blood of Jesus over your minds, your night dreams, and your gentle hearts. I am going to ask the Holy Spirit to say, "Alert, octopus about", to remind you to be strong and of good courage to fight the good fight of faith for yourselves. Sure enough, they were found to be good soldiers of the Lord and quit fighting each other and won the victory over Satan and his sneaky dark ink screen "strategies."

Dear Friend, do you need to face your worst enemy? It is not always another person. It is Satan disguised like the octopus. First, repent of any known sins; then go for the Word, "I can do all things through Christ Jesus," and smite the enemy with the Word of God; and in Jesus' name, cast him out and he must flee. When the Lord whispers, "Beware...Octopus" you reply, "Watch out, octopus, I see you and I am gonna stick it to you and do you in with the sword of God's Word." AMEN!

**PRAYER:** Dear Jesus, when I am in the clutches of something I do not understand; a deep impression or hurt or fear, I am gonna take up my sword. I am going to resist you, Satan, and you must flee. I submit and surrender my entire self to God, resist the devil and he must flee from me. No more will I be entangled and have the life choked out of me. Jesus set me free, so I am free, indeed!



## **SPEAKING OF SALLY AND HER COCONUTS**

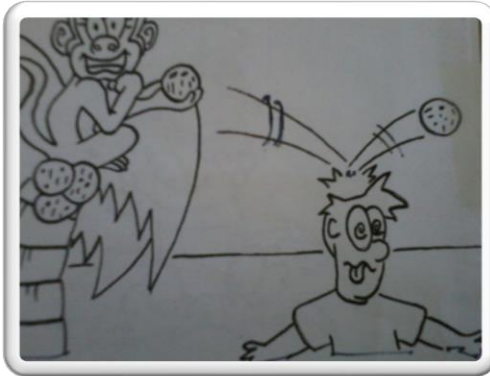
Here's a funny picture parable God gave me as I ministered in a prayer group. The Lord showed His wisdom through prophesying this to a group. It's called, "Speaking of Sally and the Coconuts," followed by "It's All Gone Scarf."

I will always remember Sally, though she is at home with Jesus now. I was a 35 year old mother and she was a lady of 70 whom my family had known forever. I was living in Sacramento at the time and Sally invited me to attend her prayer meeting to meet her group. So I came to minister, not knowing my dear friend, Sally, had recently alienated the whole group with her meddlesome gossip! Sally was trying to help, but did it all the wrong way.

After I played on my harp and sang some songs with the group, the Lord gave me a prophecy out loud over my dear friend, Sally. The Lord showed me a picture of Sally sitting all the way up high in a coconut tree. She was like a mischievous monkey. Then I saw her pick off from the tree hard little coconuts, aim them at the head of each person walking by, then hitting them and knocking them completely off their feet! They didn't know what hit them.

The Spirit of the Lord then said, "Sally, stop hitting people over the head with the whole coconut! First, you must crack open the hard coconut and drink its milk. Then come down out of the tree and offer a piece to anyone who wants it." Good-natured Sally laughed and all the people in the prayer meeting laughed and forgave her for "bopping" them on the head. Sally apologized for all her gossip and her foolish monkey business.

**The moral of the story is:** If one wants to be successful giving out the Word of God, one must take the Word like a coconut. Crack it open for yourself and taste the sweet milk and meat of the coconut before offering it to others. One should never hit people over the head with the hard Word of God to knock them out. Amen.



## **ALL GONE SCARF**

After Sally and the good prayer folks confessed and laughed, the Lord spoke to my heart. He told me to take my vibrant "tabernacle" colored silk scarf off my lap and tell the prayer group to get up and move into the middle of the room in a circle. If you are curious about what the colors of the "tabernacle" are, they are deep majestic blue, royal purple, sparkling gold, rich burgundy and emerald green- all alive in the paisley print of my beautiful scarf.

The Lord continued to speak, "Now take out your scarf and tell everyone to grab the tips of it with one hand and then tell them to speak up loudly and throw their grievances into the scarf." The scarf went tight as everyone held on fiercely with the noise of many voices screaming out their grievances. It was deafening!

Some even used the other free hand to "throw in" their problems to the Lord. All obeyed with great fervor. Then the Lord whispered to me, "Now, Phyllis, you put your hand into the middle of the grievance scarf and quickly grab it out of their grip and shock them and shake it out, saying, "There- it's all gone now!"

As I ripped it out of their clutches, all past quarrels, hurts, bitterness put on that scarf were gone, finished, vanished, and under the blood of Jesus. There was such a feeling of peace and restful reconciliation in our prayer group. Wasn't that a good way to make peace? Always listen to His Holy Spirit and do anything He tells you to do. He knows what He's about!

### **AND HE SHALL DIRECT YOUR WHEELS**

One night, I sat on the floor with some young teenagers in a warm circle of love (in the Shepherd Family's house) in Kailua, Hawaii on the island of Oahu. They rightly earned their name, Shepherd. Besides raising four children of their own, they had sacrificed the privacy of their home to shepherd many newly saved youths in 1969 during the Jesus Movement Revival.

I loved sitting with these kids in evening song and prayer. I loved seeing the sweet young faces reflect Jesus, and I enjoyed the freshness in their prayers as they enjoyed their newly found faith in Christ. A young man broke through the circle, sat down, admitting that he had been away from the Lord and wanted to renew his love with the Lord. After we prayed for him as a group, the Lord's Spirit revealed this prophetic picture to me occurring about this lad I had never met.

Prophetically and symbolically, I spoke to the boy. I whispered, "I see you riding along on this bike. I see you falling off and you really hurt yourself, but you get back up to ride again. And now I see you just holding on, speeding along in the Lord, for the Lord is going to bless you in your race of life. The only time you'll stop is to pick up another fellow rider who has fallen off his bike and you'll help him to get up. Then you'll take off again. God's hand will be upon you. God will hold you up in your race of life. Trust in the Lord with all your heart, son, and lean not on thine own pedaling. (The kids laughed at "pedaling.") As I finished this symbolic word picture, the young man spoke up and made our hearts leap!

"One year ago," he related, "I was riding my bike and fell off into a ditch, head first, and was very badly hurt. I have been so mad at all those who saw my accident but didn't come to help me. But tonight, I am forgiving them- and you know, today, I got my bike back. It was shipped over from the other island, and for the first time in over a year since my injury, I tried to ride it over the Pali Highway (a very steep, winding freeway) on Oahu, but it rained too much."

We all looked at each other and the kids laughed and cried. How good God is! He knew right where this boy was and how to direct his path and keep his wheels going. And I know the Lord was showing them how much He cares and is aware of their hurts and wants to heal every deep wound that comes from falling off their bikes on to the wrong path. Their comment was, "Man, isn't Jesus something else?" It blew my mind, too, how the picture was not just symbolic, but real.

I pray that Jesus is "something else" in your life, too. And if you're out there someday pedaling nicely along on that roadway of life, you hit a ditch and somehow you're rudely thrown off onto your head and you lie there hurt and wounded and nobody seems to care, just reach out for Jesus. He's always there. He'll give you His strong hand and tenderly lift you up out of that muddy ditch. He'll put His tender, loving, healing hand on your head. He wants so badly to heal you right now of all your life's hurts. He'll heal your mind from that shocking fall.

He'll heal your wounded spirit where nobody came to pick you up. Let Jesus lift you up right now. Forgive the onlookers who didn't help you. The Lord wants to lift you up and make you whole again to get back on that bike and ride in the race of life and be victorious in Christ Jesus.

**PRAY:** Jesus, thank You for lifting me up and healing all my hurts. I forgive others who hurt my heart. Forgive me, too, Lord, for all my bitterness. AMEN!

Now you're back in the grand race of life!

**"GET UP AND FIGHT YOUNG MAN!"**

You know, it is not the size of the "man in the fight; it is the size of **THE FIGHT IN GOD'S MAN**" that counts!

A young man from Teen Challenge was visiting my home as the Teen Challenge boys and leaders did often. They came for prayer and lunch. He was really upset and wanted help. I saw him sitting, looking so rejected and sad. We sat outside that day, gazing at the quiet, peaceful trees about us. We prayed for wisdom for he was in much turmoil. This is what the Spirit of the Lord revealed to me and I spoke

to him. "I see a picture of you standing and I see a much larger man like a fighter standing behind you. He has got you pinned from behind and his boxing gloves cover your eyes so you cannot see him."

The Lord revealed this young man's enemy was Satan, holding him from behind, keeping him blinded to where he could not see clearly anymore. The Lord's Spirit said, "Satan is a dirty fighter, son. You have to turn around and face that strong armed enemy, Satan, and fight him as a "man of God" would. Do not choose to run away- not now."

Now, I see you clearly in a boxing ring, son. You're in the middle of the fight of your life. You are sitting there in the corner, all slumped over. You have given up the fight completely! I see your mother going out in that ring, fighting the devil for you with her strong prayers. I see your wife and your kids come out and fight (with their prayers), too. The Lord says, "Get up son. Send your mother, your wife and your kids back. Tell them to sit this one out. Now get up and fight the enemy of your soul with all your might. Pray! Pray! Pray!

And remember, the devil does not fight a fair fight- but I will be there with you, and the Holy spirit will tell you how to fight, how to receive Satan's unfair low blows beneath the belt and not cave in.

Satan is a dirty fighter, but the Lord Jesus will be with you to hold you up. Remember, the Holy Spirit is your Umpire and Manager. Get up now and fight, son. Do not let your mama, wife, and kids do it for you. And if the devil gets you down on the mat with his foot on your neck and starts counting you down with words like "You're finished, I am gonna kill you. You are out at the count of 10!" You just get back up in the name of Jesus and put him down with your foot on

his neck and count him out! You can do it son, with Jesus' help, you can win!" This young man had bad drug problems. He needed to fight the devil off all by himself. And son remember-

Just when Satan thinks he has got you down,  
You charge up for another round.  
There is always a way made for the man with the right spirit,  
He can face any devil anytime and not fear it.

Stand up and fight to stay out of hell  
So you'll be on your feet when they sound the Heaven's bell.  
Do not fear Satan; he is a great pretender-  
You've got Jesus, the Holy Spirit, as your great Defender.

So do not sit in your corner with hands down in defeat,  
And let others do your fighting while you are off your feet.  
Remember, God's Word makes you strong inside,  
With the Holy Spirit refereeing, you need not hide.

Tell your dear family to move out of your fighting ring  
Step back, Mom and Dad, I can do "my own thing".  
Do not let Satan give you fright when things hit the fan  
Telling you the fight is lost even before it began.

It is not ever the size of the man in the fight,  
But the size of God's Spirit in him, of POWER and MIGHT.

Dear one, if you are in the thick of a fight with Satan, do not let him scare you off. Get up, get out into the ring of life and fight. Knock Satan down and put your foot on his neck and count him out in

Jesus' name. Remember, Jesus fights with you and for you, if your cause is right. Deal the devil some powerful blows he will never forget.

With the strength of the Lord fighting through you, Satan does not stand a chance. Jesus already knocked Satan out by giving up His life on the Cross. Satan is already defeated. The dear Holy Spirit will show you where to hit and knock Satan senseless. **You can do it with God's help- KNOCK HIM OUT!** Do not allow the fickle screaming crowds bother you. Stand up to that devil with Jesus' name on your lips. That devil is easy to defeat with the Father, Son and Holy Spirit on your side in the corner. One! Two! Three! Devil, you're out- in Jesus' name.

### **LITTLE DOGS IN DIRTY PUDDLES** (Phyllis' Radio Show)

You know some dogs look to find the dirtiest, muddiest puddle to roll and wallow in. They love that smelly old puddle. Some humans act like that, too. They love to get in the middle of a mud puddle of their own making. Satan loves to see us wallow in puddles of our own self-hurt, self-pity, and depression.

Often times when the Master Jesus calls us, like a doggie hears his master's whistle and comes, we do not come because our eyes and ears are so clouded, full of mud and we do not see or hear clearly. We have wallowed about in our own private little mud hole for months, maybe years. Jesus is calling out our names to come right now and run to the nearest stream of life and wash off the layers of yuck stuck to our hide. Our Jesus just loves dirty dogs. He calls them to come to Him just as they are. His gentle hand and voice will lead them to the nearest watering hole. Jesus wants to clean up our acts.

He wants to wash away the filth of years of fear, bitterness, resentments, and hurts. So, little ones, jump into His pool and let Him wash your body clean so you will not reek of Satan's mud puddle anymore. You will be made sweet and clean again.

Let us not get in with a pack of muddy dogs and run with them, sharing in a roll in the dirt! Let us not be "mud shakers" or "mudslingers". Let us refuse to get down with the other dogs that carry the dirt and shake out into other lives, making them unclean. Let us come out, get cleaned up, and let us not "wallow in the shallow" anymore. Remember, folks, nobody wants a dirty little dog jumping around them. They are afraid they will get their "dirt" on them, especially when the dog shakes himself off.

Let us go out into the depths of God's healing, clean streams. God's Word says that our Jesus' own hands will personally wash away the dirt and grime from our mouth, eyes, ears and bodies. He'll kill and remove all the fleas (biting demon spirits) too.

Everyone loves to see a clean doggy come running and everyone loves to have a happy, clean dog around them. Jesus can take away our unhappy "barking, back-biting tongue", too, and give us a joyful, happy bark. You and I are like "one happy dog" when Jesus is Master over our lives. His hand is always stretched out to us when we come near to pat us on the head for obeying His call and maybe a little tickle behind the ear. Ah, that is a real dog Heaven.

## **GOD'S PURE WATERING HOLES**

One could picture us all to be like God's watering hoses that need to be connected up to His Holy Spirit spigot. As we ask, God will turn on His Living Waters that wash out our hoses. This pleases Him as His desire is for us to be pure, clean water to all who come to our hose for a drink.

His pure Living Waters help to wash out all debris and sometimes dead vermin (bad spirits) that crawled up into our unused hose as it lay in a pile on the ground too long. As the water gushes, it flushes, and all the junk must flow out, especially any bad taste of "big shot" feelings of one's self-importance or "small squirt" feelings of low self-esteem or self-pity, and all that "yucky" taste of rubber that collects in a dry hose on a hot day. That's the taste of self-doubt that God can't use us.

The Lord desires to send out His Heavenly Waters through us more and more. Today, He is, by His own hand, connecting up the holy hoses of His saints so the Living Waters of His Holy Spirit can flow through all His people. The Apostle's hose is connected to the Prophet's hose that is connected to the Teacher's hose that connects to the Pastor's hose that is connected to the Evangelist's hose that is connected to the layman's hose- that there might be a more powerful flowing of His LIVING WATERS to flow out daily into a dry and parched, thirsty land.

Surely, Beloved One, we are connected up to Him and to each other. Let Him flow out daily as it pleases Him. Today, He's linking us up worldwide and He's turning on the greatest Holy Spirit flow ever known.

When September 11 came (the Twin Towers in New York were destroyed), my heart was heavy. I wished I had trained up more prophets as they are such compassionate people filled with the Holy Spirit waters that flow out to comfort, edify and heal the hurting people of this world.

I know God is still in control of every minute thing in our lives. As we battle daily wars in our own private lives and win the victory, we come to know and have greater faith that God is entirely in control of the larger battles of world wars that are happening now.

Believe me, God's taking me through the agony and ecstasy of impossible situations, and as I claim victory every day, hour by hour, I know- He's got the whole world completely in His hands. Though we've heard that song over and over, it's really true. I'm totally sure He is in absolute control. After all, **He is God**. I have a favorite saying lately.

After praising Him for His care, I take a deep breath and say, "Oh, You're so-o-o God! And He really is too much!

Yeh!!! Phyllis

P.S. It pays to always keep your "hose" clean.

## **GOD'S BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED HOMEMADE QUILTS**

You ladies know there is nothing so lovely as an old-fashioned quilt. Someone put in many long hours of work to piece together this lovely work of art and the price of these quilts proves my point. They cost hundreds of dollars- our lovely old Hawaiian quilts.

The Lord gave me a message for the lovely Ladies' Aglow Prayer Group here in Hawaii many years ago. I was so privileged to be a part

of them for a few years and speaker for that day. As I looked out over the group of dear ladies present in the meeting, the Lord gave me a picture of a lovely old-fashioned patchwork quilt. He said something like this to the group.

**PROPHECY:** The Lord sees you all today as a lovely quilt in the making.

Ladies, I have brought you all here together like different pieces of cloth to place you together to make one beautiful quilt of My love and comfort for the world. Some of you are like pure blue, some soft velvet red, others shining gold. Some of you have tiny patterns of hearts and flowers, some of stripes, some bold, and are really different; but I intend to sew you all together as it pleases Me. Do not resist as I place you beside one another as it pleases My Spirit. Do not question: Lord, are You sure? I do not understand. You really want to place me next to this woman in command? She seems so entirely different, Lord. We are not made from the same cloth. Oh, Lord, she is too silky smooth and that other one is real tough, too much like leather. Are you sure Lord, You want to put us all together?

Oh Lord, do not tell us we're gonna get sewn together. Ouch, Lord, those needles pokes and jabs hurt. You tell me they come from Your own hand? Ouch! It really hurts as our threads are drawn tighter to each other so we will hold together through hard times. Please help me endure, dear Lord, this "quilt of Your making."

I know you have worked hard on all your individual pieces in the cutting and sewing. You mean for us to be more than a quilt of Your great beauty sewn together for more than good looks. We are bound together, all seamed up for Your purposes. We are to be presented to the world as a blanket of great beauty, a "Comforter of Your Holy

Spirit." We represent God's love and warmth and comfort. Oh, I see the golden threads of Your love You embroidered in between us. You used all our talents and gifts from You, God, to sew us together. How lovely? Look closely, ladies and you will see a picture of Jesus sewn into the heart of the quilt. Are we all placed together for beauty- to be made in His image and likeness?

### **SPIT OUT THAT TINY ROCK OF HURT**

Pastors and wives sometimes  
Stopped by my home  
(directed by other Pastors and friends)  
To see me and get some, words of ministry.

One day, this precious  
Pastor and wife dropped out by appointment.  
We had coffee and sat on the patio couch  
Waiting for the Spirit's leading to speak.

As we prayed, I saw something very large  
In her stomach area  
(The Pastor's wife)  
I kept seeing it and was afraid  
It might be cancer.

However, I kept asking God,  
What is this?  
The Spirit revealed to me,  
It was a large rock of bitterness.  
This is what the Holy Spirit spoke  
Through prophecy to the wife:

I see you and people in your church  
Feeding you food.  
As you bite down, there were tiny little rocks  
You bit on and that just jarred  
Your whole body and system.

That caused you "grief and pain"  
But you swallowed those tiny "rocks of hurt"  
And they have become a large rock  
Inside of you- a rock of bitterness.

The Lord wants to smite that rock, break it  
Let the water come out.  
We did smite it by the Spirit  
And she broke out into rivers of tears.

The Spirit said, "Next time you bit down on a tiny rock  
Anyone gives you, spit it out on your tongue  
And let your husband, the Pastor  
Take it from you and he will get rid of it."  
"Never allow the rock to form again inside you".

Then He told me they had gone away from the Church

For this very reason:  
People's upsetting remarks!

They were headed onto Japan  
For evangelist meetings; and now they were free  
To do their best work for the Lord  
For the rock was gone.

Beloved,  
Don't let the tiny rocks of life  
Pile up into one big rock of bitterness  
Inside your stomach.

This hurts your stomach and causes  
Stress and even cancers.  
Spit out the tiny insults;  
Give them to the Lord.

Forgive all those who give you food to eat  
With small rocks that cause shock  
When you bit down,  
Don't swallow the bitterness.

Oh Lord, I give You  
All my tiny and large  
Rocks of bitterness  
Right now.

I forgive all those who fed them to me.  
AMEN!

**NOTES**