



THE LAST HALLELUJAH A JOURNEY IN FAITH EXCERPT



by Ronda Derendinger

The evening sky created a wash of purples, golds and crimson behind the silhouette of jagged cliffs of the Black Mountains range that sat across the road from our humble home in the Arizona desert. There is nothing more beautiful than the sunrise and sunset of the desert especially during monsoon season when we have an abundance of evening clouds.

Every day just as the sun was setting my husband or myself would walk out to close the gate to our desert oasis. Still being in the realm of praise from the streamed revival from Missouri online and the prayers that were spoken at the close by husband and myself, I recited loudly and with great exuberance my grandfather's favorite scripture, Psalm 23. Taking my staff of weathered driftwood I had collected on a trip to the beach of northern Oregon, I walked toward the gate amazed at the sunset as always and reciting the words "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me" I pounded my staff on the hard desert floor as the dust made a small whirlwind about my feet. Simultaneously I spoke to Jesus aloud, "I often wonder Jesus what it would have been like to be a disciple and walk with you in that desert so far from here."

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At that very moment, feeling something swish gently at my ankle I looked down at my feet fearfully expecting that a snake had silently made its path cross mine. Suddenly I had a vision unlike anything I had ever experienced! There on the hard desert sands beside my feet were His feet. His feet! Jesus' feet! They were weathered, scarred feet in sandals not much more than soles. Feet I would have fallen down to kiss if I had somehow come to my senses long enough to do so. The very hem of His garment had swished so gently upon my leg. With anticipation and such overwhelming joy I scanned the horizon and saw a road. The road which Jesus walked with His disciples of that I am certain. The desert was barren as far as my eyes could see. I had been so silent until now because my breath had literally been removed from my lungs. I began to shout and dance in the spirit! Laughing and crying at the same time, speaking in a language unknown to me and shouting like a crazy person dancing in circles. Imagine the sun's rays penetrating your body outwardly. Joy and amazement filled my entire heart, mind and body, overwhelmed in His precious, precious presence. "Thy rod and they staff they comfort me." Thank you Jesus for your Word!

The vision ended as quickly as it began and I ran into the house with such exuberance that my husband shouted at me to see if I was okay and what had happened. He told me I was glowing and my smile lit the room. I couldn't speak and had to wait until I gained my composure to tell him my story. He asked me why I didn't look up. I think I was afraid my heart couldn't take it. It was simply overwhelming joy!

When I am praying for answers I am the first to tell Jesus what He already knows, I am deaf and blind and need graphic instruction. People laugh when I say this but it is true. I think even He gets this reference because so many times, such as this precious vision, He gives me visual instructions. Through this book of my Journey in Faith you will find many examples of visual assistance of our Lord, I call miracles.

Through this one beautiful vision, Jesus helped me "See" His message to me and to all of us as believers. Even when we do not see Him beside us, He is always there and even when we can't hear him, He hears us and will always be our guide if we just walk with Him in Faith and

listen to the whispers of the Holy Spirit left with us to be our guide after He ascended to Heaven.

These things I have spoken to you while being present with you. But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you.

John 14:25-26