

LORD I NEED A REVIVAL!

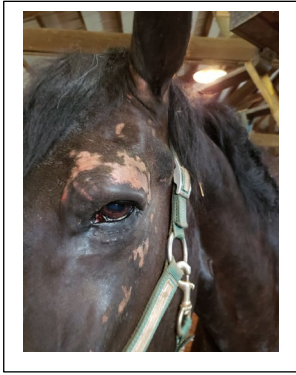


**“Lord I Need a Revival
Feel you moving in my soul
Give me the fire I haven’t felt in far too long
Holy Ghost come awaken
Bring me back to the days when
Wonder working power
Was alive in me”**

-“Revival” by Cain

In our last newsletter, I had written about losing heart and how God uses all types of situations and people to lift us. I had asked him for a spiritual re-awakening; I got it in January of 2020. God gave us Lazarus our big sweet draft. As most of you know, Lazarus’s life with us started with a traumatic fall in the trailer on his way home with us for the first time. And that night, when I thought, God was going to take him before he even got to the ranch, he did the opposite and for the first time in my life, I saw God’s hand working right in front of my eyes. After watching Lazarus try for hours to get up, and as my husband describes it, “It was as if God just picked him (Laz) up and set him on all fours.” The miracle that I witnessed that night, made God so real in my life.

I think a lot of people are surprised to hear that from me. Especially because they know how much I love my Lord & savior. And if they have read my read my book. I have looked back at my life and seen God’s hand in my life, but only in retrospect. I had never witnessed a miracle and known it was such while it was happening. Ever since then, my heart and soul have undertaken a revival and I am more on fire God than ever before.



Fast forward to a few days ago, Saturday July 17, 2021 when I woke up to a phone call that Lazarus is down and somebody is coming to pick me up and drive me down to the barn. He had been down for a long time, probably most of the evening; I could see the hair rubbed off his face and his eye was swollen from thrashing around for so long and he was beyond exhausted. He must have been struggling to get up for hours. I knew this day would come sooner than later because he was older and has health issues since we got him but you're never (ever) really prepared. It didn't look good, so, before the firemen had arrived, I said my good byes. I told Laz, "I love you, thank you for the service the children (here at the ranch) but I know you're tired and if you have to go, it's ok." And I gave him a kiss. I stayed and watched all the extraordinary efforts

done to help get him up; all the ranch volunteers and firemen were working feverishly. I prayed for comfort for Laz and God's will to be done and I accepted whatever that meant. I saw the immense amount of effort and physical struggle put into getting him upright and I began to relive all the emotions of that first night that we got Laz. There was one thing that God made abundantly clear to me this Saturday morning; he reaffirmed what I already knew, that it was truly Him that saved Lazarus that first night a year and half ago. Here in our indoor arena (where Laz's stall was) were many strong hands, equipment special for rescuing large animals and one BIG red tractor. We had a lot of resources available to us, whereas, the first night we got him, we had a fraction.

With a lot of help from a couple of faithful ranch volunteers, Jim Ploof & Terri Holman, my daughter, Savannah, Daugherty Twp and Big Knob VFD and their large animal rescue team and my son-in-law, Cody's, big tractor, they got Laz up.

Laz was an Amish horse so anytime he's around motorized equipment, he gets very stressed so you can imagine how scared he was when we brought the tractor in. He was weak and tired but if he wanted to fight and live, we were going to give him every chance that we could. He held his own for about 48 hours, but only barely. When he went down again Monday morning and couldn't get up on his own, we decided There was no good quality of life left for him. He was simply



existing and that it was time to give him the rest that he desperately needed and deserved.

Lazarus's last 18 months were better than all of the first 18 years of his life and that had to be enough. But as much as I think that we rescued him, boy it's the exact opposite. After the fire department left Saturday morning, I needed help keeping an eye on him for the next 24 hours. When I asked for help, my phone blew up with all the responses. And the ones that could not help, prayed and sent encouraging words. Another who couldn't help, sent food and ice coffee to help give the night shift volunteers energy.

People came and went during the night but one young volunteer, Josie, was there the whole time. With the exception of a short break, Josie did not want to leave Lazarus so, she slept in the arena with him all night. She loved Lazarus from the first day she came to volunteer at the ranch. This Saturday night, Josie made a bed out of bales of hay and a horse blanket and



slept there all night while others kept watch, even when as Lazarus was eating her pillow.



As adults we possess the maturity to handle death but for kids, it's much harder. Lazarus is Josie's first love and her heart is breaking so I ask that you all pray for God to heal her heart. I know my healing will come.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. – Matthew 5:4

As of the time of writing this article, July 19, 2021 12:50pm he has only been gone two hours and my head is still filled with all of the blessings of, as one boy put it, "a dinosaur."



Many cannot comprehend why an animal would be so important to any human. For me, the answer is simple. It is not about the animal itself (although they touch your soul deeply) it's about how God uses these creatures that he made, to teach me about humility, grace & mercy, teach others about love, kindness, forgiveness, second chances and about how he gave kids joy and a hope for their future.

If you look at the world around you... locally, nationally and around the world and it is apparent to me that our time here is short. But I feel like here, at the ranch, we are an island of peace and real deep-

down joy even though the kids we see every day are experiencing anything BUT that. This is why I know that God lives here at the ranch. I not only have peace inside but a joy that I can't explain, even as I know Lazarus had to go and my heart aches. I have such a fervor for people to know God. I want them to know how much he loves them, how he can take their life (no matter how seemingly hopeless or mundane) and make it this "way out there" joyous, type of passionate living for Him! And the best part, it's a gift. You don't have to DO anything, just accept the gift of salvation, just receive it! It's easy, but not easy. Easy to take the gift but the transformation that follows is anything but easy. Anyone who's gone through it will tell you, that even though you experience difficulties during your transformation, in the end, there is no describing the freedom you have in Christ.

Lazarus is another reminder of the fact that we are not promised tomorrow. My question for many of the kids this year has been, "If you were to die today, where would your soul wake up?" The answer is simple, Heaven or Hell. But you can't make the choice *after*, you have to make it now.

Hebrews 9:27 - And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment:



