

Title: "IA Healing for Indonesia Missionary with Severe Trauma"

June 27, 2019

Greetings all,

Just a quick note to share a Beautiful Immanuel story (below).

Blessings,

Dr. Lehman/Karl

Want to support the Lehman's Immanuel Approach work? Click here for more information:

<https://www.immanuelapproach.com/supporting-lehmans-immanuel-approach-work/>

Sara is a young woman missionary in Indonesia. Here is her story, in her own words (various details changed to care for the identities of the people in the story):

I had been a full time missionary for 3+ years. I had moved to a remote island and had a very small community around me. Only one team member with me, with my supervisors in another location in the country. It was a dream come true to be doing the work I was doing. It wasn't easy, but it was my heart's passion. Of course there were many challenges with moving to a new country and learning a new language and adapting to a new culture, but these never overwhelmed me. However, at the 3 year mark of my time doing the missionary work, there was great loss. My supervisors were dealing with their adult daughter who had many health struggles and eventually died during that year, 2016. What I assume was due to the immense grief and the trauma they were experiencing, they started to really detach from people, they started to accuse me of really weird things, and we had many miscommunications – all of which eventually ended our relationship as we knew it. These people were my family... I had known them since I was a child and the sour ending of the relationship and the accusations they made towards me were devastation for me. All my attempts to talk and reconcile were rejected, and eventually they moved to another country at the end of that year.

In addition to this heart break, my grandma (who I was close to) passed away while I was in the country and I couldn't see her one last time like I was hoping (I missed seeing her by 2 months). My partner on the island also decided to move away, which I believe was a good decision, but for me it was a great loss. Finally, I had a local friend on the island. I knew her only less than a year, but we really clicked and were good friends. She didn't know Jesus when I met her. She passed away in my arms. Her kidneys failed and she decided not to go to the hospital so that her family didn't have expenses (plus the hospital was far and it was painful for her to move). I

had never experienced death so close before. The smell... I'll never forget the smell of her toxin filled organs. She struggled to speak as she was being suffocated by her own tongue that was swollen. I had woken up the morning of her death with a huge sense of hope and the urge that I should go pray for her. So I ran to her house with the expectation that God would heal her, but that was when she died.

So, all of these traumas led to a total shut down. I normally love new experiences and meeting new people... and I had previously LOVED spending time in God's Word and talking to God for hours. But all these things lost all their joy for me, and I was panicking all the time around people. Just at a grocery store, I'd start to panic and think "i need to leave. I need to leave. I need to leave." I went on furlough to give myself time to process. I didn't even leave my parents house for 2 months. I felt so empty, and the worst was that I felt like God wasn't interacting with me. I'd pray, but I wouldn't hear anything back, until I didn't even know what to say any more and I basically stopped praying.

I visited a friend in Chicago and went with her to her church, where I met Dr. Lehman. He was so friendly and just started sharing about the Immanuel Approach. Long story short, I was enthralled with what he was sharing. He and his wife invited me and my friends to his house for lunch, and then he gave me both *The Immanuel Approach* and *Outsmarting Yourself*. I tried to find therapists in my area but couldn't, and so I just started to do the method on myself. For months I did the part where I'd be thankful and think of a happy memory, then I'd attempt to connect with Jesus. I was convinced of the method, but I often hit walls and didn't make headway. Some days I would be able to connect with Jesus enough to get one sweet word – something like he loves me... or that he's with me – they were short sweet moments when I'd make a connection.

There were improvements over those few months of practicing the Immanuel method – I was panicking less and starting to function a little more normally. I was able to start making some decisions. But I eventually had two major breakthroughs. The first, I was in a long worship service and I decided to just sit down and think of a happy memory so I could connect with Jesus during worship. I did that and then I was able to enter into worship and I even just smiled, cause I felt like I could worship for the first time in a while. Then all of a sudden, Jesus said, "Ask me about Rachael (my friend who died)." My smile dropped and I was overwhelmed with tears and I could barely get the words out, but I asked Jesus, "If you told me to run and pray for her, why didn't you do anything?" And I saw so clearly that Rachael was standing next to Jesus and He said, "I did. She called out to me in her last hours and now she's here with me." I was overwhelmed with joy, because I didn't know if she had ever accepted Jesus. And that trauma had created a huge doubt in me that I could even recognize God's voice, because it seemed to me that I had kind of misheard God. That doubt in God's voice got removed in that moment. I had interpreted what God had told me to mean something else – but God did send me there to pray and God did heal her in the best of ways. She met Jesus and has no more pain anymore.

My second big breakthrough was in regards to the failed relationship with my supervisors. I was rehearsing the break down of relationship and trying to find where I went wrong – looping conversations in my head over and over – declaring forgiveness, but struggling with feeling abandoned and rejected. My sweet, wise mother was the only person who knew everything that had happened, as I was very careful not to speak negatively about these people I love to anyone. My mom was always saying “I’ve seen how you handled everything... you’ve done good and you’ve been so gracious and kind in your responses, you handled it well.” She would always say this and I’d always respond, “Thanks, but you’re my mom, of course you’d say that.” I honestly couldn’t receive her words of encouragement. So I connected with Jesus using the Immanuel approach, and for the first time in many months I felt prompted to ask the big question. So I asked Jesus, “I don’t get it... where were you when this relationship broke down? Why didn’t you speak to me during my devotional time? Were you mad at me?” And Jesus replied, “I was your mother.” To which I cried, and like a flood I was able to receive all my moms encouraging words and realize that God was happy with me. His silence wasn’t petty anger towards me. He wasn’t rejecting me. I felt His acceptance.

The Immanuel Method saved my life and I got my connection with Jesus restored. I was able to work through the traumas... but it was work. But in the end, I found out that Jesus was with me the whole time, even when I didn’t perceive Him. (There were many more breakthrough moments, but these were the two biggest for me.)