

Title: "IA Healing for 4 y.o. Memory of Accidentally Hurting Sibling"

October 14, 2021

Greetings all,

Just a quick note to share one of the fun Immanuel Approach testimonies that came in in response to my last e-newsletter.

Blessings,

Dr. Lehman/Karl

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Testimony from Kim C:

A painful memory I had always carried with me dates back to when I was a little girl of about four. I had jerked one of my belongings, a watercolor paint set, out of my toddler sister's grasp. It had a sharp metal edge on it that cut into her small finger. It bled, she howled, and I was in big trouble. We were rushed off to a clinic and I had to sit alone while she was stitched up in a large adjoining room. I had felt terribly alone, deeply ashamed, and definitely like the *bad and wicked* big sister.

My story of healing goes like this — During a prayer ministry appointment, I had first focused on a peaceful and positive memory (an Immanuel Approach prayer practice I have found to be very helpful.) Then I asked the Lord to reveal his presence to me back in that painful memory time. It took a bit of a process in prayer, as I recall, but then I *did* have a mental picture of Jesus - kneeling on the bedroom floor - in that injury moment which had become emblazoned in my memory. He was right there between me and my sister, with one hand on each of us. Through this gesture and his posture, I could see that he cared about *both* of us.

What is more - to my surprise, he was looking at me with compassion, concern and understanding of my true heart. Through his look, I realized for the first time that he knew I hadn't intended to hurt her. In fact, that I had been shocked at what happened, and felt terrible about it. But because of the chaotic circumstances that ensued, I had never had a chance to even consciously realize this about myself, much less to feel my sorrow and fear, to cry, ask for forgiveness for my impatient selfishness, and be seen and cared for in the midst. As I saw him holding me on his lap there in that clinic waiting room, I was finally able to do and experience those things with him.

Then, he again surprised me, by letting me know that I had actually been hurt worse than my sister that day. Her cut was in her finger, but mine was in my heart. Wow! That seemed true. Her wound healed up rather quickly, but not so, mine. It had festered. But now, many decades later, through this process, and with the help of the prayer minister, Jesus was able to thoroughly release me from the shame and rejection I had felt so long about that, so I could receive his love, care, forgiveness and healing of my heart.

I left that time feeling much lighter, as well as cleansed and valued by the Lord. In addition, through this he gave me the beginnings of a renewed and true sense of identity — that of a *deeply caring* big sister! Thank you, Lord, for helping me see how you were there for me all along, even though I hadn't realized it, and for how very good and transformative your presence is!