



Hi all!

We got home okay, but late. Thanks for all your prayers, as they were needed. Rick and I were on national TV but we have no pictures from it. They had elections on Sunday. The president that was in power gave us airtime to preach and prophecy. This also goes out internationally. We had people call us and told they saw us on TV and liked what God had us say (Rick did most of it. I did not feel I had anything.)

Love Susanne

Day 1:

That morning we got up at 4am to have coffee and then drive to Miami airport. Once we hit the pillow in Honduras, we had been up 25 hours, what a long day! What was our mission? The original plan was that Pastor Roberto invited us and for me to prophecy to 10-12 churches and their members. The church was in a small town named Orica up the mountains. I knew before we left that God had planned much more and we were to be going as a team with Gladys and Angel, our friends whom we met here in Florida a few month ago. They originally came from Honduras and now live here in the USA. Before we left someone gave me a word "Be still and know that I am God" which proved to be right.

The flight to San Pedro, Honduras is only 2 1/2 hours long but once you step out of the plane you are in a different world. We were greeted by Gladys's brother-in-law, Alex and her nephew Charley, who is 19 years old. They do not speak English and we do not speak Spanish. Since Angel and Gladys would not come in until another 5 hours or so, they took us to a mall to make a call to the USA to tell our daughter we landed safely and we had a meal together. Alex had eye problems and I laid hands on him for healing.

After Gladys and Angel landed, we took off for the main Capital city Tegucigalpa that is about 4 to 5 hours away. On the way, we stopped at a "restaurant" and had fish. They catch the fish in a huge lake that is right behind the building. We had tilapia and bass. It was very good. Now besides that of course there was always prayer, singing, and laying hands on people. Always nonstop, except when we slept. The roads are in bad condition and we experienced many bumps. We were welcomed at Alex's house by his wife Lollie, who is Gladys's sister. They are both Christians. We fell into our bed around 5 am only to be woken up by some roaster that does not know the time and a person yelling "Tortillas" nonstop trying to sell them. It was an interesting start!

Day 2:

That morning we were scheduled to speak at a TV station. The main elections were to take place on Sunday and we were invited by the president of Honduras to speak. Pastor Roberto wanted me to give a prophetic word, but I had nothing.

When we woke up Angel told us to leave our stuff there because people will rip the purse from you. I got scared and could not leave the bed and told Rick I wanted to go home. God told me "Be still and know that I am God". In the meantime, they all prayed for me and I finally was able to leave the bed and get ready. Lollie was making us pancakes and she was crying and saying she was humbled and honored to have us in their house. I told her no, we were honored and humbled and that we are just plain servants of the Lord and nothing special.

We drove around the city and we had a new driver Orlando, another nephew of Gladys. We went to visit a Pastors house that is so small it is hard to explain. The wooden boards on the floor are falling apart and they are so poor. But they are rich in the Lord and we prayed for them and I gave a word to his wife that God showed me. After that, we met Pastor Roberto and his helper at the missionary house for prayer and lunch.

We drove to the TV station and had to wait a while because we had missed our time. In the meantime, there was confusion. I told them I had nothing and I wanted Rick to speak, which turned out well since he had a word anyway :) In the mean time, a woman came out of nowhere and prophesied to Gladys that Rick and I would speak to nations. I still don't know the exact content, but she is a pastors wife and wants us to speak at her church when we go back. We finally stood in front of the cameras that transmitted live and not only in Honduras. It was an international TV channel and anyone who received this channel in the world could see us right then and there.

To me this wasn't a big deal but everyone else seemed very excited. Rick delivered the "Word", a scripture and then he told them what he thought God put on his heart. I said something too but I don't remember what. The whole thing must have been good because people called Gladys and her family and told her how good it was and wanted to meet us and pray with them.

After that, we were scheduled to speak at a local radio station somewhere and off we drove on roads that reminded me of Kenya. When we got there it was late and we right away were given microphones and asked to pray, say a word, etc. After that, people called the station and asked for prayers. The phone was very busy, many people called in. That was pretty cool to me. There was also a local pastor and I asked if I could pray for him. We anointed him with oil, laid hands on him, and God gave me a word of knowledge about his wife. I told him God showed me his wife was ill and God wanted to heal her. The pastor said that was true, his wife was ill. We prayed for healing and I also had a word for him that he must have received because he was weeping.

Afterwards he invited us to his church and we went there and they had service. The size of the church was a little bit bigger than our main bathroom but everyone was standing and singing, no instruments;

too poor (they did have a guitar that the pastor played softly later) I was so tired and did not want to go but once the tiredness lifted, the headache left and it was such an awesome place!

They had mostly woman and a few man in the background. Once they turned the service over to us, I gave a word of knowledge and one woman came forward. I said there is another one and indeed another came forward. They got prayer from all of us, they were slain in the spirit and fell, and the place was rocking. Orlando, Gladys's nephew received the Lord. She had prayed for that for years! Praise the Lord! There was a man in the back that refused prayer from Angel. So, just as Tony taught us, Rick asked him if he could just bless him. The man agreed and Rick said a blessing. Now the man had his arms crossed in front of him and the look on his face was hard and angry. Rick asked for God to show him the truth about His power.

A few minutes later the man gave his life to Christ, Praise God! He fell on the ground shaking and when he got up his whole face was beaming with joy and full of God's glory. Hallelujah. He shook Rick's hand and thanked him. What a glorious evening.

The pastor's wife was there too, and she was being healed as we prayed with her husband in front of the radio station. Praise God! Afterwards, they took up an offering and surrounded our van and prayed for safe travels. We want to go back there to the little church that is somewhere with the bad roads :) On our way back to the main city, Gladys reminded me that I had a word for Charley but he was on his way to El Salvador as a truck driver and we would not see him again. As we are saying this, the guy is behind us in his truck! Oh, Lord you are so good and wonderful. We beeped our horn and stopped at the side of the road. I was so tired but Gladys made me gather strength and I delivered the word of the Lord to him. After that he accepted the Lord (Gladys had been praying for that for years also) Glory to Him! We went back to Alex and Lollie's house where we were served a meal and, as always, we were praying, singing and just happy in the Lord.

We went to bed late and we had to prepare ourselves to take on our journey to Orica the next day.

Day 3:

That morning we waited for Roberto and Luis to come so we would drive together the long way to Orica. I had a tremendous headache that would not leave me with prayer or Tylenol:) The lady that sells Tortillas was screaming again very early and we decided to buy all her Tortillas from her so she could go home and get rest (and us) She was very pregnant and she had about 200 Tortillas in a bucket. We bought them and laid hands on her and prayed/blessed her. She was a believer. We had hoped to get some peace but someone else caught wind the Americans would buy all the Tortillas, so later someone else came down screaming to sell his stuff:)

I was sad to leave Lollie and Alex but we had to go and finish what God wanted us to do. Right before we left, the car had a flat tire that Orlando fixed. The drive was about 6 hours or more, it's a daze. The roads are bad, bridges are gone, and potholes very large. We stopped at a gas station and all of a sudden there

was a loud noise and another tire blew. We just happened to be across from a tire repair shop and it got fixed there. I was content and knew these things happen. About an hour later, another tire went flat. We were literally in the middle of nowhere and we had to get out of the car and walk to find someone or something. Now remember the pastor that lives so poor? He had our spare tire but Angel did not get it from him in time. As we are walking, singing, praying, and laughing that very pastor drives down the road! They were on their way to the mountains for a 10-day prayer and fast and they had their family in the car along with eggs, food, and drink which was to be consumed after the fast. So unreal they "bumped" into us. Glory to Him!

As the tire was fixed at a little stand, Gladys prayed for a little girl that had cancer. We all laid hands on her, believing she was healed. Afterwards we gave her a puzzle I had gotten from Carols' donation:) You made a girl happy!

We drove for many hours...such bad roads. We were somewhat tired but we prayed, sang, and took a small nap. The church is way up the mountain and our ears kept popping. The potholes were getting bad and we had to go around a washed out bridge and a big truck that was stuck in a curve. From a spiritual point of view, we all felt oppressed and my headache had not left. We all felt heaviness and a heavy weight. I felt uncomfortable because I was the main event and I knew and know that I am not, but only God is. I still asked God for that prophetic word but there was only silence. Now the village that is on top of the mountain is very small and when we got there, it was dark.

The church members were singing with the doors wide open. They were expecting us that is for sure. As we walked in, they all turned their heads and I asked God to please have them focus on Him not on us. I had to use the bathroom so by the time we went back we noticed they had a huge platform that was very elevated (5 steps on each side up) for the Pastor to speak and the worship band. Oh, I was grieving to find that even at the end of the world man was elevating himself above others. We are to serve, to be on the bottom...Gladys, Angel, and Pastor Roberto were already on the platform and after praise and worship he made us come up there also. We obeyed out of respect to the Pastor.

Pastor Roberto turned the service over to me and I asked him if the microphone wire would reach down as I would like to go back down to preach. He agreed and they moved the pulpit down also. It felt so much better, thank you Lord! First, I apologized for my attire as I was wearing pants and I was hoping not to offend the people. But we had our travel clothes on. I gave a simple message (Rick said it was good) and I spoke on the stuff we carry around that are not of Him. I told them we need to get rid of the bondage's in order to fully live for Him. I talked about un-forgiveness and how we must forgive others. Before I started to teach, I told them we came as a team and we would minister as a team. I felt the urgency to take the silly importance that man put on me off. We had an altar call and of course everyone came forward. Here are some highlights:

A young man was there and all the sudden he ran out of the church--literally. Luis went after him and brought him back inside after a little while. The man was crying, as he was the town thief and his wife had kicked him out. He was shaking and had the spirit of suicide on him. Pastor Roberto stepped in but it

did not seem right, as the man needed deliverance. Gladys prayed over him and he started to shake and vomit. She took him through deliverance and he accepted the Lord also. He said he was burning up like on fire (we thought the Holy Spirit touched him) and he ripped his shirt off asking for water. Water was put on his skin, in his mouth. Pastor Roberto hugged him, I wrapped my red flag around them and this went on for a long while. All of a sudden his wife was there and they made up and he looked very happy, set free, and delivered. Glory to God! I prayed for a few ears that opened, couples were reunited, people asked for forgiveness and were crying full of relief. What a night. People were on the ground... well, you get the picture.

Afterwards we went to the Pastors house and received a meal. We gave the Pastors wife all the donations we brought from the states and they received it well. We had our quarters at a church member's house. She was at the service and had reconciled with her husband there. Now Gladys had told us she had to go see her parents that were ill. I told her under no circumstances could she take the van because we had to go back the next night. That night I woke up and it was pitch dark. Hundreds of Coyotes were howling, first one then the rest--all night. It was very eerie and scary and I started to cry.

Rick found the light switch and as I laid there somewhere that was worse than Kilgore. I began to pray and asked the Lord why He brought me there. "Be still and know that I am God." All of a sudden He spoke and gave me the prophetic message to the churches of Orica. Glory to Him! That morning Rick said God woke him up and Gladys was getting ready to leave. I told her under no circumstances would we divide the team and after some talk I said "It's done here" we are leaving to see your parents.

So we got up, washed up a bit and had to explain to Pastor Roberto we had to leave. I told him God had given me that prophetic message and I would deliver it that night over the phone to all the churches. He agreed and we took off. It was strange, but we had to do it. I still had my headache from the day before and everyone else felt the oppression. Roberto showed us the radio station tower where he will start a Christian broadcast soon.

Then we drove for hours again down the mountain, around washed out bridges. As we drove, we prayed, cried, and laughed. The Holy Spirit was in the van and a peace fell on us. As we came down off the mountain to the main road my headache literally lifted. We got out of the van, "cleaned us off" and we felt FREE. Glory to Him!

As we drove to Gladys's parent's house, which was many hours away we encountered a gas station and God gave me a reward...mineral water :) I found it and had a cold cool drink. We also had a slice of pizza, which was outstanding. We felt so relieved and the drive was long and the roads in such bad condition, but it did not matter. As we arrived at her parent's house, we were warmly welcomed by her 96-year-old father and her cancer stricken mother. Gladys has eight brothers and six sisters. A woman opened her home to Rick and I and we showered in an almost "normal shower". The family from Gladys prepared a meal and we ate.

After the meal all of a sudden there was a man on his bicycle. As he drove in he was speaking softly to himself saying "I don't know why you are bringing me here Holy Spirit but I will obey". Come to find out this gentle man was a pastor, an older man. As he sat with us he told us that in order to go up we need to go down to serve, be the lowest of low to be the highest in the kingdom. His spoken words were exactly the same that Pastor Tony at EBC had spoken the Sunday before. Oh God is good...He speaks to all of us. He said when he became a Christian so long ago God healed him of diabetes and now he prays for people with that and they become healed. Wow. We looked at him, started crying and telling him I had that illness. He looked at us and told us he is in the company of two angels (meaning us but not literally) and all the sudden a feather came down from the ceiling--the same kind we saw at EBC when we received prayer. I caught the feather briefly, we showed it to him and we all started weeping crying. We prayed for him, and he laid hands on me. God is awesome. He will be in Texas in the spring and we will try to see him. He has never been to the states. He also serves the youth prison inmates. When he left I wasn't sure if he was real or an angel. I was assured he was real. I praise God for him and ask for blessings for this man.

We left around 5:30 pm but off course we prayed for everyone and had to promise to come back. On the way back I told Rick the first thing I want when we get back to the states was a hamburger. After ten minutes Lollie called and told us she will cook a hamburger just for me! WOW. They don't make hamburgers usually. God is awesome. On our way back, I was trying to prepare my heart and mind for that phone call to all the churches. I put on my iPod and listened to music, praying. About 30 minutes before the call everyone in the van prayed for me, laid hands on me. All of a sudden Gladys was asking Rick if he had opened the anointing oil?! Rick said no, it was in his pocket and he took it out, it was closed.

The sweet fragrance of His anointing was in the van, around us, in us, touching us. Rick could not smell as his nose was stuffy but it happened again right after that. We were crying, thanking God for what he was doing. 9:00 pm came and no phone call. I wasn't concerned at all, but Angel was getting restless. I told had left with her. It was obvious, it was the right thing. I had such a peace in my heart and just prayed. Then the phone rang and Pastor Roberto was there with hundreds of people or many thousands I don't know. They had ten churches on the line, their leaders pastors, etc. I delivered the message God had embedded in my heart:

"For the Spirit of the Lord says: I have sent you a prophet but I am telling you today the prophet is not important. I have sent you a prophet from across the world to get your attention. The prophet is not important, but I need to get your attention. For I am telling you tonight to gather all the people from all the churches and be in unity. Build a house and come together to pray. For I am calling on the village of Orica to come together with all the churches in the surrounding areas to pray for Honduras. For your prayers will change things, You must be together in unity. The first church is just important as the 10th church. There is no church more important than the other. You are all the same to me. You must gather together and pray and stay in unity. You are called for the nation of Honduras to pray and bring unity and change."

That was it. The journey wasn't that bad and we stopped at Orlando's house as he wanted to give me some ice cream (they have a small ice cream shop). His wife wanted to rededicate her life to Jesus and so we prayed. Another young lady wanted prayer for the same female problems our daughter was healed off and after I gave our daughters healing testimony. I laid hands on her and prayed for a healing. I believe she received it...she was weeping and hugging me. Afterwards we all went to Lollie's house for the hamburgers :) As I sat there, I was weeping and told them I never had a family and I felt I found my family. They all cried, hugged me and told me how much they loved me and we are now family. I believe it! It was the best hamburger I ever ate. We went to bed at 1:30 am, got up at 4:00 am ready to go to the bus station that would bring us to the main city. Then we would take a cab to the airport and to depart at 3:55 pm. It was a tearful good bye with Alex and Lollie, such humble servants and loving people. They are trying to come visit us here next year.

We made it back safely and when we got to our car the battery was dead...ah by the time we went to bed it was 1:30 am and Rick had to get up to work at 6:00 am.

God is good. He showed up every step of our way. He is faithful and I am humbled that He is taking me to places so we can bring the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is never about me. It is always about Him. I will wash toilets, wash floors, or whatever He calls me to do. If it glorifies my Lord and Savior what is better? Nothing!

Don't ask what you can BE but ask what you can DO. Only do it unto Him and not man. Do it in secret and do not boast.

I love my God...thank you for all the prayers they were felt. I am staying on the ground, on the floor to serve until the end of my days. Below is the link to all our pictures from the trip. Thank you again for the prayers.