WENDY ALEC

ARE YOU FACING ADVERSITY, TESTING AND TRIALS?
HEAVENLY ANSWERS FOR THE WEARY HEART.
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Endorsements

Wendy Alec’s understanding of the Father God’s heart to a simple child of His and a princess is quite simply beyond comparison to anything I’ve ever read.

As I ingested each word, I was taken into gardens, meadows, a chamber, and the personal presence of the Almighty. The visions and theophanies are quite honestly life changing.

Her personal pain and suffering, while designing a model script for the marketplace, arrested the attention of every demon from hell and drew them to this innocent soul, Wendy Alec. This book has no resting place. Indeed, I was kept attentive throughout every page because it relates to our everyday suffering and pain, while seeking an answer from our Father God. He showed Wendy the power of patience and standing still and waiting.

This book ministered to me personally and gave me the understanding of how to personally deal with our sufferings. There is an answer in the midst of every trial. But you have to press forward ... not backwards.

Wendy, thank you. I’m another man because of your book Visions from Heaven.

Kim Clement – Kim Clement Ministries
Wendy Alec is, without a doubt, one of the most gifted seers I know. She is destined to bring a spiritual revolution to media of all kinds.

If you are in the midst of a deep and dark season and you do not think you will ever come out on the other side, this book is for you!

Wendy has gone through such a time, faced despair and survived with joy! Her Visions from Heaven will help pull you out of the pit of sorrow into God’s promise of abundant life.
**Cindy Jacobs** – Co-founder, Generals International
Wendy Alec has done it again! Rarely do we find such a combination of scriptural content, prophetic edge, and poetic capacity in writing converged in one person to create a work of art. In *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber*, we have a book that is inspirational and yet solid as a rock! Read and be touched by Our Father in Jesus’ name!

**James W. Goll** – Director of Encounters Network and Prayer Storm
In my life and ministry around the world I am witnessing the greatest positioning in all industries of mature believers into the fullness of what God has made for them, but before they are positioned and placed, many have been so beat down and attacked that it takes an encounter like Wendy’s to bring the understanding that is necessary to come back from hope deferred or disappointment.

So many times while reading this book I pictured friends, colleagues, family members who need the revelation in this book. I felt like I was changing, like the encounter was mine not just Wendy’s.

*Visions from Heaven* reappoints faith in the fullness of who God is.

I have never read anything quite like it and I know so many amazing believers who are even leaders in church, business, the entertainment industry, or in other areas who need to read this perspective because it actually draws a line in the sand of the heart from which there is no coming back. You are confronted with the love of God, with the plan of Heaven, and with the thoughts of the Father, and I believe this book will detoxify people from spiritually intense seasons and help to restore spiritual clarity and health. Please read this book!

**Shawn Bolz** – Senior Pastor of Expression58
Like Wendy, I have suffered much on so many occasions. I too have been told there is no hope just like Wendy was. There in the valley of the shadow of death with no real answers. With no real answer from the Church and with no instant healing and total despair. Wendy does not descend further into the mire of total despair. She was low, so low and there already. She ascends to the highest heavens and there she sits with our Lord, the Creator of the universe. There she tells a story like no other I have ever heard; there she takes you, the reader, to the heavens with her.

This is a book like no other, whatever your despair. As you go with Wendy into this inspirational, prophetic book, you to will enter into the heavens. You, too, like me in the middle of the war in Baghdad, can move into the throne room of the Almighty and, like Wendy, see the glory of the Lord and find His healing, His wholeness and His love. This book is a must.

**The Rev’d Canon Dr. Andrew White** – Vicar of Baghdad
In *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber*, Wendy Alec beautifully scribes her heavenly encounters that offer impartations of courage, faith, comfort, and perseverance to those going through seasons of intense personal trial and devastations. With great candor and vulnerability she shares her own personal journey – its pain, fears, questions, doubts and even her sense of abandonment in the midst of her darkest hours. This book is truly a message from the Father’s heart. He has prayed that your faith may not fail you in the midst of your journey. The Victor’s crown is awaiting you who have persevered. If you don’t quit, you win! Wendy did not quit. Wendy won. So will you!

*Patricia King* – Co-founder of xpmedia.com Inc.

Have you ever felt that you’re experiencing the life of Job because no matter where you turn there’s yet another test, trial or temptation? There’s no escape clause in this game of life and you must hold on to the only hope you can find. And this hope is the intimate fellowship with the Father. In these heartfelt pages of *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber* you’ll witness Wendy’s courageous battle through a Job-like experience. And you’ll learn how to endure these tests for a divine purpose in Christ and come through them victoriously. Many who have gone through these tests are being approved to come forth in a new anointing for the harvest.

I highly recommend this book to the overcomer.

*Bob Jones* – Bob Jones Ministries

Wendy Alec’s powerful book, *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber*, is the story of redemption and restoration out of Wendy’s excruciating physical and emotional pain. *Visions from Heaven* offers a lifeline to those drowning in a sea of hopelessness and depression. If you or someone you love is questioning God in the midst of a trial, this book will be a beacon of hope in an ocean of despair. I highly recommend this book!

*Kris Vallotton* – Senior Associate Leader, Bethel Church, Redding, CA

I read *Visions from Heaven* with a vast framework of emotions, from joy to quiet tears. This is a great book for anyone wanting insight into the realm of God’s heart for His people, from new beginners in their walk to the seasoned warrior.

Wow, what an awesome insight into the inner workings of the Lord’s heart.

*Ian Clayton* – Sons of Thunder, New Zealand

Wendy Alec has always been a transparent vessel and voice for Kingdom authority, power, and glory. She has a sensitivity to the Spirit that is both admirable and worthy of emulation. Wendy, too, went through a strange and fiery ordeal. What I find so marvelous is the way God has taken that pain she endured and turned it into a promise for all of us as we prepare for the next great awakening that is going to touch this planet.
Wendy’s writing is seamless, and she takes us through a series of portals into vistas of the Father’s great and loving purpose for His children and for the Kingdom in these great days. I applaud her for her courage to be a voice that is willing to be heard because many will not only find hope; they will find courage, and healing, and ultimately wholeness.

If ever you needed encouragement, *Visions from Heaven*, will provide it.

**Dr. Mark Chironna** – Church On The Living Edge – Mark Chironna Ministries

**Foreword**

I wasn’t sure what to expect when I began reading Wendy Alec’s book, *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber*. I knew about her terrible difficulties with her rare illness and recovery, but nothing prepared me for her deep feelings of God’s abandonment and her journey out of those life-and-death struggles.

From the first pages of her introduction, brought alive with the most vivid, firsthand descriptions, she shares her most intimate times with God in which she was eventually allowed to see the throne room, the meadow, and the Father’s chamber. What she unveils in each place will forever change your perceptions of God’s kingdom; and her breathtaking descriptions of Heaven that will cause you to long for our eternal home.

She was given two birthday gifts by the Lord: One was a large aquamarine box tied with a beautiful pale pink bow and diamonds glistening from the center of the bow, deeply meaningful beyond words. The second gift was a fountain pen flowing with blood and fire with these instructions: “Tell My children how I yearn for them, how I long for their fellowship, that I will never, never abandon them.”

Blood and fire from that pen explode on every page of this amazing book. *Visions from Heaven* reads with the allegorical drama of a C. S. Lewis masterpiece and is power-packed with words of revelation, caution, and encouragement flowing directly from God’s heart to Wendy and all of His children everywhere!

There’s not enough room in this foreword to describe all my favorite passages – the Scottish girl, the discouraged pastor, the missionaries who toiled for years in China, the evangelist attacked by the enemy in unspeakable ways. Instead, let me tell you that this book is profoundly life changing, astonishingly eye opening, and deeply heartrending. It was birthed with many tears and will cause you to weep again and again.

If you are facing discouragement, adversity, disillusionment, afflictions, physical sickness, bereavement, loss, heartbreak, feeling of abandonment by God Himself, this book will lift you, give you hope, and build your faith in the most remarkable way!
Reading *Visions from Heaven: Visitations to My Father’s Chamber* was both a wonderful and challenging experience. Wonderful because it invites us to experience the author’s magnificent encounters with God. Challenging because it addresses so many difficult subjects. Wendy Alec accomplishes both goals with beauty and grace.

Contained in these pages is arguably the most important revelation one could ever receive – the nature of our heavenly Father. This also happens to be the primary revelation that Jesus came to give us, as the Gospel of John makes quite clear. With that value in mind, Wendy reveals God’s Father heart brilliantly by bringing us into her personal walk with Him, revealed in part through her Father–daughter conversations.

I am thankful that the idea of God being our good and wonderful Father has taken center stage in recent years. The number of books on the subject has been increasing quite regularly. And rightly so. They address a profound need that exists in most of our lives. Unfortunately, this concept often remains just a teaching or discussion topic. All too seldom is this concept seen as an experience from which people can draw for the rest of their days. Unfortunately, it often remains just a doctrine or idea that gives intellectual comfort as we process the affairs of daily life.

What Wendy Alec brings us is different. These words are not mere ideas taken from a book. Nor are they lofty statements spoken to flatter us or give us false hopes. Not at all. The material offered to us in this book was obtained in the dark night of the soul. These insights came directly from the Throne Room to this treasured daughter of God. Much of what you’ll read is actual Father–daughter dialogue. It is always honest, sometimes painful, and eternally triumphant. I’m so glad the Father has given her permission to share this with us, as this is private and personal, but filled with promise.

Miracles are an extremely important part of the gospel and are, therefore, to be a vital part of the life of a believer. However, the miracle spoken of in this book is rarely taught, and even more rarely understood. It is a miracle that came from process. If we are honest, most of us would admit that our favorite miracle is the instant miracle. That’s where the tumor dissolves before our eyes, or the deaf ears are instantly opened, or the miracle of provision comes almost like manna on the ground. These are the kinds of things I’ve been able to enjoy more and more in recent years. Yet miracles of process are still supernatural gifts of God. Tragically, many believers abort their own miracle because of ignorance in this subject. *Visions from Heaven* will be used to answer that need in a very powerful way.
This transparent look into Wendy Alec’s life is a look into process, her process into the miracle that saved her life. I am certain that understanding this process through Wendy’s testimony will save countless lives.

Wendy Alec stands as a watchman on the wall. She has written quite openly about the struggles and pains of walking through affliction into her miracle. Yet, as powerful as Wendy’s story is, this book is equally powerful in announcing what is coming. She stands tall, proclaiming to us what is about to happen in the Church, and, therefore, in the world. We are coming into the most thrilling season any of us has ever experienced before. I believe Wendy is completely accurate as she declares the nature of the days directly ahead. *Visions from Heaven* contains an important prophetic decree of where God is taking us. I am thrilled that this book is now available to the people of God!

**Bill Johnson**  
Senior Leader of Bethel Church, Redding, CA  
Author of *When Heaven Invades Earth* and *Hosting the Presence*

**Great is Thy faithfulness,**  
O God my Father,  
There is no shadow of turning with Thee;  
Thou changest not,  
Thy compassions, they fail not;  
As Thou hast been  
Thou forever wilt be.

*Great is Thy faithfulness!*  
*Great is Thy faithfulness!*  
*Morning by morning*  
*New mercies I see;*  
*All I have needed*  
*Thy hand hath provided,*  
*Great is Thy faithfulness,*  
*Lord, unto me!*

Pardon for sin and a peace that endureth,  
Thine own dear presence to cheer and to guide;  
Strength for today and bright hope for tomorrow,  
Blessings all mine, with ten thousand besides.


As a father loves and pities his children,  
so the Lord loves and pities those who fear Him  
[with reverence, worship, and awe].  
For He knows our frame,  
He [earnestly] remembers and imprints  
[on His heart] that we are dust.
Introduction

For those walking through the valley of the shadow

Beloved friend,

As I was writing this introduction, I felt the Holy Spirit say, “Even as this book has been forged by tears ... there are many of My sons and My daughters whose past season has also been forged in tears, in agony of soul and in endurance. But even as I delivered My people, Israel, from Pharaoh and out of Egypt – I am about to deliver My people from the wilderness and from a season of adversity into a ‘brand-new day.’”

Beloved, if this is you – if you have recently been through a season of severe adversity and testing and found yourself at the sheer rock face, facing some of the fiercest trials and testing of your life head on, I believe with all my heart that it is no coincidence you are reading these pages, but that the Father Himself loves you so intensely, that He has done everything He can to put this book into your hands.

Maybe you or those you love have experienced a crippling bereavement...
The loss of a loved one that you felt was before their time.
Maybe you have experienced chronic sickness...
The loss of a beloved child or babe in arms...
Maybe you have experienced a heartbreaking abandonment by your husband or wife...
The loss of your family home or your business...
A devastating financial loss...
And yet you have loved the Father, the Lord Jesus and His Holy Spirit with all your heart and soul.
You have served Him these past years to the very best of your ability.
And so, secretly, your heart has been breaking with bewilderment and abandonment.
Not only over the agonies of these trials.
But because Heaven itself has seemed silent.
So silent.
And so, in the midnight hour, when it is only you and God, your pillow has been soaked with tears of desperation from unanswered questions ... and from your abandoned heart.

In our greatest seasons of adversity, Satan tries to imprint his own character onto our Father’s faultless, flawless one.
And in the searing heat of our battle, this sometimes outworks itself in his accusations to our souls to accuse our own omniscient Father in our minds and hearts.
Oh, greatly beloved, it is my heartfelt hope that, within these pages, you will find rest, peace and hope.

Knowing that the Great Sifting is now over.

Knowing that whether you have been in a season of sifting, of intense warfare or a season when you were caught off guard and your own momentary vulnerabilities and unhealed wounds were a landing ground for the enemy.

That you will find such tender answers from our incredible Father – the Father of all compassion and pity.

That through the visions from the Throne Room in these pages, you will gain new strength to rise up again to a new day.

A new season.

And that His Glory and His Power and His Kingdom – the favor and unfathomable love and mercies and compassions of the Father Himself will wrap around your physical body, your mind and your soul like a mantle.

For it is HE.

The Faithful One.

The Kindest and most tender One of all.

The very Balm of Gilead Himself, who reaches out His arms toward you today.

Tenderly entreatng you out of abandonment

And bids you...

...Come...

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of sympathy (pity and mercy) and the God [Who is the Source] of every comfort (consolation and encouragement).

(2 Corinthians 1:3)

VOLUME ONE
The Valley of the Shadow
How would I ever feel safe again?

It was finally over.

Ninety percent of the agony and physical suffering of the past twenty-four months was now behind me.

My healing had finally manifested.

But the grueling physical and mental trauma of the ‘fight’ had left its scars.

After months of experiencing what I can only describe as feeling totally ‘abandoned’ by the magnificent God who I had known nearly my entire Christian life as my most beautiful, compassionate Heavenly Father.
The Father of Lights.
The great Father of mercies.
The God of such kindness and compassion.
I was now standing profoundly shaken ... but still standing,
On the very edge, about to step out of the searing, flaming wilderness.
But I had literally been shaken to the core of my very being.
Unless I was able to find the answers, it was very probable that I would never
be able to feel completely safe again.
I only had two options that lay before me.
To live the rest of my life in a whirlwind of trauma and unanswered
questions or to step from the searing wilderness into the Throne Room....

A Visit to My Father’s Chamber
It was my birthday.
It was actually my fifty-third birthday.
I was in Jerusalem, Israel, filming for TV.
Now – two years later – my physical body was already in a restoration
process and I wanted to spend my birthday with my Heavenly Father.
We’d had a long day of filming in our TV studios and it must have been
around two in the morning, the time when often I am with ‘Daddy.’
Lately, my visits with ‘Daddy’ had taken place in three distinct places.
I would find myself in the Throne Room, in a vast meadow, or in what
seemed to be one of the Father’s chambers, which seemed like an intimate
library.
Whenever I visit him in this chamber, I call it ‘My Father’s Chamber.’
I find myself sitting on His lap and I seem to be snuggling into His chest.
In front of us is a huge desk; sometimes it appears to be an altar of some
kind.
Many times when I am there, there is a large open book on the table in front
of us, which He explained to me is my personal Book of Life, and from which
He often explains many things to me.
I never see much further into the rest of the Chamber.
One particular visit, I had picked bunches of flowers for my beautiful
Heavenly Father and one bunch of roses that I had given Him instantly became
embedded in the left-hand wall of this chamber – it was incredible – they were
living, breathing flowers decorating His wall – like living floral wallpaper.
Exquisite, beautiful.
The second place where I have found myself often recently is THE
MEADOW.
It is a vast, brightly green meadow filled with the most incredible array of flowers.
To my far left, far off, is my earthly father’s own garden. My earthly father is often painting using an easel. Sometimes he is playing the violin.
To my far right is the Heavenly Father’s own personal rose garden.
Oh, how incredible!
He walks in His heavenly garden like He used to walk with Adam and Eve and watches as I play in the meadow.
But today, on my birthday, I found myself in ‘My Father’s Chamber.’
I had such an excitement in my spirit as I visited Him this evening.
Sometimes when I visit Him there, I seem to be a small child of around four or five, but today I felt I was around nineteen, it seemed – a princess coming of age.

“Daddy, Daddy! It’s my birthday!” I cuddled into Him.
I was excited – for I knew somehow that my Daddy had a gift for me.
I was right. There, on the table in front of us, was a large box, beautifully wrapped in the palest aquamarine, my favorite color in the entire world, and it had a beautiful, pale pink bow around it. Diamonds glistened from the center of the bow.

“Unwrap it.” I could literally hear that gorgeous ‘twinkle’ in His voice.
I slid off His lap.
Suddenly, I was standing on the far side of His chamber and walking towards Him – walking through the thick, thick presence of His glory.
Saturated in His presence.
Hardly able to walk toward Him because of the sheer weight of the Glory that emanated from Him.
With one foot before the other, I walked towards His table.
I carefully untied the pink bow and then removed the wrapping.
I lifted the lid and gasped.
Inside the box, in beautiful pale aqua tissue paper, lay the most exquisite tiara.
It was silver, with diamonds and pale aquamarine stones.
I lifted it up with both hands and carefully slipped it on my head, but something hard seemed to be in the way.
Softly, I ran my fingers over small fragments of glass protruding from my head.
I gasped in shock, looking back to my Father.
I had not noticed them before, yet, instantly I knew what the glass fragments were.

“They are trauma, Daddy, aren’t they?”
The Father smiled gently and nodded.
“Up until now, beloved, they were so deeply embedded in your soul, that they were not externally visible. But now, your mind is healing from the long season of sickness and trauma and they are being exposed.”

I nodded. I knew that this was indeed the truth.

I looked back down into the box and slowly lifted away the second layer of tissue paper.

I gasped. There lay a pale blue dress in the exact shade of robin’s egg blue that I loved so much.

I held it up and instantly I was wearing it.

It was so utterly beautiful.

“Thank you, Daddy! Thank you – it’s beautiful!”

Then I looked down and saw there was a huge seeping bloodstain over my heart.

I looked up in horror at my Heavenly Father.

“It is the wound of abandonment,” He said softly.

“When you were sick you experienced deep wounds of abandonment. You did not understand why such a thing could have happened to you. And so you felt unprotected.”

The Father closed His eyes as though in great agony of soul.

“You thought I failed to protect you.”

I stood silent before Him.

For I knew it was all true. Although my spirit always knew otherwise, my heart had been so intensely assailed by the enemy, that indeed I felt during the worst, most awful physical suffering that my Heavenly Father had abandoned me.

“But you understand more now.”

“Yes,” I whispered.

“My child, beloved child of My heart.

“I watched you. Crying for you. Yearning for you. Yet knowing that eventually you would return. In your most intense suffering, although you were not aware, I never left your side.”

The Father picked up the most exquisitely cut glass canister filled to the brim with a liquid.

“These are your tears that you shed during your time of intense trial.”

He picked up another much, much larger canister.

“And, these are the tears that I shed. For you.”

And the Father lifted the canister of His tears and poured them over the blood seeping from my heart.

Instantly the blood stopped flowing and a great comfort washed over my heart.
“I will never abandon you. There is much, much more that I have yet to share with you, about the great sifting of the saints. But your heart is not yet ready.”

He smiled tenderly at me.

“There is another present.”

I looked into the box. There was more tissue paper. Slowly I lifted it up.

“Oh!”

This was the present of all presents.

It was a pen. It looked like a fountain pen.

I delicately picked it up and walked over and handed it to the Father.

I wanted Him to keep it for me.

“Watch.” The Father picked it up, opened it and wrote.

Immediately blood and fire flowed from the pen.

“This is your pen, beloved.

“When you write, you will write by the shed blood of My Son and by the fire of My Holy Spirit. Without it, your words hold no power to change lives. With it, beloved child – a great impartation of My love – a great healing shall flow from the pages you write into the hearts and minds of those who read.”

He laid it tenderly on His table.

“I shall keep it for you here. Never write without coming here first and picking up the pen from Me.”

I looked longingly at Him.

“I will, Daddy. Daddy, you are so beautiful,” I whispered.

“You are so beautiful, My beloved child.”

And once again, like a little child, I jumped on the Father’s lap and snuggled into His chest.

“Tell My children,” the Father’s voice was filled with tenderness, “Tell My sons and daughters how I yearn for them; how I long for their fellowship. That I will never, never abandon them.”

I yawned. I was now tired.

“Of course, I will, Daddy.”

And I fell asleep in my beautiful Father’s everlasting arms.

My Story – Shaken to the Core

Let me start at the beginning.

Beloved friend, if you’re reading these words and have recently been or still find yourself in a place of intense testing and adversity, I believe that the Lord has asked me to share my story honestly, so that if you are facing severe adversity, momentary affliction, not only physical sickness, but bereavement,
loss or heartbreak, loss of a marriage, loss of your business, your home, of so many dreams – you can know that there is such real hope for you ahead.

In April 2010, Rory and I had been stuck in New York during the Icelandic volcanic eruption on our way to Israel, and I had woken in the hotel with strange virus-like symptoms.

We arrived in Israel a few days later and although we had just been through one of the hardest financial challenges in the ministry of our lives, I had been in one of the best places I had ever been spiritually.

In fact, I remember spending time at the altar in our television studios in Jerusalem by myself feeling one of the strongest anointings of the Father that I had ever sensed.

That same week, I had actually seen the glory cloud visibly manifesting as a thick white smoke filling the studio at the close of one of our TV programs.

Yet, even though I had been steadfastly standing against the physical symptoms, worshipping, standing on the Word for healing, and in union with my Heavenly Father, as yet, I had received no physical breakthrough.

What I’m about to share is to impart a greater understanding of the incredible doors that were opening in our high call to impact the secular media mountain and the violent assignment that was released from the kingdom of darkness to stop us in our tracks.

Rory and I had carried a vision in our hearts to produce A-grade Hollywood films that would cross over into the secular, for over twenty years.

Our background, before we launched the UK and Europe’s first Christian television network, GOD TV, had been in advertising and producing secular television commercials.

We had received numerous prophetic words about our apostolic breakthrough into Hollywood. Before I even met or knew our friend Shawn Bolz, he was literally stopped in his tracks by Jesus, while walking on the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame. Jesus instructed him to go into a shop and buy me a touristy key ring with cameras and a Hollywood sign and send them to me with a note that our film and book project ‘Chronicles of Brothers’ would apostolically break through the gates of Hollywood.

Our dear friends Kim Clement and Cindy Jacobs had seen the apostolic call to film over our lives for years and even the prophet Bob Jones continually saw two areas of major mandate over our lives – Israel and Hollywood.

All that, to share that GOD TV is our first fruits, but our heart has always burned with the Father’s passion to affect multiple millions of this generation who would never set foot inside a church through the end-time book and movie series ‘Chronicles of Brothers.’

About a month earlier, the producers of the DVD edition to Warner Brothers TV series Supernatural had contacted me to film an interview on the first book
in the series, *The Fall of Lucifer* (the Father’s story), which I did, always excited about media evangelism.

A few weeks later, my London book agent had contacted us with the news that top ex-New Line film executive, who had been head of their European division for over eighteen years in London, had just read the first book in my series ‘Chronicles of Brothers’ – *The Fall of Lucifer*, had loved it and asked for a meeting.

So, on our return to London after our television stint in Israel, we met this producer for breakfast at Claridges.

It was a wonderful meeting, and we left agreeing that Ileen Maisel, the producer, would read the next two books in the Chronicles of Brothers series – *Messiah* and *Son of Perdition*, and if she loved them as much as the first book, we’d have a second meeting.

Things progressed rapidly from there and at the second meeting Ileen – (exec producer of *Golden Compass*) said how much she completely loved the books.

She was convinced that the world was desperate for this message and that the book series ‘Chronicles of Brothers’ *must* be turned into an A-grade secular blockbuster film.

She asked if she could send the books to her Los Angeles partner.

We said, “Of course.”

It turned out that her business partner was none other than Mark Ordesky, executive producer of *Lord of the Rings*.

Things progressed fast.

Two months later, initial contracts between our secular production entertainment company, Warboys Entertainment, and Mark and Ileen were signed in Los Angeles.

Just to add, we lived in Kansas at the time and God had given our dear friend Mike Bickle such a passion for Warboys and our vision to see the Chronicles developed into film.

Ileen was genuinely passionate about the subject matter of Chronicles. She visited us at our home in Kansas for a week for a mega story meeting for the Chronicles movie.

It was so exciting. The vision Rory and I had held in our hearts for over twenty years – to influence a billion souls through secular film, to apostolically take the entertainment mountain, had begun.

The devil feared this media call. And he was enraged.

How enraged, I was soon to discover.

Ileen and I spent days tearing apart my fourth draft of the screenplay of *Fall of Lucifer*, preparing it for the big screen, and that Sunday night Mark Ordesky flew from LA to us in Kansas and we all had dinner at Jack Stacks in Kansas City.
The vision for A-grade media projects to evangelize the unchurched in excellence for the Lord was on its way.

I was still not well, but continued to confess and stand on the Word, trusting the Lord for complete healing.

Mark Ordesky and I were already emailing back and forth different portfolios of prospective conceptual artists for the movie development process.

Mark and Ileen had handpicked others to receive my draft of the screenplay. They all loved it. The next step for me was to edit it down on a semi-final rewrite to a $150,000,000.00 budget.

I started my edit on the screenplay, little knowing that my entire world was about to fall apart.

One week later, precisely, I was hospitalized with the most intense nausea that not even the strongest anti-nausea drugs could stop.

Nothing could stop the intense physical suffering.

Tests. Tests. More tests. Then more tests. And more.

In between, our dear friends, Mike and Diane Bickle at IHOP, compassionately prayed for me. For which I am forever grateful.

More tests.

In between I prayed with wonderful intercessors in Kansas, to cut off all generational ties; we prayed every prayer imaginable.

Made sure I was walking in the light. In as much forgiveness as I knew how.

Then the specialists said triumphantly, “We’ve got the ‘sucker’!”

I was so happy. So relieved.

Now I would be mended.

If only I had known.

The sucker was a rare condition known by the name gastroperesis.

They believed mine was viral. That a virus had damaged the vagus nerve, which led to a slowed-gut motility, which in turn caused intense nausea and almost total inability to eat.

I had such high hopes.

Now these horrific symptoms could be treated and I could go back to work in GOD TV, finish book four of the book series, Chronicles of Brothers – *A Pale Horse*, and continue with the movie development.

Unfortunately gastroperesis was rare and the medical knowledge of how to treat it was still mostly in an experimental stage.

The first drugs worked fairly well for me, but after three weeks I had to be taken off them because of the side-effects.

The second and third courses of drugs didn’t work.

And there were no more options.

I was sick from morning till night.
Our Christmas that year, I spent weeping while my poor family tried to enjoy Christmas dinner. Even though I was standing on the Word, listening to Kenneth Hagin and every Word teacher I could get my hands on, my symptoms grew worse.

I couldn’t eat. I dropped from a USA size six to a size two.
There was no respite. I fell asleep suffering. And I would wake shaking at 4:30 am to another day of intense physical suffering.

Finally, still in total faith that God had the answers, Rory and I flew to Philadelphia, to one of the very few gastroparesis clinics in the USA, believing I would find some key. Some answer.

By the time I saw the specialist, I was hardly able to eat, suffering from the constant debilitating nausea and had already dropped nearly twenty-five pounds in weight.

My heart was sinking from the questions he asked me.
Everything was still in experimental stages. I had had such faith to be healed.
I just didn’t understand why I wasn’t getting better.
And why there was no medical treatment that could alleviate the severity of the symptoms.