

Speak to the Mountain

From: Overcoming the Overwhelming:
A 40-Day Journey toward Rediscovering Faith in God

Taken from Day 24: Speaking to Mountains

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We have observed that sometimes when it *seems* like God is silent about something, there is a very simple solution that He is working to bring to light. We might be battling a sickness that is being caused by something in the environment. Or we might be having financial woes without knowing someone is stealing from us. Sometimes strained relationships are caused by unknown misunderstandings. These situations can look like God is not answering our prayers, when actually, He is at work in our circumstances and our minds to help us see what is going on. Such was the case with me about 30 years ago.

Out of nowhere it seemed, I began to get a certain type of headache I didn't even know existed. Headaches were not unfamiliar to me, but this type was something that I'd never experienced before. People would describe what migraines were like in an effort to help me figure it out, but nothing matched the description. All I knew was that when they would hit, the pain was unbearable, and I thought I might die from their intensity. Many times I would be on the floor crying, even though I knew it frightened my children. I didn't know what else to do.

Along with occasional killer headaches, I was experiencing many other symptoms. We didn't have medical insurance at the time, so we paid what was an enormous sum for us to see a doctor who was supposed to be a specialist.

After a lengthy exam and bloodwork, he could find nothing wrong with me. Fantastic news, right? Nothing was wrong with me, but then it hit me. Something was definitely wrong.

The years went by. Through it all, I went back to college to work toward getting my teaching credential. Of course, I cried out to God during these episodes and about all the other maladies I was experiencing, but it seemed like there was no answer. There was an answer—a very simple one, but I was not yet aware of it. But God knew and He would get the answer to me.

Years later, as I was in the cafeteria line where I was teaching, the attendant there noticed that I was putting seven packets of sweetener into my extra-large iced tea, and casually commented about how many. It was just a little friendly comment, but it caused me to stop and think. I remembered that when I first started using aspartame, I only needed two packets. This got my attention and even alarmed me. I wasn't a person to take medicines of any kind, and the fact that it took seven packets several years later to be as sweet to me as the two I used to take rang some bell inside that I might be addicted. I doubt that I was addicted, but just the thought that I needed more and more caused me to decide to stop putting it in my iced tea.

Time went by, and I never thought a thing about it. It was a very busy time of life for us. About three months later, though, I noticed something. I was no longer getting those deadly headaches, and the other symptoms were also gone. It was curious and wonderful, but I didn't know why I was so much better. So I sat down one day and tried to figure out if I was doing anything differently, and the only thing that had changed was that I no longer used aspartame.

I share this because those headaches nearly destroyed my life, and I'm pretty convinced that I might have died one day because of the intense pain. There was such a simple answer that God knew about all along. He used a cafeteria attendant's comment and my own desire not to be dependent on drugs to bring a miraculous solution. He was answering my prayers all that time, bringing me to that moment that would set me free. Also, interesting to me is that as I completely removed aspartame from my life from products such as Diet Coke, all of the symptoms for which I'd seen the doctor gradually went away.

Remember when Paul wrote this to Timothy?

1 Timothy 5:23

No longer drink only water, but use a little wine for your stomach's sake and your frequent infirmities.

Keep in mind that God used Paul to do some amazing healings, so why didn't Paul just heal Timothy in Jesus' name? Certainly Timothy had taken this request before the Lord, perhaps even had others pray for him. Maybe he'd requested that Paul come and lay hands on him to be healed. Surely, he'd sought God's help, but God knew a very simple way for Timothy to be healed. We don't know

if the water was of poor quality or if he had some disease that could be cured by drinking wine. We do know that drinking less water and a little wine was his cure. His situation didn't require a miracle. It had a very simple solution.

Sharing the story about my assassin headaches leads into this one. Headaches had been part of my life since puberty, but they were *normal* headaches caused by allergies, stress, my monthly cycle, and later an injury to my neck. It was not uncommon for me to have several a week, and waking up with a headache would never be surprising. Once in a while, I'd have what I called a perfect storm headache, which was a combination of the above causes. Still, with a good dose of over-the-counter medicine, I'd be better within a half hour or so.

Probably the most painful headaches were the ones I'd have when I woke from sleep in the morning. My husband would patiently go get me some Excedrin and a glass of milk, and I'd lie down with a cold pack on my eyes until it subsided. I was so happy that I no longer had those assassin headaches caused by aspartame, that I more or less accepted the regular variety. They were part of my life, and I never went anywhere without some medicine "just in case".

One morning, I woke up with a particularly painful headache. I remember very distinctly that I was getting ready to pray this, "God, why don't You heal me of these headaches?" The words were right there ready to come out, but something inside of me knew it wasn't right to blame God.

Then came the thought, "Speak to your headache."

It wasn't my thought, and I had zero doubt that God had just spoken to me. I instantly remembered Mark 11:22-24, which teaches about speaking to mountains to be removed.

Inside I thought, "Well, duh!" Then I said aloud, "I speak to you, headache, in the name of Jesus to be removed and to be cast into the sea—and the cause of it." In less than a second, my rip-roaring headache was completely gone. Being the great woman of faith that I was, I started to shake my head and move my neck to make sure it was truly gone and that I hadn't just temporarily done something to make it stop hurting. Nope. It was completely gone.

"Well, that's interesting," I thought and went about my day.

When the next headache came, I repeated my prayer.

"Headache, I command you in the name of Jesus to be removed and cast into the sea—and the cause of it." Away went the

headache. This happened again and again, and I remember thinking one day, “Wow, this is better than aspirin.” When I got a headache, I commanded it and the cause of it to be removed. A couple of times I forgot or got lazy and just took medicine, but it became normal for my headaches to take a hike.

Many months passed. Our daughter was getting married, and of course, I was in the middle of the preparations. On the day of her wedding, I spent multiple hours at the reception site setting up table decorations with the help of her sweet friends. By the end of it, my feet were *killing me*. I wondered if I’d be able to rest enough before the wedding. My husband gave me two Excedrin for the pain in my feet and for an energy boost before the big event, and suddenly it hit me. Why didn’t I have a headache? I was exhausted. I was stressed. My feet were hurting like heck, but not my head.

Sitting down to stay off my feet, I searched my memory for why it might be that I did not have at least a tension headache. Then I realized it! I’d been so busy preparing for the big day that I hadn’t even noticed until just that moment that I hadn’t suffered from a headache at all for weeks!

To say I was stunned about this does not do my realization justice. I had been speaking not only to my headaches but to the cause of them. I thought that they were temporarily removed each time, but as it turned out, the causes of my headaches were permanently removed also. Jesus did say they’d be cast into the sea, and that is mighty permanent, I concluded.

Our daughter was married in 2007. Since then, I would be surprised if I’ve had more than one morning headache a year. Having a headache during the day is also super rare—maybe two or three a year. Each time, I speak to them to be removed, and I would say that 99.9% of the time, they obey me. For the very rare time or two when they haven’t, I simply took aspirin.

At one physical exam, the doctor was looking over my chart, which I’d filled out in advance. The questionnaire asked how frequently I got headaches. I wrote something like two to three per year. When she read that, she was shocked and had me affirm my answer. I asked her if she’d like to hear my story, and she listened as if she wished she could stop getting headaches, too. She was amazed, and I remain so blessed that my head is free of pain. By the way, my allergies are also gone. I haven’t had an allergy symptom for nine years. Coincidence? I truly doubt that. Praise God!

Walking by faith and not by sight is how we live as Christians. It takes on many forms, from living above difficulties that we are experiencing, walking on stormy seas, and receiving a miracle from Him, to speaking to sickness in our bodies or problems to be removed. This entire life we live is *supernatural*. It's not because we are living perfect lives, but because He has provided so many precious gifts for us.

All we need to do is employ them in faith.

I'm convinced that in this lifetime, we will never fathom the depths of His grace and power toward us who believe, but I hope you will join me in my determination to ask, seek, and knock so that you may receive. Each time we choose to walk by faith and not by sight, our faith brings pleasure to the heart of God.

Whosoever, Whatsoever

*Whoever says to this mountain,
"Be removed, and be carried into the sea,"
And does not doubt in his heart But believes
Then the things that he says will be done.*

*For whatever you ask when you pray
Believe that you receive it
And you shall have it.*

Have faith in God.

*Whosoever.
Whatsoever.
Whosoever means me.
Whatsoever.
Whosoever.
Whatsoever means anything.*

*I'm gonna say to this mountain,
"Be removed, and be carried into the sea."
I will not doubt in my heart
But believe
And the things that I say shall be done.*

*For whatever I ask when I pray
I believe that I receive it
And I shall have it.*

I have faith in God.

*Whosoever
Whatsoever
Whosoever means me.
Whatsoever
Whosoever
Whatsoever
Means anything.'*

¹ C.D. Hildebrand from Mark 11:22-24