

*Drops  
of Dew*

**Dr. Emma de Sosa**

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## *Dedication*

This book is dedicated to those who decided to believe in the mighty work of the Holy Spirit in our lives,

To each son and daughter of God who is being prepared for His glorious manifestation during these times,

To all the servants of God who motivated me to search for His presence and power,

To those who have been touched by Jesus through my life. They have been an encouragement for me and have enlivened my faith.

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## *Acknowledgements*

I wish to give a short, and yet deep thank you note to the Lord for the lives of Felicia E. López and Billy Peña, who spent time and dedication editing this book's manuscript. The note I received from each one of them encouraged me to continue. Their words have been reproduced in this book along with the comments made by Pastor Arístides Dueñas and Wilfredo Aplíciano.

I also wish to thank my beloved sisters, and daughters in the Lord, Ingrid Ochoa, Fátima Blanco and Yolanda Cruz, who were important pieces for this book's edition: Ingrid was a precious help in collecting facts about some testimonies, as well as being a constant spiritual motivation to my life. Fátima stayed next to me while I wrote this book during late hours, and took care of my needs. Yoly helped in transcribing the testimonies included in the

## *Acknowledgements*

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second edition.

To the Lord all my gratitude for allowing me to know and to minister to a very special and gifted daughter: Iona Alana Villalobos, the instrument God used to write the English translation of this book and its transcription. God bless you all!

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## *Comments*

“I have read “**Dew Drops**”, line by line, page through page, chapter by chapter. It is all filled with the sustaining, providing, and miraculous power of the Lord. Miracles and marvelous events that have occurred during the walk of Sister Emma Amelia’s spiritual life and ministry are written in this book. As the pages unfold, the reader’s faith will be strengthened to believe in those things or situations that seem impossible for men. I recommend “**Dew Drops**” to anyone who can get hold of it. You will find a treasure that will strengthen and fill you with hope in the midst of this world in crisis”.

*Pastor Arístides Dueñas*  
President APL  
January, 2001

“Everyone who reads “**Dew Drops**” will find himself strangely moved. This shaking will be filled with a touch of happiness combined with the certainty that Jesus lives and works miracles just as He did when He walked upon the hot sands of Galilee two thousand years ago. “**Dew Drops**” is a small and great book inspired by the Holy Spirit; a work of literature that fills us with faith, love, and hope in a time lacking spirituality. “**Dew Drops**” will change your life, filling it with peace and joy due to the certainty of knowing that we are not alone: The Lord is and will always be with us!”

*Billy Peña*  
Diario Tiempo  
July, 1995

“When I had the opportunity to read “**Dew Drops**” for the first time, I did not experience, drops, but instead an encounter with a fresh and clear fountain. This fountain allowed me, in that precise moment of my life, to drink, submerge, and refresh myself, giving me strength and courage to continue in the midst of difficult times. This is why in this hour I proclaim that a triple anointing may be poured in this instant, that thousands of lives be filled, strengthened and founded on Him who was and is, and is to come. When I received the second draft and read the title, “**Dew Drops**”, not knowing if it was the same book, I told myself: “It cannot have this title; it is too weak compared to what it contains.” Then, I read the introduction, and was able to accept it, and receive it, believing that this is only the beginning of what is to come, for He who called us is faithful, and will do it.”

*Felicia E. de López*  
Director EFIA, MUNA  
June, 1995

“Mirnita (my wife) and I drove from San Pedro Sula to La Ceiba while she began reading “**Dew Drops**” aloud, written by Dr. Emma de Sosa. Sister Emma had given it to us as a gift the day we met. I lowered the volume of the praises on the stereo in order to listen, when it all happened again... the anointing that poured out of that book started to fill the atmosphere inside the car and tears flowed abundantly from my eyes. I had to stop the car in many occasions; it was impossible to drive. I knew “Who” was there. This was the Holy Spirit of God; His beautiful presence. A fine aroma was here, and everything was new to me. I began to realize that the anointing can be transmitted and sent. A book can transform lives, when the life of God is in it. It all started in the simplest way; I was not even reading the book myself, but my ear was attentive.

I have read many books, including great works of literature, and beautiful pieces of incalculable worth, yet the biggest impact given to my life through literature, besides the Bible, have been Benny Hinn’s “Good Morning, Holy Spirit” and “Dew Drops” by Dr. Emma de Sosa.

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In this book I learned to decipher the fine perfume belonging to the anointing. It is so good to know that in our neighborhood, God pours His “dew drops” as well! God sets His precious treasure on whomever He chooses.”

*Wilfredo Aplícano Molina*  
FGBMA Honduras Secretary  
January, 2000

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## *Introduction*

It will seem strange to you that I chose the name: “**Dew Drops**” for this book; this title does not seem to coincide with its content, but I will explain the reason for this. We have only experienced some dew drops until now of the glorious new dawn awaiting the sons and daughters of God.

I am truly convinced that something beautiful, awesome, powerful, lovely, and glorious is about to happen as never before. This will be a glorious manifestation of the sons (and daughters) of God, the manifestation that creation itself has been groaning for (**Rom. 8:22**). We know that this refers to the perfect and harmonious combination of the gifts and fruit of the Holy Spirit. In other words, we will see the

demonstration of the Spirit and power, which Paul spoke about (**1 Cor. 2:4**).

Luis Alonso Hernández, a beloved brother from the Comayagua mountains, whom I consider my spiritual son, received a revelation, as follows: “He was walking upon a path when somebody gave him a delicious piece of cheese to taste, which he enjoyed eating. He then requested a pound of cheese, though, the person told him that now he would have to pay for it. The first piece had been a free sample of what he could obtain if he wished to buy it ”.

This revelation describes how sometimes as we walk in our Christian life and experience the mighty touch of Jesus’ life and His marvelous anointing, we are surrounded by the atmosphere of His grace, ability and power. We are like newborn babies, and Daddy takes us from one place to another buying everything for us. We don’t need to make any effort; we taste the first fruits of His glory and power, as He allows us to partake a little bit without paying. When we begin growing in the Lord, our Father lets go of our hands and allows us to walk, run, and even fly. During this new stage, nothing is free. We

need to work spiritually and pay the price. This is devotion, holiness, and denial of our flesh in order to live in the Spirit.

**“Dew Drops”** is like tasting a small piece of the cheese. Yet I believe that the great rain is about to be manifested. This is the current flow of the Spirit that God Himself has reserved for these times, because He has been providing for Himself a people manifesting His character, His nature, His power, and His anointing; a people willing to pay the price, not bending their knees to strange gods. Keeping themselves faithful and lifting their eyes to the invisible, towards the Great I Am.

Let these dew drops fall over your head that you may yearn and cry for *“the former and latter rain on land”*.

My wish is that as you read this precious book, with such incalculable worth, you may experience this deep yearning of devoting yourself completely to God, who is Almighty, no matter what the price to see His will completed on earth.

I write this book with a purpose: to allow

your natural eyes to open as they read what is told here as a personal testimony, and to let your spiritual eyes be attracted more and more to the supernatural world in which God the Father, Jesus the Son, and the beloved Holy Spirit abide in. This is the atmosphere in which He (God of Trinity) desires for us, His children, to live and move in.

The Bible verse in **Heb. 13:8** says: “*Jesus is the same yesterday, today, and forever.*” This makes us understand that the miracles, healings, deliverances and wonders done by Christ while He lived on the earth in the flesh, as Jesus, are still done by Him and He wants to do much more through us if we allow Him.

Jesus said: “Most assuredly, I say unto you, he who believes in Me, the works that I do he will do also; and greater works than these he will do, because I go to My Father” (**John. 14:12**). Jesus was saying that when He rose to His Father, He would be able to send His Spirit, the Holy Spirit (**John. 14:16-20; 15:26; 16:7**) to live inside each one of us who believed in His redeeming and reconciliatory work. The Holy Spirit would come upon us to make us His dwelling place, His temple (**1 Cor. 3:16, 6:19**), to work in us and through us.

Jesus promised that we would receive power when the Holy Spirit came over us (**Acts 1:8**), so we could become His witnesses. As the Spirit of Christ operates with His same power and authority through each one of us, then, His church, His body, would be able to do greater things, as He himself assured.

Nowadays, occultism has gained popularity with signs and lying wonders (**2 Thess. 2:9**), operating through the spirit of divination as well as other evil spirits who imitate the gifts of the Holy Spirit. Many people search for witch doctors and sorcerers to find a solution to their problems and their crooked lives, binding themselves, with destruction and death because the thief (Satan) came to steal, kill, and destroy, but Jesus comes to destroy Satan's work, giving us abundant life (**John. 10:10**). These persons have searched for darkness instead of light, probably because the sons of light have not manifested themselves.

God's people are entering into a very special time. We can already see the rays of "*the revealing of the sons of God*" which creation itself has groaned for until now (**Rom.**

**8:19-23).** God is calling His children towards a total and absolute dependence on Him (this is what true humbleness is). This allows God to reveal himself. God has not been able to do all He has planned, because humanity (even in Christ) has tried to depend on its own strength and resources, which as humans are definitely natural and exceedingly limited.

We are beginning a new year, a century, another millennium, a new age. We are already experiencing “*a very special visit*” of the Holy Spirit, both on a personal basis for God’s children, and on a global level for all the planet Earth. God is giving man the opportunity to be loved by Him, sustained by Him, taught by Him, used by Him, but only if His name is glorified and not man’s.

I myself am surprised at the way the Holy Spirit’s presence is working in my own life, bringing a fresh and fortifying anointing, therefore I felt the need to share some experiences with you about the power of God throughout my walk with Him. The purpose is to enlighten your faith, that your lives be ministered and that a work of absolute “*Dependency on the Lord*” may be operating inside of you. Let us remember, though, that

not even faith is something we can glorify since this is also a gift of God.

I hold the conviction, that what has been written in this book contains the powerful anointing of the Holy One, and therefore, will work miracles, healings, and transforms your life. When this occurs, I ask you to please give your testimony to me. This will nourish the faith that God Himself has given me and will be a motivation to continue spreading God's gospel; to affirm what Paul told the Thessalonians: *"For our gospel did not come to you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit and in much assurance, as you know what kind of men we were among you for your sake"* (1 Thess. 1:5).

Enjoy each detail and live it as if you were living it.

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## *Before Jesus Came*

It was August 1984. My life resembled that of many who pretend to be happy in their own way, searching for external causes and reasons to fulfill it. As a woman, I had a brilliant college career in Chemical Pharmacy Biology studies in Mexico, Bachelor of Arts (English and Fine Arts) in Miami, Bachelor of Biochemistry in Worcester, Mass., Master's Degree in Pharmacology and Doctor's Degree in Clinical Toxicology at the University of Puerto Rico. Having accomplished postgraduate studies in Cancer Science, Computer Science and Programming in Statistical Analysis Systems in different parts of the United States, I was the only person in my country with this kind of background; and even though I received a scholarship from the World Health Organization, I did not find a place to work as a professional.

I had returned to live in my native country, Honduras, in September 1979. The job given to me in the city of La Lima was that of organizing the Division of Tropical Research's library belonging to the United Brands Co., best known as Chiquita Banana Co. Six months later, I was in charge of the Statistics Analysis Section, and six months later, I was the "Biometrics Department Manager." This led to my frequent travels to different states in the United States receiving professional formation; and to the southern countries of Central America supervising banana experimental cultivation projects. In this high position, I was given many benefits plus a good salary. This was very impressive in the natural.

Then came my divorce, my eleven-year old marriage broke down, which had been in a crisis during the last four years. At this time, I visited the psychologist periodically searching for help that I could not find. I had raised three precious children: Alejandra María (she was 10 years old then), Elías Fabricio (8), and Oscar Leonardo (5), who was born during my Doctor's thesis investigation, it was then I decided to have a radical sterilizing surgery

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(Modified Pomeroy). My children were my pride, my life, my everything. They were excellent and responsible students: sensitive, affable, courteous, bilingual, sportsmen, musicians, and artists.

One night, as I drove my small two-door car, a “Starlet”, with my children, from San Pedro Sula to La Lima, I suddenly saw an extremely strong light coming towards my automobile, and could only expect the impact. It was a motorcycle, driven by a drunken man. The person sitting behind him was not wearing a helmet and had flown in the air like a rocket, crashing his head on the pavement. Some minutes later, this man was taken to the hospital in a coma. My children had been emotionally affected and were taken to their father’s house. The crashed car was confiscated, and I was transferred to what was then the National Investigation Department offices, where I spent the longest night of my life, between sitting and standing up, preferring the second position because of the mini-skirt I was wearing, which caught attention in that hostile and masculine place. One week later, the injured man died, and to my surprise, the police report had been changed. I was then

accused of “consumed homicide due to rash negligence.” I was released with safe-conduct in order not to stay in jail. The dead man’s family tried to threaten me and ask for money, therefore I feared for my children and kept them under strict surveillance and protection.

In 1982 I had decided to resign my excellent position in Chiquita Banana, simply because I wanted to be independent; I longed for freedom. Deep inside I felt I did not deserve such a privilege over others, even though I worked hard, from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. and sometimes until midnight. I had a very high and humanistic concept of justice. My work contributions were large and I decided to use them in constructing a house on a lot of land I bought in the American Zone in La Lima through a loan. I made the necessary arrangements with what I considered the most responsible and serious company. The engineer I signed a contract with took the money and left the house on its foundation. Meanwhile, the company asked me to leave the house that they had so generously allowed me to live in for some additional time.

I desperately searched in banks, financing

companies, and moneylenders for somebody to provide me with what was necessary to finish building the house, but I was not a recognized person, had no contacts, and much less had properties to mortgage. So as time passed by, my mother was the one who finally got a loan, which she generously gave to me in order to construct our home and I only paid the money interests during one year. I had to learn as I constructed: installing water pipes, electric wiring, bathtubs, water heaters, zinc sheets, wood ceiling, and other details.

My mother also helped me set up a drugstore in La Lima, to enable me to sustain my children, whose keeping I had.

During this time, I lived between loneliness and depression. Alcohol was my inseparable friend, since this allowed me to ease my pain, my shame, and frustration. I had an incredible fear of staying alone forever; the idea of dying terrified me. This possibility could not fit in my mind. I feared being abandoned, not being loved, appreciated, understood, and I did even more than the unspeakable to be accepted. This made me visit the psychiatrist, uselessly.

After two years of courtship, Rigoberto

Sosa and I got married on June 8, 1984, the day in which we moved into the new house. Rigo was a handsome and athletic man (he was member of a basketball team), whose height was 1.90 m. He was five years younger than I, an agronomist from the Panamerican Agricultural School (El Zamorano), recently arrived from the United States where he had obtained his bachelor's degree. His father was a recognized lawyer in the city of El Progreso, just fifteen kilometers from La Lima. It was a great discredit for him to marry a divorced woman who was older than he, with three children and who could not give him any children of his own. In our wedding we had the presence of the mayor and the city's secretary, my parents and two witnesses. My children were there for a moment and then locked themselves in their rooms to cry at such an unpleasant surprise. We had no rings, neither a wedding cake, and the six photographs taken came out to be too dark. To make matters worse, some hours later, the water pressure made the refrigerator's hose burst, flooding the entire house on our wedding night.

June and July passed by in the midst of nightmares, fears, afflictions and pains. Rigo

did not get used to his new life, where our home had already been established in certain customs, authority, tastes, and expenses. My children could not accept sharing their lives and decisions with a stranger who came to steal their mother's attention. I continuously thought that he would leave me for somebody younger and less complicated than I. This got worse because of the fact that he did not show any sign of moving his things to our house, neither did he express his love for me. Discussions took place more frequently and grew more intense. He constantly spoke about leaving, and I expected him to do just that.

Since I didn't have any income, I worked excessively at the drugstore which was about to fail. Working had been one of my major ways to escape. I had learned from my mother to be a "Super Woman", one of the kind who never gets tired, never gives up, being a perfectionist and a compulsive worker, and would feel guilty if I sat down for a moment.

In August of 1984 my problems had driven me to a terrible state of health. My body reflected frail health and chronic stress. I suffered strong chest pains diagnosed and

medically proven through an endoscopy, showing the sphincter's incompetence between the stomach and the esophagus. This produced a gastroesophagical flow back, that had damaged the esophagus' mucous. I was instructed to take seven medicines and my food was almost vegetarian, eating striped raw potato for breakfast. This life was not a good life, but I had no alternatives.

I spent days and nights crying during a long time. What affected me the most was feeling rejected and not loved as I thought I deserved to be loved. After all, I idealized marriage, and dreamed of flowers, clouds, little birds, poems, and songs whispered in my ears, with serenades and candle light dinners. If I had given myself completely, I believed I could expect the same thing, but I was disappointed again. In my frustration, the only possible way out was to die. I felt I had committed a mistake in marrying, bringing bitterness to my life, and my children's, as well as to my husband and his family. What a contrast! I wanted to die, and yet feared death. I knew there was something for everyone in eternity, and of course, this included me, too (that was why I had been assiduous to

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astrology, fortune-telling, palmistry, spiritism, searching for the hidden truth), but deep inside I realized that I was not ready to take that trip.

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## *My Best Encounter*

One day, in August, a friend of mine (now a sister in Christ, Rosario de Jácome), decided to invite me to a small group of women to pray and read the Bible. They were all older than I and their problems seemed greater than mine. I had never considered having a Bible, and less did I recognize it as the Word of God. I had received my education in a Catholic school during eleven years, had prayed the rosary each day while I was a boarder student at “Sacred Heart of Jesus” School. I went to mass every first Friday of the month because I had been taught in my first school, “Santa María Goretti” (Holy Mary of Goretti) that if I did this, I would go to heaven when I died. In this meeting of thirsty-hearted apprentices, I started to experience something new: it might have been peace, consolation or strength; I don’t know.

In those days, and for my own benefit, a strong spiritual movement aroused in the northern coast cities of San Pedro Sula and La Lima, through AGLOW (World Fellowship of Fervent Women in the Spirit). God used sister Isabel de Cartín from Costa Rica to touch my life. Her testimony had no similarity to my circumstances, therefore no soulful identification could have been involved in the matter. All my inner being had such a great thirst for God, and His love, that the anointing could reach the deepest part of me, watering my withered soul and the spiritual desert in which I had lived.

I had longed for the perfect love during thirty-three years of my life that was not a true life; I had been empty and destroyed, and now desired to surrender before the One who had had mercy on me. The One who did not see my imperfections and weaknesses. I wanted to give all my being to Him, the control over everything, and told Him: *“I have desired to manage my life and search for happiness, but everything has been a disaster. I declare myself a failure as a woman, as a wife, and mother; as a daughter, professional, as a person. I realize that I have been arrogant,*

*that even my body shows sickness and weakness... but if this trash can serve You for anything, take it and do as You wish with it!"*

Jesus opened His arms of love and told me: *"I have loved you with everlasting love; ever since you were in your mother's womb I chose you."* I cried and cried and could not stop crying. I could not conceive that He, being God, could love me so much. I did not understand how such a great love could exist, and that this love would come to dwell in my heart. This was the most important day of my life. How could I forget it?

I fell passionately in love with Jesus Christ. He was my beloved who had patiently waited all this time for me to say, *"Come to me."* Now, I had a true reason to exist. I understood that there was a purpose for my life and I did not wish to die anymore. I wanted to LIVE, but in Him. Jesus Christ was not a man to lie, and He was not a son of a man to repent. If He said, *"I love you"*, it was because it was true and eternal.

The woman of steel, strong, struggling, hardened by wounds and rejections, was like a scared and grateful girl in His presence. I

asked Him: *“Where had You been, that I did not find You? Why did You hide from me?”*

I decided to believe He would heal my esophagus. I threw away those seven medicines to the trash can and I declared that I was immediately healed by the power of His blood and His Word. Many years have passed since then, and I can testify about the permanence of my healing.

I had used eyeglasses to read since the age of thirteen; my American driver's license said that I should wear eyeglasses to drive, since I could not read the road signs as a consequence of my shortsightedness and astigmatism combined. I proclaimed that the blood of Jesus Christ was sufficient and capable of cleaning my vision to read His Word. Jesus Christ did it, and ever since that moment, I have read and written, more than anybody else has, without using eyeglasses. I praise God for it!

My physical condition got better noticeably, eradicating my chronic tonsillitis, colitis and intestinal spasms. The 105 pounds I weighed increased to 165.

I spent long hours praying, praising, and singing in spiritual tongues, dedicated only to Him. My dreams were saturated with Him. As I slept, I sang in angelical tongues. My face showed brilliancy and color. The joy of the Lord was manifesting itself! A deep thirst for God came into my life; I wanted to know Him and to capture in His presence each minute which I had ignored Him. This woman who had organized and directed conferences and national scientific symposiums in the past, was now declaring herself ignorant, understanding how small man's knowledge is compared to God's immense wisdom.

I suddenly discovered that the ways I had used to solve problems and physical or soul diseases seemed microscopic next to the unlimited dimension that I was experiencing in God. The spiritual atmosphere I had yearned for so long and searched through human understanding, logic, books written by existentialist, atheist, and sceptical authors, was suddenly being revealed to me, only by accepting that the Holy Spirit of God had entered my spirit forever. It seemed as if He had always been there, but I had recognized and proclaimed it until now.

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## *Conviction of Sin*

God began working rapidly in my life. Soon, He showed me that I was not the “good person I thought I was”. The Lord spoke to me about “forgiving and asking for forgiveness”. Therefore, I started to take action upon this with His strength and grace. I found out then how much bitterness I stored in my heart; resentment with everything and everybody, and self-justification which always made me accuse somebody else for my mistakes. In the midst of this cleaning operation, God enlightened my soul. It was truly difficult to forgive myself and to receive forgiveness from God. I seemed to ask forgiveness for the same things over and over again, but the Lord told me repeatedly, *“What are you talking about? Everything has been erased with My blood. I threw it into the sea, not remembering it anymore.”*

The accuser came to me every moment to remind me of how bad I had been when I did not know Jesus. One day I felt guilty for having the operation in order not to have children after I had raised two boys and a girl. Nine years had passed since then, but I suddenly thought this selfish decision had not been correct. I tried to remake my action and decided to have another surgery to reconstruct my tubes, since the sterilizing operation done before had consisted in cutting a piece of each Fallopian tube. Therefore, in April of 1985 I made up my mind. I was operated successfully by a dear gynecologist from La Ceiba in the beautiful north coast of my country, Honduras. My life was filled with praise, so my attitude reflected praise while I entered and left the operating room.

At that time, I asked the Lord for a child who would be consecrated to Him from my womb. I reminded Him of what He had done with Hannah, with Elizabeth, Rebecca and many other women in the Bible who were barren and He gave them children. But, since I thought that we had to help God with natural media, I visited a gynecologist in San Pedro Sula, to tell him about my case. He told me

that my wish was something impossible to fulfill, due to the fact that too much time had passed between the Fallopian tubes' reconstruction and the first operation. Another problem was that my body formed many adhesions around surgeries and rejected the stitches, knowing that the width of the Fallopian tubes was that of a thick hair strand or a wild boar's bristle. Anyhow, the doctor decided to have my husband and I take a series of analysis, to send us to a specialized clinic in Houston and explore the possibility of implanting in my womb an *in vitro* fertilized egg.

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## *God of Wonders*

It was a hot September morning. As our children's Independence Day parade from school passed by, we met together to pray in one of our friend's house with whom we continued praying as a group. The Holy Spirit enveloped us with a strong anointing, and suddenly, Iona Stevenson de Villalobos, with her fear and natural insecurities started to prophecy over my womb: *"The Lord says that He will give you a child, with whom everybody will have joy and happiness, will prepare the way of the Lord, and will preach the Word of God to the nations, will be chosen for Him, from your womb"*. I cried, shouted, laughed, but I faithfully believed in God. I knew it was His promise placed on my sister's mouth. She ignored my sterile condition and did not know my secret yearning for a child.

A few days later, we received the analysis

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performed on my husband. I took them in my hands and fell crying next to my bed as I read. It said: *Very low spermatic countdown (2%) and zero motility.* In other words, this declared sterility. I told God: *“I decided to believe in You, and I know You do what You promise, even if You now have to make a double miracle, because this is just the same for You. I do not love You less than Sarah and if You did it with her, You can do it with me. But let it not be for my soul’s delight; let it be for Your glory. When You do it, Lord, I promise to testify that You are the same God of power as You were two thousand years ago. I will do this wherever You send me. I am willing.*

My Lord had found me as a forsaken and grieved woman, but He had now gathered me with great mercy. I suddenly discovered that He had dictated something to Isaiah only for me: *“For the LORD has called you like a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, like a youthful wife when you were refused, says your God. For a mere moment I have forsaken you, but with great mercies I will gather you. With a little wrath I hid My face from you for a moment; but with everlasting kindness I will have mercy on you, says the LORD, your*

*Redeemer.”*

One night, while I read the Bible, God spoke to me through His word. He spoke softly to my heart: *“When your husband converts himself I will take off his sterility, and I will give you the child I promised.”* He confirmed this in Psalms 112:1-2: *“Blessed is the man who fears the LORD, who delights greatly in His commandments. His descendants will be mighty on earth; the generation of the upright will be blessed”* and in Psalms 128:1-3: *“Blessed is every one who fears the Lord, who walks in His ways. When you eat the labor of your hands, you shall be happy, and it shall be well with you. Your wife shall be like a fruitful vine in the very heart of your house, your children like olive plants all around your table.”* I began proclaiming salvation and deliverance for my husband, praying for him to know the Lord.

On September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1985 we met in Choluteca to congratulate my mother on her birthday. On our return, we brought César Evelio Hernández (born in Valle Bonito in the mountains of central Honduras) with us until we reached Comayagua. He was temporarily discipling a group of youth in Choluteca and

returned that day to his parent's house. We spoke about the Lord during our entire journey. César moved my life profoundly as he spoke about the miracles God made regularly in the mountain, through his father's life: Brother Angel Hernández. The desire to search for the next opportunity to travel to Valle Bonito was planted in my heart.

The desired holiday arrived, which was close to a long weekend. Therefore on October 20<sup>th</sup> uncle Roberto and aunt Elynor Pinel, my parents, who traveled from Choluteca, joined by César Evelio, my husband, children, and me from La Lima, decided to meet in Comayagua where we would continue our journey to the mountains.

My heart beat with expectation over what I would find. The scenery on our way was simply beautiful, but I did not want to stop to admire it; I only wanted to arrive. When we got to our destiny, the presence of the Lord was overwhelming. On one side there was a little kitchen belonging to the Hernández's house, and to the other we saw a small stable, which was used as meeting place. Some meters ahead, the temple with its pine trees as a background, was being constructed and was

still incomplete. Brother Angel came rapidly to greet us; one of his traits was the happiness and pleasantness with which he received those who were sent by God to that place. He raised his hands and looking at the sky, thanked the Lord. He invited us to enter the temple; its floor was still made of soil, so they had spread pine branches over it, giving the place a natural and special aroma. Instead of benches, which were not yet made we found wooden boards placed on cement bricks. We tried to maintain ourselves standing as we entered, but the presence of God had made me feel dizzy to the point of almost losing my balance. Brother Angel started to talk about the miracles and mysteries of God, and according to what the Holy Spirit told him, he began to call people through “word of knowledge” (a gift of the Holy Spirit) who suffered from certain diseases, because the Lord wanted to heal them. Among these, was an evil spirit of asthma, which came out of my daughter’s life; Rigo’s turn came, whom God healed of chronic sinus, which had been medically treated in the past without success. Then, in the same way, he called *“somebody who has had a sprained left ankle and pain in his shoulder on the same side”*. Once again,

this was related to Rigo. He had kept these discomforts secret; I did not know about them myself, but the Lord did, and He exposed them probably to convince him.

Around three o'clock in the afternoon we gathered to talk about the Lord, but this time, it took place in the stable. We drank delicious freshly brewed roasted coffee from the mountain, with a slice of bread my aunt brought from Choluteca. I did not want to miss a drop of what God was pouring for us. Brother Angel continued speaking about the wonders of God, and soon he asked Rigo if he wanted to receive the Lord in his heart. Rigo did not hesitate. He knelt down on the stable floor, where God's power touched him. One of my most costly wishes was becoming true at that moment.

That night, the brethren from the village met together at the same place to worship God. They were very punctual and praised the Lord with extreme happiness; children as well as adults. This impressed me very much. A boy would come up front and called another to join him in praise. A sister walked up front to read Scripture from the Bible; she was sister Cristina Romero. God gave her Psalm 113 to

read. Later I found out that brother Angel had been called to His service with verses 7 and 8 : *“He raises the poor out of the dust; and lifts the needy out of the ash heap, that He may seat him with princes – with the princes of His people.”* But, when the sister got to verse 9, I wanted to shout, even though my heart cried and laughed... *“He grants the barren woman a home, like a joyful mother of children.”* This was God’s voice speaking to my life in that glorious night, without doubt. I suddenly remembered that God had promised a miracle in my womb once my husband received Him. I understood that as my husband received Jesus in his heart, his sterility had been canceled by Jesus’ blood. He had been born again, born of God.

During the meeting, brother Coronado preached. It is impossible to erase all the details from that day. He spoke about *“Being secure under the covering of His wings”*.

Before ending the service, brother Angel called those who needed healing prayer up front. I did not go for I considered myself totally healed and in good condition. Nevertheless, he called Rigo and me, and asked sister Romelia Romero, who helped him

## *Drops of Dew*

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in ministry then, to place her hand over my womb, on the left side. He lifted his hands up to the sky and said, *“Lord, You know their hearts’ desire. Give them this miracle. Thank you, Lord. Amen”*. This was not an extended, complicated prayer, but it had touched God’s heart. I experienced a warmth and a soft electric current flowing inside my womb.

The night of October 20<sup>th</sup>, 1985, had been filled with more joy and praise than ever in all my life. There were too many reasons in my heart to be grateful and to express it. I was filled with joy! A small room inside the stable had been prepared for us. The beds were clean and the blankets were warm. There was a night table with a blue Latin American Bible on top. The weather invited us to sleep, but my spirit was awake. I could not, neither desired to miss a second. I only wanted to praise Him; the One who was suddenly transforming all of my world, my circumstances. Eagerly, I waited for the first sun rays to appear to search for brother Angel, the man who was a hidden treasure for me. I wanted to take advantage of this opportunity as much as possible.

Around six o’clock in the morning, I finally

met brother Angel again. He told me something I will never forget. This had been proven in my life over and over again: *“The Lord says that you should never defend yourself, because you have somebody who defends you: HIM”*. Then he told me how he had seen a glorious ray of light going through me as he prayed for me for the first time in the temple. He said he had only seen this when God called him.

We returned to our house. What I had received overflowed even through my pores. In my heart, I had the certainty of the miracle; I believed God had done an operation in my womb. ***A month passed and I was physically pregnant. Hallelujah!***

I testified immediately at a Christmas dinner that had been prepared by the prayer group called *“Garden of the Lord”* in the house of the Espailat family in La Lima in December of 1985. My friends and relatives waited with scepticism for my womb to grow in order to prove the reality of the miracle.

One cool February morning, God awoke me with an audible voice. This was the first time I heard His voice that way. He said,

*“Rebecca, Rebecca, Rebecca”.*

On July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1986 our little Rebecca came out of my womb, by means of a Caesarean operation (for the first time in my life) after much spiritual battle. The Lord, through His Spirit informed brother Angel, who having finished the service at 9:00 p.m. in Valle Bonito, returned with the brethren to intercede for our lives.

I had been exposed to anesthesia before in several occasions, but this time, it had made my breathing muscles diminish their contractions almost to the point of paralyzing. No oxygen entered my lungs nor reached the baby. The doctors got her out finally, but had to ventilate her mechanically. My spirit was alert and even my mind and body could not rest in the midst of this sign of danger. I began praying in tongues, to rebuke the enemy, and reclaiming God’s promise over my life and that of the baby. She remained in secondary apnea during four minutes. God’s power saved her. When I heard her first cry, a sign of the Lord’s victory, I was able to rest. In addition to this, an insufficiency in the placenta had been detected, which caused the baby to weigh only five pounds and five ounces. Rebecca is now

a beautiful young lady who serves God and is very intelligent and healthy for the glory of the Lord.

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## *Varieties of God*

Our lives were always combined with the color of Christ's Life operating in us with power, deliverance, and glory. Ever since our lives as believers started, God manifested Himself to us as the God of power, healing, and of the impossible. Some of the details that the Holy Spirit allows me to share with you now, is the fact that one day, before knowing Jesus, Alexa, my daughter, had a cyst in her hand close to her wrist. The doctor said that the probabilities of it disappearing were only 2% and therefore had to remove it through surgery before it grew more. So it was made, in a hospital and with local anesthesia. The same situation was repeated once they had received the Lord, this time on the other wrist. Alexa, crying, told her doctor that she believed God could heal her, and that she would not go through surgery again. So she decided to trust God. The next night, while we had a prayer

meeting, she placed her hand on her wrist, believed... and the cyst disappeared!

Another time, when Jesus had not yet entered our hearts, I had taken my two older children, Alexa and Elías to the dentist, who sent them to the orthodontist for teeth correction treatment. Their teeth were too big for their dental arch. Alexa's treatment was done first, which meant having four healthy teeth extracted, adding rings, braces, pain, time, and spending money. When Elías' turn came (treatments are done at the age of thirteen approximately), the indication was the same. At that time we all served the Lord. His answer, therefore, was, *"I will believe God; He can fix my teeth"*. Elías came to our prayer meeting, believed in God, and He made the miracle for free. Today, Elías has beautiful teeth treated directly by the One who gave them to him.

We met together at our house on Tuesdays to search for the Lord. A preacher would come and speak to us. I invited guests every week, according to what the Holy Spirit placed in my heart. One day I felt the strong desire to invite Tito Pinel, a pilot, son of a well-known businesswoman from our

community, Mrs. Blanca Pinel. I gave somebody the invitation, but that person failed to give it to him. That week, he had an accident while flying, and was transferred to the United States in serious situation. I cried unto the Lord to save him. One day, when I still attended the drugstore, a man came searching for tranquilizers. I told him, *“Come into my office. What you need is Christ.”* He said to me, *“I feel distressed because my best friend has just died in the United States. His name was Tito Pinel. The only thing that brings reassurance to me is that the person who gave the message to me by phone explained that the nurse attending him at the hospital was a Christian and made him accept Jesus before he died.”* God’s faithfulness is so great! I will take this opportunity to say that God does not see death the same way man does. This is, for God, a door that takes us to eternity. We voluntarily choose where we want to spend this eternity.

Rebecca was suffering from an umbilical hernia when she was only a few months old. During those days a servant of God, sister Gloria Ordoñez came to stay at our home. We prayed for Rebecca, the Lord Jesus put His

finger on her navel, and soon she was completely healed.

When Rebecca was a few months old, I was asked to give my testimony to a group of women, who would meet in Tegucigalpa at the Businessmen International Fellowship National Convention. We left La Lima in the morning the same day in which I had to testify (at lunchtime). We stopped to fuel our car at Comayagua, because it was already using the tank reserve. But, there was an enormous line of cars waiting for gasoline, and we decided not to stop due to our time limitation. We therefore decided to trust that the Lord would make the gas reserve last until we could reach Zambrano. We were praying on our way, but as we arrived at Zambrano we found out there was no gas available due to lack of electricity. Our tank reserve had finished by then, and we decided to drive uphill towards Tegucigalpa, without fuel, until we reached Hotel Plaza in the center of the city with the power of the Lord in us. We arrived on time driving our own car supplied miraculously with gasoline by the Lord.

On Thursday nights we met at home with other persons brought from the Lord. On one

of these evenings God had moved tremendously in deliverance, filling people with the Holy Spirit, and more. We went to bed, feeling physically tired, and therefore, slept profoundly. Suddenly, Rigo awoke startled (as he had sensed the smell of smoke while he was sleeping), and ran to the room next to ours, where Rebecca slept in her wooden crib. When Rigo arrived, the air conditioner was on fire, as well as the curtains that reached the crib. He tried to turn it off, but the switch button had melted, and the room was filled with smoke. He grabbed the cover with his hand, and turned off the electricity switch buttons. Thanks to the Lord's protection and mercy, nothing happened to our daughter, and the fire was put out on time. At that moment, I remembered the time in which brother Angel had held Rebecca in his arms for the first time at the age of five months (December 5, 1986). He prophesied over her and recommended us to constantly cover her with prayer since the enemy would try to destroy her due to the great calling upon her life. Our God has been and will be faithful. The Lord has raised intercessors and warriors to pray for her life.

God operated many healings and miracles

in the lives He had brought to us. We can remember some of them now as a testimony. Jessica Patricia Martínez, had attended the Mormon Church for two years, and had gone later to the “Church of God”. The Holy Spirit’s voice spoke to her during three mornings, saying, *“Go to La Lima Drugstore and look for Emma Amelia”*. She did not know me, and did not understand what she should go there for, either. She felt sick, depressed, fearful, insecure, and empty. Jessica fixed her mind to go and arrived at the drugstore. I was at the door. When she saw me, she heard the same voice that said, *“She is the one”*. It was unusual for me to be there, especially on a rainy day. We spoke and set a meeting for the next day at our double story wooden house (where we met as a church) located in Lima Vieja, the central part of our city. We prayed, and Jesus Christ healed her brain permanently. Best of all, her life was changed completely. Today she is a healthy young lady who loves and serves Jesus Christ. All her family was ministered too later on, including her mother, Doña María del Carmen Hernández, who had brain problems and strokes that caused her discomfort and pain. We prayed for her and Jesus Christ healed

her. Aracely Martínez, her sister, who had been a Christian for some time, was a Sunday school teacher at the “Church of God”. She suffered from terrible headaches daily. This even made her scream. Jessica took her to one meeting in which sick people were being prayed for. We had ended already, and Aracely felt sad because we had not called her. At that same moment, the Lord showed me her specific problem through word of knowledge. We prayed for her, and she received healing. Never again did the pain return. In another occasion, a prayer meeting was held at her house, where her brother Monchito, with Down’s syndrome received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. At that same place, God healed and restored the marriage of Roberto Panchamé and his wife Lorena.

One morning, Jessica asked another brother and me to visit the house of one of her sisters in Christ located in La Lima, since Rosario was desperate already for her niece’s case. Lety, a young girl approximately 16 years old lay on her bed, holding her ugly, rag doll, which she said had been given to her by a teacher on the beaches of Tela. This teacher had died many years ago, but those that knew

her said that Leticia's descriptions were related to her. The demon speaking through Lety spoke terrible things and had an aggressive attitude. People in her family had practiced witchcraft and other forms of occultism. Lety had been consecrated as Satan's girlfriend by an uncle. We prayed for the deliverance of her soul, knowing that she was possessed by an evil spirit who had also been in the life of the teacher which Lety spoke about. This was why she knew her so well. Jesus delivered her completely and also healed her memory, converting her into a totally different person, who praised God in the middle of the congregation the next day. Today, she lives happily in Tela and has a daughter.

Marvin Roberto Henríquez, was a young college student who floated in the world of communism, drugs, and alcohol and suffered for many years of congenital bronchial asthma that caused him to convulse almost to the point of death. This had immersed him and his mother into deep suffering. But, when we (the body of Christ) prayed over him, the Lord delivered him and healed him. His mother, María Luisa Lagos had a chilblain on her feet,

it was a bone growing on her heel. This caused her terrible pain, forcing her to walk only on tiptoe. Usually, though, she dragged herself or crawled. The doctors told her that the only thing they could indicate was surgery in order to remove the protuberant bone. The day before she entered the hospital, Marvin told her he would take her to a meeting, for us to pray. That night, two sisters and I prayed for her, and I said, *"It doesn't matter if you don't feel anything now. But, we have believed that God has healed you. Only believe in what has been done"*. Brother Remo Bardales drove her in a car to her house. The next morning, she stood up to go to the hospital, and could not believe what she experienced. She could place her foot on the floor; the chilblain had disappeared! To the doctor's surprise, no man had operated her for Jesus had done it already in an immediate and painless way. Best of all, it had been made for free! As a result of this she started to believe in Jesus as her Healer, and then received Him as her Savior. She continues enjoying good health and in salvation, having eternal gratefulness in her heart, and serving God with joy.

María Elena de Amaya was a Christian

when we met her, but she had a serious problem in her spinal cord. Her discs had hernias and were out of place. This stopped her from walking and many times made her feel acute pain (this happened almost constantly due to the job she had); Jesus Christ touched her through prayer, and she is now completely healed from her spinal cord.

Lourdes Mejía (Lula) was a well-known teacher in La Lima. She had many health problems. In one occasion, we prayed for her diabetes and Jesus healed her immediately. This was soon proven through a blood test. In two occasions we prayed for her life because a spirit of death was upon her. The Lord delivered her in both occasions. One time, as we drove to Valle Bonito, joined by brother Luis Alonso, I closed my eyes for a few seconds. As I was about to sleep, I heard a voice that told me: *"Lula is dying"*. I immediately opened my eyes, and we started to pray, fighting for sister Lula's life. We did not see her for several months. When we knew about her again, we found out that she was about to die one more time, due to stomach cancer. She had profound peace, and yet this is a mystery that has not been

revealed to us yet. I can only dare to say that some people have specific death sentences over them. These individuals need to abide in the midst of the “Body’s” spiritual covering where the discernment and the power of God moves to drive them into complete victory and deliverance.

In relation to this mystery, we had Doris Liduvina Sandres’ case. She was a young teacher in a school in La Lima. She received Jesus Christ, and then became ill to the point of death. She was hospitalized in the Social Security Hospital, where doctors lost all hope, due to a brain stroke. In that instance, we prayed from a distant place, and we knew that Jesus had delivered and healed her. Some time later, she moved to the United States and turned her back to the Lord, thus not taking care of her deliverance. In 1993 she gave her heart back to the Lord and some time later was found dead in her apartment, without a specific cause.

I remember now, that during my first years of ministry in 1987, I was invited by brethren of Ministerio Seguidores de Jesucristo (Jesus Christ Followers Ministry) (which had risen during brother Angel’s life) to preach in an

open campaign in the Ojos de Agua Plaza in Comayagua. I attended the invitation and while I preached, the Holy Spirit, through word of knowledge, showed me a malignant tumor (cancer) in a left breast that needed surgery. I doubted for a moment, fearing that it had been something in my mind or imagination, and that I would be embarrassed. God's force was stronger, though, and I could not stand against it. Therefore, I called this person. It turned out to be Magdalena Hernández, who came up front immediately with a willing heart believing in the Lord. She had prayed and fasted for two days for the Holy Spirit to show me her sickness and call her for prayer. She was prayed for and Jesus Christ made the tumor disappear immediately. Her husband, Ramón Anariba, now testifies that her skin in that area was wrinkled, covering the enormous hole, which he himself proved by placing in his hand. In this same occasion, God healed Magdalena's aunt, Amalia Hernández, who had a large sebaceous cyst (hunch) on her back. She declared that she felt the fire of the Holy Spirit burning her hump, which disappeared immediately, leaving a dark shadow on the area in which it had been for testimony. Through these miraculous healings

Ramón Anariba started to believe in God's power and the work of the Holy Spirit. Today he is a faithful servant of God and an evangelist of Jesus Christ Followers Ministry.

About that time, I was invited to speak the Word of God in a prayer group of FIHNEC in Choluteca at my uncle Roberto and aunt Elynor Pinel's house. The Holy Spirit used me with all His gifts, as many people received healing and deliverance, including my beloved sister Virginia Midence de Rodríguez, who was healed from colitis.

During that time in which I started to walk with Christ and He showed me hidden things, I started to realize the spiritual danger involved in participating in certain celebrations like "Halloween". I decided, therefore, to write an article about it in the newspaper. A prominent columnist of our country, Billy Peña, wrote an article, in the same newspaper, attacking mine. I remembered the words: *"Never defend yourself, because you have somebody who defends you"*, and so I didn't do anything about it. I just told God, *"I ask you, Lord, that he may know You some day. Save him, Jesus"*.

One day, several years later, a Bible fell on

my hands accidentally. It had his name written on the front cover as well as the date in which he accepted Jesus in his heart when he lived in Siguatepeque. I thanked the Lord greatly. Nowadays, he reads my books, which talk about the Lord, and he tells me how they help and nourish him spiritually. God used him to open up a door for me in a newspaper called "Tiempo" where I wrote the section "Hay Una Esperanza" (There is Hope) twice a week. I am thankful for Billy's life, because hundreds have been reached by Jesus for salvation through this column.

At that time, I went to El Progreso on Thursday afternoons to join a group of women to share the Word of God. When I returned to my house in La Lima, I took a shortcut and the Holy Spirit inspired me to look at the sky. This was a real sight, as if heaven's windows had been opened. An exceptional range of colors; from light yellow to purple were included in this perfect picture. I told the Lord, *"If this is a sign that You have placed only for me to delight in Your beauty, I ask you that you show it to brother Angel for it to be confirmed"*. That weekend I traveled to Valle Bonito and at the moment brother Angel saw me he said, *"Sister*

## *Drops of Dew*

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*Emma Amelia, did you see the gift the Lord gave you in the sky this Thursday afternoon?* I couldn't help being moved by my Father's love.

In the days of 1988, I was on a trip to Valle Bonito, where I went frequently to search for God and to speak to Him. In that occasion, as I walked with brother Angel, we passed by a small adobe house where sister Romelia lived in temporarily. In my heart, and without mentioning this to anyone, I told God, *"I would love to own that house for us to retire and visit with my family"*. Two months later, a brother came with some papers and told me, *"The Lord sends you this. He says you longed for it in you heart"*. These were the house's documents including its land. It was the first time that the Lord sent me a material gift, therefore it meant very much to me. Little by little we restored it. Today, this house is used to search for His Presence and is a blessing for us when we go there to rest.

One day in La Lima, I was asked to pray for a youngster from a farm. She was a student who was at the hospital and was being prepared for a trip to the United States the next day. She had a confirmed medical diagnosis

of leukemia and had no hope. Sister Iona and I visited Milady, and observed her from outside the door. She was a beautiful girl who tried to smile with the classmates that visited her. It was sad to see her leave without Jesus, and so we waited for the appropriate moment. While she was alone with her family, we entered and walked towards her bed. We presented Jesus to her, and then prayed for her healing. Next day, I sent her a Bible to the airport. Milady left and came back, but her trip only helped to prove her healing. Nowadays, she lives nearby in El Progreso.

On a certain occasion, my husband, my children, and I visited Choluteca, and stayed at my parent's house. Suddenly, as we were at my mother's drugstore, she asked us if we could pray for a man who said somebody had cast a "spell" (witchcraft) on him. She presented the man to me right there behind the counter. He was a tall, thin man who wore khaki clothes and a hat. A spirit of death was reflected on him, and was consuming him as he got thinner and thinner each day. He could not eat nor sleep. He had lost all peace, and only wanted to run, escape, and die. We accepted the challenge, knowing that only the

Lord could deliver him even if we had no experience in this. We only believed that the power of God was enough. My mother took this man to her house. We led him on the patio, and my children, husband, and I prayed for his deliverance. We tied spirits that were tormenting him, sent them to the river in front of my parent's house. To the contrary of what we expected, we did not feel anything. Nothing spectacular happened, but we had peace in our hearts. We dismissed him, believing that God had done His work. Two months later, my mother went to the market and a vigorous man with a joyful aspect, greeted her, *"Don't you remember me, Doña Bety? I am the man your family prayed for at your house. Jesus healed me completely"*.

One time, I told my husband I wished to go to San Pedro Sula to buy a pair of black shoes I needed. I searched all morning without success... Finally, at 12:00 m. I decided to buy a pair I liked, and fitted me perfectly. I wore them for the first time that same night, but as I did, I realized they were men shoes. So, next morning I told brother Luis Alonso Hernández, who lived with us, *"Brother Luis, find out if these fit you."* He smiled and put them on.

They were exactly his size! He said, *"I had been asking God for black shoes because I needed them."* God is really mysterious; He used me to provide, choose, and fit these shoes for him. Moreover, the Lord told me, *"I am Jehovah, your God who gives you shoes to wear"*. Every time I need shoes He sends them with the exact size and of the best brand, due to the fact that my feet are a bit complicated. When I forget this promise and decide to look for them myself, I waste time and money, because they never fit me right.

In 1990 I was visiting my parents in Choluteca, when I received a phone call from a stranger of Nicaraguan origin. His name was Leonel Quintana, who was desperate because of a breast cancer found in his wife. It had been medically proven through biopsy and other exams. That same night, we visited them. His wife Azalea was downhearted and worried. He was completely devastated. We presented Jesus Christ and His complete Salvation plan, including healing and deliverance to them. They were willing to believe God. Rigo and I prayed for them; we really knew God had great purposes in their lives. We soon received news from them:

Jesus Christ had taken Azalea's cancer away that night to bring abundant life instead.

During one of our many visits to Choluteca, our family met together at my parent's house for the end of the year celebration. Aunt Nena (María Elena Pinel de Nolasco, from Danli) used this opportunity to ask uncle Roberto and me for prayer, since she had Parkinson's disease, which was incurable. Her son, an internist doctor in Germany, had indicated her permanent treatment. We prayed believing God with all our heart, and He made the miracle. Later on, and for her children's surprise and testimony, she was totally healed! Jesus also healed her from osteoporosis. The enemy tried to destroy her for the third time, placing a heart and circulatory problem. Uncle Roberto and I prayed for her again, and she is now completely healed for God's glory.

When I had just started serving God, I was unable to receive offerings, and instead, I gave them back or placed them in the offering basket. This was due to the fact that I had economical facilities at that time, and even more, because there was pride in my heart. On a certain occasion, I preached at a local church, from which I received an offering

including coins and L.1.00 bills. God was working with my life then, so I received it, but left it inside a paper bag in my purse, where it stayed untouched several days. During those days, some servants of God from the United States would be visiting our home (brother John and sister Rene Parault). Before receiving their visit in San Pedro Sula, I passed by the supermarket buying what was necessary to prepare their meals that day. I did not have much money with me, and I asked the Lord to allow me to buy only what was necessary. I began taking groceries and placing them in the cart, praying in the spirit while I did it. As I waited in line to pay, I grabbed a chocolate, one of those placed near the cash register, but the Holy Spirit told me to put it back, and so I did. When my time to pay came, the amount was L.385.36. I took money from my wallet, and was startled to realize I did not have enough. The Holy Spirit reminded me immediately about the paper bag and the offering. I took it and counted again until the bag was empty. It all summed to a total of L.385.36 exactly! I could not hide the joy in my heart. Then I learned to appreciate what God gives us through others, and not to stop them from being blessed nor from blessing us. I

picked my brethren up and drove to La Lima, where we would have a meeting that afternoon. I secretly told Jesus, *“The only thing, Lord, is that I don’t have any money left, and I wanted to give L.200.00 to brother Angel”*. Suddenly a sister from Tegucigalpa, who would have never thought I could need anything, came near me, placed her hand in my green and purple dress pocket. I knew it was God answering and moving His finances. Indeed, it was exactly L. 200.00 to take to brother Angel. My God is so exact, faithful, and perfect! All the money and resources are His. He only uses His caretakers to move these from one place to another.

In 1989, on another trip to Valle Bonito, sister Chunga Hernández (brother Angel’s sister) asked me to pray for her son Luis Ulloa Hernández, who came to where we were with a cast around his arm. He had had an accident, falling off the town’s school roof. He had broken his ulna and radius in his elbow, losing the liquid in his joints. Both bones had torn his skin. The doctor told him he would never use his arm again. It was necessary to eliminate all the movement in his elbow in order to stop his arm bones to do so too. We

believed God, prayed, and He did it! Some time later, Luis was at my house. Nobody can even suspect something had happened in his elbow or in his arm, except for the scar on his skin, which is a sign for his testimony. He uses his arm skillfully.

It was around four o'clock on a Saturday of September the 30<sup>th</sup>, we met with some brethren at our normal location. I wore a skirt made of a colourful fabric (emerald green, black and white) with "fire-flamed" flowers. I told sister Marleny who was sitting at my side, *"I would love to have a shirt with this same "flame" orange color to combine it with the skirt"*. Around 7:00 p.m. we returned to our house, and as we arrived at the gate sister Alba Dueñas and her children were just arriving in a car. Alba said, *"Sister, I was resting at four o'clock in the afternoon and suddenly the Holy Spirit told me to get hold of a fabric, make a shirt out of it, and bring it to you immediately. I just finished it. I hope you like it because it is a very strong color: 'fire orange' "*. She did not know it was my birthday, and my beloved Jesus had the beautiful detail of pleasing my heart's desire using an obedient person to do so.

## *Drops of Dew*

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At the end of 1990 and beginning of 1991, we traveled daily to a small property we had acquired at El Merendón mountain range, where we would reconstruct a small adobe house, having one room and a hallway. Each restoration made was a testimony. God placed the wood, the length, and width necessary in our hands. To bring water from its source to our house, for example, we bought 75 P.V.C. tubes (under the Holy Spirit's guidance, because it is impossible to measure in the middle of a mountain). Incredibly, this was the exact amount necessary. This was a beautiful faith experience shared with the brethren who God provided to help us. My physical strength was declining, this was because after we worked hard in carpentry and other construction details, I had to return to La Lima and clean the house that would be set for renting and prepare materials to go up to the mountain again the next day. One cool December morning, as we walked up the mountain in the middle of mud and drizzle, my body craved (irrationally in relationship with the season) for a piece of watermelon. Brother Marvin Henríquez, who helped us in such a way that we could never thank him enough, went to a nearby grocery store to get me juice.

He came back with a gift in his hand, which had been sent to me by Lily, the girl from the store. Can you imagine what the gift consisted of? It was a delicious, red piece of watermelon, coming directly from my Dad, the owner of all the gardens and orchards.

Part of our cleaning, included giving up many clothes that I would not use for a long time, while I was in the mountain, where we would move. I gave out some and sold others, according to what the Lord indicated. A precious sister in the Lord (Isabel Orellana) came to me and said, *“I want to ask you to anoint these two dresses for me to send them to my sisters who live in Sweden. They don’t know Christ. They have serious problems in their lives, and I desire that through the anointing in your clothes they be delivered and come to Christ”*. I did it with faith, prayed to God that His anointing would be impregnated on these clothes and travel with them in order to break the slavery yokes in her sisters. I really forgot about this, because we later went to El Merendón to live and then to Choluteca.

At the end of 1994, I received a call from Haydeé, a woman who wanted to speak with me, having a testimony. She came to visit me

## *Drops of Dew*

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and said, *“I am Isabel’s sister. I live in Sweden; my life was about to be destroyed. I was an alcoholic and drug addict, and was about to commit suicide. My sister sent me this dress, which had been yours, and that you had prayed for. I used it... and I want to tell you that soon after this, I received Jesus Christ in my heart. Now I serve Him with all my might, together with my family. My home has been rescued. The same thing happened to my other sister, to whom Isabel sent your other dress.”*

While living in Mount Moriah, as we called that place of resting and refuge, I opened up my wallet one morning and as I saw it, said, *“I don’t have L.1.00 to send someone to buy tortillas to the store.”* That afternoon, when Rigo came up, he brought me a letter from my beloved sister Iona, saying, *“I do not understand, but the Holy Spirit tells me to send you L..1.00. It doesn’t make sense to me, but I obey”*. My provider was only showing me that He could supply L.1.00 as well as L.100,000.00.

After some time we moved to Choluteca. There we lived in one of my mother’s houses, but did not have any furniture of our own. The

night we moved there, brother Marcio Figueroa called me to say, “*Sister Emma Amelia, I lived some months in Choluteca, but I am back in Tegucigalpa already. I ask you to please pick up and use a queen size bed and a rocking chair that I left there*”. This simply came from the Throne of Grace.

We had been warned about a serious water problem in Choluteca and that the persons who lived in that house before had to buy water from the firemen to fill the cistern, because the water supply system was so old that the tubes were obstructed. We met together with some brethren who would help us in our task and prayed. We asked God to have mercy on us that He might allow us to have water while we lived there. Next morning the water flowed and filled the cistern. We had water supply that reached the second floor for us to shower. This pattern continued until the day we left the house.

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## *An Undeserved Gift*

When we were back from Choluteca, Rebeca told me, “Mom, I am tired of being lonely. I have asked the Lord to give me a little sister; that she might be a girl and have curly hair. I want to play with her”. Soon I found out that I was pregnant again. I was extremely happy, but a little bit fearful. First, the doctor indicated the need of an exam to discard any possibility of Down syndrome. We told him that was out of context since we would never consider the idea of practicing an abortion if the results were positive, therefore there was no reason to take that exam. Then, he gave me several reasons why that birth would be a forceful operation. Between them were the following: Possible uterus breakthrough due to previous operations, a risk of fetal suffering if submitting a multiparous woman with an advanced age into physical stress, a high possibility of useless contraction repetition due

to a scar existing in the uterus neck.

The nine months were full of prayer to God. There was a conflict between believing Him and our fears, logic or scientific thinking. Two months were missing before the great day. We then decided to search for a second medical opinion in Tegucigalpa. Both the gynecologist and my brother Rafael, who is a pediatrician and a specialist in newborn and intensive care, thought the same thing the first doctor did. Nevertheless, we stayed in Tegucigalpa because my brother was installing an intensive care unit there, which was unique in Honduras (and was hoping to use it first with our little girl).

I believed God could and was willing to make one more miracle in my life (if I allowed Him), but I did not know how, because the gynecologist had already determined the operation for a certain date (Wednesday, August 12), had given me the entrance order, blood bank order, etc. I told my Lord, *“I know you want to glorify Yourself, because Your Words at this time have always been, ‘Haven’t I told you that if you believe you will see God’s glory?’ and ‘Everything is possible for Him who believes.’ Let’s make an agreement then:*

## *Drops of Dew*

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*Make my labor contractions start before the date established by the doctor. Then I will know it is You, and I won't move to the hospital; I will wait in You".*

The next day, Sunday, August 9, my uncle Roberto and aunt Elynor Pinel, whom God had sent to pray for my life and that of the baby's, came. We fought a spiritual war for more than one hour, where the enemy's opposition was obvious, until we received the Lord's victory.

Early in the morning of Monday, August 10, my normal labor contractions started. The morning passed by while I was alone in a room at brother Fernando and sister Eloísa Rodríguez's house asking my Lord, my Maker, and Lord of Hosts for strength. Around 11:30 a.m. I thought I would faint, and this was worse when doubt and the enemy's accusations came to my mind. I asked the Lord to send a confirmation, then. At that same moment I received an unexpected phone call from Miami from sister Anita and brethren Iza only to tell me that they were praying for my life and that the Lord had shown them it was to be a normal birth. I shouldn't fear for He was with me at every moment. I thanked the Lord infinitely. This gave me peace and allowed me to

continue waiting for Him to tell me at what exact moment I should go to the hospital (if I would have done this before, I would have been operated).

At 1:00 p.m. approximately the Lord showed me it was time to tell the doctor and to go to the hospital. We went there, in the midst of terrible traffic, which stopped us from advancing. For some moments I felt that I was to give birth in the car. When we arrived they allowed us to go in. Some minutes later the doctor came, and had time only to examine me. Immediately he took me to the delivery room. The pediatrician was unable to be there on time and the gynecologist began to worry as he found the baby's excrement in the amniotic liquid (the fountain) which indicated a possible risk of fetal suffering. But this time I had the certainty that the battle had been won before; victory had already been given. I knew Jesus was my baby's Pediatrician. The gynecologist said with discomfort, "*You made it your way, didn't you?*" I said, "*No, doctor. Men program here, but the One above, God, has real control.*" Rachel's birth, at my forty years of age, was a completely normal one, without any complications, bringing an

enormous joy into my life. I could not finish testifying. It seems as if this had brought me new life, freshness, youth.

We had prayed for the Lord to choose the room, nurses, and even the sheets. It really all happened that way. Rigo and I chose a simple room, but the Lord sent us to a new beautiful suite. It was something incredible. No doctor charged; something never seen before. The hospital, instead, gave us back our money deposit. The Lord's grace was upon that baby... until today. During the first three years, we did not buy her clothes, neither shoes because she came with God's complete provision.

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## *Rejoice, Oh Barren!*

All this time, God has used my life as an instrument only, to bring fertility to barren wombs. Not that I deserve any merit myself, but since He did it for me I strongly believe He can do it for others. There is a spiritual mystery in this. There is a special anointing in the areas in which Christ has won the victory. This victory is manifested with the ability of reproducing the miracle or healing in others.

The first time I saw a manifestation of this kind was in 1987 on a Saturday afternoon, when we met with a group of brethren in our house's garage. That afternoon, a Christian couple visited us from a congregation in Lima Vieja. They were Ruperto Canales and Conchita, his wife. The Lord showed me He wanted to give them a baby, and that I had to pray for her womb. They had been married for three years and did not yet any have children.

## *Drops of Dew*

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The doctors told her she was unable to have babies. We prayed for them, and I placed my hands over Conchita's womb. God confirmed His work some days later through a prophetic word a sister in Christ gave her (Isaiah 54). One month later she was pregnant and later gave birth to David.

In another occasion, I remember aunt Elynor invited me to give my testimony to a group of Charismatic Catholics in Tegucigalpa, Honduras which her family got together at her cousin's house. I was praying for someone, after testifying, when I felt that I had to turn around. I pointed my finger towards the sister who had been behind me and now in front and prophesized, "*The Lord says unto you that He wants to give you a child. Only believe*". Sandra de Tizado, today a women's pastor in Abundant Life Church, wanted a child and God gave her a beautiful girl.

Around 1988 I began going to Choluteca one night a week to celebrate meetings in which we invited persons to listen to the Word of God. He also manifested Himself in the area of barrenness.

Another case I remember happened at that

time, is Suyapa Lorena Sánchez's. She came to our meetings in La Lima, and had recently been married to a man who had been her home companion for many years. She had raised a girl with him some time ago, but wanted to give him another child, not to his earthly husband, but to the Lord, Whom she had met. She had problems with her reproductive organs. One day she asked me to pray specifically for a child. While I prayed and placed my hand over her womb, she described how she wanted her child to be. Since she was a child in the Lord, God pleased her wishes with all the details, giving her Carlitos with green eyes.

In 1989, sister Jovita Argelles invited me to her house to a small meeting she had with some work companions. Between them were Medardo Rogríguez his wife Mery, they had been married for one year and a half but had not had children. He was sure about his sterility because he had had many women before and could never have a child. I presented Jesus Christ to them, and asked them if they believed that God could make the miracle. We prayed for them and four months later, she was pregnant, her boy's name is

José Leonel. They have realized that only the power of God could make a miracle.

The FIHNEC invited me to testify in 1993 for “Mother’s Day”. At the end of my testimony I made a calling to pray for marriages. A couple came forward, an Ecuadorian and his wife, reflecting something special from God. They had lost all hope of having a child due to the multiple hormonal problems she showed. That was why they had adopted three children. They only asked for prayer for her health, and yet I prayed for all her endocrine system to be set in order, including the hormones from her reproductive organs. On September 30 of 1994 I met him as he received tickets at the FIHNEC National Convention entrance. I felt great joy when he testified to me that Jesus had made the miracle. She was not only healthy, but was also pregnant, and everybody was very happy.

We traveled to Nicaragua for the Lord’s cause, for the first time in May of 1994. A big group from Choluteca was going there to visit the many FIHNEC sectors in Nicaragua. Everything was a great blessing. God manifested Himself with deliverances, healings, and others, but I knew that one of the

purposes for us to be there was to minister the marriage of Dr. Cruz (traumatologist) and his wife Evelyn. Both were married for the second time and had a great desire of raising a child, but were unable to do so. God blessed me enormously when I received her testimony through a beautiful letter she sent me. She was thankful to the Lord for giving her the pregnancy she wished.

On November of 1994 we again traveled to Nicaragua. Only five days were left for the FIHNEC National Convention. Nevertheless, God was sending me to minister the hosting leaders for that occasion. We had a short meeting in the Gamero's family house in Managua. The Holy Spirit manifested Himself with strong love anointing that Saturday. The ministering for marriages had already finished when suddenly, God told me to minister fertility to wombs. A short time later, I received two couples' testimony. They had wanted a baby. One of them was Carlos Herdosia and his wife Flor de María, who had wanted and waited for ten years already.

That same year, during one of our many trips to Choloteca, I received a call from Carmen Rivera, who told me: *"I have a friend*

*who needs to speak to you, her name is Ana Milagro and works at a school". We made an appointment that same night... We spoke about the Lord, and between other things expressed how the doctor had told her that it was impossible for her to have children due to an abnormality in her womb. We prayed believing God and two months later she called me to testify about her pregnancy.*

One afternoon in Choluteca, on June of 1994, I met with some women at Sandra Emilia Guillén's house. I ministered Sandrita Williams Guillén, sister Ritza de Mendoza's daughter at the end. Shandy, as we call her affectionately, had been married during several years, unable to become pregnant, even though both desired it. Her husband was in Venezuela and she was temporarily in Choluteca, designing and decorating Hotel El Gualiqueme, which was about to be inaugurated. I told her: *"God will give you the miracle when your husband comes to see you. Only believe"*. God made the miracle, so she returned to Venezuela with her husband. He was happy with the news about the baby, who was already growing in Shandy's womb, to the point of having a meeting to tell his friends and

relatives about it. But, after four months of pregnancy, she fell and lost her baby. This made me understand that babies who are conceived through the parent's deliverance, healing, or through the breaking of spiritual sterility bondages, spells, curses (this had been the specific case), or through a miracle need to be taken care of with prayer and spiritual covering more than any other. I received confirmation about this some months later when at the end of a family service of FIHNEC in a hotel, a woman called me and said, *"Sister Emma Amelia, you prayed for me because I was unable to be pregnant. God gave me the miracle and I am three months pregnant, but I need you to pray for me right now, because the baby is in danger of dying"*.

We traveled to the city of Miami, as we usually did. This time we would attend the FIHNEC yearly world convention, and stay at sister Dorita Bernal's house. Once the convention finished, they asked me to preach the Word of God, because they had a meeting once a week. This was a special occasion, and there were several guests. Between them were Guillermo Savatier and his wife Tezla, whom I had met in 1970 in Danlí, and who now

serves God in the city of Miami. The Lord's joy and blessing was there. At the end of the meeting I prayed for Dorita's neighbor. Her name was Margarita Anillo. Dorita had already told me she had read Dew Drops and the many fertility testimonies. This was why she waited for my arrival, so that I could pray for her. Margarita had been married for ten years and had uselessly waited to get pregnant. I had the conviction that she was to conceive soon. That night she received Jesus and her miracle.

Some time later I came back to Miami, to Dorita's house once more. To my surprise, Margarita came to greet me and present her beautiful baby. She had been born nine months after I prayed for her. Today, Margarita has two babies whom God has sent her as a blessing.

It was my birthday on September 30<sup>th</sup>, 1995. The leaders of FIHNEC (Full Gospel Businessmen Association) from Comayagua had organized a marriage camp in CEDA, Comayagua, where they also gave me a delicious cake. Among the married couples there was one who had been sterile. They had wanted to raise children for many years.

When they searched for medical help, she, Karla Lobos de Castro, had been told that her fallopian tubes were completely obstructed. They recommended her having a costly surgery in Guatemala, which would give her a fifty percent probability. Another option was a miracle of God. This time I prayed for Karla Patricia; she received it with tremendous faith. I told her: *“The Lord made the miracle, only thank Him”*. She did so and for God’s glory, in November of the same year, she became pregnant giving birth to a beautiful son: Ariel Ely Castro Lobos, born on August the 20<sup>th</sup>, 1996. Later, and to the doctors’ surprise, on May of 2000 they had another boy, whom they named Axel Gabriel Castro Lobos. Definitely, when God does something, He does it well.



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## *Healing, Miracles, and Much More...*

Ezequiel Sorto, was the son of Ezequiel and Julia Sorto. She had been used by God in taking care of my daughter, Rebecca, in her early infancy. There is an enormous gratitude in my heart for her. She knows Jesus and He delivered her from terrible diseases. Her husband is the man God used to make our many plumbing installations everywhere. Ezequiel's son (Kelito, like we called him affectionately) worked with us in La Lima drugstore and then in Oasis Juices; an intelligent young man, of whom I can say with conviction, has a strong calling from the Lord. One day he came up to me to say he would leave his job at Oasis Juices because his father wanted him to do better and obtain a scholastic preparation. I spoke to him as a mother would to her son, but with an authority

from God that I have felt only a few times. Between other things, I told him, *“God has you here for a great purpose. You might not receive a high school diploma; that doesn’t mean much, anyway, but you will learn many necessary things in life. Above all, I know God wants to form you to serve Him and not men.”* Nevertheless he made his decision. Some days later, I was informed he had been confined in Mario Catarino Rivas hospital, with an advanced “lung carcinoma” diagnosis. I felt God’s strength to go see him. I asked the Lord that He might let us enter at an hour in which we would be alone with him. So Rigo and I were there on a Saturday at 10:00 a.m. by the grace of the Lord since we did not have a pass, nor permission to enter. His state was depressive and deplorable. He was only wearing shorts, and had tubes everywhere; he used a nasogastric probe as he couldn’t eat anymore. His ribs showed clearly; his skin seemed to be an ash-coloured yellow, and he could hardly speak. I told him, *“I have come only for a moment to tell you that Jesus has plans for your life; if you believe Him, He can save you and heal you. He can take you out of here in order for you to give Him your life. Do you want and believe so?”* He nodded his

head. So we prayed. I layed hands on him, and I had the conviction that any spirit of death, cancer, and destruction had come out of his body. So we hurriedly came out of the hospital. The next day a brother visited him and found him sitting and eating; his cheeks had color already and his face had changed. It was amazing! Two days later, the doctors surprisingly had to discharge him because the exams did not show the tumor nor the malignancy appearing on the first ones. Even more, he was in normal condition. I uselessly waited for him to testify, and to ask others how to grow in the knowledge of God. The brethren saw him going to his school healthy and strong, something really surprising. A few months later, he became ill... one Sunday night, as some brethren were together in prayer, brother Gustavo Hernández, one of our associate pastors, told me, *"The Lord shows me there is danger for Kelito. They are persuading him to search for witch doctors"*. Then and there, we asked God for His mercy; to save his soul. The next day, his father took him to Tela, where they would give him a "brew", supposedly a "cure". He refused to take it, and they returned home... and Kelito died. The Lord continues teaching us many

things through these experiences.

One day in May, 1993, Mrs. Zenaida Anariba from La Lima called me in distress. I responded to her call with sister Iona's company. We spoke for a while, advised her, and then prayed for her. They had diagnosed a serious problem in her kidney, and were about to operate her. I told her, *"If you believe, the Lord will be able to heal you and take away the need for an operation"*. When she attended the hospital's appointment, they found she was totally healed.

In mid 1993, I met many persons in Christ, through brother Marcio Figueroa. Among others he presented brother Santos Gutiérrez, a beloved brother to us. One day as I visited Matilde, his wife; the Holy Spirit revealed there was strong smoking bondages in her. She had been smoking for thirteen years, at least a pack a day. We made a simple prayer, and God set her free.

Through him, I also met brother Marcio Guerrero, who gave his first steps in the Lord through FGBMA. That morning I was asking the Lord for a tape recorder to give Mrs. Mery de Milla, a sister who lives in San Pedro Sula.

## *Healing, Miracles, and Much More...*

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She wanted to listen to some cassettes with healing messages. Around 10:00 a.m., brother Marcio Guerrero arrived with other Fellowship members and told me, *“We went by a store and I felt I should bring this recorder for you. You might need it to give a brother”*.

Then, brother Marcio presented Noel Pineda to me, who visited our home the next day. One of the things I remember God did for him, was giving him back his hair, which he was loosing in abundance. He brought his partner Martín Cruz, who also brought his wife Rosario and sister in law, Dora. The Cruz marriage was on the brink of a divorce due to serious and multiple causes. Between the different physical and soul diseases she presented, God delivered her from severe colitis, chronical cistitis, urethritis, pleuritis, premature menopause and lately of sinus. The Holy Spirit revealed that her sicknesses were caused by evil spirits, yet, Jesus Christ freed her with power. When Rosario came to our house that morning, her abdomen was swollen. She was totally vegeterian because her organism could not tolerate anything else. That same day, after her deliverance, she joined us at lunch time eating white beans and

pork chops. The Lord is restoring their marriage with great steps. Dora was healed and delivered from a terrible itching all over her body (originated from witchcraft), from the dependency on drugs, tranquilizers, and psychiatrists.

During those days I had met some brethren who met together at Granadita, Atlántida, through their pastor, sister Hilda. They had a need for Bibles. I had decided to send them ten, but had none. That day brother Francisco Ruíz Andrade came to visit me and said, *“I was on the road already, but the Holy Spirit made me return to the bookstore to buy you these ten Bibles”*. Hallelujah! God had used him with this exact precision to bring me white paper when our computer’s printer had none, as well as cassettes when we were about to run out of these.

Between the various marvels occurring at our home, sister Fátima and I saw how twenty Lempira bills fell from our ceiling on three occasions (our ceiling is a solid wood two-story division). These we have placed in a kitchen shelf, waiting, because ever so soon the person who needs them and to whom God has provided will appear.

At the beginning of 1994, God spoke through His Holy Spirit saying He would send me out ministering and was sending me to Miami soon. I saw this too difficult because of the cost of traveling these days. If it was Him, He would do it without me making any move. One night, sister Dorita Bernal, to whom I had spoken to only twice, called me from Miami telling me how God had spoken to her about helping me go there, even though she did not know the purpose. This was the first time God moved upon my life providing me with a trip.

The night before traveling, brother Vicente Hernández came from the mountain, near Lajas, Comayagua, and told me, “I come to pray for your trip”. He prayed for Rigo and me, but above all covered the airplane in which we would travel on. Next day, when we had already flown some time, the pilot’s voice was heard announcing a forceful landing due to plane damage. We landed in San Salvador, where we boarded another aircraft. How perfect is the Lord and how certain is His promise of protection.

This trip was an enormous blessing for my spiritual life. Between other things, I know I was sent by the Lord for one life specifically:

Vivian Mesa, Dorita's step-daughter. That evening a crowd was together at Dorita's house, waiting for us, since we were late after running some errands. Among all of them, known and unknown persons, a young woman whom I did not know yet, impacted me. She wore a short, low-necked dress. She was cold in the middle of so many people. Her eyes were penetrating but sad, even though she did not take them off me and her heart absorbed every word coming out of my mouth. When I finished preaching, I called a woman through word of knowledge who had problems in her womb. She was this person. God healed her soul; her tears flowed like rivers down her cheeks washing her soul from sadness, resentments and bitterness. The Holy Spirit showed me a family spirit which tormented her, through her mother's line, but Jesus took away her malignant uterus that night. He gave her new life. She is not only persisting in the Lord's path, but the Lord allowed us to minister at her wedding with Gerardo Ortega from Choluteca, with whom now they raised a beautiful baby. Today they serve the Lord in the city of Tegucigalpa.

Among those who are congregated with us

in La Lima, is the Guerra family. Adalinda is a working woman who has a precious heart for the Lord. We met them when they were Christians already, being leaders of the Church of God. The Holy Spirit has operated many things in their lives during a long time. Even though they had faith and prayed constantly, Adalinda had suffered a terrible erithema on her legs with a lot of itching since 1991. When she scratched, her skin turned white and dry (dehydrated). She attributed the cause to a chlorine allergy because it had started when she washed the house they rented, the day before moving into it. The dermatologist had initially diagnosed “allergy due to contact”, indicated creams for local use, which softened her skin, but the itching never disappeared. In fact, it increased going from one leg to another. Strangely, she described it as an inner discomfort, and not an external one. Prayers had been said for her healing, and the sickness stopped, it was latent, but soon appeared with the same symptoms. One night, we had met at our house to preach about “the revival of the Holy Spirit’s gifts”. Sister Adalinda came a little late, she was completely dressed in black, and as she opened the door to enter, some of us

perceived through the Holy Spirit a “death odor”. God’s anointing grew strong at the end; Adalinda began showing signs of deliverance. We ministered her specifically, and she immediately fell to the floor. The Holy Spirit revealed that the spirit of death that was in her life came from a witchcraft attack. The owners of the house they rented had died due to witchcraft effects, leaving small children, which had gone to live with their grandparents. The house was left alone, until the Guerra family went there to live. That night God delivered Adalinda. The sickness had been caused by evil spirits, which had entered through her feet while she cleaned the house they lived in waiting for new tenants. That night the illness disappeared and never came back. He is Holy and Mighty!

On a certain occasion, God sent us to La Ceiba, to meet with a group of families from FGBMA. On Friday night we testified, and through word of knowledge I called a woman with phlebitis on her left leg, but nobody appeared. I also called a man who had a buzzing in his ear and nobody came either... I continued calling people and some came at the end. The marriage retirement was the next

day, where God moved powerfully. One of his works was Humberto Mendoza's deliverance and the restoration of his marriage to Gladys Mendoza. Today they both love and serve Jesus. A lady named Vilma, came near me and said, "I was the one with a leg problem, but was ashamed to walk up front because I had torn my stocking. Pray for me, please". Jesus healed her completely. Then, Dr. Oscar Moreno came to La Lima and told me, *"I was that man you called for a buzzing sound in his ear. I did not go up front because I felt shame or because it was the first experience I had, but in the second calling you made, I did pass and God healed me. The strange thing is that this is the third time I am in front of you, and in all these occasions you have told me that God is calling me and wants to use me mightily"*. The truth is that God's callings are visible (in the spirit) and irrevocable. God wanted to give this man, whom he had called since long ago a strong anointing. If he avoided a call, he would come for another, but he would go.

Some time later we returned to La Ceiba to minister a group of wives and friends from FGBMA, where God glorified Himself tremendously. One of the testimonies I

remember is that Susy Espinal was healed in the middle of praise of strong pain in her womb and leg veins, which had tormented her for years every time she got her period. She continues testifying about her healing even months later.

By 1994, God was speaking to me about His angels and how He sent them to our service if we persist in obedience and integrity. My daughter Emelie Raquel was only two years old and was with me in our front yard at home, while she started up the external stairs which had no bannisters, only a handrail for adults, and went towards the ministry's office. When she reached the eighth step approximately (I was down and sister Ingrid Ochoa up) we saw how she slipped and fell towards the side under the handrail. It was six feet high. I could only exclaim, "*Jesus!*". In that instant somebody (an angel) to Ingrid's and my surprise, took her in the air, wrapped her and returned her to the original position on the stairs. We could only exclaim, "Thank you Lord for your angels".

1994 said good-bye to me in Choluteca. In those days God allowed me to preach in the Vida Abundante congregation, through pastor

Vicente Colindres' life. God worked wonders here, but one detail I remember is that the anointing fell upon many people in a powerful way. Among them, Mrs. Irma Flores, who later became close to me and said, *"Emma Amelia, I am so happy to see you like this, filled with the Holy Spirit. I ask you that you may pray for my daughter who lives in Costa Rica. She doesn't know Christ and has many problems"*. We joined in a simple prayer of faith. I knew immediately that this had been answered. A few months later, my beloved sister in Christ, Rosario Jácome came to La Lima to visit. She brought a beautiful testimony of how God had united her with two women's lives. One of them didn't want to know about the "tambourines or halleluyahs", but God touched her heart. She opened it up with thirst and the morning before Chayo came to Honduras, Marianela Flores (Irma's daughter) received Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord of her life.

At the beginning of 1995, while I was still in Choluteca, God's order for my life had been to "start living by faith and depending on Him". That morning we were having our breakfast before leaving for La Lima. There was avocado at the table and I told myself, *"I would*

*like this a lot, but with cheese. Unfortunately there is none here". I began serving myself avocado, when the doorbell rang, and I went to the door... It was sister Gracia María de Zacapa. She told me, "Sister, I don't know if this is silliness, but I was at the market buying some things, and even though I thought you were gone already, the Holy Spirit told me to buy you a pound of dry cream cheese and to bring it quickly. So here it is". What could I express but a tear of gratefulness to my loving Father who has cared for my life?*

We went back home. Around 4:00 p.m. we crossed the road ahead of Santa Rita, Yoro, when suddenly something got loose from the lower part of our car and was scraping the pavement. Rigo got down to check. A screw which protected the motor's chute had fallen and was hitting the road. We needed to reinforce the chute. I told sister Fátima, *"If the Lord sent us cheese for breakfast, what is it for Him to provide us with a piece of wire in this moment?"* Sister Fátima got out the car directly towards the grass to take a piece of wire from a ditch, enough and necessary to reinforce the motor's chute. He is the God of all provision.

The column “*Hay Una Esperanza*” (There Is Hope), published in a newspaper called *Tiempo*, has left many salvation, restoration, and deliverance testimonies. I want to recognize God’s work in David Meléndez, a young man and a father, who had already taken a gun in his hand to kill himself, when he suddenly heard a soft voice who told him to read the article, “*There Is Hope*” published that day. It spoke precisely about desperate people who wanted to die... He took the phone immediately and called us, being ministered in prayer by sister Ingrid. Then, he wrote thanking us. Miguel Antonio García is a young bachelor in business administration, who called us searching for that “Hope”. He was desperate with all sorts of problems, and was about to kill himself. That afternoon we prayed for him, a demon who tormented him wanted to kill me; he later testified about the terrible conflict inside him. He said to himself, “*I cannot hurt the person who has helped me so much*”, but the evil spirit pushed his hand to strangle me, yet he says that two invisible hands (that of my angels) stopped his, to the point of numbness that he could not feel them anymore. Then, that same spirit paralyzed his heart for some seconds and he had a “shock”,

but the blood of Jesus Christ is more powerful and has beaten Satan and death to bring us Life. Miguel was delivered and tasted the delights of the Holy Spirit.

At the start of 1995, we began meeting a precious group of women in San Pedro Sula. Among the many things God did for them, one afternoon the Lord showed me through word of knowledge that one person had a strong headache caused by chronic sinus. This person was Aqua Milla, who had a permanent headache, and therefore used to take up to four or five aspirins in their maximum concentration, without any result. We prayed for her, but in this case her healing was done gradually as she received God and His Word. A month later she was completely healed and has remained well.

One Saturday at noon, I returned home with Rigo after running some errands. We met sister Iona coming out of our house. She told us, *"I was going on another path, but the Holy Spirit commanded me to come here immediately. I have been warring in the bedroom for you, specifically against a spirit of death which wants to attack you"*. She left without worrying, knowing she had completed

her mission. About three o'clock that day, we drove towards El Progreso with the girls to visit Rigo's family. When we reached the detour towards San Manuel, the car began to make a strange noise. Rigo realized it was the alternator's band and decided to return. When we came to our print shop where he had the small car they used, he told me, "*Leave with the Nissan. I will take this one just in case we need it*". I went ahead with the girls, and when I reached the railroad track to enter the area where we lived, I was left without any brakes and could only exclaim, "*Lord Jesus!*" I could stop the car through compression. As we checked it we realized that the alternator pumping system's drill had worn out as well as the brakes (power brake). But the Holy Spirit had anticipated this by sending sister Iona to intercede and cancel any attack.

In April of 1995, brother José María Medina and his wife Sonia invited us to Amapala, where he had been born, as well as my mother. He had gone during several consecutive Saturdays to give teachings to some women from the port, by which some had converted to the Lord, among them a recognized teacher, Blanca Julia Bustamente,

who had an enormous thirst for God and for the Holy Spirit experiences. We had a meeting at my relatives house, the Paz family, that afternoon, and then went to Chuzita's house (Blanca Julia's mother), where we would spend the night. At dinner Blanca Julia's husband, Oscar Efraín arrived, he was a teacher and a school principal in Amapala, a newspaper publisher and correspondent of Radio America. He asked me all the questions he could about religious and doctrinal matters. During our talk, the Holy Spirit showed me he had a strong smoking habit. At the end, I told him, "*Would you allow me to pray for you; that the Lord may deliver you from the addiction to tobacco and therefore be convinced of God's power?*" he accepted. All of us prayed. I placed my hands upon him and commanded the evil spirit to leave him. I asked the Holy Spirit that he might hate cigarettes. Oscar Efraín called me later to testify how he started to reject cigarettes, he could not even see them. This man converted to Jesus with all his heart, and even though he had carried images in processions and made acts for "Holy Week" before, he now carried the Holy One in his heart. Today, he and his wife are pastors at the Piedras Vivas Revival Center in Amapala,

Valle and are a real testimony of the life of Jesus.

On April of the same year, our car, which had been provided to us by God for His work, a double-track, two-cabin Nissan, was hit on the lower part. This made it impossible for us to close the car's front lid. Rigo took it to the nearest repair shop to fix it. The next day, Saturday, as we prepared to leave for Comayagua for a Lord's mission, sister Iona came suddenly. I told her something I had never said, *"Do you come to anoint our car?"* She answered, *"Yes, of course. Even more, I come with my mother-in-law (sister Aurora) who carries anointed oil"*. So they started to pray for every piece of the car. We left around 3:00 p.m. with Rigo and sister Mirlen. As we drove uphill, at the height of Santa Cruz de Yojoa, the car started to make a strange noise, which we gave no importance to. But, then, as we passed Lake Yojoa, the motor turned off by itself, and we were forced to stop, parking ourselves on a safe spot. Rigo tried to ignite it again, but the motor did not respond. He got out and raised up the lid to check. He came back to turn it on again, but the motor did not budge... Rigo continued looking. The motor

gave off much heat and rattling sounds, until we realized the radiator's low hose was completely detached and had caused the motor to lose all the water. This made us think that the motor had been wrecked since we had travelled a long way without water. No vapor came out of the radiator as it's cap was open, because it was totally dry. Rigo exclaimed, "*It has burned out*". At that moment, sister Mirlen and I could only pray in tongues. We placed our hands upon the motor, while Rigo, after placing the hose correctly and assuring it with its clasp, went to a nearby place, got a pail and brought water from a brook. He tried to pour it, but the heat was so intense that it rushed the water back. He tried this three times until the water stopped and it got filled. Meanwhile, Mirlen and I continued praying, until he tried to ignite it again. The motor was turned on, we got back inside, and arrived on time for our appointment. Rigo knew he had to check the motor, and everyone said that surely the back part motor pack had been ruined or that some other damage might have been done. A few days later, he gave a "ride" to a man, who knows about mechanics. As he got into the car he immediately said, "*This car's motor seems to be in good conditions! It sounds like*

*a ticking clock*". This only proved to us that God does everything perfectly and completely. God had great things prepared for us in Comayagua, and the enemy wanted to stop this. Many power and healing manifestations were given, from which I remember Liliana's powerful deliverance. She was a young secretary persecuted by a spirit of suicide. She had lost all hope to live, but received Jesus through the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and her life was totally transformed.

One month later, on May 4, we returned to Comayagua. We were to preach on Friday night, this time with a prayer group under brother Servando and sister Norma Alcerro's charge. There, Liliana testified what God had done. That night two people were healed from their spinal cord. Persons who visited witchcraft centers in Siguatepeque were delivered also. On Saturday and Sunday we preached at the Central American Church Temple, God operated great works there also. Between them we will mention María Teresa Castro Obando's healing from a gastric hernia and an ovary cyst. She testified about it through a letter.

On the last days of May 1995 we had a

camp for marriages in Chivana, Cortés. As always happens, the Lord moved according to each person's needs. At the end, the Holy Spirit put in my heart a need to minister inner healing to those who could not express love to their partner due to rejection wounds they received during their childhood. Several interior healings and deliverances took place, of which we should mention sister Blanca Enamorado de Martínez's, an accountant who had known the Lord for eight years. A spirit of death and autodestruction manifested itself in her. The demon tried to strangle her using her own hands, but the mighty blood of Jesus Christ delivered her. That spirit had entered in her childhood, while she lived with her mother, since her father had abandoned them. Their financial condition was so precarious that this little girl had desired to die on many occasions. She lived like this for more than thirty-five years, but that afternoon, the anointing of the Holy Spirit broke that slavery yoke for her to live and continue living fully.

We were ministering at La Ceiba again in June. When we finished Saturday's meeting, my husband invited me to a store in case I needed something to buy. So, there we were,

I walked to the section where the purses were and told Rigo, *"The only thing I want is a big purse, where my Bible, notebook, and everything can fit. It has to be dark; dark blue or black, but wide and large, as well to place my hand into it. But these seem expensive to me, though they are made of plastic and would not last a long time. It would be better to spend a little more money for a leather purse, but the truth is I don't see any I really like here"*. We left the shop and went to rest in order to be ready to minister next day. That same week, I met a group of precious ladies whom the Lord had placed on our way to minister the Word of God. At the end of the meeting a sister came to me and said, *"I have something for you. It is a leather purse I brought from Argentina. I hope you like it"*. How could I possibly not like it? It was exactly the way I had described it. Something so precise could only come from the throne.

I did not feel well on Friday, June the 16<sup>th</sup> of 1995. I was having a gynecological problem and proclaimed Christ's blood upon my life and each area of my body. Nevertheless, I had to visit the gynecologist because the pain was too intense. This ended up to be a

“Bartolinitis”; in other words, a gland had obstructed and was forming a furuncle which was full of pus. The inguinal lymph nodes had already been affected. The doctor told me he had to perform minor surgery in as less time possible. I said I would inform this to him, because I had to be present as a team assistant in a FGBMA meeting in San Pedro Sula that night. The next day I had to minister thirty-five leaders of the Church “Jesus Is The Lord” during eight consecutive hours while standing.

When we left, my husband asked what I was planning to do. I responded, “*I will believe God*”. Then, he asked me why I thought this was happening to me. I said, “*This is just an opportunity to depend on God completely*”.

I arrived home and began manifesting a fever and great chills. I called sister Iona and asked her to join me in prayer and take authority over that situation. I told the Lord that I believed He could practice the surgery I needed. That night, by faith, I attended our date with FGBMA..

Next morning, I was standing up only by faith in Him who had called me and to Whom I

had promised faithfulness. In the middle of our ministrations, around eleven thirty a.m., while I preached the Word, a strong deliverance anointing came upon us. I suddenly felt that a surgery was being performed and then the furuncle began to drain. I can only insist on saying that the God in which I have believed in, never fails nor leaves me in shame. He is the best doctor I know. He took my pain and sicknesses with Him on the cross for me to be free and that I would live only by Him and for Him.

On Saturday, June the 24<sup>th</sup> of 1995 the Lord allowed us to have a meeting at Eng. Salatiel Salinas' camp house in Lamaní, Comayagua with a group of men and women thirsty for God. Brother Luis, my husband, and I (brother Raúl Guerra joined us also) were invited by the FGBMA division in Lamaní. Even as we went on our way to the meeting's location, we could perceive in the Spirit what God was about to do; it was something very strong. We nearly had an accident due to a white car coming at high speed at its left side, but God's faithfulness and covering was seen. He gave Rigo the ability to avoid the collision. Immediate healings were done from which we

received testimonies. One noticeable case was that of Mrs. Elia Martha Elvir de Domínguez, who had broken her nose ten years before then in an accident. She had chronic sinus and had totally lost her sense of smell. That afternoon, Jesus reconstructed her nose bones, eliminated the sinus, and she recuperated her sense of smell. Between tears and cries, she repeated, “I can only say that Jesus is alive!” I testify once again, just like she did, that our God is alive, because I have seen Him day by day moving, loving me, healing, delivering, and restoring.

As I thought this book’s first edition was finished (which I realize is just a dew drop in relationship to the immensity of what God does and has done for and through us), I was getting ready to travel to the United States, believing that God had planned this journey. The nation had declared a discompensation in the dollar availability, and that was why purchasing dollars had been completely suspended and the international credit cards were blocked out. My mother asked, “*How are you going to travel without dollars?*” “*When the Lord supplies, the banks from above maintain themselves open, even if the banks*

*around here are paralyzed”, was my answer.*

I really believe there is power in what the sons and daughters of God proclaim when it is based on God’s Word and His character. Three days later I received an offering in dollars from an unknown servant of God who needed a translation. Some days later I received a letter from a brother in Christ who lives in the United States. It said, *“I only obey the Holy Spirit who told me to send this tithe and offering to you”*. These were dollars once again. Our God is Powerful and is teaching me through His eternal faithfulness to depend on Him who is the only complete and total life insurance I know of.

Lic. Wilfredo Aplícano and his wife Mirna, had received Jesus in an impacting way recently. They had a deep calling from the Lord. God sent them to us as a help in the ministry and to be our friends as well. His two younger sons’ hearts were touched also. All of them were living a beautiful experience with God. On July, 1995 their first grandson had been born to his older son Wilfredo and his wife Vilma Ayestas. The boy received the name of his two grandfathers because he was their first grandson: Wilfredo Tomás Aplícano

Ayestas. That boy who meant happiness for many, suddenly began manifesting an intolerance for his mother's milk and a regurgitation caused by pylorus stenosis. As a consequence the boy started to manifest blots on his tongue and face. It was necessary to import a meal called Nutra gimen, which was the only thing he tolerated. This was also excessively costful and hard to find since it was not found locally. Eleven months had passed ever since the pediatrician examined him every fifteen days. The boy vomited everything he ate and therefore, did not gain weight. It was logical to think that he would suffer malnutrition. The doctor made his parents know that it was imperative to have an operation done. An uncle informed them that there was a specialist in Tegucigalpa capable of having these surgeries performed successfully, and so they planned an appointment as soon as possible.

Brother Wilfredo and sister Mirna asked their son and daughter-in-law for the opportunity of praying for the boy before leaving for Tegucigalpa. They told them it was appropriate to pass by La Lima on their way, in order for us to pray for him. Later they would

continue on their way through La Barca, crossing El Progreso. Brother Wilfredo called me and we decided to wait for them and pray together.

When the Aplicano and little Wilfredo Tomás arrived, sister Iona and I were praying and awaited for God's miracle. We began praying together proclaiming His Word over the little one who was only eleven months old. We asked the Lord to make a creative miracle and that He himself would make the necessary operation. Then, brother Wilfredo testified he experienced the exquisite presence of God that descended from above, wrapping the child, and covering him with a tenderness never experienced before. The prayer was brief and powerful. We all knew the Lord had healed the child.

Wilfredo and Vilma continued their journey to keep the doctor's appointment in Tegucigalpa. After examining him the doctor said, *"This does not need surgery. Do not be alarmed. Only give it some time."* The boy received treatment for one month, and then drank country soy milk. Later he was able to take normal milk and developed perfectly.

The young parents had been told by many that this left consequences, most probably ulcers in the esophagus, therefore on July of 1996 they made a trip to Oklahoma, United States to have a specialist check Wilfredo Tomas's digestive system. Following the medical check-up the doctor exclaimed: *"It doesn't seem as if this boy had any esophagus suffering whatsoever. Everything is completely healthy; like new"*.

Wilfredo Tomás is now a healthy and energetic boy. We know that the Lord manifested Himself in his life as a testimony for those who know them and are reading this book today.

In 1996 one morning, when our ministry was still located at our home, we prayed with some sisters and I told them, "I feel that the enemy has been keeping the blessings and offerings that God has sent us. Let's command the enemy to take his fangs off the ministry's money right now". The next morning one of my brothers and friend, René Lorenzana, whom I had met many years before through brother Angel in Valle Bonito, came looking for me. I had not seen him for a long time. He started to say, "Sister, I feel

ashamed. I sold a property two months ago and brought forth the tithe to distribute it between three ministries. I gave out the other two, but I don't know what happened to me. I tried to come here, but something stopped me from doing so. Suddenly yesterday I found the envelope, though and felt the urgency to come. So here you have these ten-thousand Lempiras for the ministry". I experimented joy because we were needing that money, but even more because I could see God's faithfulness, revealing us the devil's plans for us to overcome with faith.

I was invited for the first time to preach to the group of women of FGBMA in San Pedro Sula at their Saturday meeting in Hotel and Club Copantl. When I came to that place, I felt power, blessing, and freedom in my spirit, like I had experienced only a few times. The prophetic anointing flowed like never before through me. Between the many things that God did, I can never forget calling a woman through Word of wisdom. I later found out that her name was Susy Ustariz. As I had her in front of me, I ministered her, and she suddenly fell to the ground. I got near her and began ministering to her womb, casting away any

malignancy. Then I found out that she was about to be operated due to cancer in her uterus. For God's glory and for the doctor's surprise, she was healed that same morning and there was no need for surgery. She doesn't get tired of testifying His power.

Héctor Aplícano Molina came to our house with Luisa, his wife searching for prayer due to small marriage disagreements, as it usually happens. They were beginning their walk in the Lord and wanted to do everything correctly. Sister Iona and I prayed for them, like we usually did, and attended them. Some days before, we had ministered to their daughter, Larisa, who was also straining to live the right way in Christ together with her husband, Jorge Siryi. After praying for her, we realized there was a spirit of death which had chased her for a long time. When we began praying in the spirit for sister Luisa (her mother) I started to sense a strange spiritual odor similar to that of hospitals followed by the smell of burned flesh. I asked the sister: *"Have you ever been in a fire or in a place where somebody died burned by fire?"*

She answered, "When I was about to give birth to Larisa we were living in the Dominican

Republic. My husband worked for the army, and therefore I was attended at the Military Hospital. My labor pains grew difficult, so I was submitted to surgery. The hospital was full and it had a lot of activity because many soldiers had died in a massacre and some were burned to death. They had just removed a burned soldier from the operating room, who had recently died. There was no time to clean it nor to disinfect it, and yet I was assisted there". Sister Iona and I began praying immediately for deliverance from that spirit of death which had followed her ever since then like a shadow, as well as Larisa, her daughter, who had been born there.

Things in the spiritual world are amazing. Those odors I perceived were "Word of knowledge". God delivered our sister's life and that of her daughter. Both families serve God faithfully today. Brother Hector and sister Luisa are leaders at a christian ministry in Tegucigalpa.

Around 1997 we rented a two-story building in the central part of La Lima, where we gathered as a local church, and prayed

together from six to seven o'clock a.m. One morning, as we returned from prayer and headed for our house with sister Ingrid Ochoa, we stopped at the Texaco gasoline station to fuel our car. I told sister Ingrid, *"I will pay one-hundred Lempiras (the Honduran monetary unit); the printing shop will repay it to me later"*. Suddenly, in front of our eyes, a one-hundred Lempiras bill fell upon my legs from the car's ceiling. Then, I told sister Ingrid, *"They reimbursed it to me from heaven already"*.

Another day in which we came back from morning prayer, sister Ingrid had a terrible gum pain due to a chronic tooth illness she had. I prayed for her fervently. Sister Mirlen, who had been suffering from bursitis for several days already (It got to the point of not being able to dress herself alone. Somebody else had to bathe her and dress her because she could not move her arm). In order to play the guitar she had to put great effort and withstand the pain. While I prayed for Ingrid, Mirlen said to the Lord, *"I take from that same healing anointing and I receive it right now"*. At that same moment sister Mirlen was healed and delivered through faith and the power of God.

## *Healing, Miracles, and Much More...*

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On 1997 the Lord allowed many brethren to be part of The Glory of God Interdenominational and International Ministry at Coatzacoalcos, Veracruz in Mexico. We had a beautiful campaign in Minatitlán and also a meeting with the pastor's wives. A pretty young woman came to me with tears in her eyes saying that her home had no solution nor hope, even though her husband was a pastor. We prayed to God, and asked for the restoration of her home and of their personal lives. In 1998 I returned with sister Nerea de Osorto to attend an invitation to minister women exclusively. At one of the meetings, this woman came near me and said: *"Take this ring as a sign of gratitude for what God did for me through you. Our home has been rescued and we are extremely happy"*. The interesting part of this was that the ring fit my finger perfectly. Each time I wear it, I remember how mighty my God is.

On September of 1997 God put in my heart that it was necessary to search for a place we could buy to establish the ministry. We had strolled from one place to another for a long time, but the Lord had already commanded us to stay in one place. We prayed the Lord in

this respect, until He put in Rigo's heart by December that maybe we could buy some land that was actually being used to tend cattle. Before talking to the owners we prayed, they sent a sales representative and together we went to see the land. I had asked the Lord to give me a visible signal when I arrived at the place that He would bless. When we arrived at the site we parked the car under a tree, there was a little bird on a branch. It sang something close to me (which I understood as an approving spiritual message), when I had heard it, the bird flew away. I had the certainty that this was the place. The Lord had put in my heart the amount we should pay. When we asked about the price it exceeded Lps.100,000.00 to what I had received from God. I told the lady: "Tell the lawyer if he accepts an offer of 'this much'"; the next day she called to say that the lawyer had accepted the price, provided that it was cash. I told her: "Don't worry, tell him that by the beginning of January we will be taking the money to close the deal". The tremendous thing is that we did not have money in the bank nor in our purse, just faith and God's promise that He had told me: "You take the first step that I will do the rest". So it was that the first day of that year,

we went with some brethren in the rain to walk around the site and take possession of it in the spirit.

At the end of 1997 when we still gathered on the second floor of the Bonilla Supermarket, I was preaching the Word and called those who needed healing. Between those who walked up front was Aldo Nehemias Zelaya, our keyboard player, who is sister Mirlen's son (this is a complete family of faith). Aldo had warts which had appeared on his hands. It was shameful for him to even play the keyboard because his hands had a very bad appearance due to the warts (eight were on one hand and formed an ugly mass). We know this is a viral illness which has no cure. The only way to make it disappear is through cauterization, surgery or extirpation of it using laser beams. Aldo walked up front for prayer, believed in God with all his heart, and in an almost imperceptible way the warts began to reduce in size. This continued until one day he realized all the warts had disappeared from his hands.

In an illogical way, on January 4, 1998, I went with sister Rosita Bardales to an annual spiritual convention organized by apostle

Morris Cerullo, in Anaheim, California. One morning at the convention, we received a challenge from brother Morris Cerullo. It consisted in giving all we had. With security when we returned back home, we would have the money necessary to obtain the ministry's property. I moved in faith and surprisingly on February the 8<sup>th</sup> we were signing a contract without any debts. The following Sunday we placed the first fence brick of the ministry on our property.

The way we acquired what is our tabernacle is another big testimony and miracle. God used a man, the owner of a metal structure business, to bless us and provide the structure we needed. We began gathering there on Sunday mornings, but kept our offices and evening services in downtown La Lima. For some reason we did not feel it was time to leave that place on the second floor yet.

One Sunday in October 1998 during the morning service the López Sosa family gave us their first fruits from their rice harvest. I placed the rice on two plastic containers and took them to the church on the second floor of the Bonilla Supermarket.

Rigo and I had been wanting for a long time to attend in October 1998 to the spiritual warfare congress which “El Shaddai” Church celebrated yearly in Guatemala. When the moment arrived for us to leave, news about hurricane and tropical depression Mitch was alarming. The eye of the hurricane arose and descended and its behavior was unpredictable. After praying we decided to travel. Our airplane was the last to depart and then the airport was closed. We arrived at nighttime in Guatemala. Everyone waited for us in the building where the event was to be held. Many were asking for us because it was strange for us not to have arrived earlier. Next morning, in the middle of five-thousand people we were found and informed of the following: *“You have a telephone call from home. There’s an emergency; your house is flooding and your daughters need to be evacuated”*. We instructed my son Elías to take them to his house in San Pedro Sula. We heard one more conference and left towards the airport.

Returning home was an odyssey. The airplane we took in San Salvador was the last one to land in Tegucigalpa in many days. The flight was terrible. Upon our arrival we found

out that the buses which travelled between San Pedro Sula and Tegucigalpa had stopped circulating. We decided to go to brethren Hector and Luisa Aplíciano's home who live in Tegucigalpa. The taxi made circles around the district they lived without success; we could not find their house. We went to a shopping center with our suitcases and everything else. I sat down asking the Lord to send us an angel to help us since we had no way out. I was praying at the Miramontes Commercial Center when a friend, Dr. García Casanova, whom I had met through brother Hector, came out of his car. He took us to his house. The next day the incidents became greater and we could only return home thanks to the Lord's mercy and to the love of brethren Hector and Wilfredo, who gave their lives for us. Brother Hector allowed us to travel in his car to the place where it could not pass anymore; it got stuck in Comayagua. But then brother Wilfredo picked us up, where we continued immediately, to become witnesses of unthinkable events. The 4 x 4 Ford travelled through places where it did not fit, crossed bridges which were falling down, and once again, we were the last ones to travel that road because the bridges fell and hills collapsed

behind us.

At our arrival in San Pedro Sula we understood many things. Many brethren from our church and people from our community took refuge at our church building in downtown of La Lima; it is amazing is that they fed on the rice firstfruits we had left. The day in which the portion of rice finished we were able to enter on a boat to give them a new food ration. God allowed our exit on time in order to help them from outside.

On a certain day while I organized clothes in my drawer I took hold of some pink pants in my hands which had a thick fabric and said to myself, *“I will give these to sister Angelina López”*. But then my mind said, *“Sister Angelina doesn’t wear pants”*. The Spirit continued telling me to give them to sister Angelina, and so I did. Some time later sister Angelina testified that for many years she suffered from a terrible allergy on her legs. It caused them to itch, and yet she could not control this with anything. Sister Angelina said she wore the pants immediately after receiving them, and they were her remedy. Her legs never itched again.

## *Drops of Dew*

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In 1999 the five-hundred Lempira bills were given out in Honduras. One night at church I told the Lord, *"I hear people talking about those five-hundred Lempira bills, I listen they come and go, but I haven't even seen them"*. When the moment to receive the offering came at the service, a brother came up to me and placed something in my hand. When I extended my hand to see what it was I found nothing else but a five-hundred Lempira bill. Halleluyah!

On April of 1999 we made the decision to open the Christian bilingual school God had spoken about to us eight years ago. School would start on September the 2nd, but on the first of September we were still missing a teacher for first grade. Sister Iona and I prayed, but everytime we did so we felt that the Lord had everything under control.

It was 5:30 p.m. and the person had not arrived yet. Suddenly, the telephone rang. It was a female voice saying, *"I am a Christian. I am a teacher, and the Lord told me to call you to offer my services"*.

I was so astonished that I immediately told Sister Iona, *"Please, call this number"*. I did

## *Healing, Miracles, and Much More...*

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not even ask the sister if she spoke English. *“Call her, please”*. Some minutes later, sister Iona told me, *“Sister Zuly Cáliz studied in the United States and is willing to come early tomorrow”*.

Without interviewing her, we met Zuly and she started at Sunshine School that same day. When she entered through the door of “Gerizim” (our conference room), the Lord told me, *“I sent her for the ministry”*.

Many expenses had to be made in order to finish the classroom ceilings at the school. Sidewalks were necessary as well as other details. The brethren from church who lived in San Pedro Sula generously made activities selling food to help us with expenses and investments. I was thinking about asking the church for an activity they could make to raise funds, but that Sunday morning, while I took a shower, God spoke to me and said, *“Believe in Me; I can send in one moment that which would take a lot of effort and time for you to do”*. That morning, I went to church and met sister Rosita Bardales at the door. She told me, *“We worked hard yesterday, but we collected five-thousand Lempiras”*. But before entering the Tabernacle a beloved sister

stopped me and said, *“My son, who lives in the United States, sends this money to you for the ministry”*. It was amazing! These were exactly five-thousand Lempiras!

In 1999 I was invited to minister at Tocoa, Colon with a group from FGBMA. We normally stayed at brethren Oscar Finlander and Marcia Reyes’s home and so it was this time. At night we went to the meeting place, which was large and elegant. A precious woman of God came to greet me: Edy Argentina Hernandez, a teacher from Tocoa who seemed familiar and that I knew I had met before. She began to tell me, *“I was waiting for you in order to testify about something. When you were here three years ago, I was not a Christian, but I was invited to a meeting just like this one. When you called to pray for healing, I walked to the front and asked you to pray for my son Melvin Rubilio Hernandez who was twenty years old and was completely deaf in one ear. He was already losing hearing in the other, even though he was not present at the meeting. You prayed, sent the Word of healing, and to my surprise when I returned home, my boy was completely healed. He can hear perfectly now. Because of that miracle I converted to*

*the Lord and I serve God faithfully. I am now part of the leadership of FGBMA". I was joyful to see God's hand operating even from a distance only through faith.*

The next day, Saturday, we had a retirement at "La Bolsa" in the same city of Tocoa. There was a special moment during the time we ministered when we started to proclaim physical and spiritual healing on people. The Spirit of God was obviously there, and while sister Mirlen sang and worshipped God, I prayed. Sister Ondina Alemán began to shout praising God. We did not know what was happening, but when worship and prayer ended, she testified and said, *"Fifteen years ago I had the articulation on my right elbow paralyzed. For many years I could not bend my elbow; I had a rigid arm and watch how I bend and move it now! Halleluyah! Glory be to God!"* She cried and shouted for joy.

Michelle Zelaya is one of sister Mirlen's daughters. She had a continuous blood flow during four weeks and later had alterations with her menstrual period. For this reason her mother took her to the gynecologist. He ran an ultrasound test in which a cyst appeared clearly on her right ovary. On August of 1999,

one Sunday morning during the service, I made a calling for those who needed healing prayer. I prayed for Michelle specifically for her uterus. On March of 2000, while Mirlen and I ministered in Mexico, Michelle went to the gynecologist with her father. To everybody's surprise the ultrasound test showed that the cyst had disappeared completely. Glory be to God!

On October of 1999, God allowed me to preach and minister the Word of God in the event called "Women Who Impact Nations" of "La Cosecha" Ministry. Many women were touched, healed, and delivered in this congress. The following week, two precious women, Norma Mendoza and Laura Núñez, came to our ministry for counseling and prayer. Sister Iona and I attended and ministered to them afterwards. Sister Laura Núñez had a strong deliverance and stayed on the floor for a long time. We knew the Lord was making a mighty work in her. Some time back, while ill at the hospital, a spirit of death had come inside her. We literally saw it come out of her that day. When sister Laura stood up she asked us to pray long distance for her mother Hayde Rodríguez in Tegucigalpa, who

had cancer of the uterus and ovaries. I didn't know much more about the subject, but a few months later in the midst of 2000, I was invited to preach the Word with a group of women from FGBMA at the Honduran Arabian Club, I met sister Laura who came up front to testify how her mother had been healed when we sent the Word of power and healing. Today, her mother, Hayde lives a normal life and serves God in the city of Tegucigalpa.

One of the most impacting and fresh testimonies is that of Aleida L. Díaz del Valle. She is married, mother of three children, and was born in La Ceiba, but lives in the western part of our country. She came to receive ministry on November the 3<sup>rd</sup> of 1999. Her brother Blas Alonso, who had come for prayer before, brought her.

Throughout the year 1999 Aleida had been very sick, weak, had fevers, pain in her back and womb. Her hair was beginning to fall. She received medical treatment including strong antibiotics, oxygen suppliers for her brain, vitamins and more. She was sent to the gynecologist when the doctor detected a lump in her womb. The gynecologist diagnosed an ovarian tumour in an advanced state, which was

confirmed with ultrasound tests and clinical findings. A Panhisterectomy was immediately indicated. This meant taking out her uterus and ovaries through surgery. The diagnosis reconfirmed by another specialist was the following: Solid tumourization on the ovary to the state of not detecting the left ovary due to the mass adhered to the uterus.

Aleida prayed and believed God. She thought that before searching for health through natural medias she must find somebody who could pray for her with God's authority.

Aleida and her husband left Santa Rosa and had planned to meet with Aleida's brothers who lived in La Ceiba. Together they arrived at New Dawn Ministry in La Lima. Sister Iona and I were waiting for them. When we got close to the car to invite them in, we saw Aleida's appearance was deplorable. The spirit of death could be perceived. We had a small meeting in which we spoke, and as we were led by the Holy Spirit we asked all of Aleida's brothers to renounce the contamination coming from witchcraft, which they inherited from their father, and that they could break any ancestral bondages declaring

the living God's covering upon them. They prayed declaring Jesus as the only Lord of their lives. Then, I asked them to go out and leave us with Aleida and her husband, who is a man of God, filled with faith and prayer. This helped a lot in Aleida's case.

We began to pray, rebuking the spirit of death which had taken her directly. We broke the curse which had been sent upon her and the death decree imposed by witches and evil spirits who had governed the paternal family. She had a very strong deliverance with external manifestations. We fought spiritually for her life, ministered to her feet, as the Spirit of God indicated us. We prayed for her cerebellum, which was being governed by the enemy. We claimed that the blood of the Lamb burned that tumour (it was palpable) and asked the Lord to put new cells in her reproductive system. The deliverance and ministering lasted almost an hour, since the enemy wanted to kill her in some moments. Finally, she left the room; her face and appearance were different. Even her attitude was different. Immediately she searched for the ministry's library to buy books to read which I had written. Aleida was allowed to take

fifteen days off from work, but she preferred spending them in prayer and proclaiming health. On November the 15<sup>th</sup> she visited another doctor in San Pedro Sula, because she wanted to confirm her miracle. He said, *“The tumour doesn’t exist anymore. I can only see some fibromas, but these can wait to be operated on January. Stay calm and come to an appointment on December 15”*.

Aleida visited a gynecologist-oncologist in Viera Clinics in Tegucigalpa on December the 22<sup>nd</sup>. When he saw the results of previous ultrasound tests, he exclaimed, *“If this is confirmed it would mean the worst thing for you”*. Aleida testified to the doctor and told him she believed in Jesus and in miracles. Next day she took another ultrasound test, but the results were what Aleida expected. There was no tumour! The doctor said, *“The only explanation could be that the body absorbed it”*. He did not know it was the blood of Christ which had absorbed it. The doctor ratified, *“You are totally healthy and could even be a mother if you desire so”*.

Many people prayed, interceded for Aleida. The most important thing is that Jesus did it and the glory is only His. Aleida and her

husband wished to have another baby. The Lord gave them the baby after this healing and deliverance. Today the Díaz family enjoys peace and spiritual freedom. This situation helped them grow in faith and in the knowledge of the Son of God, Jesus Christ the Almighty.

At the end of 1999 Rigo and I realized it was time to start building our new house next to the ministry's instalations, where many brethren had bought lots. We felt that it was my son Elías who would design it, but then we thought it would be good for him to also construct it, starting on February of 2000. Ever since he started supervising and directing the construction, problems began to occur to him because he had been retired from the Lord, I told him, "Son, from the moment you entered this place, this territory, you came under the ministry's spiritual covering. The enemy has his eyes placed on you and will try to affect you. You need to pray daily and give your day to the Lord". A few weeks after he had started coming, one Friday, we received a telephone call informing us that thieves had entered his house and had taken both his keyboards which were of excellent quality as well as other

things. At that moment brother Rafael Contreras from Guatemala was at our office and so I asked him if we could pray for my son. We only prayed for his soul, his salvation, and conversion. The next day, I didn't even know how to talk to him about the subject, but as he sat by my desk told me, "Mom, I realize all the abilities I have, have been given to me by God, and I have understood that I need to put them to His service. I want to tell you that you count with me from now on in whatever I can help in the ministry. If the keyboards would appear some day they would belong to the church, because I would only use them to praise God". This is one of the greatest miracles I have seen, and one of the biggest gifts I could receive in 2000. Soon, Elias moved to La Lima, began to serve in the ministry with all his heart and in many areas, got married and is an enormous blessing for the work of God. He designed this book's front cover and edited it for people's blessing.

God had told me some years ago, "Your children will arrive and will be a blessing for the ministry". The prophetess Gloria Ordóñez, now Giraldi, told me in a meeting at Miami eight years ago, "Your son, the architect

(Elías) will come first, and then the others will". This has been taking place. God has granted me the miracle of having my son Oscar coming back to His feet, with anointing and determination. He is serving God in the ministry as well.

On April of 2000 we went to Valle Bonito after many months. We had a precious general service. In the middle of the service some brethren came up front for prayer, but for my surprise a little sister held on to me and hugged me saying, "*I wanted to hug you*". She did not let go of me. Later she explained, "*Last year I was extremely ill from my womb. I prayed to God, but you came while I was sleeping, touched my womb, and when I awoke I was completely healed. That is why I wanted to know you: to thank God and you*".

On July of 2000 we were in Miami along with some beloved sisters and I was telling them that soon I would go to minister in Belize. I had prayed for this trip and knew I shouldn't go alone (for covering); however, the church that was inviting me only could pay my ticket and I did not have the finances to take somebody else, although I was contemplating the possibility and way to do it. At the end of

the visit with the sisters, one of them told me: "I have received from God that you should not go alone to Belize, tell me how much does the ticket cost and count with it, so you take a warrior with you". I bless God for that precious sister that made it possible for sister Iona to go with me, it was extremely necessary.

Since 1999 brother Juhani from Finland was talking to me about a mission to Spain (Hispania IX) to be accomplished between September and October 2000. I thought I could not go even when I wished it with all my heart. It was a few days off and I was lacking faith; to see pastor Aristides Dueñas faith ministered me, who from the beginning said that he was going. I knew the investment was big. I communicated it to the congregation to see if they wanted to support the mission, even though I did not think it would be me who would travel. I was still talking when some brethren whom I had not seen for a long time came in. When the meeting was over they looked for me to tell me: "We heard the end of your announcement, we want to tell you that we sold a property and are bringing you the tithe in dollars for you to use them in this mission to Spain". Once more I could see

God's faithfulness and love for my life.

After this I traveled again with my sister Mirlen to Merida to minister at a women's convention, that included pastors' wives. During the closing evening, God showed me through word of knowledge a bursitis problem on a left shoulder. To my surprise sister Gladis de Ríos a pastor's wife passed. They invited me to preach at their congregation the next evening. When we arrived at the church, she testified how she had been healed the night before and the way she could perform many movements with her arm now, what was impossible for her to do before. That evening the Lord gave me another specific word of knowledge: migraine, a young girl passed and I prayed specifically. When the meeting was over she showed me the tablets she used to have with her for this migraine but to my surprise, this girl, Rocío is the pastors' daughter. "What so big purposes would God have for this family?"

On December 2000 pastor Boris Aparicio invited me to preach at his church. To my surprise, as he presented me, he said, "I had my doubts concerning Emma Amelia, but in the middle of this year, we participated on the

Prophetic Encounter she leads every year. I had never fallen to the power of the Holy Spirit in my twenty-one years of ministry, although I have seen many fall. But, when she prayed for me, she only placed her fingers upon my head, and the last thing I remember was that I was on the floor. I wanted to move but couldn't do so. Later, I was able to stand up. She anointed me with wine and without even thinking I fell by the power of God again and couldn't stand up from the floor. When I could stand up again she told me these words from God, 'Behold, today I change you into a new man...' That was the last thing I needed to convince myself because the Lord had given me that same Word this year after a three-week fasting. I knew that day was the fulfillment of the Word. After that moment, awesome things began to occur here at church and in my life". I was able to prove that God had truly worked a deep change in that man's heart.

During that same service I met a tall woman which seemed familiar to me. She asked me, "Do you remember me? I am Nora. I worked for your mother in the drugstore. You made me know Jesus. Fifteen years ago you

sent me a small note, that I still keep, in which you told me to search for a church where the Holy Spirit was present. Ever since then, I am here.”

During that same service I ministered a woman with a strong prophetic anointing. She also came to me at the end and asked, “Do you know who I am? I am Gerondina Medal, the woman you prayed for four years ago at Mrs. Hayde’s home. You ministered deliverance to me and advised me. God took me out of the lowest parts. Now I serve Him. I have a ministry visiting jails and I am an elder of the church”. It is certainly worthy to give some time for the lives of those who will rise and multiply themselves spiritually.

That same day, a beloved sister, Virginia Rodríguez, told me something I ignored. She said, “When you came here for the first time, fifteen years ago to preach to the group of women from FGBMA and ministered with all the gifts of the Holy Spirit, you prayed for me and the Lord healed me from chronic and severe colitis”.

There are so many more testimonies, some I have probably forgotten, but most of

## *Drops of Dew*

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them I don't even know about. What is important is that Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. He is still healing and performing miracles; moreover He is changing people's hearts. He changed my pain into joy, He transformed my bitterness and loneliness into happiness and fulfillment.

I can firmly say, all He has done with me and through me, is only "dew drops".

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## *A Final Note for You*

I believe this book has the life and anointing you need to recognize Jesus Christ as Savior, Healer, and Lord at this very moment. If you need healing of your soul or your body, you can make a prayer of faith. I invite you to lift up your hands unto the Lord of Heaven and Earth to tell Him, "I believe, Lord Jesus Christ, that you took my griefs and carried my sicknesses at the cross in Calvary and that through your wounds I have been cured. I rebuke all sickness. I recognize that Jesus Christ is my Lord. I receive the manifestation of His health now and declare myself free and healed in the Name of Jesus".

If you have been touched by these testimonies, if you have been healed today, or if the Holy Spirit has provoked something new and different in you, please write me testifying for God's glory.